

Frank Leslie's



NEW YORK JOURNAL.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY FRANK LESLIE, 12 & 14 SPRUCE STREET.

PREFACE.

WE enter upon the publication of our fourth volume with a future full of hope, and a past cheered by the substantial support of a most liberal patronage. No periodical ever published in our great metropolis has grown more steadily in public favor than the *NEW YORK JOURNAL*. No extraneous effort has been made to attract attention toward it; its intrinsic merits alone have been its claim to favor. Its columns have been dedicated to the choicest literature, and the exposition of useful subjects, popularly treated. While we have given the best Novels, Biographical Sketches, and Essays, we have also afforded information by descriptions of cities, of remarkable places, and of scientific subjects, enriched by a profuseness of pictorial illustration that is without precedent in this country.

The rapid extension of our business naturally gives us increased facilities, and we have already arranged for our current volume some new features, which will give it an increased value, making it in price not only the cheapest of publications, but also stamp it as one of the best papers for the family circle in the United States.

The immense expense necessarily incurred in carrying on a profusely illustrated periodical can only be met by a large circulation. The price at which we sold the *JOURNAL* was pronounced by business men as too low ever to afford us remuneration. Our experience happily has been, that the public has nobly sustained our enterprise—to an extent even beyond our most sanguine anticipations. Our extensive printing office has been greatly enlarged, and everything connected with our mechanical department is of the most perfect kind. As we progress, our literary and artistic facilities increase; and we believe that the *JOURNAL* will hereafter be still more worthy of the liberal support it has received, and prove justly creditable to American Literature and Art.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, having passed through a trying infancy—while all sorts of prognostications were made of its chances of success—has, young Hercules like, strangled its enemies while in its cradle, and assumed the position of the first really successful Illustrated Newspaper in this country. No literary and artistic enterprise has ever been at its commencement so universally commended, or received such cordial support from the press. No longer an experiment, it reaches out its circulation into every part of the Union and the Canadas, and promises, ere its first volume ends, which will be in the next month, to exhibit the greatest triumph, all things considered, ever achieved in similar enterprises. Each week adds increased facilities for giving interest to its columns. The vast labor of having literary and artistic correspondents literally throughout the civilized world, but more particularly such portions on our great continent most interesting to our people, is completed, and we believe that we shall be able to present an American paper without a rival in the field it assumes to fill.

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FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. III.—PART I.

JANUARY, 1856.

18¢ CENTS.

MASKS AND FACES.

(Continued from Vol. II., page 335.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

The wary fiend stood on the brink of hell,
And look'd a while into this wild abyss,
Pond'ring his voyage: for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines, bent to raze
Some capital city.—MILTON.

It was the Sunday night after the discovery of the murder of the unfortunate watchman at Charlton House, on the previous one.

The manufactory, as we have formerly observed, was built near an old mansion of that name. The family resided in this house, which was separated by ornamental grounds, and a plantation of very ancient trees, from the buildings erected for the paper mill. Beyond these there was a tract of wild common, bordered by the hop plantations of an extensive grower who farmed under the Sidney's. Corn had for a long period been superseded throughout the district by the culture of this more valuable bitter. But, in the midst of the acres of hops that extended a good day's ramble round Charlton, still stood the remains of a windmill that had once found full employment in converting the harvests of the neighboring country into flour and meal. Its occu-

pation had now been gone for nearly half a century, and the place had been so long untenanted by beings of flesh and blood as to have acquired the reputation of being haunted by others of less tangible and substantial make. Black Mill was its name—and there is more in a name than the enamored Juliet could bring herself to acknowledge.

The first proprietor of the mill doubtless either pitched or painted his timbers of that color, to bring it boldly out in relief, as a point of attraction to the surrounding farmers. Time and decay contributed to keep it quite black enough to preserve its visible claims to the epithet. But if half the country-side stories were true, Black Mill had also moral—or rather immoral—claims to the designation.



VISIT OF CAROLINE AND JULIA RUSHTON TO THE BLACK MILL.

The ancestor of the family was declared to have been a poor cottager that suddenly enriched himself by the murder of a pedlar who unadvisedly ventured to accept his hospitality for the night: which pedlar carried an untold treasure in a stocking-foot about his person. With the money thus acquired, Leppard the first, built the Black Mill. It was never proved in any legal form, but the last possessor of this ill-got property was said to have experienced the truth of the jingling proverb in style. *Ill-got* was indeed *ill-gone*, if—as was currently reported in the neighborhood for many a long year after—the last old Leppard, Jeremiah John, was cast into the machinery of his mill while in full whirl, by conspiracy of his wife and children, and literally torn and ground to pieces! He was, however, a horrible old wretch, if the stories told of him were to be believed, and richly deserved his doom—but not from the hands that inflicted it.

Perhaps this fearful parricide was merely a version, bestowed by country credulity and love of the dreadful, on an accident that might have befallen the old man, probably enough, without the aid of any such unnatural violence. He was a noted drunkard, and might very easily have fallen into the works while superintending their operation. His family unanimously witnessed that such was the case, and that he was alone at the time of the catastrophe—else certainly there was no very clear reason why he could not have been saved, or at least rescued, before being literally pounded, flesh and bones, to the mass of hideous pulp which was all of Jeremiah John that remained to be interred in Brook churchyard.

But people's suspicions inclined to the belief that a fearful crime had been committed, however incapable of legal proof. Under the pressure of that conviction, and of the changed cultivation of the district, the Leppards were driven into exile, and not one of the name now remained in that part of the country. They emigrated, it was believed, to a southern state of the American Union, where, it was reported, they turned slave dealers on a large scale.

But the place they had inhabited continued long afterwards to be held as one accursed. It was shunned by all whom necessity did not take that way; and they were few, for Black Mill was remote from any high road.

When the wind was high on boisterous nights, it was said to set in motion a solitary vane that still clung to the mill, and thereby the whole rusty internal machinery. Then shrieks as of an old man in a fearful death-struggle and suffering were audible amidst the clanking and whirr of wheel and cog, hopper and clapper; and the whole parricidal tragedy was believed to be re-enacted, with a continual accession of damned spirits, according as those of the miller's unnatural children passed, in the process of time, from this into the future state of existence!

It was not every inhabitant of those parts who would have known how to make his way to this evil spot through the mazes of the hop plantations surrounding it. But a person who took himself thither on the evening we have mentioned, from Charlton—although he adopted a very considerable circuit—seemed perfectly familiar with all the windings of the labyrinth. Young in years, but old in hypocritical villainy, Augustus Pophly had already found the desolate place an appropriate scene for some of his performances.

It was he who now stole, like a young fox already craftier than his sire, through the brushwood, by a long roundabout, to the Black Mill.

It was about three miles from Charlton. Augustus started after nightfall on his excursion, telling his mother and the family at home that he was only going to the village to learn if there were any news.

It was dark night when he arrived, if we except the scattered light shed by the stars. There was no moon.

Augustus reached the congenial scene, looking very pale, and panting as if hunted by some pursuer, a cold perspiration bathing his visage. It was not very strange, either, that a coward should have done the brutal deed that placed him in such jeopardy.

He got over a stile in a half-fallen wall of rubble-stones, that formerly enclosed the mill-yard, and found himself under the shadow of the ruin. Ruin it was; only one of the vanes remained, which projected, like some gigantic black finger pointing upward, and as it were menacingly, to the heavens. A portion of the lower foundation—the mill was built on cross piles—had decayed away, and the whole structure leaned on one side, and seemed to intend going over some day bodily in that direction. Roofless outhouses, a garden choked with hemlock and other weeds, completed the dilapidated scene.

A wicked species of desolation was around the murderer indeed!

After a careful survey, Augustus began to whistle, at first in a very timid pipe. Rather by habit than purpose, he favored the silent scene with the blithe notes of "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad." It had often been his signal with poor, trusting Mary Rourke. There was little cheerfulness in the present performance, however.

But it was doubtless still meant as a summons. Augustus looked fearfully round as he whistled, and seemed dismayed and puzzled at the silence that alone replied.

"Where can the drunken wretch be? The whole day drinking at Jollie's beer-shop, they say. Can he have forgotten our appointment?"

Reflecting thus, he was startled by a noise resembling the lifting of a wooden bolt in the interior of the mill. Looking towards it, he was still more struck with a red gleam that shone round a square wooden pane in the upper part of the ruined structure, probably an aperture used of yore to admit air and light. It disappeared almost before he could make certain it was really to be seen.

"The mad villain! has he taken up his quarters regularly, and intends to call attention by kindling a fire in this old murder-hole? I wish I had a chance of setting him and the whole mill in a blaze together! It would make a proper bonfire for him! Rourke!" he continued, raising his voice in passion; "why don't you come? Here I am! What do you mean by playing at hide-and-seek with me?"

"Oh, Mr. 'Gustus is it you?" exclaimed a coarse voice, and Augustus started to find that his ruffianly accomplice bolted up close behind him, on the other side of the wall.

"Why, who else did you expect it could be?" returned the younger criminal, peevishly.

"The devil, for anything I knew!—or the ghost of the old murdered miller, which they say haunts hereabouts! I didn't like to come to over-close quarters until I saw somebody else of flesh and blood to the fore," said Rourke.

Augustus thought in his own mind that he lied. He was convinced, from the light he had seen, that the discarded overseer had taken up his domicile in the ruin, as a good place for prowling and concealment. He knew Rourke had received a peremptory notice to quit from the cottage in Brook where he and his daughter lodged. The latter only was permitted to remain until her father provided himself and her with another asylum,—at the earnest request of her youthful patroness, Miss Sidney.

The younger desperado conceived that it would be a good occasion to retrieve some credit for courage with the bolder ruffian, who he was aware held a very slight opinion of his resources in that respect.

"Well, I am solid enough, I should suppose, to satisfy you. Let us go nearer the mill, that we may make certain no one overhears us," he said.

"Be hanged if I don't think we are quite near enough, Mr. 'Gustus," said Rourke, whose brawny frame quivered as he spoke. "I have already had a turn to-night, for as sure as my name's Patrick Rourke, I saw a long, lean figure, dressed all in white like a miller, go up them broken steps into the mill, or may the next drop I swallow choke me!"

"You have already had one too many, and see visions, man! You taunt me with want of nerve; let us see now which of us has the stouter heart, after all!" And Augustus descended from the stile and walked deliberately up to the mill.

"Nerve!"—what the devil's that—but I'll go as far as the best man in England, was it into a furnace of fire!" said Rourke, in a hectoring and bullying tone, that nevertheless did not quite conceal a quivering of resolution. But making an effort, he jumped the shattered wall, and stumbled drunkenly over the loose stones and rubbish to where Augustus had stationed himself.

This was directly under the wooden flap or shutter the latter had seen lighted up in the mill.

"Well, now Patrick, where's the ghost?" said the younger villain, in rather a scoffing tone. He felt proud of his moral superiority (such he flattered himself it was) over the burly ruffian at his side.

"I can't say, as long as I don't see 'em," replied Patrick gruffly.

"I think we may be certain no one in the flesh can creep up and listen to our conversation without our seeing him, here; at the same time the shadow of the mill prevents any one from seeing us," said Augustus, and the conveniences pointed out, seemed certainly secured by their position. They stood now under the slanting cross piles on which the windmill was raised, with the decaying beams and timbers ready as it seemed, to fall upon them overhead.

"I don't suppose any one can!" said Rourke, regaining his usual savage tone.

"Well, now Patrick, listen to what I am going to say to you."

"But how about Mary, first? Are you a-going to marry her?" interrupted the ruffian, in a hoarse and threatening voice.

"Certainly I am! But don't you see how necessary it is at this moment that her condition and maltreatment should seem to be Frederick's offence! No one will believe him to have become a complete wretch all at once—so they tell me, that old fool, Purday said. And unless we can show that he has done other things nearly as bad, how ever can we get people to believe he has committed the murder?"

"You want to fix it upon him that you may yourself marry your rich cousin, and let Mary go to the workhouse!"

"What a strangely suspicious man you are, Patrick!—I tell you I love Mary, and I don't care a pin for Caroline!—Even that little vixen, her cousin, I should prefer to her—she is too superfine a young lady for me. And to let you into a secret, she has refused me already, I don't know how many times, almost from the days when we were children together. Now don't get excited—I never cared the least about her; but she has a large fortune, and my mother insisted on my trying to keep it in the family. It is that which will put her so outrageous if she hears a breath of my fulfilling my promise to Mary—which, however, I solemnly declare I intend and will."

"We also used to say *that* on rent day, in Ireland, when we meant a shot from a hedge-side instead!" returned Patrick Rourke, with a brutal laugh; "Won't do, Master Augustus—must have a better bond than your word for it."

"You shall have all you can possibly require. Let Mary go to London, secretly—as if she had tramped off to join him!—and I will follow her there the moment I can without exciting suspicion, and marry her."

"Fair promises—but what dependence can be placed on you?"

"I will give her—*give you for her*—a written promise of marriage!" said Augustus, confiding in the fact that he was a minor. "And if you will assist me in baffling the possibility of a discovery I will fulfil my promise as surely as I would shun the rope."

"How now; what is to be done now? Is there any fear of a discovery?" said Rourke in a considerably mollified tone.

"Not at the moment. But don't you see, my dear fellow, if Frederick comes back, he will put down all our inventions by the sheer force of truth. You know he passed us as we were entering the enclosure at the manufactory. He will be sure to remember that, and who we were, when he hears what happened afterwards."

"It will do him no good; we can easily say he only pretends all that to get himself out of the scrape."

"But there is Caroline's testimony in his favor—and there are other things. I can't easily get rid of my great coat, you know, just at present, and the sleeve is a sad sight—quite sopped in the poor old devil's blood! I have locked it up in my mother's plate-room, which she never allows any one else to enter—but if Fred were to make a story up, search might come to be made, and all discovered. And don't think I'll hang alone, Patrick! It was you that in a manner forced me to do it, and depend upon it you shall be in for your share of the whole reward."

"It shan't come to that, Mr. Pophly; don't put yourself in such a *santee*! Hasn't Master Fred gone off, and won't he be afraid to think of returning when he hears what he's suspected of?" said Rourke, not a little alarmed at the declaration.

"It's the very thing he will do at once—return to clear his character at every risk. But if I could put you on his track, don't you think, Patrick, you could—"

"Cut his throat to hinder his blabbing? Do you want me to do that for your old schoolfellow?" said even this ruffian, with manifest disgust.

"No; but I want you to place about him evidence that will convict him, in spite of all he can allege; so that if he dares to return to vindicate himself, or is brought back by the police, he may not have a chance at extrication!" returned the young assassin, whose hatred of Frederick was now further stimulated by the necessity of sacrificing him to his own preservation.

"How can I do that?"

"You must manage to place these bank notes in his possession—they are a portion of the plunder of the iron safe at Charlton, you assigned me. John

Purday (the cautious old miser!) knows the numbers, though Frederick forgot to put them down, and they are of no use except to detect the robber. You have all the hard gold, you know, and ought to do much more for it—besides securing such a wealthy son-in-law as I shall some day prove."

"Well, you're a knowing lad, to be sure, if you are not a very brave one," said Patrick, with a grin. "But how the dickens am I to do it? How am I to find out where he is?"

Go to Dover after you have set me off. I am very much mistaken if you don't find him at one Simon Neil's cottage there. Simon Neil is an old fisherman who has a hut under Dover cliffs, and I have heard, is suspected of being in league with Jerrold's smugglers. Good heavens! What noise is that?"

"Only a piece of the old wood-work giving way above, with your loud talk," said Rourke. "But how do you know he has gone where you say?"

"Shanks, the waiter at the Warden's Arms, often wondered what Mr. Claridge and Frederick could have so much to talk about—and so did I—and I instructed him to listen. So on one occasion he heard Claridge say, if ever his young friend was in any difficulty, he was to have recourse to him, and that he could always hear of him at Simon Neil's. Shanks, like a fool, was going to put the constables at once on the track; but I persuaded him (he is a very greedy rascal) to wait till there's a reward offered. However, now he is turned off in disgrace by old Price, most likely, as he is also a bitter, blooded fellow, he will think revenge sweeter than even money, and tell what he knows. So you see we have very little time to lose."

"None at all, at all," muttered Rourke. "But won't it be a pity, too, to lose all the value of the notes?"

"Why, if he could be got well off—made to ruin himself by joining the smugglers, for example—we might still try what we could do with them abroad," said Augustus. "That would complete the destroying of his character, you know—and Jerrold's vessel is very likely on the coast just now. I heard some revenue officers telling old Price so, the other night. I know you can't frighten or cajole him into running for it; but you may his friends, if he has got any, into taking him, even against his will, out of the way of danger. In any case, Rourke, you must find some means to put the notes in his possession. Perhaps you might pretend they were sent for his use by John Purday, taking care that no one else hears you say so. Or, stay; it will drive him more desperate if you give out that Caroline sends them as the price of her letters which he has returned, and of his releasing her from the promise of marriage. For, do you know, the beggar had actually got her to make one to him—the wealthiest heiress in the country. Then there's the watch—the old man's wretched silver frying-pan tucker, you know—you can say that Matthew Price locked it up as a keepsake for him, and he'll take it with joy. It can be of little value to you—or if it is, I'll pay you the utmost you can think it worth."

"I've buried it—at least, shoved it into a haystack that's not likely to be cut for a good while," said the elder conspirator.

"Very well; you can easily take it out again. And you can induce him the more readily to trust in your representations," continued Augustus, bitterly, "because he knows you are Mary's father, and thinks you must be my enemy; whereas, forsooth, he took upon him to be her champion, and lectured me at a fine rate on my behaviour to her."

"Did he, though?" said Rourke, rather remorsefully, but the better feeling only prevailed for an instant in his thoroughly debased nature. "Well, I don't much like him myself; he was always pretty high and glum with me, though I don't think he split about my being drunk those two or three times he found me insensible in the press-room," he observed. "But he told me I was more a brute than a man, and that he only spared me for my children's sake! Drunk as I might be, I remember how contemptuously he looked and spoke at me. Well, sir, for Mary's sake, and for the sake of her poor child, that it may be born a rich young gentleman or lady, and not be forced to get itself hanged for a living, I'll do what I can in the way you mention."

"There is not an instant to be lost, then!" said Augustus, with ill-disguised impatience.

"Ay! but don't think you're a-going to do me, Master 'Gusty!'" continued Rourke, with insolent familiarity. "I must have the written promise of marriage."

"To give to Mary—yes."

"To show to Mary, that I may get her to go to London; but to keep about my own person, to make sure you won't play me any clever trick of your own, Master 'Gusty.'"

Rourke was clearly of opinion there was not very much honor among thieves.

"Oh! for that matter, you can arrange it between you as you like best," said the younger rogue, striving not to seem vexed or disturbed. "Here is the packet of notes, worth fifteen hundred pounds in any other hands but ours!"

Rourke stretched out his hand eagerly, and grasped the parcel.

"She shall go at once, and she will be best at a distance in reality. She takes Mr. Fred's part like a wild cat, and says it is impossible he could have done it! Be hanged, if I don't think she suspects me a precious sight more than the accused party!"

The ruffian grinned quite gaily as he said these words. He evidently thought himself rather jocosely.

"Well, then, we had better part company now," said Augustus, secretly disgusted with the familiarity of his low associate in crime.

"But where's the writing?—the promise of marriage, sir?"

"I have no means of writing one here, you know—and there is no time to be lost in the other affair."

"But Mary won't go unless she sees the bond. She'll think it's only a trick of ours," said Rourke, pausing suspiciously. "No. I must have it in black and white before I stir a stump!"

"How is it possible, Patrick?"

"In black and red, then!" exclaimed Rourke,

struck by a sudden thought. "We have paper—for you can write on one of the bank notes; and its number in old Purday's day-book will be as good as the king's seal to the contents. You won't like a bond, on such a parchment, to be produced against you in a court of justice, Master 'Gusty! As for a pen, I saw a dead crow lying hereabouts, and I always carry a good sharp knife with me, that would shave a mouse asleep, let alone make a nib to a quill. And we won't be to seek for ink either, and of the best quality, for I'm a gentleman of the rale blood in my own country, and you shall have as much of it as you'll want for writing, if it was as long as a chancery process. Here it is."

It was chiefly when excited by what he considered a brilliant idea, that Rourke spoke with much of the Irish brogue, as on this occasion.

Augustus was extremely unwilling to comply with his demand, but afraid of exciting suspicion, he acquiesced in it without expressing any reluctance. Perhaps he hoped that Rourke would find his materials not easily adapted to the purpose. But he was mistaken. The extraordinary pen, ink, and paper were procured, and Rourke, kindling a light by a match-box he always carried about him, burned half a dozen of the brimstone dips to aid Augustus in his task. The latter sat on a stone, using his hat for a desk, while the ex-overseer knelt before him holding the flickering spalls.

What would have been the sensations of both, if they had observed the pair of straining eyes that glared at them from a long, lean, yellow visage, like those of a vulture stretching its neck for a downward swoop, which protruded from the hatch-door in the mill above them!

"I promise to marry Mary Rourke sometime before the birth of her child, of which I acknowledge myself the father; on my faith and honor as a man and a gentleman, making no excuse because I am under age. So help me God. Augustus Pophly."

Rourke dictated the terms of the covenant, and dared to add the sacred formula of an oath, by which it is probable that he had himself been already several times forsworn. At a future period, it was ascertained he had been convicted for perjury some years previously, respecting the lease of a small farm, on several counts of an indictment.

"And now for the witnessing. There ought to be two—but one is better than none," said Rourke, facetiously, and taking up the pen in his turn.

"There are two!" said a dismal voice from amidst the ruinous flooring overhead.

The pen dropped from Rourke's hand.

"The Lord in heaven preserve us! did you hear that?" he exclaimed.

Augustus was speechless.

"Is it a human voice, do you think, sir?" said the Irishman. "If it is——" and he drew his knife.

A deep groan interrupted him, and on a sudden the solitary vane of the windmill began to stir, and a lumbering, creaking noise announced the commencement of the supernatural phenomena of the haunted mill.

"Mercy on us! there's another of them Leppards gone, and come to keep up the old charter!" exclaimed Rourke.

"Villain! have you concealed some one there to betray me?" gasped Augustus.

"No, sir, but——" an appalling yell cut the ruf-

fian short in his asseveration—a yell that sounded like the screech of one in the direst agony and despair, about to be hurled to some terrific doom! And the cry was—MURDER! MURDER!

But before the second repetition of the horrible word vibrated on the stilly air around the haunted mill, the two accomplices had scattered themselves as it were to the winds, and fled in different directions—neither knew whither!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

There be indeed, to say it in all sorrow, apostate souls, Deserted of their ministering angels, and given up to liberty of sin—

And other some, the miserly and mean, whose eyes are keen and greedy, With stony hearts and iron fists, to slich and scrape and clutch!

M. F. TURPIN.

A few months before the tragical occurrence we have detailed, took place in Brook, a rather remarkable incident diversified the relations between Walter Graham and his alienated father.

Mrs. Graham was a lady whose mind was altogether above the prying gossip not unusual in families, whose near connexion has not drawn them together in bonds of friendly union. But she could not help taking notice of a piece of information that came to her, concerning Sir Richard Graham's movements, which she also thought it advisable to communicate to her husband.

Mrs. Graham was very well aware that the entailed estates of her husband's father had a lawful heir, in the person of Captain Graham's only son. But Sir Richard was the possessor of great wealth beside—and being a mother, she had never ceased to hope he would at last feel his injustice to his younger son, and restore him to his rightful share in his inheritance. What she now learned, seemed to place this expectation in more doubt than ever.

"Walter, love!" she said to her husband, one evening when they were sitting together, after the late dinner his business engagements in town rendered necessary, although they no longer lived at Greenwich. They had a neat little box in St. John's Wood, elegant and comfortable in every respect, but entirely unostentatious, as befitted prudent people, of good income, but with a growing-up family.

"Walter, love!"

"Well, Fanny, dear?"

The husband and wife were still as fondly attached to each other as on their wedding-day. True love is lasting.

"Mrs. Frampton has had a visitor to-day."

"She is quite welcome, my dear. The no-follower's rule don't apply to her, you know."

"I was not thinking of that, Walter, of course; I was thinking of something else. But perhaps I had better not tell you just now about it—it may be only silly servants' gossip, and you look fagged enough already, dearest!"

"I am quite equal to sustain the shock of any intelligence from such a quarter, Fanny. It's nothing very dreadful, I suppose!"

"Well, no. I suppose it ought to be considered very cheerful news, as it is about a wedding? I own I don't much admire it, for the children's sake. They say your father is going to get married again."

"Nonsense!"

"It seems so, but really they do say so."

"Why, you are dreaming, Fanny, surely!" said Walter Graham, considerably startled. "At his age! why, he is nearer seventy than any other figure in the multiplication table; and in my poor mother's time used often enough to be so uncivil, to say the least of it, as to rail against matrimony, in general, as one of the most irksome institutions invented by man to enslave his own free will!"

"The bad old fellow!" said Fanny, with warmth.

"But those talkers are just the people to do what they pretend to blame and repudiate the most! I own it does seem preposterous, yet I can't but think my information is to be depended upon."

"Why, you really seem serious, Fanny; who can have told you such an absurdity?" said Mr. Graham, with anxiety.

"I'll tell you, Walter, just how I heard it, in order that you may not attach more importance to the report than perhaps it deserves," replied the affectionate wife.

"I am all attention."

"I told you Mrs. Frampton had a visitor to-day. It was Sarah Hopkins, who used to be housemaid under her at your father's Dulwich residence. Sarah, it seems, has lived in two or three places since—spoiled, I suppose, for other people by your mother's kindness and generosity,—but at last she has settled more to her mind with a lady and gentleman who have a very fine villa at Kensington."

"You don't mean to say that my father——"

"No, no, I am coming to the point in a minute, but these are necessary preliminaries to understand the story properly. Besides, you know we ladies have a prescriptive right to beat a very little meaning into as much gold leaf as possible—provided always, I am willing to admit, that what we expand so immeasurably is a grain of gold to begin with! Well, shortly after Sarah became housemaid at Colonel Campdown's, the next door villa was let, and it was taken by a widow lady of the name of Snodgrass."

"Snodgrass?—well, a nice, smooth name it is at all events. A widow lady! You don't mean to say—"

"But I do,—I am coming to it in a moment. The villa, it appears, is a very handsome residence, quite fit for a person of three or four thousand a year. Mrs. Snodgrass took it, and furnished it magnificently. There was no end, Sarah says, of the vans and vans of goods arriving. And the furniture was all new—all from a celebrated West End upholsterer's, who also newly-decorated the house in a most superb style. It was quite the talk of the neighborhood—especially a fine pavilion which Mrs. Snodgrass added as a wing to the villa, for the purpose, it was said, of amusing herself with private theatricals, of which she is wonderfully fond. She keeps six servants, including coachman, footman, and page, and a very fine carriage, with two splendid greys, in silver harness of the most dashing description; and, in short, completely takes the shine out of the Campdown establishment, which, before her advent, was looked upon as the glory of Fitzhaddon Road."

"Well, my dear, these may be very interesting articles of intelligence in that district, but really the ebbs and flows of Hamilton Terrace, or St. John's Wood Park, would be subjects of more rational curiosity with us," said Walter Graham, nervously peeling an almond all the while.

"Oh, you don't know yet how the case stands," replied his wife, who notwithstanding the playful tone of her narrative, was visibly agitated.

"Tell me, then."

"All this, of course, attracted a good deal of attention towards Mrs. Snodgrass. Sarah says she is a very good looking woman, of about thirty, excepting that she is a little meagre, and that her hair is a trifle more red than auburn. But she is a very brisk, lively personage, and sharp as a needle, with remarkably bright eyes, and a quick, intelligent way of speaking. She speaks like a play actress, says Sarah, who, I suppose, imagines, the fine language put into stage people's mouths—which half of them don't even understand sufficiently, when it is manufactured for them, to deliver correctly—is their proper and natural way of expressing themselves."

"Well, my dear; but what is this fascinating Kensingtonian to us?"

"A very great deal, I am afraid; at least she may prove so, Walter," said his wife, dejectedly. "I can't well make her out from what Sarah says—but it is given out in the neighborhood that she is the widow of some diplomatic gentleman, just come home from abroad. Yet I never heard of a Snodgrass that was much distinguished that way. Did you?"

"I don't remember any one, certainly—but perhaps he was a consul, or something of that sort?"

"They are seldom so rich, I should think, as this Snodgrass must have been. Consuls are not allowed to be traders or merchants, are they, to make so much money?"

"No, but they have all manner of perquisites—in some out of the way places, where there is no one to look too sharply into things."

"Still this Mrs. Snodgrass don't seem as if she had ever lived in any hot country, I hear; and those wealthy snuggeries are seldom very far north," observed Mrs. Graham, a woman of observation and much good sense. "Perhaps the report is only raised to account for Mrs. Snodgrass not being much visited. She lives in her great house with her six servants, almost alone, and is the sole performer in her private theatricals, if she has any. If she didn't drive out every day for two or three hours in the park, and twice on Sunday, in state, to church, Sarah can't imagine how she gets rid of her time excepting in the evening. And every evening, it appears, an elderly gentleman, also in a very grand equipage, pays her a ceremonious visit of two hours' duration precisely—who is understood to be paying his addresses to this extraordinary Mr. Snodgrass."

"Indeed!—who is he?"

"Sarah thought from the very first she knew him, although he is dressed up now quite like a young wooer, and she thinks has even had his gray hair dyed. But she is now convinced that it is your father, Sir Richard Graham!"

"My father!—his hair dyed!—dressed up like a young wooer! What preposterous nonsense."

"Sarah is certain of it. It seems that Mrs. Snodgrass generally receives the old gentleman in her garden, and spends a good part of the time of each visit with him in the open air, in order that everything may seem quite correct and proper, I imagine. There are a great number of fine shady trees on the widow's premises, but Colonel Campdown's back windows of course partially overlook her grounds, so that Sarah had plenty of opportunities of satisfying herself she was not deceived. But to put the matter out of all doubt, it appears she made the acquaintance of one of Mrs. Snodgrass's female servants. It would seem she is not very popular in her household, as she is of a tyrannical and haughty temper, and wonderfully precise and punctilious in her requirements. From this girl, who is the lady's-maid, Susan learned positively that the visitor is Sir Richard Graham, the great banker, and that he is courting her mistress!—and has even made her an offer, which she has accepted. In fact, they are only waiting until Mrs. Snodgrass has completed two years of widowhood, which she considers due to the memory of her late husband—which will be the case in a month or two."

Walter Graham could hardly bring himself to credit this intelligence.

"It must be impossible, my dear!—How old do you say this Mrs. Snodgrass is thought to be?"

"About thirty."

"Quite a young woman—and good looking you say?"

"With the exception of the color of her hair," said Mrs. Graham, whose own was the finest glossy auburn in the world.

"And rich!—five or six servants—a carriage and silver harness!—young, rich, handsome, and gay—think of marrying a morose old man like my father?"

"He is so excessively rich, you know!—or at least she will think him so, not knowing about poor Frederick having been left an heir to the entail."

"But, Fanny!—I can't bring myself to believe it. What should she want with more money than it appears she must have already? Has she any children?"

"None whatever; she has had two, but they died."

"Dear me! can the ridiculous old man think—does he really intend to disinherit our children, Fanny, for the sake of a stranger!—Frederick's son, he cannot. It is a just retribution upon him. It was the price he paid for the destruction of my poor brother's earthly happiness!"

"But, Walter, taking all things together, don't you think it more likely that this widow is some artful adventuress, who has contrived a plan to cheat your father into a marriage with her?"

"Whatever makes you think so, Fanny?"

"Several little things—not worth detailing to you—which Sarah gleaned from the other girl: trifles, you know; but we women are great calculators, in our own style, and can weigh mountains from handfuls of the earth as well as you profound mathematicians of the male sex. I can't help thinking there is something—not quite the thing about this Mrs. Snodgrass."

"Well, if my father don't know better than to make a fool of himself at his age—"

"But remember, Walter, our children will be the chief sufferers," interrupted Fanny Graham, with warmth.

"How can I prevent it, my dearest? You speak in a tone as if I really had the power!" said Mr. Graham, rather pettishly, for he was much vexed with what he had heard.

"You might at least, leave Sir Richard no excuse for his conduct—perhaps satisfy him that the object he may have in view cannot be accomplished," replied the wife, laying her hand soothingly on her husband's arm. "His landed property has already an heir, whom he cannot deprive of it—and you might let him know it. Young Frederick only wants a few months of his majority, and from what I have seen and heard of his character, I am sure Sir Richard can no longer exercise any evil influence on his career. The revelation will become absolutely necessary in a very short time, and why not now, when it may be the means of turning Sir Richard himself from the absurdity he meditates? Or, if this woman is in reality a person of good fortune and position, willing to sacrifice herself to establish both on a more extensive basis, she will be induced perhaps to retract when she perceives for how much less considerable a price she was about to yield her independence to a man old enough to be her father, and for whom it is impossible she can

entertain any regard but such as is prompted by mercenary and ambitious motives!"

"But how can I communicate with him? The only letter I have written to him since our marriage, he returned to me unopened. And as to seeing him—after the uncalled for and most unnatural malediction he cast upon me when I last was in his presence, saving as a stranger, when we have happened on any public occasion to cross each other's path—my dear girl, I really don't think I could muster firmness enough, to go and tell him coolly and calmly how I have beaten him at his own game, with Frederick's heir."

"It would not be easy indeed, Walter, but—"

"Besides, how do we know but Sarah may be mistaken? I am sure it is quite impossible my father would ever be so absurd as to dye his hair to please any woman!"

"Men, especially old men, dear Walter, do many absurd things to please women, you know! We are such absurdities ourselves, it is often the only way, perhaps," said Mrs. Graham, playfully. "But I have thought of a means of ascertaining the fact. Your father always arrives punctually at seven o'clock at his widow's, after business hours, you know—and I almost recognise him in that formal piece of precision alone. Now, it so happens that one of my schoolfellows at Turnham Green married a Mr. Snodgrass, who was a lieutenant in the navy. I have heard since, that he died on a remote service, and I have entirely lost sight of poor Matilda ever since. Couldn't I easily pretend that I thought it possible the Kensington Mrs. Snodgrass might be my Mrs. Snodgrass, and call, just about seven o'clock, to request the honor of an interview with her?"

"Why, perhaps it might be your Mrs. Snodgrass, Fanny?" eagerly observed her husband.

"Oh, no, that is quite impossible; neither she nor her husband had any money, nor the likelihood of any—ours was not a very grand seminary of the sciences, you are aware! Besides, she was a tall, rosy-complexioned girl, and had hair that was almost as jet black as our own little Fanny's! And to suppose that, on the other hand, she could have become a worthless intriguer and an adventuress, in the space even of twenty years—is really almost a personal affront to me, Walter, for she was one of my dearest friends, and the honestest and best hearted creature I ever knew."

"Well, but if even you get to see the Mrs. Snodgrass, who can never have been your Matilda, and my father, too, what result will follow? You don't know him personally from the one or two casual glimpses you have caught of him, do you?"

"No, but I shall find whether it really is Sir Richard—see how they behave to each other a little, perhaps, and form my own judgment from everything I see. It is of some advantage after all, that he so much disdained our association in his family! He will not recognise me, and I can announce myself as a Mrs. Belton to the widow."

Walter Graham felt rather averse to this resumption of a name which had ceased to be that of his wife. He had a still stronger repugnance to exposing her to the possibility of contact with a woman who might prove very unfit society for one of virtue and character. But he had every confidence in the discretion of his wife, and felt the importance of ascertaining as speedily as possible how much was well-founded in the suspicious circumstances brought to his notice.

Accordingly, on the following day, with the full permission of her husband, Mrs. Graham set off, in their modest one-horse brougham, on her excursion to Kensington.

Fitzhaddon Road was easily found. It was one of the most fashionable and modern of that aristocratic district. The villa itself fully answered Sarah Hopkin's fine description. It was built in the Italian style, and was a model of elegant and convenient architecture—had it remained in its native climate, with a burning sun to exclude in every direction! As it was, the inmates must occasionally have found it a little too shady, and the stately marble gallery before the house must, in winter, have been deadly cold for a promenade! It seemed large enough for the reception of a very numerous family, and certainly the widow must either have contemplated a speedy increase to her own, or a much wider circle of acquaintance than she seemed to enjoy when she took it.

There was an extensive lawn in front of the villa, surrounded by a richly-cultivated garden ground, a shrubbery, and some stately trees that agreeably secluded the whole place; but not very effectually, as it appeared, from the observation of the quick spirit of curiosity in the neighbouring residences.

Mr. Graham remarked that when her brougham drove up to the gates of Villa Albano—so it was

called—there was a considerable pause before they were opened. The page who performed the office at last looked surprised and inquisitive. It was clear that visitors in their own vehicles were not much expected in the precincts. To be sure, it was an unusual hour for a stranger to call, and it was not yet that at which Sir Richard so punctually arrived. Mr. Graham would perhaps have selected seven o'clock precisely if she had not thought it probable Mrs. Snodgrass would deny herself, at such a time, to all but her wealthy wooer.

As the carriage drove up to the entrance, Mrs. Graham caught a view of a lady dressed with exceedingly good taste and elegance, walking on the green sward beside a little artificial stream and fountain, in conversation with a gentleman whose appearance was by no means answerable to the description given of Sir Richard Graham. It is true that as he followed her up and down he kept at a few paces distance, in the respectful manner of a dependent admitted to a degree of favor and consideration to which he was only entitled by the condescension of the superior. Mrs. Graham knew at a glance that this could not be Sir Richard, besides that it was a much younger man than the banker. It is needless to add that she felt satisfied, in the same brief survey, that Mrs. Snodgrass, of Villa Albano, was not her long-lost schoolfellow.

But this of course did not prevent Fanny from executing her plan.

"Is Mrs. Snodgrass at home?" she inquired, making a gesture as if already quite satisfied of the fact, and as if purposing to alight from her vehicle, while a footman, in a very showy livery, descended the steps, at an easy, lounging pace, to receive her.

The man also seemed struck with the phenomenon of a lady-visitor. And Fanny Graham's whole appearance and manner were so perfectly high-bred and refined that not even a lackey could mistake her to be anything else.

There was an expression really of satisfaction in the bedizened servant's face, as he hastened to reply in the affirmative, and lowered the steps of the carriage with visible alacrity. Such an event had not been foreseen, and James was not provided with the customary "not-at-home," in case his mistress desired it to be so, and he himself felt pleasure in welcoming a female, evidently of station and respectability, as a sort of assurance of his own lady's position; of which, perhaps, the poor man had some reasonable internal doubts.

"Mrs. Snodgrass is only walking in the garden, a-speaking to a person who has come on a message from Sir Richard Graham, Bart.," said the footman, with great pomposity as he ushered the visitor into a magnificently furnished reception-room on the ground floor. He was in fact no other than our old friend, Orlando, who, although he had long since struck for higher wages, and abandoned the service of the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, still retained the consequential tone naturally acquired in so aristocratic an apprenticeship.

"Pray don't let me at all interrupt Mrs. Snodgrass, in any business—I am in no hurry at all," said Fanny, who perceived with her usual quick tact she should be very well posted in the apartment to observe whoever might approach the house.

"Who shall I say has the honor to call, my lady?" said Orlando.

Mrs. Graham luckily had in her possession some old cards of her mother's and she handed one of them to the footman.

"Mrs. Belton!" said that illustrious individual, somewhat superciliously twirling the piece of paper between his forefinger and thumb. It was a compliment too, for he had certainly expected the luxury of announcing some grand title or another, which he felt would be quite refreshing to himself, personally, after his long deprivation of swelling heraldic flourishes.

"Mrs. Belton is the name on my card," said Fanny, with a calm dignity that effectually rebuked the funkier's hauteur.

Nevertheless he did not deign to deliver the plebeian card in his own august liveried person.

"Here, you monkey!—Jekyll John! come here: give this card—one Mrs. Belton's card—to madam!"

It pleased Orlando to transmute John Jekyll to Jekyll John, and always, when out of hearing to call his mistress, madam. For some good reasons, doubtless of his own.

"You take it yourself, sir!—I ain't got my jacket on, and you know what a row she'll kick up if I ain't in full trim when I go before her," returned the boy, pertly.

"You're in quite trim enough, both for the lady wot you come from, and the lady wot you go to, perhaps," said Orlando, turning up his nose more than nature had already elevated it as he held the

card out at a distance from him, superciliously surveying it. It is a species of drawbridge, this sort of nose, and seems as if it could be raised or depressed according to the degrees of insolence sought to be expressed by the possessor.

"I ain't! You know how she gave it you for waiting at dinner the other day without your shoulder-not, Mr. Hollowhand, you do?" whimpered the boy.

"Well, I shan't stay long in no service where they keep no company, and allow no perquisites, that's one comfort," responded the great man.

"However, I'll oblige you for this once, Jekyll John, though it ain't my duty to wait, except at table, and on airings with the carriage. Bring me a silver waiter, or she'll get into another of her rumpuses, and I'll take it to her, though I do hate that managing clerk's lobster eyes on one worse than a sarpint's, wot he's the name sake of!"

Jekyll John readily complied with this mandate, and the footman took his stately way, with the silver waiter glittering and gleaming in the sun, and the card lying white and alone in its glory, to his mistress's presence.

She was still promenading, at a restless, darting pace, up and down the green sward beside the artificial brook, conversing with Blackader, evidently on interesting topics, for, as Orlando remarked, approaching, they occasionally forgot their rôles as superior and dependent, and talked together in a somewhat close and confidential manner.

"No, indeed, I can't see why! I can't see in the whole world why you don't bring things to the point at once, and finish off with the marriage. I am sure you are quite established now about here as a wealthy widow, of the highest respectability—and what can the old fool want more?" Blackader was saying, with some degree of unusual vehemence in him.

"I am in no hurry—in no hurry at all, Mr. Blackader; and I don't see why you should be," replied the widow, in a mocking and sarcastic tone.

"Don't you see what risks we run? and how necessary it is to secure ourselves against any stroke of ill-fortune? If you were once his wife—even if he discovered things—he would be obliged, for his own sake, to hold his tongue, and keep the peace;" said the managing clerk.

"I flatter myself, Mr. Blackader," returned the mistress of Villa Albano, who seemed to take pleasure in that distant style of address. "I flatter myself, Mr. Blackader, that even if Sir Richard discovered everything, as you say, I have that hold upon his affections—withered and sapless as they are, and have always been—that he would find it impossible to discard me with so much indifference and facility as, from your own experience, you probably think would be the natural and probable result of any discovery of my past misfortunes."

"Well, you have him, I own, pretty snugly in the snare; but still I should like to make certain of him—to see him fairly in the trap—you know there is only one knot a man makes with his lips that he can't undo with his teeth," said Blackader, with a malicious smiling expression that did not tend to the object he had in view so much as was usual with the bad and crafty man's proceedings.

"Blackader!" retorted Mrs. Snodgrass, with evident irritation, "I tell you I am in no manner of hurry myself to complete this affair—I promise myself no such intoxication of happiness in the position of wife to Sir Richard Graham—to incline me to urge one so methodical in his proceedings. Nay, a hundred times a day—and a hundred to that, all the while he is with me, and I go through my weary mechanical exhibitions of love and devotion—I feel inclined to burst out in my true character, proclaim myself for what I am—dash these golden fetters to pieces around me—and go forth to see the world, honest at least in villainy, and casting aside for ever this mask which you have so artfully fashioned to fit my face, and paralyze all its natural expressions."

"Have you then lost quite a mother's feelings for that poor child—whom we might else speedily restore to an honorable home and protection? She is a wild thing, you know well, and needs indeed a mother's restraint and training, if we would have her avoid the faults that have wrecked our own happiness, and caused the grievous necessity of the sacrifice I recommend," insinuated Blackader.

"O man, you have played upon this string too often—and you have damp fingers! Don't you hear it begins to be rusty, and to give back jarring notes for the sweet melodies you think to play?" returned the widow, with scornful bitterness. "Oh! no, you have separated us at a very good time! She has forgotten me, and I—I shall soon have forgotten her!"

"No mother ever forgot her first—her only child!" said Blackader, incredulously.

"I tell you simply the truth! What is she like? You have seen her lately, you can tell me!"

"She is very like her father—and yet she is as handsome as her mother. In fact, she is a little beauty, and full of wit and sprightliness," returned Blackader.

"And do you pretend that, resembling you, thus, we can ever introduce her into Sir Richard's house, as a niece of mine?"

Blackader was silent for a full minute. "Well, but Sir Richard won't live for ever! It is astonishing how suddenly elderly people are constantly sliding over the hatches," he murmured then, in a tone that—at that period—made Mrs. Snodgrass shudder.

"No, Blackader; no, don't think it!" she exclaimed, with passion. "If ever I promise mortal man—old, disagreeable, hard, tyrannical as he may be—to be a true and faithful wife to him, at the altar, before God; depend upon it, to my last hour I will prove so!"

"All women say so—and perhaps some mean so—on those occasions," replied the managing clerk, carelessly. "I am only speaking, of course, of a natural climax that might happen to the worthy old gentleman's career. He'll be the first that lived for ever, if he don't die some day! And if you don't look sharp, he may happen to slip off before you have any claim to a very substantial place in his will. He coughs more rakingly and hoarsely than he did—and he takes brandy and water in the office—a thing I never saw him do before! Then, if his relations were to catch scent of what we are about, and begin ferreting us out! You know you have officiated in divers public capacities, and Kensington isn't quite Dulwich, in innocent credulity. Barmaid at an hotel, and supernumerary at a theatre!—there is always sure, eventually, to be some one or another to recollect one, when one has figured on such arenas—and Sir Richard has strong prejudices. He might marry a reduced gentlewoman, of a very good family, ex-mother of two noble boys, but certainly would hesitate to raise either of those useful or ornamental females to a share in his throne and bed."

"Hold your tongue!—here's the saucy dog who is so condescending as to take my wages as a footman, coming," interrupted Mrs. Snodgrass. "He has a card too! Sir Richard must have come early, and he will be surprised to find you staying so long."

"Oh! I can easily invent an excuse," said Blackader—and by that time Orlando's stout calves had conveyed him to the scene of action.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Ungenerous sex! to scorn us if we're kind;
And yet upbraid us if we seem severe!
Do you, to encourage us to tell our mind,
Yourself put off disguise, and be sincere.
You talk of coquetry! your own false hearts
Compel our sex to act dissembling parts!

RICHARDSON.

It must not be supposed that the mistress of Villa Albano mounted to her elevation by very easy or very rapid steps.

Skilled as she was in female artifices, and backed by personal advantages of no mean order, Mrs. Snodgrass found Sir Richard Graham a very difficult subject to manage. He needed more besliming than either accomplice had reckoned necessary to make him "slick for swallowing."

Then, in the first place, she had to part with her child—with the only pure and uncorrupted sentiment of her heart, in fact! She had a vague knowledge of that herself, and dreaded it as the last spasm before a kind of moral death. Love is the link between heaven and earth: when we no longer love anything we feel the exalted connection is broken, and that we are henceforth but mere mortality! We die many years before we are dead, many of us, on this principle—but we do not always know it.

Mrs. Snodgrass did. She was aware that, keen and impulsive as her passions were, they had little depth, and that an active exercise of them on present objects was the only means to keep them alive. She felt that she should forget her child, and lose her hold on the radiant chain let down from above!

She had no confidence in the father to whom she was obliged to abandon the care of this precious gift, issue of shame and guilt as it was. But in the excess of the contempt and hatred that gained ground incessantly in her feelings against Blackader, the unhappy woman almost rejoiced in the thought that she was wilfully, though unintentionally, depriving himself of his principal means of influence over her.

In this mood she parted from little Malvina, and

turned so deaf an ear to the poor child's cries and entreaties to its mammy not to desert it.

The injury was as deep and lasting to the thenceforth orphaned child as to its parent. Malvina's passionate and wayward nature could only have been disciplined through her affections, which were remarkably precocious and vivid. She loved, although infant as she was, she did not respect, her mother. Her mother might have saved her—her mother was taken from her. O! Mr. Rigol Blackader! you should not have congratulated yourself so much that day when you went to the "Flower Pot" to receive your Kingston widow on her arrival! though you went by express desire of Sir Richard Graham himself! The banker, thoughtful gentleman, felt for the confusion and embarrassment of an unprotected country female, set down alone with her luggage in the heart of the metropolis!

Of course Blackader found Mrs. Snodgrass's character all that could be desired. But he did not overdo things in his report. He was a man of singular prudence, and he knew that falsehood is in itself so brittle, that every breath of expansion hazards a catastrophe.

He inquired out all that was to be known of the real Mrs. Snodgrass, who certainly bore what is called in advertisements an *undeniable* character in her little town. He reported as much of the Mrs. Snodgrass of his own creation, and very little more. She was therefore a widow lady of high respectability; but no phoenix whose qualities entitled her to much parade and consequent scrutiny. She lived exceedingly retired—very few people knew anything about her! Those who did, spoke of her as a woman of the most ladylike manners and demeanor, evidently come of a good family. She owed nobody a shilling, and had just wound up her affairs by letting her house. Several people who had seen her little boy dragged out of the water, united in saying that he was the finest little fellow they had ever seen. No peer of the realm could have wished himself a nobler-looking heir! These all pitied Mrs. Snodgrass very much, but thought it as well, considering how he left them, that Lieutenant Snodgrass had only been married a short time to his wife, and consequently had but a small family to bequeath to poverty.

"I think we have in reality made a prize in our widow, sir! She would grace any station, in my humble opinion! but I am much mistaken if she don't make a capital housekeeper, too," was Blackader's conclusion on the general investigation.

Sir Richard smiled. He was gratified with the idea of having a woman of ladylike education and refinement in a menial capacity about him. Wealth was something real, after all! What would it not purchase, if fifteen pounds a year for the first half year, and possibility of increase, was the price of these superior qualifications?

He himself deigned to show the widow over his house, and to give her a notion what he expected in its management.

Mrs. Snodgrass easily perceived that he expected his own tastes and opinions to be despotic in every possible relation of existence—in the placing of a chair, and in the fold of a curtain, quite as much as in the marriage of a child, or the disposal of any portion of his accumulations. She perceived, in short, that he was, in every sense of the word, a tyrant!

"Very well: what a tyrant requires, above all things, is a slave. And she was determined to make herself subservient to Sir Richard Graham, banker.

She was, of her own likings, a person of a theatrical and gaudy taste. But she clearly saw Sir Richard's notions were all for the sombre and solid. He had spared no expense in the decoration of his house, but evidently on the principle to have out the value of his money quite as much in material as in workmanship. All his furniture looked as if it had been made for a pyramid, and to last as long. The tables awed you by their bulk and massiveness. Orlando would have thought one of the chairs a heavy weight. The Giant Grumbo might have hesitated to lift the drawing-room poker, if he had just laid down his mace! A gloomy pomp reigned throughout the apartments, and oppressed you with a sense of what one might call a mausoleum grandeur. It was a palace of Nimroud in private life.

Yet Mrs. Snodgrass approved wonderfully of the general tone of the whole. If she differed at all in opinion from any of the solemn facts around her, it was where her quick tact satisfied her Sir Richard himself was not well pleased.

She thought, for example, the primrose damask, in one of the drawing-rooms, was a little too light, and out of keeping with the Egyptian decorations of the walls. It turned out that the late Lady Graham had devised it, against Sir Richard's ad-

vice; perhaps, poor woman, as a relief to her own mind from those same monumental solidities.

Sir Richard spoke of his departed wife in a cold and austere tone which did not threaten any very formidable rivalry in her memory to the designs of an intending successor.

The failures and shortcomings of the previous housekeeper were also carefully noted by Mrs. Snodgrass. It seemed that Mrs. Yellowley had been the worst of the whole series succeeding that "very impertinent, but competent servant," Mrs. Frampton. As far as she could make out, Mrs. Yellowley's grand fault, and the cause of all her errors, was having opinions of her own, and adhering to them.

For example, the late Lady Graham had a very fine aviary of foreign birds, which she was in the habit of causing to be placed in the sunshine, under the conservatory windows, during her illness. She had a foolish fancy that these captives liked to see flowers of the rich hues of their native climes, and trilled away the sweeter for the indulgence. After her death, Sir Richard ordered the cages should not be moved from the boudoir in which they were usually placed. It deranged things: things were much better always the same. But Mrs. Yellowley took upon herself to fancy that the birds were moping and pining under the effects of the seclusion. She in consequence assumed the responsibility of giving them a little fresh air and sunshine, and caused the cages to be hung as formerly on the walls of the conservatory. But she forgot that Lady Graham always remained at hand in guard of her feathered favorites. A hawk descended and fluttered nearly the whole aviary to death, in the absence of any such protection.

It certainly was an injudicious act on the part of Mrs. Yellowley, however well meant. But Sir Richard spoke of this circumstance as of a crime not at all short of high treason, and Mrs. Snodgrass took care to be most satisfactorily of opinion, that if there was any higher offence known to law-makers, it ought to be classed under it.

The whole installation was completed in the most agreeable manner, excepting in one respect. Sir Richard was much pleased with the evident awe and admiration of the widow at the display of his ponderous magnificence. The widow herself felt more and more reconciled to the task she had undertaken, contemplating its future rewards.

The one drawback lay in the fact that both Blackader and herself forgot the propriety of her appearing with a wedding-ring.

Sir Richard noticed the absence of this matrimonial ornament with the certainty to be expected in so great a stickler for forms.

"Dear me, Mrs. Snodgrass," he said, in the morning after her arrival, as she stood meekly before him, with her white and small hands crossed on a snowy muslin apron, receiving his orders for the day; "have you left your ring up stairs? Though I think I noticed yesterday you were without one. Is it not the fashion at present for widows to wear their wedding-ring after the husband's decease?"

Mrs. Snodgrass was a little taken aback for a moment.

"Oh, yes, sir," she then said, calmly, "but I had the misfortune a few weeks ago—and everybody said it was a singular thing—to break my ring as I was rubbing some furniture a little brighter for the sale. It looked as if the last link that bound me to the past was broken; and I have somehow a superstition in resuming it!"

"Why so, Mrs. Snodgrass?"

"My married life was not a very happy one, sir."

"Neither was mine!" thought Sir Richard; and it went strangely against his grain, when, in compliance with his established system of ideas, he observed:—

"But you had better have it mended; it looks curious to see you in a widow's cap without a ring on your finger."

"It is at the jeweller's, sir; I will send for it immediately."

Blackader received a note to the general effect of the above that same evening, written in a curious back-hand that reversed the very pretty style of its writer's usual penmanship. Mrs. Snodgrass had already determined to be cautious how she put herself in his power for the future.

"Bless me! do what one will, one is always sure to overlook something," he murmured, and hastened to his old friend, Mrs. Sellshore's for a second-hand article of the description wanted.

"Is it pinchbeck?" thought the widow, as she took the ring out of a note and the woolly wrapper that conveyed it to Dulwich from Kingston. Blackader took the trouble to run down and post it there

as the proper place for it to have been left to be mended.

"No," said the donor, at a subsequent private confabulation, when the question was put to him, "it is of the best gold; he has a Jew's eye for gold; he would detect a counterfeit directly!"

"Men are harder to judge, then, than metals!" said Mrs. Snodgrass.

"One would hope so, or the most of us would be nailed to the counter!"

Rogues have generally the conviction that the rest of mankind are cut on the same pattern as themselves.

"Well, you once promised me a ring like this, and here you are actually keeping your word, Blackader!" said the widow, with rather a sharp-edged smile as she inspected the ware. It was like the gleam of a knife over her lips!

You really went on mistaken principles, Mr. Rigol Blackader, when you removed this woman's child from her.

"You were not always so liberal, Rigol," she added, with a glance of some bitter meaning. I remember that even as a lover, I used to think you a very greedy, niggardly sort of a fellow. But you misers can turn regular spendthrifts, I have heard, where you think it is to your advantage; and this, I suppose, is one of your sprats to catch a herring."

"Exactly so," replied the managing clerk. "He proved a good and faithful ally in spite of all these little tiffs between them."

Revenge against his benefactor had not a little to do with the worthy's zealous support of his female accomplice's purposes. Sir Richard had the art of conferring obligations so as to make them, in some sort, injuries. He seemed to kick you a benefit. You could not help hating him for the services he did you. He was about the reverse of Charles II, who was said to maltreat people so obligingly, that they always liked him the better for it.

In his heart, Blackader was as great a tyrant and despot as Sir Richard himself. A slave is very generally only a despot upside down! He was compelled to be a toady and flatterer, and wanted above all things to be toadied and flattered himself.

We are not quite certain that he did not dislike Sir Richard for falling into the snare he spread for him, and becoming fast enthralled in the manner he had proposed, by the woman he had himself repudiated, and cast in his way for the purpose!

"The old sensual humbug; at his age, to pretend to be in love!—Pah!"

"This rich old buckram fool *shall* love me," mused the widow. But Blackader is a little mistaken if he thinks he shall find his account in it!

Sir Richard was in reality as much enamored as he could be before he himself knew anything about it. He had never been in love before, and might certainly be said to bring a virgin simplicity in such affairs, to aid the conspirators in their wiles.

Yet, lord and master as he had always been, and was determined to be, of all that was his, or that came within the sphere of control, never had Sir Richard Graham felt so utterly obeyed before. After all, the most unresisted despots are aware when only the body obeys, and the mind does not lend itself to the submission. But now, in Mrs. Snodgrass, a bright and quick intelligence seemed only called into requisition to qualify her for the more implicit abandonment of will and judgment to his supreme authority!

Indeed, she apparently comprehended his wishes better than he could express them. She anticipated them often enough.

We must mention that, as bar-maid at a great hotel, an office she had filled for some time in the course of a diversified career, Mrs. Snodgrass had acquired a perfect knowledge of the proper management of a large household. She was skilful in accounts; and, putting aside a smack of gas and orange peel in it, had a very good taste in domestic arrangement. Without ever, in any manner, seeming to differ from Sir Richard's dogmas, she speedily managed to diffuse an air of brightness and cheerfulness through the house, which that gentleman himself could not but feel, and rather enjoy, after a time.

She let in light literally, by removing gradually the masses of drapery that excluded it on all sides. Very cautiously and slowly, no doubt.

Sir Richard could not well make it out how things began to look so cheerful and pleasant; but he was assisted by Blackader.

"I declare, sir," he said, glancing over the breakfast-room, when shortly afterwards he had the honor of a summons to the presence for that meal; "I declare I do think this Mrs. Snodgrass of ours has a trick to brighten places as she goes about in them. This room has seemed to me quite dismal ever since

her ladyship's funeral, and now one can see roses and all manner of pretty-looking things about one in it!"

Sir Richard frowned.

"Why does he frown?" analyzed the dependent. "Because I called her this Mrs. Snodgrass of ours? Really, sir," he continued, aloud, "Mrs. Snodgrass herself would do, instead of all manner of riches, to make a poor man's home look like a palace! I wish I had anything like a competency to offer, and upon my word, sir—but she has evidently no sort of a fancy for me, for she will hardly speak to me! So I suppose I must be content to finish my days as an old bachelor."

This was said with a jesting air, and Blackader was admitted occasionally to some degree of familiarity of the sort, like the jesters of great men of yore. But Sir Richard frowned blacker than ever at the observation.

"I beg, Mr. Blackader," he then said, with great stateliness, "I beg (a most imperious begging!) that you will not insult the unprotected condition of any female under my roof, by any light observations of the sort!"

"I did not think of such a thing, sir; it was merely a foolish remark of mine at the moment."

"I beg, then (still more imperiously), you will not repeat it. Mrs. Snodgrass has mentioned to me several times that she has no intentions whatever of changing her condition in life again! She expresses herself perfectly satisfied with my arrangements for her comfort; and not only satisfied, but, I may say, deeply grateful; and I must be allowed to observe, whatever other persons may think on the subject, it is not likely any sensible woman, who has passed through the vicissitudes she has passed through, would ever be desirous of renewing her acquaintance with poverty and humiliation, when she might continue to enjoy the shelter and emoluments of a service like mine. I have no idea of changing, I am happy to say, myself, unless, of course, I should enter into arrangements of a nature by which another party might consider herself to be, in some sort, entitled to a voice in the regulation of my household. Though I confess I no longer entertain any very decisive resolutions on the subject I formerly broached to you, Mr. Blackader."

"No, sir?" said Blackader, apparently much disappointed. "Oh, then, we shall some day become incorporated in a joint stock, and Mr. Walter will keep his boast, that he would some day compel you to beg him to return to the firm on your knees!"

"You are misinformed, Mr. Blackader; Walter never said so," returned the banker, austere. "I know him better than you, sir; he is a bad, rebellious son, an upstart and misleader, in a mercantile point of view; but he is not a fool! He knows that if my own life, and all I have, depended on his return, I would not even beckon him over the counter."

"Well, that's the general tone of his remarks, they tell me, sir; I mean no harm," replied Blackader submissively. "However, I know for certain that he boasts the business must ultimately come to him, for a friend of mine has been positively assured, that in that case he has given a solemn promise to Mr. Charles Belton to take him into partnership."

"Mr. Charles Belton! the fellow who took him off, and bamboozled him into marrying his singing-doll of a sister, indeed!" said Sir Richard; adding, with grim significance, "But I am not gone yet."

At this moment Mrs. Snodgrass happened to enter the room. She preferred always to wait on her master herself at breakfast or supper, having quietly superseded the old footman at those meals—superannuated, but retained in office because he had been left in the family by Lady Graham's father, with an injunction on his son-in-law to provide for him whenever he thought proper to discharge him.

And Mrs. Snodgrass looked the perfection of bright and orderly cleanliness; to use the common expression, like a new pin. She brought in an omelet of ham and eggs, cooked by herself. Sir Richard was fond of this dish, and she cooked it admirably. Dinah Wilkins, the proper functionary, made some resistance; but the crafty housekeeper soon usurped her office in this and several other dainties, by express command.

"Does the unnatural wretch, then, wish me dead, and speculate already on the event? Of course he does! And he would make Charles Belton a partner, would he? But can't other people adopt, as well as my friend, the joint-stock bank director! If this poor woman's splendid little boy, that people thought it would have been a credit to a peer of the realm to call his heir, had not come to an untimely end, I might have taken him in the

business. It would have been long before he would have been old enough to wish me dead, for the sake of squandering my money upon strangers."

Mrs. Snodgrass at that moment raised her eyes from the omelet, with a peculiar earnest expression. There was in it the most flattering possible meaning; it was clear that if Sir Richard did not eat it, and with a good appetite, she would be unhappy. His health was evidently of interest to her! She knew that Dr Callumell had ordered him always to take something substantial for his breakfast, whatever he did.

"And what bright eyes they are! No wonder the poor little boy was so handsome! Like a young stag, Blackader says, the publican who told him about the inquest observed! I wonder how that would look in a child; very tall and stately, I suppose!" mused Sir Richard.

"Frederick was very handsome," he continued, in this silent soliloquy; "but his mother was only so-so. She had no eyes worth mentioning. People said he took after me. Walter is as plain as his mother! How it would vex the unnatural rascal if—Pray, what was the name of your little boy that was drowned, Mrs. Snodgrass?"

Mrs. Snodgrass did actually start. She was thinking also; and something like the word *Malvina* rose unawares to her lips, when Blackader precipitately interrupted—"Malcolm, did you say?"

"No, Malvern, sir; we called him after a friend of my husband's," replied the widow, regaining her self-possession.

"Malvern?" repeated Sir Richard, absently. "Oh, yes, the Malvern Hills! Malvern is in Gloucestershire, is it not, Mr. Blackader?"

If Sir Richard had pleased to place it in the heart of Africa, Blackader would have found it on the map for him. Of course he acquiesced, though he well knew his patron was wrong.

And thus Mrs. Snodgrass continued to trim her sail to every puff of wind in the direction whither her prow was turned.

She was remarkably modest, too!

Devoted, as by her whole demeanor she appeared to be, to her condescending protector, Mrs. Snodgrass carefully preserved her intercourse with him from all suspicion of impropriety. Her assiduity was always of the most respectful and distant, befitting their relative positions. Nay, it might almost have been thought that she regarded the banker in the light of a superior being altogether!

Blackader frequently intimated an opinion to that effect to Sir Richard. The banker was flattered at first, but after a while this extreme deference rather annoyed and harassed him. One don't like to seem an absolute god, of however precious a porphyry, to a woman one begins to think remarkably engaging, and made of warmer materials.

Yes, she was very modest! She always, it was remarkable, excused herself from making an appearance at any of the somewhat numerous men-parties Sir Richard now gave. On those occasions the superannuated footman was allowed to pour out the tea and coffee, as, of yore, Mrs. Snodgrass delicately hinting—and her feelings were respected by her kind master—that she had moved in another sphere of society, and feared that her feelings might be wounded by accidentally meeting with some of her former family acquaintances in so different a position! She had moved in very good society once, Sir Richard would perhaps have the goodness to remember!

Among a number of male guests, some of whom were rollicksome fellows enough, it was not impossible she might have encountered one or two who remembered the brilliant barmaid of the Blue Boar at Melton Mowbray, or the discomfited debutante of the Theatre Royal, Bath.

Sir Richard quite agreed in the propriety of this reserve. The good man did not want too many of his own sex to be aware of the treasure he possessed in so fascinating a housekeeper.

Still this precaution did not altogether screen him from divers jokes and innuendos on the part of his livelier friends. Blackader, with the skill he could justly claim, spread sufficient tidings concerning the young widow to excite a general curiosity. There was often a good deal of railery on the subject, which, it was observed, Sir Richard bore with great patience, and even at last with gaiety. He seemed to enter into the humor of the thing better than most people would have thought it likely.

He was not even very much displeased, when one evening, after a full libation, Blackader proposed the housekeeper's health, and stuttered out some incoherent illustration, as he called it, concerning Peter the Great and his serf oppressor. No quantity of wine or liquor could have made that man drunk,

in the proper sense of the word; but he was an adept at pretending to be so on suitable occasions.

He was drunk, and might talk as he pleased, even on so solemn a subject as his great master's possible amours!

But whenever the topic was alluded to, acute observers noticed that Richard never suffered any insinuation against the character or position of his housekeeper to be broached.

He often mentioned that she was a reduced gentlewoman, and of very good family. At Mrs. Snodgrass's request, he never, however, brought her respectable name into question. And thus, no one who might know the Mulcasters, of Eden Dingle, Yorkshire, could possibly contradict the statement, that they had a daughter who demeaned herself out of their good graces by marrying a poor lieutenant in the navy.

The next day, after the Peter the Great party, Sir Richard raised his head from a monstrous ledger over which he was poring, to ask Blackader what was the nature of the story he had told about that sovereign on the previous evening. He had not paid much attention at the time, but Fraser and Jenkin's security on Baltic wheat consignments recalled it to him.

Blackader had obstinately forgotten. Still, as it was about the only point of Russian history with which Sir Richard was acquainted, we believe, in spite of the alleged non-attention, he long retained the story in his mind.

The great Czar had married a serf—a slave—a captive of his own bow and spear! That was certainly very extraordinary. He was an extraordinary man, and he might do extraordinary things, but he was not the only one that had ever existed. The world had never blamed him for what he did in that. The Czar also had a disobedient and ungrateful son—so Blackader had said—whom he wished to disinherit.

Sir Richard Graham was not a Czar of Muscovy; but—

HE WAS SIR RICHARD GRAHAM!

Sir Richard had taken to rather a profuse way of living in latter times; and he suddenly became ill. It was dyspepsia, and he was low spirited, and imagined he has some very killing disease.

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When care and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

If not a ministering angel, Mrs. Snodgrass was a very good substitute for one at her patron's sick bed. Her attentions to Sir Richard, during his whole illness, were of the most tender and devoted character. We say *tender*, for in those moments of pain and disaster, Mrs. Snodgrass could no longer conceal the deep interest she took in the welfare of her beneficent master!

Not once, but several times Sir Richard saw those bright eyes fill with flashing drops, that hung long on the golden eyelashes (Blackader maintained they had only the reddish tinge of pure gold) at the spectacle of his sufferings.

Her very presence had a kind of comfort in it. The touch of her hands was cooling and refreshing on the hot brow of a bilious fever. She knew how to prepare all kinds of soothing drinks and excellent broths, that didn't make one sick to look at when one was ill. The regular cook's did that!—And yet Mrs. Snodgrass's miracles consisted only in skimming her broths more carefully, and flavoring them judiciously to the tone of a jaundiced palate.

Dinah Wilkins did not make allowance for the effects of a liver out of order on a rich man's appetite.

The medical attendant even entered into the conspiracy. Blackader dropped a sly hint, and thenceforth the scientific man ascribed a reasonable share in the success of his medicines to the manner in which they were administered, and the moral influences of the truly delightful spectacle of devotion of which his patient was the object.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, Sir Richard was ordered to the seaside.

"I put Callumell up to it. You will have him all to yourself there, and if you can't bring it about then, I for one shall give up all expectation," said Blackader, who began to get a little impatient at the slow progress of the conspiracy.

"I shall not go," was the reply.

"Not go!"

"No. Do you think I place no more value on my reputation than to go with a man whom I don't think old enough to be my father, by any means, I assure you, however much an invalid—to a place where I acted all Mrs. Jordan's round of characters once, with applause!"

Sir Richard was obliged accordingly to go with

only a common menial attendant to Bath. But Mrs. Snodgrass explained her reasons with so bewitching a modesty, mingled with a certain playfulness, and an indescribable air of regret through all, that Sir Richard acquiesced in a singular flutter of sensations on his own part.

"If I had a wife—like her—I should not be left to trail myself about alone, faint and spiritless, with no one caring a jot whether I fall down of sheer exhaustion—and perhaps die before any one will trouble themselves to attend to me!" sighed the invalid, as he got into his carriage for the journey.

"Do have this hot bottle under your feet, sir, till you get to the train. It is nicely covered with flannel, and will be sure not to burn your feet;" said Mrs. Snodgrass, hurrying up to the carriage as it was just about to start.

Sir Richard submitted to have his feet very nicely muffled up by those delicate little hands, and then mournfully extended his own in farewell.

This was a great honor; we know that Mrs. Snodgrass was only a housekeeper, and Sir Richard was the great banker of Lombard street.

But what was a good deal more, the great banker pressed that hand: he held it a full minute in his own—and letting it fall, with the proper languor of a sufferer, gave a deep sigh as he said to the coachman, "Drive on!"

"He will not be gone very long!" said Mrs. Snodgrass, as she returned with a step she could hardly prevent from exhilarating into a trip, into the house. She felt her triumph was at hand, and had besides almost a sensation of liberty dancing round her heart for a moment.

What we have described had taken more than a year and a half to bring to this point.

"The old vampire is really going to be the death of me, if I don't finish with this insupportable drudgery of dissimulation! But, marry him?—will not that be to get out of the pan into the fire?"

The widow predicted rightly. Sir Richard returned much sooner than was expected—but wonderfully improved by his brief excursion. He looked quite fresh and joyous.

And Mr. Blackader was immediately sent for, and remained closeted with his principal for a considerable time.

At the conclusion, the former asked permission to speak with Mrs. Snodgrass, for a few minutes, in private.

He did not inform her, however, as he had already informed Sir Richard, that he was certain she entertained an idolatrous affection for the great banker, in her heart, long before she could have formed any hope of a reciprocal feeling existing on his part. That he had long observed it, but dared not hazard his displeasure by the revelation.

He only communicated to Mrs. Snodgrass the fact that he was authorized by Sir Richard to make her an offer of his hand and heart. And that she might have no room for incredulity, he had selected him, his trusted and confidential managing clerk, to make the proposition.

But Blackader did declare, and truly, that it was he who removed Sir Richard's last lingering hesitation—a suggestion of the irrational pride that formed the basis of his character—by a most happy invention of his own. Sir Richard felt a very great reluctance to the idea of marrying his own servant—or at least of having it known he had done so—and fancied she would never be able to make her footing good in the society in which he moved, in consequence.

"I therefore suggested," said Blackader, with his smile, "that Sir Richard should furnish you with the funds to appear, in another and more fashionable suburb of our huge metropolis, as a lady of property, and of an independent position—just come home from abroad. He could pay his addresses to you then in form, and owing to your prudent reserve, only a few menials—if even they—would ever be able to declare to the world that you have at any time been anything else."

CHAPTER XXX

Now shall you see how witty honesty
May match a knave in playing his own game,
And yet not throw false dice, for there's a trick
In clear simplicity beyond all art,
To puzzle rogues and craft!
OLD PLAY.

THERE was, consequently, rather a thick mask on the face which Mrs. Walter Graham came to Villa Albano, Kensington, to see.

Orlando stood before his mistress with the card he was to deliver, on his shining silver waiter, in a very formal and courtly style. But he was a bit of an observer in his way, and smiled satirically, though scarcely on his lips, at his lady's evidences.

prise and eagerness in taking up the scarce commodity offered of a stranger visitor's card.

"Mrs. Belton!" she repeated, "I know no Mrs. Belton. What does she want? Is it a person come to beg? What sort of a person does she seem to be, George?"

It was one of the reasons of Mrs. Snodgrass's unpopularity with Orlando that she had stripped him of that fine sounding name, of which he had at last, as he began to appreciate the distinction it conferred, grown to be proud. But Mrs. Snodgrass declared that George was the name of her former footman, and also of her foreign courier, and she could remember no other.

"Quite the lady, ma'am! She's no beggar" (on horseback, he would have said, if he dared).

"And pray, sir, how do you know a lady?" said Mrs. Snodgrass, biting her lip.

"From her appearance, ma'am, and her ways to people wot is perhaps in a humbler capacity?" replied Orlando.

"Belton!" exclaimed Blackader; "why, that's the name of the family Sir Richard's son married; for he married the whole family, I believe; all as poor as rooks!"

"Go and tell Mrs. Belton, George, that I am not acquainted with her name, and must beg to be excused from seeing strangers at this moment, as I expect company."

George retired with dignified slowness.

"But it isn't at all likely to be any connection of the Beltons that I spoke of," retracted Blackader.

"If I had thought so, as it is a lady, and looks like one, I should like to have seen her. The neighbors and servants certainly do begin to think it strange that no female, pretending to the character, ever visits me," said Mrs. Snodgrass, looking angrily at her adviser.

"We shall hear; here comes George again. You will have lady friends enough the moment you are Lady Graham yourself! But people can't be expected to find you out, you know, by inspiration," replied Blackader, good humoredly.

"Well, George?"

"Please, ma'am, the lady says she is well aware you won't reckon—reckon—reckon—eyes her, was her very word—until you see her, as you was old acquaintances before you was either of you married; and she wishes to give you a most unexpected surprise! She is sure you will be glad to see her, she says, and she won't detain you five minutes, I'm sure she is a perfect lady, ma'am—and it'll do you good to see her!"

Why Orlando pronounced the latter opinion so decisively, we do not know. Neither did he. But he uttered it with the energy of a man who speaks his convictions—fumbling in his hand at the same time a half-crown which he had just received for the trouble of delivering the message.

Old acquaintances before they were either of them married! Announced so positively! Mrs. Snodgrass and Blackader exchanged looks of considerable alarm.

"Who can it be?" murmured Blackader. "Some confounded supernumerary, or bar-girl, found you out, do you think, and come to thrust her acquaintance back on you?"

"I had better see her, at all events, since she is so positive about my identity, or she may be piqued into going with a tale to Sir Richard!" said Mrs. Snodgrass, in a whisper. She both looked and felt a good deal agitated.

At that moment she certainly repented not having taken Blackader's advice, and pushed on her marriage with Sir Richard. Yet she knew the banker was a very peculiar character, and she had not in him the excitable passions of youth to play upon. He insisted on doing every thing methodically, and in fact paid his court to her, in her new capacity of a rich widow, much as if he had himself fallen into the illusion, and really found it a slow and difficult process to bring his suit to a happy conclusion.

"You had better!" responded the adviser, also much alarmed. "Mark me; pay handsomely, if it is necessary to shut up anybody's blabbing mouth for awhile. I'll stand the racket; for, if we are found out now, Maria, we are both ruined!"

"Gather some flowers for the *epergne*, George, from the beds on the other side of the brook, till I ring for you," said Mrs. Snodgrass, pointing imperiously over the little stream.

She was pretty well aware of the lackey's habits of espial and curiosity, and had no desire that he should be even a key-hole witness of her expected interview.

The footman sulkily obeyed, under the watchful eye of Blackader, which he felt to be upon him.

Mrs. Snodgrass then, with a slow and dignified

step, which she had acquired in Roxalana parts in country barn performances, re-entered her villa.

"Can it be Fanilda Wildgoose?" she murmured to herself, naturally selecting the person whom, of her former friends and acquaintances, she least desired to see.

Tap, tap!
And with a perfectly calm exterior, but with a quivering heart, the pseudo widow of Lieutenant Snodgrass, R. N., entered the chamber in which Mrs. Graham expected her now with considerable impatience.

Fanny had meanwhile taken a deliberate survey of the contents of the apartment, and formed her own conclusions on much that met her eye.

Herself a woman of the most refined and ladylike tastes, she was struck with the theatrical glare of the splendor around her. Everything was arranged for effect—no repose for the eye; no signs of habitual female occupation or pursuit that pre-supposed an elegant and cultivated manner of life.

Mrs. Snodgrass had persuaded Sir Richard that it would be proper for her to furnish her house in a different style from that which he was known to prefer, that no one might have any clue to conjecture the existence of the relations actually subsisting between them.

By this skillful manœuvre, she was enabled to please her own tastes without too violently shocking his, which would have been premature.

Determined to act her part well, Mrs. Graham no sooner heard the door-sneek turn than she rose and advanced with open arms as if to meet some beloved and long-parted friend, exclaiming, "Dear Matilda! it is you, is it not?"

But she suddenly paused, and retreated a step or two, as if in confusion and astonishment, while her quick eye took in all the characteristics of the personage before her.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but have I really the honor of speaking to Mrs. Snodgrass?" she resumed, in a tone of disappointment, while the widow looked at her with apparently dignified surprise.

"My name is Snodgrass, madam."
"Ah, then, I have been totally misinformed! The lapse even of many years cannot so totally have changed my schoolfellow, Matilda Slater?" said Fanny, keenly surveying her hostess.

She saw Mrs. Snodgrass looked at first relieved, and now again alarmed—notwithstanding her long practice in the arts of dissimulation.

"My name before marriage was Mulcaster, madam," replied the widow.

"I beg your pardon, then, most sincerely, for the intrusion I now feel I have inadvertently made," said Fanny, with graceful propriety of speech and manner that struck her hostess visibly.

"There is no occasion for any apology for a mistake which has secured me so agreeable a visit," she observed, with great politeness, rapidly considering whether she might not turn this accident to advantage, and secure a lady visitor, of good station, in her somewhat limited circle.

"You are very kind to say so, madam, and to excuse my unwarrantable interruption; for your servant told me you were about to receive some company," said Fanny, making a movement as if to retire. "I ought to have made some particular inquiries first, I own; but everything I heard appeared so exactly to coincide, and Matilda Slater and I were such bosom friends in former times, that I yielded to an impatience I ought to have controlled rather than run the risk of inflicting the society of a stranger upon another lady who also, I perceive, gives distinction to the name of Snodgrass."

"There is really no harm done. On the contrary, the little adventure is quite an agreeable relief to the monotony of what one may almost call country life; especially as I am only just home from a long residence on the continent, and have not yet had spirits and leisure to look up my old acquaintances," responded Mrs. Snodgrass. "Pray, ma'am, be seated for a few minutes, and allow me to offer you some refreshment; it is possible you have come some distance!"

"I have, and I am really grateful to you for the offer of a little rest, but will not intrude upon your kindness in any other respect. It is rather a long drive hither from St. John's Wood," said Mrs. Graham, joyfully availing herself of the occasion of delay.

Both ladies seated themselves.
"Let me not, however, detain you for one moment from your arrangements, madam—though I suppose in this fashionable quarter of the town you dine very late?" continued the admirable tactician.

"We dine at eight!" replied Mrs. Snodgrass, with a swelling dignity, that did not so favorably



CAROLINE AND JULIA'S VISIT TO THE FAMILY OF PATRICK BOURKE.

impress her visitor as she intended. "But my arrangements are all made; I have only a single guest, as it happens, and that more on business than anything else—only Sir Richard Graham, an old friend of mine. If I remember rightly, I think that's all."

"Sir Richard Graham! What, Sir Richard Graham, the great banker?"

"The banker in Lombard street," responded Mrs. Snodgrass, with pretended indifference.

"Well, I was going to say we should at least have a mutual acquaintance there—but I should have been mistaken again! I am only a particular acquaintance of his son's, Mr. Walter Graham, and of his grandson, Mr. Frederick Graham, the young heir to all his entailed estates!" said Fanny, watching the effect of her intelligence.

Mrs. Snodgrass was perfectly calm.

"You must allow me to correct you on one little point there," she said, with an expression of inner satisfaction that by no means reconciled Mrs. Graham to the color of her hair, and the snake-like glisten of her eyes: "Mr. Frederick Graham has been dead for a very, very long time—more than twenty years, I should think—and Sir Richard's entire property has reverted to his own possession."

"Excuse me, but I must maintain the correctness of my information in this instance," replied Fanny, with bland politeness. "You are speaking now of Captain Frederick Graham, who was killed in a duel about the time you mention—In Paris, I believe. I was thinking of his son, of the same name, who was left quite a child in the cradle when his father met with his untimely end!"

"I assure you," said Mrs. Snodgrass, warmly, "You are perfectly mistaken! Sir Richard and I are upon terms of great friendship and confidence, and I am quite certain that if he had a grandson by Captain Graham's marriage, I should have heard about it."

"There are some subjects extremely disagreeable to touch upon, even among the most intimate friends!—I believe Sir Richard's eldest son married the lady by whom he had this boy, either against his father's consent, or without it," persisted the visitor, but in the most courteous and tranquil tone.

"Oh, no, I am quite sure of that! Sir Richard has often told me the whole story. Captain Graham married Lady Sybella, not only with the full consent, but I may almost say, at the positive command of his father!—And Lady Sybella never had any children!" triumphantly refuted Mrs. Snodgrass.

"Oh, I am not at all alluding to the marriage with Lady Sybella—all that is certainly quite as you say," said Mrs. Graham, smiling as if a little amused at the resolute deny-it-if-you-dare tone of her entertainer, which let out a want of thorough breeding to her intelligent observation, coinciding with the secret opinion she had formed from the first."

"I am alluding," she continued, "to what is perhaps in some degree a family secret—but I may say I am rather connected with the family of Sir Richard Graham myself—his second son married a near relation of mine—at least of my husband's—a Miss Fanny Belton! Captain Frederick Graham," she pursued with emphasis, "was privately united, in a first marriage, with a lady of good but reduced family—a Devonshire clergyman's daughter, of the name of Avery. There are two families of the name, distantly related, but both descended from a common stock, I believe, at a sea-port town there, called Biddeford. At least there were—but I have heard it is entirely extinct in all branches at present. It was the clergyman's daughter, Ellen Avery, that married Captain Graham, and left issue an only son—the young gentleman I allude to!"

Precise and particular as was this statement, it only elicited an incredulous "It is impossible!" from Mrs. Snodgrass.

"Sir Richard has spoken to me of all his relations," she added, "and pardon me for observing, Mrs. Belton, not very favorably of your relative whom you have just now mentioned, who cajoled Mr. Walter into a most improvident union! But he never, in the most distant manner, recognized the existence of any of the imaginary persons you have just now mentioned!"

"There may be motives for that reserve!" replied Fanny, not much mollified by the allusion to herself personally in the above response. "People—even very wealthy people—are sometimes desirous of appearing richer than they are, in the eyes of others. Of course, the existence of this young man—who is now almost of age—deprives Sir Richard of the very large landed property entailed upon his father, and renders him responsible to the heir for the immense accumulations of the minority. When Sir Richard has resigned these possessions, as he must very shortly, he will be, comparatively speaking, a poor man! But I will not detain you any longer, madam, and I feel that I have already trenched too far upon your goodness!"

Mrs. Graham arose as if to take her departure.

But she did not miss a single shade of the reflections that thronged through Mrs. Snodgrass's mind.

"Can he have deceived me, the wicked old fellow?" thought the widow, vengefully.

Your deceiver can never bear to be matched at his own weapons, and least of all, pardon the treachery that emulates his own.

But another suspicion suddenly crossed her thoughts, and relieved her anxiety.

"Pray don't hurry yourself, Mrs. Belton," she said, also rising. "But—and you must excuse me for the observation—I cannot but think your visit to me on this occasion, has not been prompted by the mere expectation of recognising an old friend and schoolfellow in my person! Neither can I consider it purely accidental. But coupling the fact that you bear a name which circumstances have rendered very suspicious in evidence against Sir Richard Graham, on any subject, I cannot but consider that you have designedly presented yourself to give me this very strange and incredible information."

"For what reason, madam, should you conclude that a stranger would consider any intelligence concerning Sir Richard Graham of importance to you?" said the lady-diplomatist, with unruffled politeness.

"I am aware that the good people of this district have been so kind—from the circumstance, probably, of my having no other intimate friend in whom I place trust, to advise me in matters of business, in the management of a very considerable property—to affiancé me in marriage to a man whose years render the notion preposterous!" said the wealthy widow, sustaining her character, at all events, in the haughtiness with which she drew herself up while repudiating this otherwise pretty advantageous, one would have thought, report.

Still her acute observer fancied there was more of upstart consequence than of real dignity in the words and manner.

Fanny was rather nettled too, in secret, with part of the previous observation.

"We are but too well aware, in modern society, that the possession of wealth is no security against the thirst for more!—that golden rollers smooth all inequalities—even so marked as, I admit, the difference between Sir Richard Graham, and Mrs. Snodgrass's ages!" she observed. "But you need not go so far to find motives for my visit. I beg leave to renew my assurance that I had a notion you might very easily turn out to be my schoolfellow and friend, who married a Lieutenant Kiddypore Snodgrass, of

his majesty's ship the Thunderbolt. I have heard, indeed, that she resided chiefly at Kingston-on-Thames, but as her husband commanded a sloop on an African station, and you are said to have only just returned to this country from a foreign residence—Dear me, madam! what is the matter with you?"

Mrs. Snodgrass had turned deadly pale.

To complete the measure of her consternation, a tremendous ring at the door-bell, the grinding of the wheels of a carriage on the gravel drive before the house, and finally a deafening knock, announced the arrival of Sir Richard Graham.

"If this is Sir Richard"—continued Mrs. Graham, who also felt rather in a fix. She had no desire, for the sake of her children, to appear personally in what might very possibly end, she now thought, in the wealthy grandfather's discomfiture.

"If this is Sir Richard Graham—I have an objection to press my unsupported statement upon him. But if you wish to obtain a full demonstration of what I have affirmed, I think I can furnish you with it. Upon my honor, I have spoken nothing but the fact—I have seen the young heir myself, not once, but often!"

"I shall—I shall be most happy! Of course, I would not for the world that any exposure—that any altercation on the subject should take place under my roof—though I have undoubtedly a right to demand explanations!" said the widow, in an agitation she was unable to control.

"You can have a conference on the subject with me whenever you please during the next fortnight. I am staying while in town at Mr. Walter Graham's brother-in-law's—Mr. Charles Belton's—not at the St. John's Wood house, but at the banking place in the city," said Mrs. Graham, who felt—she did not yet know why, precisely—a repugnance to receive a visit from Mrs. Snodgrass under her own honorable domestic roof.

"I will write then—I will come then! If you think Sir Richard will recognise you, you had better not go till he is out of sight," said Mrs. Snodgrass, anxious, indeed, to prevent so ill-omened a conjunction.

"Oh, no; he has always kept our family at too great a distance. Sir Richard is very proud, and my brother was once his clerk!" said Mrs. Graham, relieving but rather enjoying her hostess's consternation.

"But you had better not run the risk! Orlando!—George, I mean! The stupid wretch professes to forget his new name every minute."

And Mrs. Snodgrass rang the bell with vehemence. She was obliged to repeat the summons, however, with increased vivacity, before Orlando deigned to make his appearance, with an immense bunch of flowers in his hand.

"Did you not hear the bell? Your negligence is growing insupportable!" she exclaimed, passionately. "Where is Sir Richard?"

After all, Orlando had a very easy situation of it, and he had not yet made up his mind to leave.

"In the garden mum, in conversation with Mr. Blackader," he replied, in a most respectful tone, and with a proper lackey's bend on his haunches.

"Go and say I shall come out in a moment to Sir Richard. Meanwhile I shall do myself the honor of seeing you to your carriage, my dear Mrs. Belton!" she concluded, with remarkable affability and condescension.

In reality, she wished to make certain the dangerous visitor left the house without a chance of farther diffusing her enlightening revelations.

Fanny, from motives of her own, was ready to fall into the suggestion; and the two ladies accompanied one another, with great marks of mutual regard and deference, to the door.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Snodgrass did not venture to breathe freely until the visitor was fairly into her brougham, and the wheels on the roll over the smooth gravel walk towards the exit. Nay, she stood in the portico until she was convinced the vehicle and its explosive contents were fairly out of the premises.

She saw Fanny give one long and searching look into the garden behind the house, where in full dinner dress, almost as punctiliously *en règle* as if he had been going to dine with the sovereign, stood Sir Richard Graham, talking with Blackader.

He had on knee breeches and black silk stockings; carried a little crush hat under his arm, and rejoiced in an exquisitely ironed ruffled shirt. But above all, either he wore a wig, or his hair was dyed; for it vied with the hues of the raven in color, and Sir Richard's old acquaintances all knew he had been grey for years.

We cannot say that our fair diplomatist returned with a very favorable opinion of Mrs. Snodgrass, considered in any point of view but one. She had

been unable to detect any appearance that could justify her in the supposition both her husband and herself at first entertained, namely, that the banker had fallen into the hands of some enterprising adventurers.

Not suspecting the real cause of her agitation, Mrs. Graham thought the widow only exhibited the feelings natural to a woman about to sacrifice herself to an old man on views of ambition and covetousness, suddenly alarmed with the notion that the price was to be repaid in counterfeit coin! And wealthy as she apparently was, what but covetousness after greater riches and position still more advantageous, could tempt a woman to resign her independence, and the hopes of a more suitable union which, being still young, she might reasonably entertain?

In the great masquerade of the world, even the most acute observers are continually deceived by the astonishing variety of the costumes assumed. We deceive ourselves not unfrequently into the belief that we are other persons than we really are; and especially the black dominoes are so alike, that even to nod one's head in the mirror of conscience will not always avail to establish our identity to ourselves.

The Grahams were confirmed in this more favorable conception of the mistress of Villa Albano's character and position, by the extraordinary eagerness she showed to investigate and ascertain the truth of the intelligence thus conveyed to her.

The very next day after the interview at that pleasant suburban residence, Mrs. Graham received, under her synonyme of Belton, an earnest request for a meeting on the important subject. Having arranged what was to be done with her husband, she readily granted it.

It was stipulated that only the widow should present herself to receive the testimonies she earnestly desired to investigate. She wished to bring a friend of her own with her—a gentleman of the name of Blackader—but Mrs. Belton insisted the interview should be strictly private between the two ladies.

It took place in a drawing-room, forming part of a handsome house over Mr. Graham's joint stock bank, where his friendship and influence had placed Charles Belton as resident manager, with a very handsome salary. Of course, the Beltons, residing in it—and there was now a goodly family of them—were only too anxious to oblige their generous relations.

It was not a very long interview, but it was apparently a decisive one.

Fanny produced a copy of the letter written by Captain Graham a few hours before the fatal encounter that terminated his career, acknowledging his first marriage with Ellen Avery, and his son by her. Copies of the necessary certificates of the marriage in Paris, and the various other documents, were enclosed. And Mrs. Snodgrass was informed she had only to apply to an eminent solicitor, with whose direction she was furnished, to be indulged with the sight of the originals.

It was ascertained that she drove immediately to the office of this gentleman, and satisfied herself by a personal inspection, and every necessary assurance, that all the documents were genuine.

But the result was very different from what Fanny and Walter Graham hoped would ensue.

Within a fortnight afterwards they read an account in the daily papers of the splendid celebration of a marriage between Susannah, relict of the late Kiddypore Snodgrass, Esq. (the R. N. was left out, by some accident, though the announcement was drawn up by that careful creature, Rigol Blackader), of Albano Villa, Kensington, and Sir Richard Graham, Bart., of Dulwich and Lombard street.

CHAPTER XXXI.

So have I seen the baker's hand bestow
All sorts of figures on the kneaded dough.
In beasts, in birds, in men, the paste is dressed,
And ten thousand shapes adorn the various feasts.

Rowe

FAR from retarding, Fanny's revelations to Mrs. Snodgrass probably brought about the widow's marriage with Sir Richard sooner than would otherwise have been the case.

Mrs. Snodgrass spoke the simple truth for once, when she told Blackader she was in no manner of hurry to complete her union with her wealthy suitor.

It would have cost her, in the first place, more trouble than she was at the moment inclined to take, to induce him to depart from the slow line of advance he had marked out for himself. Meanwhile, it gave her an agreeable satisfaction to thwart and tantalize the impatient hopes of Blackader, whose eagerness for their fulfilment was naturally so offensive to her feelings as a woman.

It was not enough, it seemed, to have to forgive him the betrayal and desertion she had experienced at his hands! And that he should himself labor, by every means, to force her into the arms of another—and fret at the delays in his project in a way that plainly showed how sincerely anxious he was for its success—was a personal slight and insult of a kind that very few women indeed would have been disposed to regard in the complimentary light Blackader sometimes endeavored to place it in.

"See how I love you, when I even resign you for your good! How few men in my position would have the self-denial to do that, Maria! I've heard of lovers before now dying for their damsels' sakes; but I am sure you never saw or read of one who, to make her he adored wealthy and happy, gave her over, willingly and cheerfully, to another! Would one of your fine Romeos have done that?"

"No: but you are not a Romeo, Rigol; you are a banker's clerk, who want to be a banker's partner, don't you?"

"We all like to rise in the world, and as one good turn deserves another, when I have a friend at court, in the person of my lady Graham, of course I shall calculate on surmounting very lofty heights indeed."

"Graham and Blackader: that would be the title of the new firm, I suppose!" said Mrs. Snodgrass, on one occasion.

"I don't care! if I have a good slice of the profits—you may reconcile the haughty old fellow's conceit by bringing me in under the shadow of a Co. I Graham and Co!—I'm all for substance, and never quarrelled with anybody yet in my life about words!"

"True; you have had some pretty sharp ones from me, but I don't remember, beyond turning of a nice parchment white, that you ever showed much sign of emotion!"

"Graham and Co!—Well, then, we must marry you to some rich young blooming heiress, with a reputation as white as unsullied snow, and every virtue conformable! I hope you keep a list of the principal marriageable ones likely to visit me when I'm my 'Lady Graham'?"

"Well, Maria, indeed," said Blackader, laughing pleasantly at the suggestion; "you know, he is a very bad man that is not worth a very good woman!"

"So I should think you men most thoroughly believe! The greatest rake among you seems to see no impropriety in offering himself to the purest and most flourishing ornament of our sex!"

And so she let Sir Richard continue at his own slow pace.

Besides, she greatly relished the comparative freedom from restraint she now enjoyed as her own mistress at Villa Albano. She took no delight in Sir Richard's society, from which the separation relieved her for considerable intervals. It was a heavy task to amuse a man who brought so few resources of his own into the commerce of conversation! And half her empire over him, she knew, consisted in her power of amusing him. He was much too great a man to be called upon to reciprocate the obligation. If it were becoming to say so of a personage of Sir Richard's wealth and consequence in the money market, he was, in fact, a bore in society! His ideas all ran upon money, and the means of adding more to more. Mrs. Snodgrass, on the contrary, was of a lively turn, and only valued money for the luxuries it procured.

What satisfaction could it be to her to hear how discounts rose? Why the market was so favorable to the holders of stock? How the state of the harvest would influence prices? and, What effect So-and-So's bankruptcy would have on the Coal Exchange?

But now things were altered. Her golden prize seemed about to slip from her grasp, or was melting away in it! Was there not dreadful truth in the information, that Sir Richard Graham really had a grandson, an heir who would push him out of a considerable portion of his wealth?

This she determined to ascertain as speedily as possible, in the way opened to her by Fanny Graham's proffer. Meanwhile, it was certain Sir Richard Graham's family had taken the alarm. Inquiries might be raised, and Mrs. Snodgrass knew very well they were not likely to result advantageously to her in any sense.

She took her resolution at once, and without consulting her secret counsellor. It would not have been possible either, as Blackader was engaged in conversation with Sir Richard, extremely uneasy in his mind at the Mrs. Belton's prolonged visit, and anxiously talking against time to prevent personal investigation on the baronet's part.

"It is some lady, I believe; an old friend of Mrs. Snodgrass's, who has accidentally found her out, and called upon her. A school-fellow, I think, Mrs. Snodgrass said, at Beverley Abbey."

"Oh, indeed!" said Sir Richard, much gratified, though he was hungry, too, and it was past dinner-time.

"That's what has kept me here so long, sir. Mrs. Snodgrass desired me to remain until she came back—she has some little commission for me to execute in town, I imagine."

"Oh, indeed!" said the great man, drawing out a toothpick, and deliberately using it, as a preparation for the meal.

"I don't think Mrs. Snodgrass will ask, even her old lady friend, to dinner with her, Sir Richard, as she is to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with you," hazarded Blackader.

"Mrs. Snodgrass is the mistress of her own house, Mr. Blackader, and is at perfect liberty to receive any person she may think proper at her table," replied Sir Richard, without deigning to cease from his operation as he addressed his dependent.

"I am not complaining, of course, sir, but in that case, as Mrs. Snodgrass has never yet admitted me to the honor, I almost begin to apprehend I must, in some way or another, have displeased her!"

"Certainly not—I should say, certainly not," replied Sir Richard, pompously. "But you must remember, Mr. Blackader, circumstances change the position of individuals with regard to each other, and what may have been very proper once, might be considered as an undue condescension on the part of Mrs. Snodgrass at present. She has a certain position to maintain, you are aware, and I dare say the whole neighborhood is as well informed what visitors she receives, as people are of his Majesty's, in the Court Circular!"

"Oh, in that case, sir, it is quite right!" said Blackader, choking down the bitter sentiment that rose in his heart. Still, he could not forbear adding, "But as I have been occasionally honored by an invitation to your own table, Sir Richard, I did not think, that because Mrs. Snodgrass was at the head of it, in another establishment—"

"Blackader, you displease me! I desire—I command you—never again to allude to former circumstances, in any observations you may desire to make concerning myself or the lady on whom I intend to confer the greatest distinction in my power to offer," said Sir Richard. "Of course, when Mrs. Snodgrass is my wife, she will model her household more particularly on my tastes and wishes; and, meanwhile, I cannot but consider she acts prudently in reserving herself from the formation of any relations of intimacy with persons whom the world might not consider of the class likely to be selected by a lady of birth and station."

Poor Sir Richard! he had nearly persuaded himself that his widow was all which the money he lavished upon her made her appear to be.

The observation sank deeply in Blackader's heart, but he showed no exterior signs of distaste.

Mrs. Snodgrass approached at this moment, and he looked at her with anxious scrutiny. He was scarcely reassured, however, by the joyful expression of her flushed features, and heated eyes. He knew she always got that up to welcome Sir Richard.

"Well, my dear Mrs. Snodgrass!" exclaimed the banker, hurrying to meet her.

"A thousand pardons, Sir Richard, for having kept you waiting! but pray do not speak so kindly to me, while people are listening about," said Mrs. Snodgrass, peering anxiously, as it seemed, over the wall of the garden. "The old Poker and Tongs who live next door—oh! you can't tell what cruel things they begin to say about me! Mr. Blackader, I will not detain you any longer. Good morning to you."

Mrs. Snodgrass always said "good morning" till eight o'clock in the evening, to denote to people in general that she did not dine till then.

"Permit me to hope, madam, that the lady turned out as she announced herself to be—an old friend and schoolfellow?"

"No, sir; something very different; her name is Belton!" replied Mrs. Snodgrass, drily.

"Belton!" repeated Sir Richard, with a start. He had been musing so far with much dissatisfaction over Mrs. Snodgrass's intimation that the Poker and Tongs (as she called Colonel and Mrs. Campdown, their neighbors) were making an unpleasant stir in their affairs.

"Belton! I hate that name! What Belton, Mrs. Snodgrass?" said Sir Richard.

"I have told you all I am going to tell you on the subject, I assure you, Sir Richard," replied the lady, with a mixture of playfulness and vivacity; and placing her arm on his, she gently led him to the house.

No further notice was taken of Blackader, who was allowed to effect his departure how and when he pleased.

But it was true that, even as she said so, the

"Poker" and the "Tongs" were making their remarks on Mrs. Snodgrass and her company.

Colonel and Mrs. Campdown were dressing to go to an evening party, in an apartment that commanded a view over the grounds of the neighboring villa.

"There she is, Henry! The dressed out, tawdry doll I told you about!" exclaimed Mrs. Campdown, staring forward under the hands of her maid, and calling to her husband in his dressing-room.

"Is she? what, the widow, Christie? You're jealous of her, my dear, or you would not be always bothering me about her."

"Not I, indeed! But, do you know, she has the impudence to call both you and me names!"

"If she does not call us too late for mess or parade, I don't suppose it much matters what she calls us, my dear," said Colonel Campdown.

"She calls you Old Poker, and me, Old Tongs!"

"Does she, indeed?" responded the colonel, bursting into a hearty laugh. "She isn't far wrong, then; but don't make me go off so, Chris! I'm shaving."

"She's a bold, impudent creature for her pains, and I don't suppose she is much better than she should be."

"Who told you so, Chris? I mean, who told you she called you Old Tongs?"

"And you Old Poker!"

"I don't care for that; I am an old poker, for I have been pretty often in the fire, my girl. Ha, ha, ha! But why on earth, Christina, should she call you Old Tongs? Don't answer till I have finished my chin," said the humorous colonel, "for fear I should cut it!"

"She called us the names to her maid, who told Sara, who told Bella here!" responded Mrs. Campdown, as if she did not at all appreciate the joke.

The colonel laughed heartier than ever.

"Well, I'm much mistaken, Chrissy," he said, "if she isn't a pair of *shears* herself; but I don't care much about her cuts! Tongs, indeed! What could she see in you to remind her of such things as those?" and the colonel fairly burst out laughing. "She must be a very funny woman," he concluded, rather *sotto voce*, "and very amusing to know!"

The amusing woman was meanwhile certainly amusing enough. She made particular efforts on this occasion to divert Sir Richard, and by a rather unusual result of such task work, succeeded admirably.

We must, however, confess that she had an excellent dinner prepared as a preliminary.

Mrs. Snodgrass had spent a long apprenticeship studying the palates of the indolent and fastidious guests of a watering-place hotel, and very few women in the three kingdoms knew better how to select a dinner of the materials in season than this charming widow. She went a great deal by the weather: you never saw a large, disgusting joint on Mrs. Snodgrass's table on a hot day, however tempted at times by the prospect of putting Orlando on cold beef or mutton at next day's dinner, in a pretended fit of economy.

She chose her own wines, spared no expense, and had a first-rate taste in the article. Sir Richard was never weary of praising and drinking her port. Having the honor to pay for it, he might have known by the price how good it was—if by nothing else.

Sir Richard enjoyed himself amazingly at table on this occasion, and Mrs. Snodgrass took care to be as lively and diverting as possible.

He made several fruitless efforts to discover who the Mrs. Belton was, and what she had come about. It was not till he was pretty well plied with enlivening beverages that Mrs. Snodgrass made some sort of a reply on the subject.

"Well, your family at least seem to be thoroughly persuaded that I am a wealthy widow—a lady of some standing,—since they think to induce me, by all sorts of extraordinary statements against you, to relinquish the engagement which it seems is now universally known to exist between us!" she said, at last.

"Was it Walter's precious bargain that came, then?" said Sir Richard, grimly.

"Not unless she borrowed her sister-in-law's name for the occasion! Oh, no, it must have been Mrs. Charles Belton, that was a governess once, for she professed to know all about my family in the north, and to have known me when I was at school. I suppose she may have taught in some place where I was educated—but of course I had forgotten all about her, and cut the acquaintance at once!"

"Very proper! but what did she say about me? I'll let her see, if there's law to be had for money, that she shall not scandalize me for nothing!" said Sir Richard.

"She said you were one of the completest tyrants that ever existed in private life—that you would have been just such another despot as Nero, or some such wretch, if you were on the throne, and had the same power," said Mrs. Snodgrass.

"I would have trimmed her cloak for her, at all events!" ejaculated the banker.

"She declared you drove your eldest son to desperation—into a duel that was almost a suicide—by your unnatural domination over him, in the most intimate relations of the heart; and that you would have treated your second son as badly only that he made a manful stand against you, and vindicated the rights of human nature in defiance of your will, and by the sacrifice of every worldly advantage of which you could deprive him!"

"He did as he liked—and I did, and will do, the same!" returned Sir Richard, setting his teeth.

"He has his wife, and I have my money! Come, if sons have their rights, so have fathers theirs!"

"But she told me—or rather she warned me—in addition, what clearly proves to me that Walter and his wife, with the help, I suppose, of all this unscrupulous kith and kin, have contrived a plan by which they hope to take the most ample vengeance upon you; not only to injure you in your choicest affections, but to reduce you to a state of—I had almost said beggary! But that is impossible!"

Sir Richard laughed—and the laugh was of a kind to reassure the querent?"

"And pray, how do they mean to do that? Get me to join in one of Walter's company schemes?" derided Sir Richard.

"You are not, then, aware that Captain Graham left an heir to the property you entailed upon him—and to whom you must now owe upwards of a quarter of a million, the accumulations of his long minority?" said Mrs. Snodgrass.

Sir Richard let a breast of a partridge, well laden with floury potato and bread sauce, which he was carrying into his mouth, fall, fork and all.

"My dear Mrs. Snodgrass," he then said, "if you have nothing else to talk but such nonsense as this—excuse me if I make the observation—we may just as well eat our dinner in silence, without troubling ourselves to discuss it."

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Snodgrass, "I assure you it gives me no pleasure to mention it. But I am quite certain—and mark my words, that if it is not true your son Frederick left issue by a first marriage, which the Beltons declare he contracted before that with Lady Sybella, there is a conspiracy forming to cheat you out of your property, and unless you are very wealthy indeed—I confess I never reckoned up your value that way yet—to reduce you to what would really be, comparatively speaking, poverty!"

"I wish they would try it on, that's all!—I should have the pleasure of transporting the whole gang of them!" exclaimed the banker, vengefully.

"A marriage before that with Lady Sybella! Do they mean to say the fellow committed bigamy? And with an Earl's daughter, too? There isn't a shadow of probability in it!"

And yet Sir Richard suddenly remembered certain of the particulars of his eldest son's behavior, on the memorable occasion of the marriage with Lady Sybella, that struck him with a strong feeling of dismay. He swallowed a glass of claret to get over it.

Mrs. Snodgrass quietly observed him.

"There is no truth whatever then in the statement?" she observed.

"None whatever! But I suppose, by your anxiety, if there was, you would be among the first to abandon the falling house, Mrs. Snodgrass!" he exclaimed, pettishly, and inwardly a good deal perturbed.

"Sir Richard, this is ungenerous!" said Mrs. Snodgrass; and ceasing to nibble at her liver-wing she threw herself back in her chair, and burst into a shower of tears: "When have I given you occasion to think so meanly of me? Is it impossible for a woman to love a rich man? to prefer him to all the rest of mankind—and yet without a single thought of his money? But it is impossible for a man to understand the nature of a woman! Misunderstood, unappreciated, unkindly and disrespectfully treated, in a first uncongenial alliance, formed in the unreflecting folly of youth—deprived by a single stroke of all I held dear—of my precious boys—of both of them as it were in a day!—with no other friend or comforter, or protector in the world—I enter into your service, sir! I find in you, instantly all and more than I had lost—a matchless friend, a master, to whose superior abilities and knowledge of the world, I could look up with a respect that increased with all I knew of you! Can you not believe, however improper it may be for a woman to own it, that in spite of some disparity in

our ages, and of much in our conditions, gratitude speedily became a warmer feeling in my heart, and—

"Yes, Blackader has told me all, my dearest little girl! You need not be ashamed to own it!" interrupted Sir Richard—exceedingly gratified though he was!

"What has he told the old coxcomb? Ah, I see!" thought Mrs. Snodgrass, coloring with vexation—but her blush was taken as the index of a very different sentiment by Sir Richard.

"Well, sir, if you cannot yet believe that I could entertain an affection for you, apart from your worldly gear, hear what I say!" she continued, with animation. "I have no doubt that I shall be able to ascertain in a few days whether—at all events—a very feasible-looking conspiracy is not formed to deprive you of your wealth! If I can ascertain this point beyond dispute, I will myself desire you to abridge the period you have thought necessary to establish me, in the world's eye, in the position of a person of fortune and station and demand of you the right to call your perils and misfortunes mine too!"

Sir Richard was really and visibly affected, almost for the first time in his life. It is very sweet to be loved—especially when one is a little past the season. He had no reason to doubt this devotion, with all its flattering personality. Mrs. Snodgrass had never before shown any impatience to mount to the pinnacle he had given her so much reason to hope she should finally ascend.

"If it was not too late, my own Susanna, I would marry you to-night!" he said.

"No, not till I have ascertained there are reasonable apprehensions—or hopes rather—that you may cease to be this golden idol people pretend you can only be!" she said, with mild dignity. "You will do me the justice to remember, Sir Richard, that no personal considerations of my own—though I have long been aware of the cruel misconception placed on the singular appearances of the life I lead—have ever induced me to overstep for a moment the proprieties of my position and character, by urging this subject upon you?"

Another shower of tears.

Sir Richard rose from his seat, leaving the remainder of his partridge to get cold, and, if Orlando's report could be trusted, actually sunk on his knees before the widow, and covered the hands that attempted (vainly, of course, for he was a very heavy weight) to raise him, with tender kisses!

Not that Orlando was present. He had been ordered out when the covers were removed, before the conversation was commenced. This also was one of the offensive customs of Mrs. Snodgrass, who placed no confidence whatever in her footman's discretion. But he heard, as he described it, a *bump on the floor*, which it pleased him thus to interpret to the general committee of surveillance held in the kitchen.

It was not a very unanimous deliberative body either. Orlando and Mary Maunders, the cook, might be said to head factions of almost opposite opinions, and were continually on the wrangle in consequence. Orlando had the most extensive notions of the rights and prerogatives of the male sex, and cherishing an unsuccessful passion for the coquettish housemaid at Mrs. Campdown's, next door, had gradually embittered himself into the most unkind opinions possible against the sex in general. His pride and self-conceit were also often severely wounded by the supercilious carriage of his mistress towards her domestics, and he omitted no occasion for a sly sneer, or a disparaging commentary, on her whole proceedings.

On the other hand, the cook, Mary Maunders by name, having survived a very severe proof of the falsehood and ingratitude of the male sex, felt disposed, on all occasions, and on none, to take part against individuals of the body.

Mrs. Snodgrass's "own maid" was naturally inclined to take part against her mistress—especially when she wore a dress too long. But being justly offended at Orlando's hoisting his affections over the wall into the next villa—as capricious ivies are often known to leave their own waterbutts bare, and to cover their next neighbor's with glistening verdure—she was generally pretty well disposed to join the cook in convictions and lamentations on the false and deceiving nature of men.

The housemaid—a fat, goggle-eyed, pulpy-cheeked wench—laughed on all sides, and was otherwise neutral. The page only cared for eating. The coachman, a harassed married man with a wife and children on the sly out of doors, was too much dependent on the cook to venture often to dissent from her judgments. But "he knew what he knew," as he often told Orlando in private.

"And if he is on his knees, why shouldn't he? There have been as good men as he on their marrow-bones to ladies—ay, and to plain women, too, no-bodies as they may appear to you, Mr. Jackanapes, afore now!" the cook remarked, indignantly commenting, not on the intelligence, but on the saucy laugh with which Orlando gave out what he called "the bulletin of progress."

"More fools they, then, I say, to go down on their knees to any woman for nothing! Why, if he weren't blind, can't he see as plain as the nose on his face, that he has only to ask and have?" said Orlando.

"Oh, indeed! I suppose you haven't found that the case with all females in general, Mr. George!" said the lady's-maid, with a toss of the head.

"Miss Sarah Hopkins to wit!" observed the cook. "Well, I'm glad there are some women yet as have the spirit to make a stand against the men, and tell them what they think of them! It did my heart good to hear Sarah over the wall the other night, when they were drawing some water for the geraniums; you didn't hear it, Polly, but it would have done you good. Says she, I don't believe anything a man can tell me, not if he were to take his Bible oath upon it! There's some sense in that, I say."

"There's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, I'm sure," responded Polly. Another toss of the head.

"Ah, but everybody ain't got the knack of catching them! and there are lots of cockneys can hook a gudgeon that can never bring him to land!" retorted Orlando, standing on his defence against both of his fair assailants.

"There, now, don't be chafing one another this evening; can't we agree, and grace will come upon us? We shall have some nice things down for supper in a moment, to stop our mouths," said the pacific coachman.

"I shall put everything by: I shan't stand another of her rows about wittols—she looks after a cheese pairing!" said the cook, with an air of determination. "So if you're going to have a feast to-night, you can stand it at your own expenses!"

"As Mr. Orlando did the other night, when we had Miss Hopkins in to supper, and he stood the oysters. We ought to have had a brickbat ready, cook, when his heart was so open," said the lady's-maid.

"I'd have cracked it and shut it up again, if you had put an iron vice in, Polly!" jeered Orlando, who had his own suspicions of the state of his fair antagonist's affections. Polly burst into tears.

The fat housemaid laughed, while Mary Maunders exclaimed with indignant pity, "Well, Polly, I am ashamed of you? To care anything about what unfeeling men say to you! You must be made of soft stuff! Why, I wouldn't give a toss of a pancake for the best man that ever went on two legs!"

"Do you think he can get up again without assistance, George?" philosophised the coachman, making a puffing noise with his lips, though a pipe was altogether out of the question.

"Why, he's grown uncommon corpulent with the tuckouts we've given him!" said Orlando. "But, if he can't lift himself, I shall have to go to London Docks for a crane, that's all."

"Bring it home in a cab, then; they won't overcharge you, when they know who it's for!" said the coachman in witty allusion to the chronic state of war in which Sir Richard was known to live with that fraternity, of whose vehicles he frequently made use to save his own state carriage from too constant a friction with the traffic of the city.

"What a time they are eating; we shan't have supper to-night!" lamented the page.

"They ain't eating; they're making love," said Orlando.

"Well, why can't they send the victuals down all the same?" whimpered the poor boy, who understood too little of the tender passion to be aware how neglectful it is apt to grow of common-place proprieties.

At this moment the bell rung vehemently. "I wonder what's the matter?" said Orlando, quite calmly.

"Water! bring up some water here!" cried the alarmed voice of Sir Richard at this moment at the top of the stairs.

"Missus has fainted! Oh, you wicked men!" ejaculated the cook.

"Have you got a jug, Polly, Polly. Your missus is fainted!" said Orlando, playfully extending his hand in token of reconciliation to the lady's-maid.

She flung it disdainfully away. "Get it yourself, you conceited coxcomb, you!"

"Water!" thundered Sir Richard at this mo-

ment; and the household rushed about in confusion to obey.

Mrs. Snodgrass had fainted, but she was recovering when Orlando entered the room with the water.

"No, no! I am only overcome by—Oh, Sir Richard! this goodness! this unexampled goodness! Such a jointure on me—with my private fortune!" she concluded, observing Orlando. "How shall I ever repay your goodness?"

"On Thursday next, then, my dear Mrs. Snodgrass?"

"On Thursday next!"

And thus it was arranged. The wedding was to take place on the Thursday next.

Blackader earnestly approved of all that had been done when he came to ascertain the particulars of what had happened from Mrs. Snodgrass. But he was most unpleasantly struck with the intelligence concerning the existence of a grandson and heir of the Berkshire entail. He advised the widow by all means to ascertain the facts of the case, if possible.

"Sir Richard will still be an excellent match, even if it should turn out there is such a bantling! and we must secure him in the first place, for he might take a fancy to the boy, and one of his principal motives for running his head into the noose will be taken away!" counselled Blackader. "I knew you could get him whenever you chose, my dear girl! Who can resist you, when you make up your mind to win?"

Mrs. Snodgrass accordingly ascertained the corroborations of her informant, Mrs. Belton's account, and returned a good deal depressed from the interview.

"Shall I tell Sir Richard where I have been, and what I have heard?"

"Most certainly. Don't you see how much more disinterested and handsome your resolution to have him at once will now appear to him? I'll bet you a trifle that he increases your jointure out of sheer defiance! On my part I'll persuade him—and perhaps it really is the case—that the whole story is a trumped-up fable of the Beltons and Walter and his wife, to try and swindle him out of his money, or to annoy him because they have heard of his intentions to marry again!"

Nothing could exceed Sir Richard's exasperation when he received Mrs. Snodgrass's report. Coupling what he heard with much that he remembered of the demeanor of his victim son, on the occasion of his marriage with Lady Sybella, he was led to infer that there might possibly be some foundation for the extraordinary statement. With all his prejudices against him, the banker knew his son Walter's word might be taken where the oaths of other men could reasonably be doubted. And Walter was now brought forward as the evidence of the existence of his grandson.

If so, why had this boy been kept so carefully concealed from him, his natural, or at all events, legal guardian?

Sir Richard's conscience answered—but not at all in soothing tones.

The inklings it suggested, in spite of every effort to shut them out, of Walter's motives, stirred all the gall in his rancorous composition.

He was then to be compelled to receive a stranger as his heir—a youth brought up doubtless on opposite principles and ideas to his own—perhaps in hatred and contempt of himself.

On the other side, Blackader incessantly urged upon him the all but certainty that the whole story was a fabrication, a product of the crafty and underhand designs of the Beltons, and of his second son. They intended to thrust some impostor upon him, he maintained, whom they had, doubtless, completely under their sway, or with whom they were to divide the spoil, which they feared was about to escape for ever from them! For there was every reason to expect that Sir Richard would have heirs of his own, by the marriage he was about to contract. Heaven would take part against those rapacious adventurers! At the very best, it could only be the faction was pushing on some illegitimate son of the captain's, possibly with forged documents to support him, as the true heir! The captain had his faults very possibly, as a young man. And when they looked at dates, any other supposition was absurd.

The conspirators, he urged, admitted their pretender was not yet of age; but it was upwards of twenty years since Captain Graham married the Lady Sybella.

Sir Richard was advised to take legal proceedings, to ascertain what was intended, but meanwhile his marriage with Mrs. Snodgrass was not to be delayed. The latter insisted on it, as a proof of the exclusively personal nature of her attachment. Sir Richard of course could make no objection to so

touching an exhibition of devotion. He was in truth so delighted with it that he did in reality double—not the jointure, but the allowance for pin-money which he had arranged to settle upon his charming and generous-hearted bride.

CHAPTER XXXII

Like as a sort of hungry dogs ymet
About some carcass by the common way
Do fall together, striving each to get
The greatest portion of the greedy prey;
All on confused heaps themselves assay,
And snatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and tear!

SPENSER.

THE reader may conjecture in what a state of exhaustion and terror Augustus Pophly regained the house at Charlton.

He ran all the way; he lost his road half-a-dozen times, and regained it as often merely by chance. The cry of murder continued to resound in his ears, in supernatural accents. A fiend, with livid visage and streaming meteor hair, seemed to pursue him on the wind, yelling the dreadful word into his brain.

He might be considered as one bereft of his senses for awhile. Without weighing what effect his disordered appearance would produce, he rushed into the parlor where the family were assembled.

Caroline Sidney lay, to all outward observation, insensible on a sofa; but Julia, who held her by the hand, and frequently pressed her kind and sisterly lips to her hot and throbbing brow, perceived but too well even such relief was denied to the maiden's agony.

Mrs. Pophly sat quite calmly at a tambour frame, amusing herself with an intricate lace-work pattern, which she produced with spider-like skill and rapidity from the materials in the basket beside her. Her mind was, perhaps, on some other subject, but the mechanical ingenuity of her fingers never failed her for a moment.

"So proud and high-spirited a girl!—will she continue to doat on a convicted felon? So good and tender a soul! will she not speedily grow to detest the murderer of an old and helpless man?"

Not that Mrs. Pophly did, in the depths of her heart, really and truly believe Frederick was guilty of the atrocious deed! Her own suspicions, as well as those of several other persons—among them especially of John Purday—pointed at Patrick Rourke.

But in the exceeding injustice of her selfish and engrossing nature, Mrs. Pophly hoped that so much suspicion and odium might, by dexterous management, be fastened upon Frederick, as to dissipate all future danger of his pretensions to her niece's hand. No doubt she tried even to persuade herself that she was justified in the use of almost any means, to preserve her ward from the designs of a person in so inferior a condition in life; and that she had a right to look after her son's interests at whatever damage to those of other people.

The Reverend Theodosius, satisfied with his day's work at church, and aware that he should have a good deal of fatigue next day at the inquest, was asleep on an arm chair near the window, with an open Bible on a reading desk before him.

John Purday very seldom joined these family reunions at Charlton House, but on this occasion he was there.

He gave out that he was waiting the return of Augustus, gone, as he was informed, to the village for any intelligence that might have arrived since he was himself in it, an hour or two previously. The worthy man was, in reality, so pained at the sight of his ward's absorption of misery, that he stayed in the hope his presence might afford her some comfort.

Indeed, she several times weepingly assured him that it did, clinging, with his rough, honest hand to her heart, that he might feel how violently it palpitated. It was a comfort, indeed, to hear him every now and then, in his sedate, resolute tones, proclaim the conviction of Frederick's innocence.

The authority of this good and firm-minded man had even reconciled Caroline to the certainty which she now felt, that Frederick would be taken by the constables sent in search of him. Unless he was guilty, why should he conceal himself? And if he was innocent, he was innocent! He would be brought back—he would come back himself voluntarily, the moment he heard of the charge against him, and clear himself of even the shadow of suspicion.

And then, oh, then, thought poor Caroline, I will even become a suppliant to him, myself, to do right to this unhappy creature, whom he has betrayed and deserted. She has a mightier claim upon him than I can pretend to: she is about to become the mother of his child!

Mary Rourke's condition was no longer a secret. It was the village talk, as an interesting episode

in the general villainy of the young assassin's conduct.

How the report became so suddenly universal, no one could exactly tell. But it is almost always the case. The popular imagination immediately monsters every object seen through its medium. A man's one offence falls as a mustard seed on the soil, and springs up in fifty heads.

Mrs. Pophly knew how the tidings reached Caroline's knowledge, and completed the prostration of her physical powers.

The wild entrance of Augustus startled the whole company, as if a bomb had suddenly descended through the roof. The Reverend Theodosius knocked his reading-desk over, and arose in a panic, as if he imagined the burglars at the mill had turned their attack on the mansion. Caroline sprang up with a shriek. Mrs. Pophly dropped her tambour work, and irremediably entangled the bobbins. John Purday clutched his heavy-nobbed walking-stick, and also seemed to expect some onslaught.

Augustus flew to the sideboard, and poured out almost a goblet of brandy, which he swallowed up as if it had been so much water.

"What is the matter, Augustus—my dearest boy, what is the matter?" exclaimed the alarmed mother.

"Is he taken? Has he come back? For the love of heaven, speak! Is Frederick taken?" shrieked Miss Sidney.

"Yes! No! Don't touch me, mother, I am going mad, I do think! Oh! such a horrible voice!"

"Has he seen poor old Brice's ghost?" said John Purday, contemptuously, and relaxing his grasp of his stick.

"I have seen—I have heard—a most dreadful thing!" said Augustus, wildly.

"Is Frederick a prisoner?" was Caroline's despairing reiteration.

"My dearest love, be calm," said her aunt; "Mr. Purday must have convinced you it is the best thing that could happen for him; and if the proofs of his guilt are overwhelming, we may yet, perhaps, in consideration of his youth—"

"Oh, mother! do you think they would spare him for that?" said Augustus, with a ghastly expression.

"With our interest, my dear boy, which we might exert in his favor—"

"Nonsense, madam! you know very well they don't care for interest in such cases as these; and for my part, if Frederick could be capable of such a cruel, cowardly deed, I wouldn't raise my little finger to save him!" said Purday, vehemently. "But he hasn't done it! I know he hasn't done it—and so it will appear some day when the truth comes to light, as come it will, as surely as the day of judgment."

"I think it very extraordinary and absurd, Mr. Purday, your taking such a warm part with this person. What is he to you? Is he your son? You really couldn't take more interest in him if he was, and indeed they do say—Excuse me, Mr. Purday, but people will begin to form their suspicions, if you go on at so ridiculous a rate."

"People may form just what suspicions they please, madam. If the young man had been my son, I should only have been too proud to acknowledge him," retorted John, quite unmoved. He was accustomed to the malicious woman's style of insinuation.

"But what is this you have seen or heard, Augustus?" said the reverend gentleman, eyeing his son in surprise.

Augustus had now somewhat rallied, under the cheering influence of the brandy, and he perceived the necessity of being more cautious in his statements.

"It is only a foolish joke of mine. I have neither seen nor heard anything particular. Ha, ha! look how frightened Julia and Caroline look!" he said, rather hysterically.

"Then I must say you deserve what you won't get, I'm afraid, for your joke, Master Augustus!" said honest John, with angry vehemence.

"Do you think so, sir!—as if our spirits did not need a little relief of some sort or another," responded Mrs. Pophly. "Really, Mr. Purday, I don't pretend quite to understand you. I can excuse old Mat Price, for the poor old fellow is in his dotage, no doubt. But you, sir, cannot pretend to any such excuse."

"I don't," said Purday, drily. "But what, in heaven's name, can possess you, Mrs. Pophly, that you make yourself judge and jury to condemn this unfortunate youth, without suffering any one to speak a word in his defence?"

"Mother, you really oughtn't to—to judge people so!" gasped Augustus.

"I'd have him hanged on the village green! And if no one else would do it, I declare, sooner than the fellow should go scot free—"

"Don't, mother! don't say such a horrid thing!" said the real criminal, arresting this outburst of rancorous feeling by putting his hand over his mother's lips.

Caroline looked at him with bewilderment, but with something of thankfulness in her expression.

"A lad of his uniform good character—I don't believe any of the lies against him—of his high principles, with the stamp of a gentleman in every feature," muttered Purdy. "Why, his very looks would acquit him, which is a good deal more than we can say of every one's appearance, that have as good a right to be suspected."

And Purday's glance rested, probably without the significance that made the young assassin start, on Augustus.

Fear roused in him all the defensive instincts possessed by man in common with the inferior animals, superadded to a very unusual degree of cunning even in that higher classification.

"I have been thinking so myself—often and often. How is it that no suspicion seems to have fallen on Patrick Rourke? A man of notoriously idle and dissolute habits, who might easily owe poor old Brice a grudge, for he had quarrelled with all the respectable and well-conducted people about the mill."

Caroline thanked him with an earnest look.

"I have thought this also, and yet I have not dared to say it, lest I should cast blame on an innocent man. Lest it should be thought, because he is Mary Rourke's father—O Julia, dearest, what am I saying? Don't let me speak! Don't, don't!"

And she sunk almost fainting into her friend's arms.

"I have had the very same notion, and acted on it too," said John Purday, quietly. "I have caused Rourke to be watched ever since the murder was discovered, by a person I can place dependence on."

Augustus felt a deadly sickness at his heart.

"What is the matter, my son? You look as if you were going to die!" said his observant mother. "Watched! You have had him watched, Mr. Purday? Has he not been all day drinking in the village? I heard so—at Jollie's beer-shop?"

"That's what I expect to know very shortly," said Caroline's guardian; "I have ordered Peter Brin to bring me word as soon as ever he has lodged him safely for the night."

No thrice-bleached linen could have eclipsed the pallor of Augustus's complexion.

"He was not to lose sight of him for a moment until then!" resumed Purday.

"Then I am lost!" groaned Augustus, inwardly, "and the voice we heard in the mill was no supernatural one, after all!"

Strange as it may appear, still this conviction was some slight relief to the horror of the guilty youth's thoughts.

Nor was he desorbed by his characteristic artifice.

"Well, then, since that is the case—unless you want to learn some very unpleasant truths—I advise you not to question Brin on the subject!" said he.

"Mr. Purday, I must confess the real reason of the consternation in which you must have observed I returned home! I suspected Patrick, as I told you, myself, in a very strong degree, and seeing him steal in the dark out of the village, I resolved to watch whither he resorted. I thought I should track him to a meeting with some accomplices, perhaps discover where the missing notes are deposited—and thus be enabled completely to exonerate poor Frederick!"

"Well, Augustus! kind, dear Augustus! you have discovered the guilty wretch?" said Caroline, in tones the most endearing that had ever yet fallen from her lips to him.

Augustus himself looked surprised—yet replied unshakably. "My poor cousin!—but you must know the truth sooner or later!—All of us here may be trusted—we would none of us betray the poor fellow—my father is a magistrate but not an officer of police!—I hung in the distance upon Rourke's footsteps, and tracked him till he arrived at the old Black Mill, in Hayward's hop-maze! And there I saw him joined by a person skulking in the ruin, who I instantly knew to be Frederick Price!"

"It is false!" shrieked Caroline, almost falling again into the extended arms of her friend.

"I shall never bring it in evidence against him, Caroline; but so it was!" said Augustus, plaintively. "Pray believe me when I tell you that I have no wish in the world he should be discovered in his lurking-place!"

"What happened else?" said Purday, evidently struck, and painfully struck.

"They held a long conversation together under the shadow of the mill, but what they said I was too far off to hear! I thought they would not like to be interrupted—in fact, I was afraid for my life from that desperate ruffian, Patrick. I saw they were exchanging some little packages; but what these were I don't know, nor which of them received, or which gave, the articles. Then they seemed to fall out about something, and I heard a terrible row between them—and they grappled with one another—and somebody called out murder!—and I got so frightened that I ran home for my very life!"

There was a long pause. The whole company looking at one another in blank dismay.

John Purday arose.

"I will never trust in mortal man again if this be true!" he muttered. "Good night, Caroline, my poor dear!—I must go and make inquiries."

"You will not betray him—you will not reveal his hiding-place, dear sir—whatever may be the result!" falteringly ejaculated Caroline.

"Perhaps the villains have already done justice on each other! Didn't you say you heard a cry of murder, and leave them struggling, Gusty?" said the Rev. Theodosius, aghast at the wonderful tale.

"So it seemed to me—I may be mistaken—for I was quite bewildered at the time, sir!" replied the son.

"Mr. Pophly, you are a magistrate!" exclaimed Mrs. Pophly, "You ought to have this affair inquired into immediately, and the Black Mill searched!"

"Now, mother, if you put my father on that, you will only do a deal of mischief, and not the least good!" said Augustus, with agitation. "Let the poor devil have a chance for his life!—Give him to-night only, sir, and issue your warrant to arrest Rourke to-morrow. I'll wager any sum, he is the murderer, in point of fact!—and there are far worse grounds of suspicion against him than the other."

Caroline extended her hand, and wrung her cousin's faintly, but expressively in her own. His involuntarily shrunk from that heart-broken pressure.

The company at Charlton speedily afterwards separated, all feeling equally incapable of sustaining the conversation.

Caroline tottered feebly to her chamber, supported in the kind embrace of her cousin, who would not leave her, though she had spent the previous night also weeping and condoling with her. The Reverend Theodosius called for his slippers and bed candle, and immediately retired, that he might have some appearance of probability to support his favorite *ruse* when he dreaded a certain lecture. He usually pretended to be so fast asleep when his wife came to bed, that even her eloquence could not arouse and keep him awake. Poor man! he has been known to snore lustily when he was as widely awake in every respect but having his eyes open, as if he had been reading the riot act in the tumult of a popular disturbance.

Augustus was left alone with his mother.

He was in a terrible state of mind. What he had stated to Purday was rather in sheer desperation than in the hope that his version of the conversation he now imagined Peter Brin must have overheard, could finally stand good.

He had no doubt Brin was concealed in the mill, and instead of the phantom miller, that it was he who had raised the outcry which separated himself and his confederate in such disorder. It is true their voices did not resemble, the ostler's being a quiet, commonplace sort of utterance enough, and that which affrighted the pair was as harsh and wild as the scream of an eagle.

Still he had the advantage of telling the story first, and his only chance was to stand to it firmly.

Brin's known attachment to his master's adopted son could be used to render his evidence in favor of the youth suspicious. But it was now, of course, of more consequence than ever that corroborative proofs should be so placed as to confirm those already brought against Frederick. If Patrick Rourke was arrested, the means devised for effecting the object would be cut off, and a document probably found upon him that would implicate Augustus in a very dangerous manner.

He guessed, nevertheless, that his mother, in her hatred of Frederick, and ignorance of the true state of things, would set every wheel in motion to secure the former. In other words, that it was her intention to make her husband issue a warrant immediately, and have Rourke arrested, and the Black Mill searched for the supposed concealed accomplice.

He said so. "But mother," he added, with earnest entreaty; "take my advice for once: Don't you—and don't let any of us—have anything to do

with bringing Frederick to justice! Caroline will never forgive any one who has a share, however remote, in it; and he is equally certain to come to the gallows without our stirring a finger. On the contrary, she will owe us gratitude and kindness for our forbearance. You saw how she thanked—and how generous she thought me—for she believes I am his rival!—and so I am mother, of course; but if you have anything to do with Fred's punishment she will hate you for ever and me too, for being the cause of your dislike to him."

Augustus brought his mother with some difficulty to take this view of the proper course to be pursued. She was a woman of considerable craft, as we have seen, but she was too much under the dominion of narrow passions and interests often to act on very far-seeing calculations.

Had the warrant been issued that night it would not have been difficult to execute. Patrick Rourke returned as usual to the cottage in Brook; where with his daughter, Mary, and the rest of his children, he occupied two small, but neat and cleanly rooms. Mr. Sidney had been careful to build his work-people comfortable cottages in the village, and the kind old couple who tenanted this one had borne as long as they possibly could with the bad hours and drunken habits of their lodger. Not for his sake, but for poor Mary's and the innocent children's. But the discovery of her lapse, and the overseer's discharge from the mill completed their disgust, and on the following day Rourke knew that his children would be houseless.

It was late when he came in. The landlord and his wife were gone to bed, after taking the unaccustomed precaution of bolting their doors. The recent act of violence had diffused a feeling of insecurity throughout the village. Rourke was obliged to throw gravel repeatedly at his own lattice-window before Mary heard him, and came and let him in.

She had lain down with the children—alas! poor girl; but not to sleep. Her eyes were swollen and purple with weeping, and she looked like the ghost of herself by the light of the horn-lantern she carried, when she let her father in.

"Mary," said Rourke, in a hoarse voice; "don't go back to the children for a minute or two—you'll have to leave them for a while, indeed, before to-morrow's light. Come in, and I'll tell you all about it."

Mary, passive with dejection and consciousness of disgrace, followed her father into the parlor, where he usually slept in a turn-up bedstead.

She was startled, nevertheless, by his wild and haggard looks when the light fell upon him as he sat down in the parlor, uttering a groan that seemed rather of horror than of weariness.

"What is the matter, dear father!" she said, twirling the corners of her apron in a manner that had of late become habitual with the poor betrayed creature.

Rourke glanced nervously round the chamber.

"The devil is loose to-night, I think!" he muttered.

"No matter, I have more of his errands to do before he wants me! Well, Mary, my girl; we must cut this short. You can't but know what the people about here are all a talking on. Don't you?"

"About the murder of poor James Brice, father?" said Mary, in tremulous tones. The unhappy girl, herself, it may well be, suspected her father of the crime.

"About that too!—but about other things, Mary. You know whose blame it is, girl, if I tell you they all say, if we don't make haste, we shall have a christening in our family before we have a wedding!" said Rourke, with a grim sort of delicacy of expression, which, nevertheless, struck poor Mary into a petrification of shame and fear.

"Look up, Mary, look up! You shall be made an honest woman of yet," continued Rourke. "Don't be afraid."

"Oh, father! God forgive me! but I know I'm a wretch that oughtn't to live, and many and many a time these last few days I've been thinking how I might get rid of myself, and be at peace again, and for ever! But when I saw the poor children, father, and thought how they would be left, I hadn't the heart to!" sobbed the daughter.

"You were always a good kind girl. Here is the written promise of marriage, and drawn upon a kind of parchment as good as the devil's skin to bind a rogue to his engagements!"

And he produced the bank-note—it was for a hundred pounds, for it was taken quite at hazard from the roll of stolen securities—written, like a compact in old times, in human blood!

Mary extended her hand, and took the document quite mechanically. She made no remark regarding the valuable kind of paper on which it was penned,

at first, but recognising the handwriting, she read the contents with mingled wonder and joy that almost deprived her of her senses.

We have formerly mentioned that Mary Rourke had received the rudiments of an education a good deal above what was considered the proper measure for her station, from the kindness of Miss Sidney.

"And now, Mary, mark my words!" continued Patrick; "he has promised, if you go to London, he will follow you there, and marry you unknown to his purse-proud mother and the rest of his relations. Will you go?"

"To London, father! I would travel to the world's end barefoot if I thought he really would marry me there, and save my poor child from its mother's shame!" sobbed Mary. "But!" she added, looking at the paper, and speaking with exclamation, "What is this? Is it a bank note?"

"It's written on a stamped paper—in red ink—that's all. It's written on some paper I had by me, from my old law suits in Ireland!" said Patrick, rather confusedly.

"One hundred pounds! Father, you never had a stamp to that amount—you had never so much money in your life before!" said Mary, quite aghast.

"Will you take it or not?" said Rourke, impatiently. "Does it make it any the worse to you that the young gentleman has pledged himself to keep his word on one of his doting mother's birthday presents?"

Mary trembled violently; but a glance at her father so terrified her that she took the document without further hesitation, and folded it into a minute shape, touching it as if it burned her fingers.

"Take care of it!" said Rourke, then, very hoarsely. "Take care of it—for your fine spark knows he will be hanged if it is discovered—and that's your security that he will fulfil his bond!"

There was a considerable pause.

"Are you going to London with me, father?" said Mary, at last, in a strangely altered and scarcely articulate voice.

"No; I'm going to the sea coast, to try and make over to America. I shan't be able to get any employment on this side of the water for one while at least—and, perhaps, they'll take to suspecting me next, if they don't prove the murder on young Price!"

"And am I to go to London? What will become of the poor children, father?"

"They must shift for themselves for a little while. Don't you be afraid! People will take pity on them; and besides, the parish must look after them!" said Rourke. "When you've secured your rich husband, or I'm comfortable in America, we can look after them, and send for them to be brought up to honest trades and ways of living, Mary!"

"Leave little Corry, that's almost in the cradle, father?"

"Leave everything, if you mean to keep anything!" said Rourke, vehemently.

"But we haven't more than a few shillings in the house, father!—and how can I walk, starving, to London—in my condition?" replied Mary, in a tone of despondency, almost as if she had returned to the sad, suicidal notions which she declared had so lately tempted her.

"There's money—plenty of money—only you mustn't show any till you are a good step from Brook!" said Patrick, putting a handful of gold in the girl's lap.

By an involuntary gesture she drew back, relinquished her hold of her apron corners, and let the unhallowed gold fall into a jingling heap to the ground. Several of the coins rolled about in various directions.

Rourke burst into a volley of outrageous abuse.

"O father!" wept Mary, as, blinded by her tears, she strove to collect the scattered wealth. "Bread bought with this money would choke me! I would rather beg every step of my way to London."

"Do as you will, you cursed fool!" said Rourke, violently. "Leave it here, if you please, and get your father hanged! But I haven't another moment to waste over your snivelling trumpery! There's the direction of the woman's house you are to go to—it's a Mrs. Sellshore's, an old friend of mine, where Pophly's to come and find you, in London! or, if he don't—I shall only stay in America till this affair is pretty well blown over, or till I hear what comes of it—and when I come back I'll let him see what joking with Patrick Rourke means, if he hasn't fulfilled his contract to the letter and the hour!"

And so saying, he snatched up his old, weather-beaten hat, and his formidable knobbed stick, and, without any further expression of kindness or farewell to his wretched child, left her, almost delirious with various emotions, gathering up the gold from the floor.

(To be continued.)

Young Men—What they have done.

WILLIAM PITT, the first Earl of Chatham, was twenty-seven years old, when, as a Member of Parliament, he waged the war of a giant against the corruptions of Sir Robert Walpole.

The younger Pitt was scarcely twenty years of age, when, with masterly power, he grappled with the veterans in parliament in favor of America. At twenty-two he was called to the high and responsible trust of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was at that age he came forth in his might on the affairs of the East Indies. At twenty-nine, during the first insanity of George III., he rallied around the Prince of Wales.

Edmund Burke, at the age of nineteen, planned a refutation of the metaphysical theories of Berkeley and Hume. At twenty he was in the Temple, the admiration of its inmates for the brilliancy of his genius, and the variety of his acquisitions. At twenty-six he published his celebrated satire, entitled "A Vindication of Natural Society." The same year he published his essay on the Sublime and Beautiful—so much admired for its spirit of philosophy and the elegance of its language.

George Washington was only twenty-seven years of age when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat; and the same year he was appointed commander-in-chief of all the Virginia forces.

General Joseph Warren was only twenty-nine years of age, when, in defiance of the British soldiers stationed at the door of the church, he pronounced the celebrated oration which aroused the spirit of liberty and patriotism that terminated in the achievement of independence. At thirty-four he gloriously fell, gallantly fighting in the cause of freedom on Bunker Hill.

Alexander Hamilton was a lieutenant-colonel in the army of the American revolution, and aid-de-camp to Washington at the age of twenty. At twenty-five he was a member of congress from New York; and at thirty he was one of the members of the convention that formed the constitution of the United States. At thirty-one he was a member of the New York convention, and joint author of the work entitled the "Federalist." At thirty-two he was secretary of the treasury of the United States.

Thomas Haywood, of South Carolina, was but thirty years of age when he signed the glorious record of the nation's birth, the Declaration of Independence. **Eldridge Gerry**, of Massachusetts, **Benjamin Rush**, and **James Wilson**, Pennsylvania, were but thirty-one years of age; **Matthew Thornton**, of New Hampshire, **Thomas Jefferson**, of Virginia, **Arthur Middleton**, of South Carolina, and **Thomas Stone**, of Maryland, thirty-three; and **William Hooper**, of North Carolina, but thirty-four.

John Jay, at twenty-nine years old, was a member of the revolutionary congress, being associated with **Lee Livingston** on the committee for drafting an address to the people of Great Britain, drew up that paper himself, which was considered one of the most eloquent productions of the time. At thirty-two, he penned the old constitution of New York, and in the same year, was appointed Minister to Spain.

Milton, at the age of twenty, had written his finest miscellaneous poems, including *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Comus*, and the most beautiful part of *Monodis*.

Lord Byron, at the age of twenty, published his celebrated satire upon English Bards and Scotch Reviewers; at twenty-four, the two first cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

Mozart, the German musician, completed all his noble compositions before he was thirty-four years old, and died at thirty-five.

Pope wrote many of his published poems by the time he was sixteen years old; at twenty, his essay on Criticism; at twenty-one, the *Rape of the Lock*; at twenty-five, his great work, the translation of the *Iliad*.

Sir Isaac Newton had mastered the highest elements of mathematics, and the analytical method of *Des Cartes*, before he was twenty; and discovered the new method of infinite series; of the new telescope, the laws of gravitation, and the planetary system.

Dr. Dwight's Conquest of Canaan was commenced at the age of sixteen, and was finished at the age of twenty-two. At the latter age he composed his celebrated dissertation on the History, Eloquence, and Poetry of the Bible, which was immediately published, and republished in Europe.

Charles XII., of Sweden, was declared of age by the state, and succeeded his father at the age of fifteen. At eighteen, he headed the expedition against the Danes, whom he checked; and with a fourth of their numbers, he cut to pieces the Russian

army, commanded by the Czar, at Narva, crossed the Dwina, gained a victory over Saxony, and carried his arms into Poland. At twenty-one, he had conquered Poland, and dictated to her a new sovereign. At twenty-four he had subdued Saxony.

La Fayette was a major-general in the American army at the age of eighteen; was but twenty when he was wounded at Brandywine; but twenty-two when he raised supplies for the army, on his own credit, at Baltimore, and but thirty-three when raised to the office of commander-in-chief of the National Guards of France.

A Pottle of Peas.

In the beginning of the year 1776, a young gentleman of fortune, being desirous of presenting something rare to a lady to whom he was much attached, inquired in the suburbs of Paris for green peas, and with great difficulty procured four half-pint pottles, for each of which he paid six louis d'ors, a most extravagant price, but it was the only present he could think of, which the delicacy of the lady would not make her refuse. It is not certain whether she was informed of the price, or whether their rarity made her guess it; however, she could not help telling the messenger, that the person who bought them apparently had more money than wit. Her mother, finding her of this opinion, proposed to sell the peas, and after some altercation she got the better of her delicacy. The old lady was acquainted with a woman whose business it was to give notice to the stewards of people of quality of everything scarce, the first of the kind that was to be purchased. This woman undertook the commission to sell the peas, and set out with the intention to carry them to the hotel of the Prince de Condé, who was to give a superb entertainment that day to the foreign ministers. In the interval, another admirer of the young lady paid her a visit, and she accidentally mentioned green peas, which made him conjecture she had a desire to taste them. He therefore repaired to the most celebrated fruiterers in Paris, but, to his mortification, all the intelligence he could procure was, that none had yet appeared except four pottles, which an old woman had been seen conveying to the Prince de Condé's. His hopes now revived; he lost no time, and fortunately overtaking the woman, who knew him, before she reached the hotel, he thought himself very happy to obtain them at the moderate charge of thirty lous.

The emissary returned with the money, and told who had purchased the peas. But though the lady had no objection to the money, she was extremely piqued to find her favorite lover had bought them, not doubting but they were designed for some formidable rival. Distracted with jealousy, she imparted her sentiments to a female visitant, and both were earnestly employed in railing at the infidelity of mankind, when, behold! one of the servants of the suspected lover was introduced, who brought a basket containing the identical peas from his master, and thus the chagrin was converted into laughter at this droll adventure. As for the visitor, being quite familiar in the house, and fond of dainties, she insisted on eating the peas, that they might not cause any more confusion in the family; but as the motive was easily discerned, they went no farther than the rules of politeness required, and only dressed one pottle.

After the lady was gone, a new council was held, to deliberate on the disposal of the remainder.

The mother having a law-suit in hand, thought it for her interest to send them to her attorney, which was accordingly done; the attorney sent them to the Marquis de Renté, who had promised to give him preferment. Scarce were the peas set down on the table, when the lover who had adorned the basket with flowers came to visit the marquis; and seeing the present to his mistress thus, as it were, fly in his face, he concealed his resentment, but took the first opportunity to pay a visit to his perfidious mistress, who very coolly thanked him for his peas, adding, they had an excellent flavor. Enraged at her carrying the matter so far, he then told her that she must wait till the marquis had tasted them, before she gave her opinion of their goodness. The lady, at a loss to guess his meaning, and confounded at the violence of his transports, demanded an explanation; he then related to her the last incident, but she, not suspecting what had happened, affirmed they were not the same peas; this enraged him still more, and he required to see the basket in which he himself had placed the pottles, and which he adorned with flowers; not being able to produce it, the quarrel seemed to admit of no terms of accommodation, when in came the peas again! The marquis, who also had an affection for the lady, thought them a very proper present for her. Our lover was now fully convinced that the marquis could not be so ab-

surd to send his mistress her present to him, yet he was convinced they were the very same peas; the mother therefore was obliged to confess the truth. It was then determined to sacrifice the travelling peas to the call of nature, and finally the peas were cooked.

His Majesty's Barber.

His Hindostanee Majesty of Oude, whose memoirs of private life have recently been written, was the true specimen of Indian monarchy, and under the shadow of his mighty self there flourished a barber—like a cabin boy—who bore the title of Khan, and was great in his position as the barber of Louis XI. Thus speaks the king's biographer:

"The king had peculiarly lank, straight hair; not the most innocent approach to a curl had ever been seen on it. But the barber wrought wonders, and the king was delighted. Honors and wealth were showered upon the lucky coiffeur. He was given a title of nobility. *Sofraz Khan* ('the illustrious chief') was his new name, and men bowed to him in Oude. The whilom cabin boy was a man of power now, and wealth was rapidly flowing in upon him. The king's favorite soon becomes wealthy in a native state. The barber, however, had other sources of profit open to him besides bribery; he supplied all the wine and beer used at the king's table. Every European article required at court came through his hands, and the rupees accumulated in thousands. 'What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?' is a question as apt now in every Oriental court as it was in the days of the proud Haman. Nussair put no bounds to the honors he heaped upon the fascinating barber; unlimited confidence was placed in him. By small degrees he had at last become a regular guest at the royal table, and sat down to take dinner with the king as a thing of right; nor would his majesty taste a bottle of wine opened by any other hands than the barber's. So afraid was his majesty of being poisoned by his own family, that every bottle of wine was sealed in the barber's house before being brought to the king's table; and before he opened it, the little man looked carefully at the seal to see that it was all right. He then opened it, and took a portion of a glass first, before filling one for the king. Such was the etiquette at the royal table when I first took my place at it.

"It was after tiffin, or lunch, when we usually retired from the palace until dinner-time at nine o'clock, that the favorite entered with a roll of paper in his hand. In India, long documents, legal and commercial, are usually written, not in books or on successive sheets, but on a long roll, strip being joined to strip for that purpose, and the whole rolled up like a map. 'Ha, khan,' said the king, observing him; 'the monthly bill, is it?' 'It is, your majesty,' was the smiling reply. 'Come, out with it; let us see the extent. Unroll it, khan.' The king was in a playful humor; and the barber was always in the same mood as the king. He held the end of the roll in his hand, and threw the rest along the floor, allowing it to unroll itself as it retreated. It reached to the other side of the long apartment—a goodly array of items and figures, closely written too. The king wanted it measured. A measure was brought, and the bill was found to be four yards and a half long. I glanced at its amount; it was upwards of ninety thousand rupees, upwards of nine thousand pounds. The king looked also at the total. 'Larger than usual, khan,' said he, as he did so. 'Yes, your majesty, the plate, and the new elephants,' &c., &c. 'Oh, it's all right, I know,' said the king, interrupting him; 'take it to the nawab, and tell him to pay it.' The signature was affixed, and the bill was paid. 'The khan is robbing your majesty,' said an influential courtier to the king some months afterwards; 'his bills are exorbitant.' 'If I choose to make the khan a rich man, is that anything to you—to any of you? I know his bills are exorbitant; let them be so; it is my pleasure. He shall be rich.'"

It is only in the company of the good that real enjoyment is to be found; any other society is hollow and heartless. You may be excited by the play of wit, by the collision of ambitious spirits, and by the brilliant exhibition of self-confident power; but the satisfaction ends with the scene. Far unlike this is the quiet, confiding intercourse of sincere minds and friendly hearts, knowing and loving and esteeming each other.

Whatever strengthens our local attachments is favorable both to individual and national character. Our home, our birth-place, our native land; think, for awhile, what the virtues are which rise out of the feelings connected with these words.

Inn and Posting-House—Kostroma.

Our illustration represents a Russian inn and posting-house at Kostroma, a town on the great highway from St. Petersburg to Siberia. A posting-house in Russia is, in fact, an Eastern caravansera, in which a multitude of almost every description of animals mix promiscuously. For the most part they are merely miserable huts, to which are attached accommodation for the carts and horses of a large company.

Forage is collected at these halting-places in abundance, but if the cheer for beast is good, that for man is execrably bad. In this respect, Russia betrays all the salient symptoms of her non-civilization, and the remark of a witty traveller applies to her with immense force. He said that in the course of his travels in Russia he had met with many inns at prescribed distances, but was always sure he had reached a civilized district when he saw a gallows.

Mr. James makes a similar remark. He says: "Amid the first symptoms of the works of man, we observed the crosses that were erected at the junction of the bye-roads and in other spots said to be where murders had been committed. They were adorned with the customary pincers, nails, and sponge, and rude inscription and ladder—tokens that were to be recognized as significant of a change at least in the forms of the superstition of the people whom we were about to visit."

Our illustration shows one of these crosses standing at the point where several roads meet; but the inn, although built of wood, is of rather a superior description. Its pointed roof is admirably adapted to the climate. The loungers are of a comparatively corresponding character; and the eternal waggon stands before the entrance in all its primitive simplicity. The visitors are chiefly travellers, a motley crowd of Russians, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Tartars. But at this Kostroma posting-house, the most numerous guests who halt for rest, not for refreshment, and change of horses for the escort, are the wretched mortals who, at the rate of about 100 males and twenty females per week, pass through the town on their way to Siberia, either as exiles or criminals. Only imagine 6,000 human beings annually gazing on one wretched posting-house, as they leave behind them home, friends, every tie, every hope, all heart for the future, and every regret for the past. Humanity shudders at such a spectacle. We may mention, as a matter of information, that these dismal caravans travel at the rate of from ten to fifteen miles a day. Houses are built at every station for their reception. If they become ill, the peasants are obliged to forward them

in telegas. The wives and families of exiles are permitted to accompany them if they think proper, except, in the cases of political offenders, there is an interdiction from the Emperor.

PAINTED DOGS.—A recent traveller in South America, who accompanied a number of Jummas on a tapir hunt, says that, besides the hunters, their party was composed nearly of women and boys of the village, together with a score or two of dogs. Of the latter he adds: "These dogs were curious creatures to look at. A stranger, ignorant of the customs of the Jummas, would have been at some loss to account for the peculiarity of their color. Such dogs I have never seen before. Some were of a bright scarlet, others were of yellow, others blue, others mottled with a variety of tints. What could it mean? But I know well enough. The dogs had been dyed. Yes, it is a custom among many tribes of South American Indians to dye not only their own bodies, but the hairy coats of their dogs with brilliant colors, obtained from vegetable juices, such as the red huiatic, the yellow roca, and the blue of the white indigo. The light grey, often white, hair of these animals favors the staining process, and the effect produced pleases the eye of their savage masters; on my eye the effect was strange and fantastical. I could not restrain my laughter when I first scanned the curs in their fanciful coats. Picture to yourself a pack of scarlet, orange, and purple dogs!"

NATURE PAINTING.—The principle of this art appears to have been known as far back as 250 years ago, and to have been applied in the first instance to the taking impressions of plants for the purpose of botanists. A leaf, being placed over an oil lamp, was, when blackened and mollified by the heat, placed between two sheets of paper, and a violent pressure being applied to it, an accurate copy of it was obtained. The next step was the taking impressions by steel rollers, in which case it was necessary for the plant to be perfectly dry. In 1852 a new method was discovered of printing from gutta percha, by which the object remained uninjured after great pressure. The process now adopted is to press the object into a leaden plate, the second important element in the printing being electrotyping. By this process the most accurate copies are obtained of plants, ferns, lace, fossils, and grained wood.

THE NEW LITANY.—From doctors' pills, and western chills, and other ills, deliver us. From want of gold, and wives that scold, and maidens old, and sharpers old, deliver us. From stinging

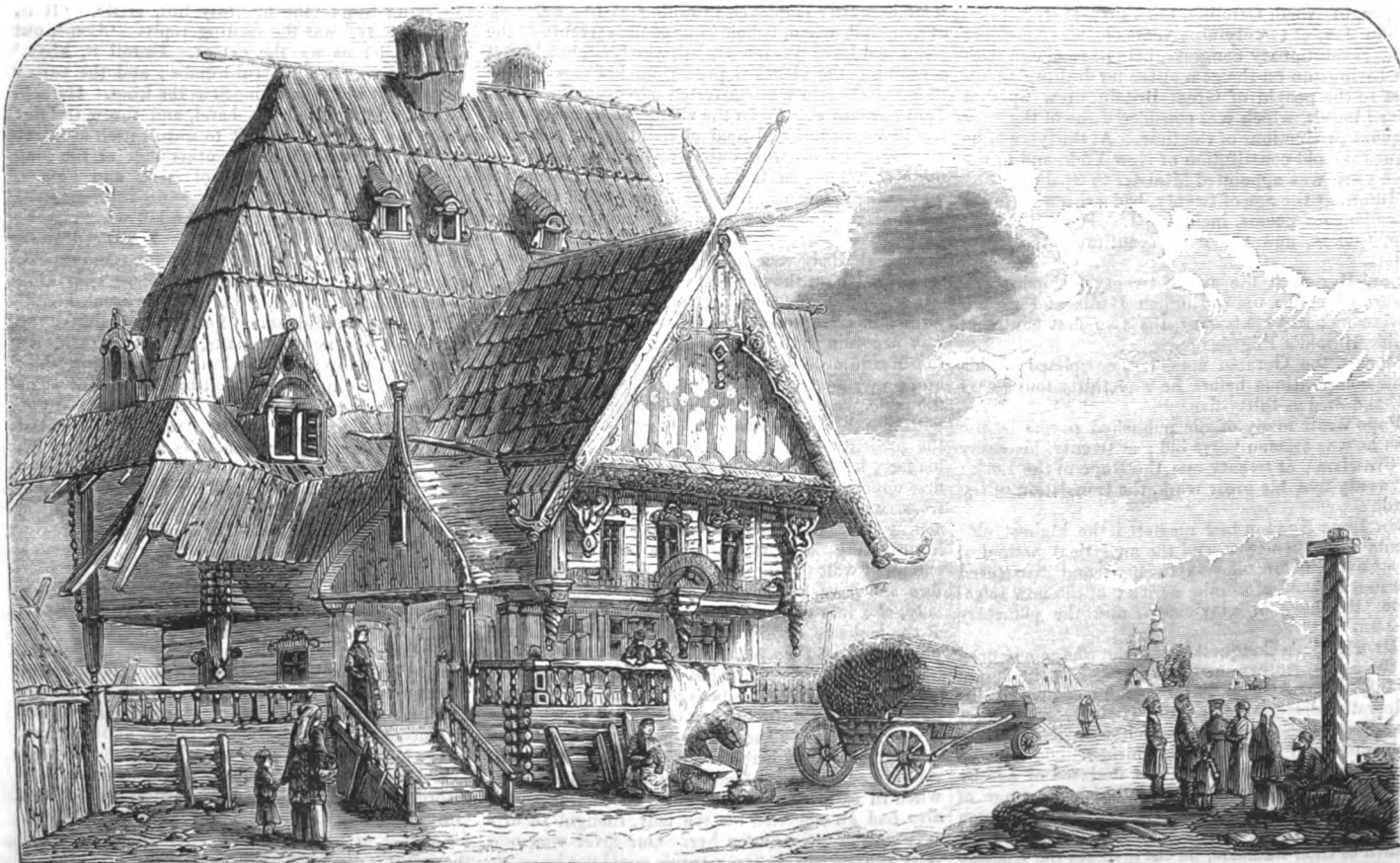
flies, and greenish eyes, and baker's pies, and babies' cries, a man that lies, and cloudy skies, and love that dies, fickle ties, and gaudy dyes, deliver us. From bearded females, strong minded women (this don't jingle), female lecturers and all other masculine ladies, deliver us. From creaking doors, a wife that snores, confounded bores, deliver us. From choleric gripes, and Mrs. Snipes, deliver us. From modest girls, with waving curls, and teeth of pearls—Oh, never mind!

AMERICAN COAL FIELDS.—The three great coal fields in America are—the Ohio, 740 miles long and 180 wide, covering an area of 60,000 square miles, a surface greater than that of England and Wales; the Illinois coal field, covering an area of 500,000 square miles; and the Michigan, occupying 15,000 square miles. Besides these, there are numerous anthracite basins in Pennsylvania and Virginia; the farthest being a 100 miles from the margin of the Ohio coal field. The anthracite field is 5,000 feet deep, and contains 50 seams of coal; the bituminous coal field of Ohio is 2,800 feet deep. The working of these coal fields is increasing very rapidly; 3,000,000 tons of anthracite and 1,000,000 tons of bituminous coal are raised annually.

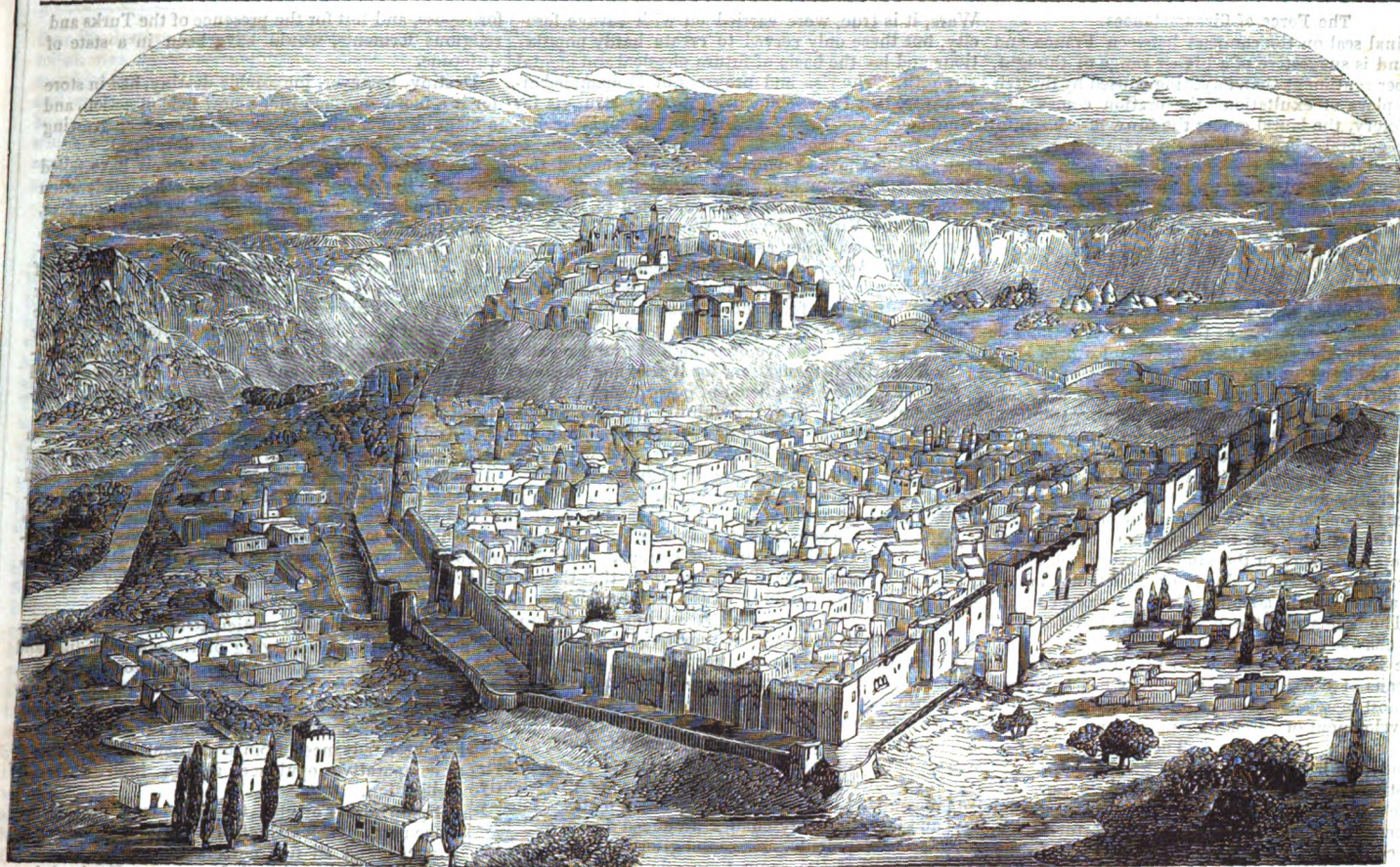
REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOR.—Nineveh was 15 miles long, 9 wide, and 40 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 60 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick, and 300 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was 429 feet to support the roof. It was a hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 653 on the sides; its base covers 11 acres. The stones are about 30 feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contains 300 chambers, and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and had 100 gates. Carthage was 25 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 250,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations, that it was plundered of \$500,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

EVERGREENS.—Evergreens are so called from their never being without leaves, for they shed their leaves almost as profusely as other shrubs and trees, and this they do from the commencement of spring till midsummer, during which time they, in return, are endowed with fresh leaves, borne on newly developed branches.

KNOWLEDGE.—What is knowledge good for which does not direct and govern our lives?



INN AND POSTING-HOUSE, KOSTROMA.



KARS.

It was in Asia that the Russians placed their best hopes; it was there that the organs of the Russian Government gave vent to their boastful inspirations. "The Turks," they said, "will encounter a fearful fate when attacked in Asia." Now the attack has been made, and has failed, the Russians having been defeated.

The victory of the Turks at Kars, on Michaelmas-day last, appears to have been complete. The battle lasted for more than eight hours, and was carried on with the greatest desperation on both sides; the Russians appearing determined to take the place, and the Turks manfully resolved to keep possession of it. Four times did the Russians succeed in taking two batteries; but before they had time to turn the guns round, or even to spike them, the Turks rushed upon them with such vigor as not only to regain possession of the batteries, but by this movement, effected suddenly, on the last occasion to decide the fortune of the day. Being repulsed with such fury, the Russians were quite taken by surprise, and fell back upon their comrades, who were thrown into confusion. The Turks then rushed out of fortress, and massacred an enormous number of the enemy, before they had time to form their ranks and recover from their surprise. The despatch adds that although a great number of killed and wounded were carried off the field of battle during the action, more than 4,000 were left dead under the walls of the fortress. A couple of hundred Russians were made prisoners, and some pieces of ordnance fell into the hands of the Turks. Kennedy, the Hungarian General, and General Williams, commanded in the absence of Vassif Pacha.

The Russians were commanded by General Mouravieff, "the first of Russian tacticians," of whom the following anecdote is told:—Some years since, after having distinguished himself greatly in the Caucasus, Mouravieff returned to St. Petersburg. The late Czar, who had heard the General highly spoken of, one day said to him, "As you play the professor in the Caucasus, I must judge for myself whether your pretensions are well founded. Take the command of a corps, and manœuvre against another which shall act under my directions. Do your best; for I do not intend to spare you." The manœuvres had hardly commenced when the Emperor lost sight of the corps opposed to him. Some hours passed, and as no Mouravieff appeared, the imperial force retired towards the Neva; but, unfortunately for the military reputation of the Sovereign, the corps of his adversary was concealed behind some high ground close to the spot to which he had withdrawn. Mouravieff suddenly appeared, pushed forward a column, which separated the Czar from the body of

his corps, and eventually managed to get the latter between his artillery and the river. On seeing this, General Yermoloff galloped up to Mouravieff, and thus address him: "I congratulate you, on a victory which will prove to be a defeat." Yermoloff knew his master. Mouravieff was under a cloud, and nothing more was heard of him until very recently.

Curious Petrifications.

THE sea-shore on the coast of Syria is almost entirely void of attraction for such as love the study of conchology; but few specimens of shells are to be obtained, and these few are small, uninteresting, and imperfect, being almost invariably broken from the force with which they are dashed by the waves against the shingly beach of these parts. This is more particularly the case with Alexandretta, where the only things ever washed up to gratify curiosity, with one single exception, may be said to be huge logs of wood, decayed branches of trees, and an occasional old shoe, thrown overboard by some reckless mariner, on whose huge foot it had seen good service. One solitary exception, however, there is to this state of things, which is quite a treasure-trove to curiosity-hunters; though, singularly enough, it is only to be procured at a certain season, while sometimes a period of two or three years will intervene between the times of its emergence from its dark ocean-home.

It was in the month of August, 1844, that, whilst taking our customary evening stroll along the beach at Alexandretta, our attention was first attracted by the appearance of numerous little stones, which, from their bright polish, had evidently been freshly washed up by the sea, and out of which grew innumerable little flowers, almost all of a uniform height and size, and consisting simply of the stem, about an inch and a half in height, and the flower, in shape and size resembling the wild forget-me-not. There were no leaves, neither were any signs to be seen of little fibrous branches. We gathered as many of these as we could conveniently carry; and, strange to say, though the flowers were of very fragile texture, scarcely one out of the many specimens we collected had been at all injured, or was in any respect imperfect. On examining these submarine plants the following day, we found the matter on which the flowers had sprung up to consist of fragments of shells, pebbles, sand, gravel, and what had every appearance of having been small twigs of thorns and other bushes; the whole of which, however, had in process of time become cemented together, or, rather, the various substances had run into one another, and every particle of it, the flowers and their stems included, was in a most perfect state

of petrification. On breaking some of the stones with a hammer, the whole interior displayed the same variety of amalgamated substances as the exterior, being covered with veins that indicated not only the form, but the marks, and even the color, of the various particles of this petrifuginous composition, while in some instances, a small fibrous way was left to indicate where the roots of the little plants had penetrated, probably in their pristine state of vegetation. The flower and the stem were like alabaster, and were easily reduced to the finest powder. A minute inspection of the flower, and the exact similitude it bore, in all respects except color, to the common wild forget-me-not, has often led me into vague and unsatisfactory speculations on the hidden productions of the fathomless ocean, during which I have wondered whether the bottom of the sea produces as great a variety of weeds and plants as the wide earth we live upon!

Many of these petrified flowers we kept for years under a glass-case. In August, 1845 (the year following our first discovery of these submarine flowers), we searched in vain for them; they came not; but in August, 1846, they were as plentiful as before, after which they were seen no more till late in the same month of 1849.

Look at the career of man, as he passes through the world; of man, visited by misfortune! How often is he left by his fellow men, to sink under the weight of his afflictions, unheeded and alone! One friend of his own sex forgets him, another abandons him, a third, perhaps, betrays him; but woman, faithful woman, follows him in his affliction with unshaken affection; braves the changes of his feelings, of his temper, embittered by the disappointments of the world, with the highest of all virtue; a resigned patience ministers to his wants, even when her own are hard and pressing; she weeps with him, tear for tear, in his distress, and is the first to catch and reflect a ray of joy, should but one light up his countenance in the midst of his sufferings; and she never leaves him in his misery while there remains one act of love, duty, or compassion to be performed. And at the last, when life and sorrow cease together, she follows him to the tomb, with that ardor of affection which death itself cannot destroy.

Those who are sensible of the true enjoyments of life, and have the sources of them in their own breasts, will know the value of being cheaply pleased.

To direct a wanderer in the right way, is to light another man's candle by one's own, which loses none of its light by what the other gains.

The Force of Circumstances.

THE final seal on the compact between France and England is suggestive of a higher range of thought, a deeper sentiment than anything caused by theatrical displays of exultation—the oration comes after the victory, the laurel graces the brow of the triumphant general. And it is in this vein we approach the great subject of the cordiality between France and England, and their undivided interests, with, among other things, a view of showing that not only was the alliance inevitable, but that it will be as durable as the nature of man and future circumstances will permit.

To do this we must call to our assistance some historical facts, and refer to the strange but incontrovertible circumstances that the career of man develops in the same description of features as we find disclosed in the growth of the earth by that wonderful science, geology. History is a series of geological formations, a succession of preparatory actions, all tending to lay the foundations of new conditions. From the pastoral life of the Patriarchs up to the present one of highly cultivated civilization, under the auspices of Christianity, we can clearly trace the operation of this stern law of nature. From the time of Abraham to this we can discern the footprints of destiny in the sands of every age, and that every step, however slowly or reluctantly taken by man, was one in advance of the previous condition.

The bondage of the Jews in Egypt prepared them by chastisement for conquest and empire, gave to the world its earliest known literature, and was the means of nursing a belief which has exercised an almost magical influence on the fate of nations, the development of human character, and the direction of human tendencies. Their subsequent career tended to hand down to us a knowledge of nationalities long ago extinct, and open to our vision a view of peoples whose very architecture lies buried beneath the accumulated dust of centuries. In all these awful transactions, these dismal tragedies of a remote past, we can distinctly recognise the force of circumstances, the law of necessity, and the tremendous majesty of the Divine Providence. Man was not in a state that was compatible with the enjoyment of a higher degree of happiness, the material predominated over the spiritual in his character, and the great monarchies of the East fell, leaving a handful of Israelites who approximated nearer to the truth in religious matters to bear testimony to the worth of a higher educational system, and be, to future generations, a kind of strictly preserved neutral ground to which they could point with satisfaction and fall back as a refuge in the hour of distress. But in all these obscure relations of dreadful conflicts we find signs of advancement. Out of the wreck of the mighty kingdoms of Nineveh, Babylon and Persia, there sprang the empire of the Greeks, which gave to posterity arts, sciences, and literature, the soul of which still survives, and together with the Jewish dispensation, served to bind and keep firmly together the whole material of the human structure. Then came the next stage in the series of human geological formations, the Roman ascendancy, and in this we find a remarkably visible improvement. The Romans trampled upon the enervated nations of Asia and Africa, and largely contributed to bring the known human family into friendly communication. India and China were beyond their grasp, but their extended conquests brought those nations, or rather congregation of nations, into trading relationship with the rest of mankind, and thus assisted in building up a tone of thought which paved the way for the introduction of Christianity, the last individual manifestation of the Divine direction over the destinies of man.

Here was the dawn of a new era—the beginning of the settling down of all the deposits in the geographical strata of human vicissitudes. And then came the bubbling of the cauldron—the wild agitation of the waves of progress. Mind soared and dared to think; but luxury enervated its loftiest aspirations, and the disputations of schools interrupted the labors of the philosopher. Rome collapsed. Europe, just budding, trembled, its heart was pulseless; and at this crisis an inundation from the north-east “poured like a deluge on the south,” and in rough granite-like volumes rolled over the surface of the known western world a new life, which in process of time fused with the old one, and thus was the foundation of modern Europe laid.

What are called the Middle Ages commenced, in which the Catholic church acquired its astounding authority, and, setting corruption and abuses aside, did infinite good for mankind, for it cherished the arts, preserved the literature of the Gospel, and by standing between the sovereign power and the people, materially promoted the influence of the latter.

Wars, it is true, were carried on with savage ferocity, but these only served to create hardy populations and lay the basis of future physical and mental strength. The rise and progress of Mohammedanism introduced new elements into this struggle for supremacy, and the West with one accord precipitated itself on the East. The Crusades, owing to the religious feeling which animated them, led to a refinement in manners, and generosity of sentiment previously unknown; and these, added to the worship of the Virgin, elevated Woman to a more exalted position. She assumed in one age a social superiority which she had never been able to acquire throughout all her previous lengthened and weary career. By the force of circumstances, she was rescued from slavery; and to what are irreverently called the dark ages we owe the first grand result of the Christian dispensation, for it was one of the objects of that divine scheme of government to redeem woman, in order that, through her freedom and unthought affections, she might gradually wean man from his rude attachment to war, and gently lead him into more pleasant and profitable paths.

The next step in the wonderful series of human geological formations, was the ascendancy of the Turks and the consequent dissemination of the learning of the Greeks throughout Europe. Philosophy and literature came like doves from the East, and although long confined to the cloister, devotion to them produced men who left an indelible stamp on the generation in which they lived. The learning of the Saracens had also been eagerly accepted, and thus we see THOUGHT, rising as it were out of a chaotic confusion of nations, and taking the reins of prevailing circumstances, to eventually create higher and more consolidated conditions, in short, a more brilliant destiny for mankind. In all these formations—may we call them deposits, we can clearly recognise the operation of the unerring law of decay and growth, every change produced a new and better development—more solid ground to tread upon—and they at the same time afford us a magnificent illustration of the truthfulness of the doctrine which says, that “out of evil cometh good;” it is necessary to destroy in order to create, and the history of man and the history of the earth, as regards this subject, are too striking to demand any lengthened confirmatory arguments.

The settling down of the European mass, notwithstanding an infinite number of broils, went on steadily until, at the close of the fifteenth century, something like compactness had been obtained, THOUGHT had possessed itself of printing by moveable types, as an auxiliary and agent; war—gunpowder; and out of the workings of centuries of apparent confusion—we say apparent, because that very confusion was only the preliminary to ultimate consequences—two different systems stood arrayed against each other on the soil of Europe—Mohammedanism and Christianity. Then began the war of opinion and inquiry—the Crusades were wars of sentiment and enthusiasm—and as knowledge spread, the public mind was gradually being prepared for the most momentous and revolutionary changes.

The conquest of Constantinople was the first mortal blow inflicted on the middle-age institutions, for, by pouring the learning of the Greeks on the rest of Europe, it served to build up a state of mind which precipitated general inquiries into political and ecclesiastical matters, and eventually led to the most startling innovations.

During four centuries of these eventful periods, France and England had been in a state of bitter antagonism. Each country was convulsed by internal disorders, each cherished for the other the most violent animosity, the result of wars, of ambition, waged by their respective kings, and that morbid jealousy which characterises even people of the same origin when separated by ignorance and laboring under the impression that their interests were divided. But this very antagonism of France and England, regarded philosophically, was a preparation for a certain condition. It was the bubbling of the chaos for consistency—the effervescence of the natural circumstances of the times. Neither France nor England being in a fit state for softening down, or even dreaming of such a thing, for mere lack of better employment, and under the stimulus of mutual hatred, hewed and hacked at each other, until obliged to desist from sheer exhaustion. The waste of life in these encounters was enormous, and they did not cease until France became a united monarchy by the entire expulsion of the English. The internal troubles of England, as far as pretensions to the throne was concerned, only ceased with the accession of the house of Tudor, and then both countries started on a new career, and commenced to do battle with each other on a different element, and under new auspices. The rest of Europe sighed

for repose, and but for the presence of the Turks and religious ferment, would have been in a state of quietude.

Destiny, however, inexorable destiny, had in store for it a more vigorous life, a new field of action, and a magnificence, which, although it has been growing for four centuries, is not yet half developed.

As we have proceeded, it can scarcely have failed to strike the reader, that the European confederation of nations has been manufactured by circumstances, that, in fact, it stands on the ruins of many empires, and that the principal influences that have stimulated its growth, have been the emancipation of woman from ignoble servitude to pagan ideas of her worth and Christianity. To these may be added the spread of knowledge, the introduction of a purer philosophy, and, as civilization advanced, the cultivation of the arts and sciences; and beyond all these, because in part the result, and in part promoted by it—COMMERCE.

And here we arrive at the intermediate stage in the geological history of man. After four hundred years of territorial wars between England and France, there came four hundred years of commercial rivalry—wars for supremacy on the ocean, wars in distant and previously unknown lands, and discoveries of territories and people, and in science, that promise at no remarkably distant day to

“Make the whole world kin.”

Europe, generally, participated in this last commotion, this fresh surging of the waves of life, and the magician, whose viewless wand brought it about, was COLUMBUS. Panting to reach India, he discovered America, and thus added the last link to the chain of circumstances by which the western world had been advanced from barbarism and poverty to a comparative opulence and a high degree of civilization.

Spain and Portugal took the lead in this new movement, then England, then Holland, then France; and all five powers for a long time contended for the empire of the ocean. England, having greater maritime tendencies and adaptabilities for commerce, was in the end the successful competitor, France her only formidable rival.

With the wars that afflicted both countries, after the independence of France was finally established, the present generation has quite as little to do as with the previous territorial ones. Even the splendid episode of Napoleon's subjugation of the continent was only a circumstance in the prodigious catalogue of circumstances to which we have referred—it gave additional shaking to the mass that required some rough usage before it evinced a disposition to settle down quietly. The grand feature in the second European era, as marked by the career of the preponderating powers—France and England—was the discovery of America. That brilliant achievement was not only instrumental in effecting the conquest of India, and expanding the intellect of all Europe, but started France and England in a new race for supremacy.

A mighty and before unimagined commerce had unfurled her flag to both nations, and it so happened, that a long reign of physical contention had educated each for the most hardy and adventurous exploits. The discovery of America may be said to be the last formation in the series of events under consideration; it gave, or rather led to Europe acquiring a knowledge of the whole habitable globe; and when Spain had fallen from her high estate, (she could not have stood, for her mission was merely that of a pioneer,) when Holland had retreated from a position she could not honorably occupy, then France and England stepped into the arena, and although often insanely at open variance, unconsciously went on, hand in hand, in the great work of progress and civilization. Only separated by a narrow strait, and sprung from one common origin as far as amalgamation of the same kind of race is concerned, Frenchmen and Englishmen could not help working together, their destinies guided each to the same point, for commerce is the most active of all fusionist principles, and as each had received the same description of training, their active co-partnership was, unless we would quarrel with the science of deduction, rather an event to be expected than to be attributed to accident or chance. It was the offspring of circumstances ranging over hundreds of years. As a northern torrent of life replenished Europe, so did the long rivalry of France and England, by the constant exercise of their bodily and mental faculties, enable each to spring out of darkness like “pyramids of fire,” to illuminate the whole earth, and to enable each to recognise in the other a fellow-laborer in a common cause, conducted for the realization of a common purpose. An eruption of a horde of barbarians on the frontiers of civilization, knit the nations more firmly together, and

thus the destiny for which each had so unwittingly toiled, was finally accomplished. Such is the tremendous force of circumstances—such is the latest and most glorious exemplification of that law of human progress, of rise and fall, decay and growth, by which nations have been governed ever since man emerged from the simplicity of the pastoral and nomad conditions.

Confucius.

A LONG time ago, more than five hundred years before the birth of Christ, and some seventy before Socrates, in the years when the Jews were returning from the captivity in Babylon, and the Greeks were repelling the armies of Xerxes, a young man appeared among the little feudal kingdoms of Eastern China. His employment was the teaching of Truth to men. He had no distinction of station or wealth to aid him. He lived among petty rival states, that for the most part disowned his instructions, and followed him with persecutions during his life. He spoke of his mission at the last as a failure, and died discouraged. This man was Confucius.

KOUNG-TEEH, or CONFUCIUS, as is the Latinized name, was born 551 B.C., in the kingdom of Lou, in Shantung, an eastern province of China. His family had been distinguished in former times, even reckoning princes in the line of descent; at his birth it was not in any way eminent. The usual prodigies, which the reverence of followers throws about the birth of the founder of a religion, preceded him. A singular animal (the *ki-lin*), apparently the unicorn, was found near the house with a stone in his mouth, on which was an inscription, purporting that the babe soon to be born, would be "King, but without a kingdom." Dragons were seen in the air; and five wise men from a distance came to the house. Celestial music, too, was heard in the skies. In the old Chinese histories, this is represented by a band of Chinese angels among the clouds, with spiritual faces and queues and wide sleeves, playing the various national instruments. The child seems have grown up a serious and sedate boy, thoughtful even then of the solemn things of human life, and conspicuous for his reverence towards the rites. At seventeen, he was appointed an inspector of the sale and distribution of grains. This office, which had been probably one of the government sinecures to be given to aspiring young men, he at once rendered of some value. He rose early; examined the markets; read books and consulted experts as to the fermentation of grain and the best mode of preserving it, until his labors became a terror to all the cheating dealers and monopolists. At nineteen he was married; and in consequence of his unceasing activity in the petty office, he was appointed Inspector-General of fields and herds. Everything here was managed by him as thoroughly as it had been in the subordinate place. He neglected nothing. He rode over the country; talking with the farmers, instructing them, getting information about the peculiar defects of the soil, and working carefully at all the details. Agriculture sprang up again under his care through the kingdom; and large districts of unused, desolate lands, were restored. His name was becoming known, and he was fast advancing in the political course, when an event occurred which changed the direction of his whole life.

His mother died. He buried her in the same tomb with his father with equal marks of respect, thinking, contrary to the Chinese custom, that "those whom we have alike loved in life, should not be separated in our respect in death; an innovation in their rites, since adopted by his countrymen. He was only twenty-four, and with a distinguished career opening; but he at once abandoned all public employment, and gave himself up to his grief and to quiet memories of her during three years. It was the first out-look to the thoughtful man into the great Unseen, and the first sharp blow on his heart. He never lost the effects of it. Every serious and vigorous life, which has taken hold of something deeper than the surface of things, seems to be naturally preceded by such years of silence. Moses was among the slaves; Socrates worked out great thoughts in quiet company with the hucksters; Luther had his solitary years of struggle, and Cromwell spent his early and mature life on the country farm.

The three years of mourning were over. He was at once urged by the king to return to his public office. He declined, and continued to devote himself to the study of the ancient records of the kingdom; the annals of the "golden age" of the monarchy, whose simple manners and humane spirit he perhaps already thought to revive again. His

pursuits were now evidently pointing to the future business of his life; yet he continued to practise himself in all the accomplishments of a man of the world. In music, for which he had an enthusiastic love; in the science of etiquette; in the use of arms; in arithmetical practice and nicety of written composition—all essentials even then of a gentleman's education in China—he became sufficiently versed. During this period, he visited, for a short time, a neighboring court at the urgent request of the prince, to assist in some needed reforms; but returned soon to the kingdom of Lou, to decide on his future course. He withdrew himself from all associates, and weighed the subject carefully. They were the old questions with the young man. "The world is open—what am I fitted for? What is my place? Shall I live for time or the long future? For the common weal of good, or my own narrow good?" It was decided, as some few in all ages decide it. To his friends, earnestly remonstrating against his thus throwing away so many brilliant opportunities in political life, he replied: "Put an end to your remonstrances. They will gain nothing for me. I owe myself indifferently to all men, because I regard men as composing among them only one and the same family, of which I am charged with being the Instructor."

The young scholar has chosen then the highest calling; he is to be the Preacher to his countrymen. His house was at once opened as a lyceum. All were welcomed—young and old, rich and poor, civilians and soldiers. With these he lectured and taught upon morals, history, and especially the practices under their simple kings of old, Yao and Chun.

When made Prime Minister of Justice, the first act of his administration was to cut off the head of one of the most distinguished courtiers; a man of notoriously bad influence. An envious plotter at court tried to break his hold over the mind of the prince, by sending some actors to represent the most alluring and obscene plays before him. The minister at once ordered them to be imprisoned and executed, as breaking the great moral law of the empire. Of the office of judges he said, "It is their duty to punish the guilty, but in punishing them, they ought to make them understand that they love them, and that they would be glad from the bottom of their hearts, if it was in their power to dispense with punishing them without invading justice."

His administration throughout was stern and prompt, and he was enabled in the course of it to put a stop to an important rebellion.

Many instances of his skill and justice are related. Some, in their ingenuity, not unlike Solomon's judgment with the two mothers. The kingdom flourished under him; and the name of the philosopher began to be revered through all the neighboring courts. The resignation of this ministry was effected by a rather remarkable device. A neighboring rival prince, wishing to upset a ministry so favorable to the prosperity of Lou, tried every parliamentary or courtier-like means but in vain; until he hit on the plan of sending a deputation of the most beautiful dancing girls in the empire. No party, reformatory or conservative, could withstand them. Politics, economy, new theories of rectitude and governing were scattered to the wind, at sight of the beautiful faces; and the minister of justice retired in disgust. In his plain wagon drawn by bullocks, and with his twelve now constant disciples, he crossed over to the kingdom of Ouel. The king welcomed him with great honors; sent him handsome presents, and gave him a house; but never spoke of appointing him minister, the old difficulty being in the way, wherever the stern moralist appeared among the courts. The king could not give up his unlawful amours. Some of the wiser men besought the prince that Confucius should be placed at the head of affairs, and the reforms begin. The same old reply, which conservatism makes in all ages—There is quiet now; reforms would only disturb. "I do not love change."

Again the reformer and preacher left the court to walk and teach among the people. Like the great teachers of all ages, he was much with nature, learning and instructing as he walked over the country. In his journey to the kingdom of Kin, his party were attacked by the peasants of Koang, who mistook them for tax-gatherers. They were driven back and delayed; until at length the philosopher went forward, saying to his disciples, "Heaven has raised us up to recall to the memory of men the ancient doctrine of Onen-ouang. Do you believe it is in the power of the men of Koang to prevent us from fulfilling our destiny?"

As he drew nearer, the peasants exclaimed at once, "They are sages," and conducted them honorably on their way.

His wandering, homeless life had been sometimes painful to him. On one occasion, near a strange city, separated from his disciples, he was seen by a peasant, who reported to his friends, searching, that a stranger of noble aspect was walking about near the gates, "like a dog without a master."

"He is right," said Confucius on hearing this, "I have the fidelity of a dog and am treated like one. But it matters not in what manner men conduct themselves in my regard, I shall not depart from the affection which I bear to them, and I will hasten always to do them all the good which is in my power. If I do not receive from my labors the fruits which I would do right to expect, I will at least have the consolation of having fulfilled my duty."

To his disciples, when near the close of his life, he said, in transmitting his works solemnly to their care:

"It is a long time, my disciples, that you have been attached to me, and have recognised me for your master. I have made every effort to acquit myself in my best manner, of the obligations which I have contracted with you, in accepting you for disciples. You have followed me; you have partaken my works and my pains; you have been taught what it behoves man to know, when he wishes to fulfil exactly the duty imposed on him, during his sojourn upon the earth. In the deplorable state in which things are to-day, and the view of the aversion men show everywhere to the reform of manners and the renewing of the Ancient Doctrine, you ought not to flatter yourselves with being able to recall the mass of men to the practice of their duties; you are witness of the little success which I have had in the enterprise which I have undertaken, and in which I have not ceased to work during the whole of a long life. What you can do with some hope of success, is, to contribute to preserve the precious deposit of which I was only the depositor, and which I have intrusted to you."

To his little son, he said, as he felt the weakness of death draw near: "Oh! my dear Tsue Koun! The mountain of Tay-chan withdraws itself—I can no more raise my head to contemplate it. The piers of the building are more than half eaten away. I have no place, to which to withdraw myself. The grass without juice is dry; I have no more where I can sit down to repose myself. The Holy Doctrine had disappeared; it was entirely forgotten. I have hastened to recall it and re-establish its empire. I have not been able to succeed in it."

His last public act was a journey with a few intimate disciples to a neighboring mountain, on whose top he had erected an altar. Upon this, his books—the work of his life—were solemnly placed, and with devout ceremony, consecrated to Heaven.

He then knelt seriously to each quarter of the compass, and thanked heaven for its care of him, and of the books of "Ancient Doctrine," and solemnly committed them to the care of the unseen "Principle of Life."

The favorite Chinese pictures of the philosopher represent him in this act; kneeling by the altar, with a bow of light descending from the stars upon his head.

A characteristic trait is related of him in these his last days. An annual saturnalia was going on among the peasants—some festival to the geni of the fruits. The old man could not willingly do without looking on the genial face of human happiness again. He was helped upon a hill to see the merriment.

"A woe," said he, "I have a true pleasure in seeing these good people forget their misery, and believing themselves happy a moment."

A devout disciple objected, that the people ought to thank Heaven for their fruits by prayers. "Ah well!" said the old warm heart. "It is in doing this, in rejoicing, that they perform their actions of grace and their prayers."

He still had strength once more to review his works—but after this gradually failed; and as his biographers inform us, on the appearance of the same sign which had preceded his birth—the presence of a wonderful animal, the *Ki-lin*—he died. His age was 73, in the year 479 before Christ, and 9 before Socrates.

As pride is sometimes hid under humility, idleness is often covered by turbulence and hurry. He that neglects his known duty and real employment, naturally endeavors to crowd his mind with something that may bar out the remembrance of his own folly, and does anything but what he ought to do with eager diligence, that he may keep himself in his own favor.

As daylight can be seen through small holes, so do little things show a person's character.



ADEN.

Route of the Overland Mail to India.

THE peninsula of Aden—Arabia Emporium, as it was termed by the Romans—is bounded on the north by Arabia Felix, whilst its remaining sides are washed by the sea of Bab-el-Mandeb. The outline of this high land is very rugged, being broken at the upper part into sharp and pointed peaks, the faces and sides of which are crossed by horizontal edges of a darker hue, intersected at right angles by patches and streaks of a lighter grey, and the clouds over their summits give to the whole a sombre and gloomy appearance.

Dr. Malcolmson, who has been a resident at Aden since the station was established, has given some interesting particulars respecting the place. He states that the town is built in the centre of an extinct submarine volcano, whose activity must at one time have been very great. He is of opinion that Aden was once an island. Among the animals and reptiles found there, the doctor mentions the monkey, fox, hyena, and snakes and scorpions. Though the heat is sometimes intense, the climate is not considered unhealthy. We have found it a place of considerable political importance, enabling us at any moment to close the gate of the Red Sea; it is, besides, extremely useful as a coal and store depot, for the facility of steam communication between Sues and Bombay. These two ports are not less than three thousand miles from each other. Aden is about one thousand three hundred and twenty miles from Suez; it is, therefore, a most convenient position.

The poor Siddees, or African Coolies, who put the coal on board the steamer, have a frightful appearance, some of them having dyed their hair a dirty white,—a strange contrast to their black faces. They cheer themselves in their work with wild chants, and clapping of the hands.

In a "Historical and Statistical Sketch of Aden," written by an officer in the Queen's army (Madras, 1848), we find the following description of the present appearance of Aden from the sea:—

"The dark and towering rocks were becoming gradually more distinct, though no human habitation, nor any thing possessing the least claim to animal existence, could as yet be distinguished. Towards evening, however, the promontory of Aden, with its spiral and ash-looking rocks rising in curious and fantastic shapes one above the other, frowned on us as we approached. Verily, a fitter region for the residence of his infernal majesty, or for Cain (who is said to have ended his days there), could hardly have been selected.

"No appearance of vegetation could we see, unless indeed a solitary tree of stunted growth, that, leaning forward, peered at us from the rocky fissures above. Kites stood perched upon the desolate rocks, like birds of ill omen expecting prey; and voracious sharks darted along the surface of the waters, pursuing their finny victims. Presently the tall masts of the ships in harbor, with here and there a huge steamer, were to be descried; and the neat-looking houses of the political agent and of the military at Steamer Point became visible. We anchored shortly afterwards in the bay; and the setting sun, which had assumed a crimson hue, bestowed a parting kiss on the brow of Aden's rocky cape."

We must be indebted to Mrs. Major Griffiths for a more detailed description of the town:—

"How shall I describe it, the ancient and jewelled

key of the treasures of Arabia Felix? The only way I can attempt to give any idea of it, is to say what struck me at the first glance. I saw clustered together throughout the valley a number of large baskets, like those to be met with at fairs in England and France to display crockery-ware and other fragile articles. Here and there were a few tents, and in the centre towered a lofty minaret; while farther in the back-ground rose the domes of two mosques. 'But where are the houses?' I exclaimed. 'There they are; and that very large hamper in the centre is Government House,' was the answer I received. The bazaar was a very amusing assemblage of objects, both animate and inanimate. Jews, with their sharp black eyes and long beards, were hurrying to and fro, and contrasted strangely with the stately Parsees—worshippers of the sun, and of Persian origin. Their head-dress is the most extraordinary thing I ever saw; it is a kind of helmet-cap, at least two feet high, and sloping back from the forehead. Their complexion is a light olive color, and they are the most industrious class in Aden; they share with the Jews in the labors of building and shop-keeping, as the Arabs are either very idle, or do not wish to make our residence among them very easy by assisting in any way. The aspect of these children of the desert was very furious, and their jet-black countenances scowled under the constraint imposed upon them by our military, parties of whom were to be seen in every direction, whose bright uniforms gave another variety to the motley and picturesque groups. Every now and then I encountered a rich coffee merchant from Mocha, sweeping majestically along in his flowing robes and voluminous white turban. The place was thronged with people, and yet I saw very few females, and these few were mostly old and ill-looking."

Other travellers describe the Jewish children as very fair, and that many of them are exceedingly handsome. They have dark, expressive eyes, coral lips, pearly teeth, and even rosy cheeks. They do not, however, retain their good looks as they advance in years.

"It was just the time," continues Mrs. Griffiths, "when supplies were coming into the market. From eighty to one hundred camel loads were brought in, fresh, every morning from the main land. The gates are opened to them at a certain hour, and they are all obliged to be out of camp by six in the evening. Fruit, vegetables, food for the horses—in short, every necessary of life—is brought from the enemy's territory, upon which they are entirely dependent. And when these supplies are stopped, which they often have been, they are obliged to force their continuance at the point of the sword."

There is an hotel at Aden, conducted by some Parsees from Bombay, who supply the passengers with a dinner of fried fish, a luxury even to the sumptuously-regaled guest of the steamer. A great number of donkeys, attended by their drivers or proprietors (little woolly-headed urchins), offer to the passenger, who may go ashore, a ride to the town and cantonment. Besides these, the attractions of the town may be represented by a cipher.

The harbor of Aden is a magnificent basin, capable of containing an immense fleet; and is entered by a narrow passage between two craters of exhausted volcanoes. This harbor was, in the month of September, 1839, the scene of a sad accident. At half-

past four in the afternoon, a fine frigate entered. About two hours after, suddenly a violent shock, like an earthquake, was felt over the whole town. The stranger vessel appeared to rise altogether upright from the surface of the water, until her keel almost came into view; her masts, by the explosion, seemed to be forced up into the air, and her hull instantly sunk. To the spectators at a distance, the sky appeared tinted as by a large fire, and the streets of Aden were crowded with people, many of them exhibiting the utmost consternation and affright. A singular circumstance connected with this explosion is, that though the shock was felt at a considerable distance, no damage whatever was done to the rest of the shipping in the harbor. Unfortunately, there were many persons on board when the accident happened; among them, a woman and her child. The fate of the latter was singular. The terror of the shock having made its mother grasp it fast, the under part of her body was blown away, while the upper remained, with the child fast locked in her arms.

The decks of two or three of the vessels in the immediate neighborhood of the dreadful catastrophe, exhibited a horrible spectacle; they being covered with blood and mangled limbs, with remnants of the rigging, and pieces of the shattered timbers scattered all around.

Amidst the many conjectures formed respecting the cause of the unfortunate event, few were attended with probability. Suspicious arose that one of the seamen had been abstracting gunpowder to sell, and had concealed what he could by degrees; that, thinking himself safe on a day that all on board were busy, he had neglected to use the necessary precautions when abstracting some of the powder. He was observed to be inebriated a few hours before the explosion; and a sack was afterwards dragged up, filled with gunpowder at the bottom, and articles of clothing at the top.

Aden has been celebrated from a remote period, on account of its commerce and its harbor. In its most prosperous days it contained thirty thousand inhabitants; its port was filled with ships freighted with the precious merchandise of the East; and the city was adorned with spacious and stately edifices, which were calculated to impress the mind of the traveller with a just conception of its splendor and magnificence.

Marco Polo, nearly six hundred years ago, wrote the following description of Aden:—

"This country is subject to a lord called Sultan. The people are all Saracens, avowing Mohamed, and wishing the greatest mischief to Christians. There are many cities and castles; for Aden is the port to which the Indian ships bring all their merchandise. It is then placed on board other small vessels, which ascend a gulf about seven days, at the end of which it is disembarked, laden on camels, and conveyed twenty days farther. It then comes to the river of Alexandria, and is conveyed down to that city. By this route alone its inhabitants receive their pepper, spices, and costly goods. From Aden, too, ships sail for India with various goods, especially very fine and valuable horses, which, as you know, are sold there for full a hundred marks of silver. The sultan draws a great revenue from the duties of these cargoes, and is thus one of the richest princes in the world. But, I assure you, he did great injury to the Christians; for when the governor of Babylonia attacked and took the city of

Acree, committing much devastation, he was assisted by this prince with 30,000 horses and 40,000 camels."

The splendor and prosperity of Aden in this age are confirmed partially by Oriental writers, and more fully by Barbosa. Moore draws from it the image—

"Blooming as Aden in its earlier hour."

We may date the decline of Aden from the discovery of the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope; for Aden owed its riches and importance to being the *entrepot* of the Indian trade, so long as it flowed through Egypt into the cities of Venice and Genoa. At the time we took possession of it, in 1839, it has degenerated into a miserable place, consisting of a small number of mud huts, covered with mats, and containing about six hundred inhabitants. Many remains of its former opulence and power, however, were found; amongst others, a battery, which had, at one period, extended along the whole length of its sea face. Here, mounted on rude and frail carriages, were some enormous guns. They were pierced for a sixty or sixty-eight pound ball, and their dimensions were as follow: length, 17 feet 2 inches; circumference at the breech, 6 feet 2 inches; at the muzzle, 4 feet 4 inches. They were cast in brass, and almost covered with inscriptions. Patches of masonry and half-ruined towers on the neighboring ridges also indicated the former existence of extensive walls. Abundant evidence, likewise, was afforded of its former populousness in the number and extent of the burying-places. These were situated in various quarters: the Turkish cemetery, the largest, extended in a broad line from the Struma mosque to the tomb of Sheik Eidruse. Many turbaned pillars of fine marble, very beautifully ornamented, still remain; but the greater number are broken down and destroyed, most probably by the Arabs, who long cherished the most bitter hatred against their former masters. The tomb of Sheik Eidruse, though now fallen to decay, must have been formerly a fine building. It is of considerable size, surmounted by a dome, and surrounded with a colonnade. Between the columns and the body of the building there are several graves, to which little attention is now paid, the whole space being filled with dirt and rubbish. The interior of the building is entered by a noble door, completely covered with sentences from the Koran, tastefully cut in the wood with much labor. Tradition says these were executed at Surat, and being cast into the sea, were drifted by the current to their destination. Under the centre of the cupola the body of the sheik lies interred.

At the commencement of the present century, this portion of the Arabian coast was infested by pirates, and the Indian government long tamely suffered them to commit depredations on English vessels with impunity. Indeed, although the Indian navy was especially established and maintained for the suppression of piracy, it received instructions in no instance to become the aggressors, but merely to repel any attack which was made upon themselves. The following anecdote will serve to illustrate the singular relation which then existed between them:—

Two pirate vessels, lying off Aden, stated to the agent at that place that they were in want of gunpowder, and he, in accordance with his instructions from the Bombay government, to keep on pacific terms with them, directed a cruiser then lying in the harbor to supply the quantity they required. Hardly had they received it, than, with an audacity which could only be paralleled by the weakness which had furnished them with the means, they commenced an attack upon the identical vessel, which had treasure on board, as she lay at anchor; but, under the charge of its gallant commander, she cut her cable, and, after a brave defence, succeeded in beating them off.

As exhibiting their mode of proceeding when successful in capturing a vessel, we give two anecdotes. In 1808, a ship of about 100 tons was attacked by two large bagalas, each having a crew of upwards of two hundred men. After a short but desperate conflict, the vessel was carried, and the Arabs then commenced a deliberate massacre of the survivors. The work of death, however, was fortunately arrested by the opportune appearance of an English gun-brig, whose captain, perceiving how affairs stood, immediately fired into and sunk the bagalas, with every soul on board.

A merchant-ship, proceeding to Aden, fell in with a large fleet of pirate-bagalas, and after a running fight of two days, was carried, according to their usual custom, by boarding. The commander, with the full knowledge of the savage barbarity with which he and his crew would be treated, attempted to blow the vessel up, but unfortunately he failed,

and the slaughter of the victims commenced. The ship was first purified with water and perfumes, and this being accomplished, the different individuals were bound and brought forward singly to the gangways, where one of the pirates cut their throats, with the exclamation they use in slaying cattle, "Alla Akbar" (God is great.) They were, in fact, considered as a propitiatory sacrifice to their prophet.

But even these lawless wretches had some noble traits mixed with their unrelenting ferocity. The persons and the virtue of females were always respected. An unresisting Mohammedan victim, after being stripped and plundered, they generally spared; but death, or the immediate profession of their creed, awaited the unbeliever.

The most undaunted bravery also belonged to these men. If taken, they submitted with resignation to the fate they inflicted on others. After the destruction of one of their forts, several of them were brought on board our ships as prisoners. While uncertain of their fate, and before their wounds were dressed, it was asked what treatment they anticipated. "The same immediate death we should have inflicted upon you, had your fortune been ours," was the stern and characteristic reply.

In 1819, the Indian government resolved to effect the complete extermination of the pirates. Most of their ports were taken possession of, and razed to the ground; and as their vessels fell into our hands, they were either burnt or sold. It is estimated that nearly one hundred vessels, of from two hundred to four hundred tons each, were thus disposed of. Since that time, their appliances and resources have become, as a measure of necessity, turned from piratical to commercial pursuits. But they could not always keep to their new occupation; for, in March, 1837, a Madras vessel, sailing under British colors, being wrecked near Aden, it was plundered, and the cargo disposed of for the benefit of the chiefs. This was the immediate cause of our coming in contact with the chiefs. The satisfaction we demanded was evaded, and the Sultan of Lahedge having acted most deceitfully in a negotiation for the surrender of Aden, force was resorted to, and the colony fell into our hands.

Those two great branches of the Indian Ocean, now designated the Red Sea and the Indian Gulf of Aden, lie at nearly right angles with respect to each other, and the point where the abrupt deflection takes place bears the name of Bab-el-Mandeb,—"The Gate of Tears." This name was, it is thought, imposed by the earlier Arab navigators, to convey an impressive idea of their apprehension of the voyage before them. To this day they hold the passage in great dread, muttering in their progress many prayers, and casting loaves of bread into the sea. No class of men relinquish old customs with more unwillingness than Arabs, and this custom is but a remnant of that universal superstition in which their pagan ancestors, in common with the greater part of the world, were once enthralled. It doubtless arises from a desire to propitiate, by offerings of value, or by invocation, the supposed evil agency of the spirits of the ocean. The prophet Jonah's immersion was, probably, but an exemplification of this principle.

Cape Bab-el-Mandeb forms the terminating extremity of Southern Arabia. It is a lofty ridge of a triangular form, and at a distance appears like an island. The isthmus which connects it with the main land is indeed very low, and the Arabs preserve a tradition that their barks formerly sailed over the space it now occupies. A line drawn from the Cape to the Abyssinian shores measures twenty-one miles, which is the least distance between the two continents; but this space is occupied by several islands. The largest of these is Perim, which is distant about two miles from the Arabian shore; channel between them forming the lesser strait. Nearer the Abyssinian shore there is a group of islets, called "The Brothers." None of the islands are tenanted, except by a few sea-fowl, and occasionally by a turtle.

THE KOORDS.—In connection with the Crimean expedition we have heard much of the native auxiliaries. Amongst them figure the Koords. A strange wild people are these Koords. On their head they wear a large shawl of striped silk, red, white, and blue, with fringed ends, which is wound in the most graceful manner round their red skull-cap. Its ample folds are confined with some sort of band, and the long fringes hang down with a rich fantastic wildness; their true Saracenic features, and bright black eyes, gleam with peculiar lustre from under this head-tire. Their body-garments consist of a sort of ample vest and gown, with magnificent wide Turkish sleeves, over which is worn a jacket, often

richly embroidered and furred, according to the owner's rank. Their lower man is enveloped in ample *shulwars*, not unlike those of the Mamlucs, into which, in riding, they stuff the skirts of their more flowing garments. Around their waist, instead of a shawl, they wear a girdle fastened with monstrous silver clasps, which may be ornamented, according to the owner's taste, with jewels, and in which they stick, not only only their Koordish dagger, but a pair of great brass or silver-knobbed pistols. From this, too, hang sundry powder-horns and shot-cases, cartridge-boxes, &c.; and over all they cast a sort of cloak, or *abba*, of camel's hair, white or black, or striped white, brown, and black, clasped on the breast, and floating picturesquely behind. When riding, they carry a small round shield, depending from the left shoulder, and grasp in their hand a long slender spear. If in war time, and they are going on an expedition, in addition to these arms they carry a gun, and occasionally three slender javelins in a case, which they can throw with great precision to the distance of thirty yards. Then they case themselves in armor, like knights of old, either in a shirt of linked mail, with helmet and armlets, or with a suit of plate armor, called *Char-Eisch*, consisting of four plates of inlaid and damasked steel, made to fit back, breast, and sides, and which are a defence against anything but a ball striking them directly. So accounted, these Koords, who have finely made and active persons, spend their days in perpetual robbery. They are systematic plunderers, and like the Thugs, imagine their way of life to be perfectly proper and acceptable to heaven. Not a Koord "will mount his horse to go on a party of robbery and murder, without ejaculating *Bismillah irruhman irruheem*!"—"In the name of the most merciful and compassionate God!"

ELOQUENCE OF THE HEART.—Cromwell was one day engaged in a warm argument with a lady on the subject of oratory, in which she maintained that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study in early youth, and their practice afterwards. The lord protector, on the contrary, maintained that there was an eloquence which sprang from the heart; since, when that was deeply interested in the attainment of any object, it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression, which would, in the comparison, render rapid the studied speeches of the most celebrated orators. It happened some days after, that this lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction, by the arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was conducted to the Tower as a traitor to the government. The agonized wife flew to the lord protector, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and, with the most pathetic eloquence, pleaded for the life and innocence of her injured husband. His highness maintained a severe brow, till the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings, and the energy with which she expressed them, paused; then his stern countenance relaxed into a smile, and, extending to her an order for the immediate liberation of her husband, he said, "I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question, in a dispute between us the other day, that the eloquence of the heart is far above that mechanically acquired by study."

A SIMPLE MORAL.—Some years ago, a certain tradesman became offended at a brother ship, and to spite him, he put a sign over his door warning the public against the man of the same trade around the corner. The result was, that every one who wanted work done in his way, was sure to look around the corner to see who the other man could be, and in nine cases out of ten left their work with him to do. In the course of time, the tradesman who had thus punished his enemy, found that customers, like "angel's visits, came few and far between," and finally relented, and offered his neighbor, on condition that he would acknowledge that he had done wrong in the first instance, to take the sign down. "My dear sir," said the good-natured man, "I have ever been ready to acknowledge anything, or do anything that was necessary to make peace, but I beg of you not to take the sign down, if you can afford to keep it up, for it is the best advertisement for my business that could be devised."

Sir Walter Scott, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet, in apology,—"for if many of my friends are bad arithmeticians, I have found that almost all of them well understand book-keeping."

THERE are about seven million pores in the body of a man of ordinary size. If these were joined lengthwise, a tube would be formed twenty-eight miles long!

THE best ground untilled, soonest runs out into rank weeds.

A Chat about Plants.

Long years ago I was in the Holy Land. It was the last day I was to spend near Jerusalem, and as the sun sank towards the blue waters of the Mediterranean, I found myself once more sitting on the banks of the Jordan. The air was perfectly calm; the tolling of a convent bell came faintly over the plain from Bethlehem, and mingled its well-beat cadences with the gentle, playful murmuring of the sacred stream at my feet. By my side sat an Arab, tranquilly following with his eye the light clouds of his pipe, as they gracefully rose up in the clear, blue ether, but apparently buried in deep thought. Abu Abdallah was his name; so I said, "Abu Abdallah, do you believe in God?" "Thou sayest it, oh brother!" was his quiet answer. "But, Abu Abdallah, I fear you do not believe that your soul is immortal;" for the old Arab, though my friend for the while, was a sad thief, and when he swiftly rode through the desert, there were voices heard, it was said, mournful voices of men, who called for the sweet life he had taken from them. He gazed at me for an instant from the depth of that unfathomable eye, the precious heirloom of a son of the Orient, but vouchsafed not a word. I was struck by his silence, and asked again. "Oh brother, oh brother, thou wrongest me!" he said, and quietly rising, he seized upon a little shapeless mass, that lay half hid in the fragrant herbs at our feet, and gently pushing it into the purling stream, he added: "Has not the God of our fathers, whose prophet is Mohamed, given us the rose of Jericho? And does not my brother, who reads the books of the wise men of the Franks, know that the burning sands of the desert are its home, and that it delights in the fiery winds of the west, which scatter the caravan, and strew the sands of the Sahara with the bones of the traveller? There it grows, and blossoms, and our children love it. But the season comes again, and it withers and dies. And the dread simoom rises, and seizes the dry, shrivelled roots that my brother beholds there, and on the wings of the tempest the rose of Jericho rides far, far east, until it falls upon holy soil. Now let my brother wait and he shall see!"

And we did wait, waited until the shadows grew long, and dreamy dusk covered mountain and plain. And the little shapeless mass became a miracle indeed, and right before our eyes! The roots had expanded, the leaves had unfolded, life and breath had returned to the dead child of the Sahara, and the very blossoms began to show, and to rival the faint rose tints of the evening sun!

I never forgot that lesson of immortality—I never forgot that rose of Jericho. On my return to Europe I learned that botanists called it "Anastatica," the flower of resurrection. I wished to know more about it, and that was the way I first learned something about plants.

I found botany very little attractive—very little deserving of its ancient name of the "lovely science." I found that botanists would go out into the fields, their text-books in their pockets, and gather the tender children of Flora into huge masses, then dry them and classify them, describe their head-dress and uniform, their rank and dignity, and finally deposit them in magnificent herbariums. There they were, well dried and well pasted, clad, to be sure, in all the pomp and circumstance of high-sounding names—so much Latin hay. But where was their color and graceful shape? Where the breath of air that made them gently wave to and fro? Where the sweet perfumes they gratefully sent up to their Maker? Where the bright water at their side, in which they reflected their lovely form? Where the whole glorious scene for which they were intended by Nature, and to which they lent in return, life and beauty?

Thus it was that botanists of old collected the material only—not without bestowing unceasing industry upon it, not without making unheard-of sacrifices, often of the very lives of devoted laborers in that field of science—but they were content with a form only and a name. They were like the French officer, who in one, I forget which, of the French revolutions, came to Rome, and there had the good fortune to discover a precious inscription on a monument, dating far back into antiquity. Proudly, and carefully, he detached one bronze letter after another, then slipped them into a bag, and sent them to the antiquarians of Paris to be deciphered.

But there have arisen, within the last thirty years especially, men, who have studied plants with the view, not only to know who they were, but rather what they were, how they lived, and how they died, what their relation was to the world, and what their purpose in the great household of Nature.

Kindred sciences have lent their aid; the microscope has laid open the innermost recesses of plants; travellers have brought home new, generalising views, and an insight has at last been gained into the life of the vegetable world. Great, startling discoveries have there been made, new truths and new beauties have been revealed to us, and natural science has unfolded the most delicate resources and most curious relations in the vegetable kingdom.

Thus we have learned, that it is a fallacy—to be sure as old as botany itself—that plants have no motion. Old Aristotle, it is true, had a curious idea, that they were buried in deep slumber, out of which nothing could awake them, and that thus, by a kind of enchantment, they were spell-bound, until the great word should be spoken, that was to restore to them life and motion. Modern science also teaches that the characteristic of organic bodies is independent motion, that of inorganic, rest. But plants have both life and motion; we dare not as yet say whether it be the effect of a mere dream, of a mechanical pressure from without, or of instinctive life within. For what do we as yet know of the simplest functions of the inner life of plants? Who has not, however, observed how the pale sap courses through the colossal stems of gigantic trees, and the delicate veins of a frail leaf, as rapidly and marvellously as through the body of man? Take a microscope, and you will see the plant full of life and motion. All its minute cells are filled with countless little currents, now rotary, and now up and down, often even apparently lawless, but always distinctly marked by tiny grains which are seen to turn in them or to rise without ceasing. In this world nothing is motionless, says a modern philosopher. Let the air be so still, that not a breath shall be felt to creep through it, and yet the forest leaves will seem stirred as if in silent prayer. The earth moves small things and great, all obey the same law, and the little blade of grass goes around the sun as swiftly as the tallest pine. The very shadow dances, as if in idle mockery, around the immovable flower, and marks the passing hours of sunshine.

But plants move not only where they stand—they travel also. They migrate from land to land, sometimes slowly, inch by inch, then again on the wings of the storm. Botanists tell us of actual migrations of plants, and a successive extension of the domain of particular floras, just as we speak of the migration of idioms and races. Individual plants, however, travel only as man ought to travel, when they are young. If they have once found a home, they settle quietly down, grow, blossom, and bear fruit. Therefore it is, that plants travel only in the seed. For this purpose, seeds possess often special organs for a long journey through the air. Sometimes they are put, like small bomb-shells, into little mortars, and fired off with great precision. Thus arise the well known emerald rings on our greenswards, and on the vast prairies of the West, which some ascribe to electricity, whilst the poet loves to see in them traces of the moonlight revels of fairies. The truth is scarcely less poetical. A small circular fungus squats down on a nice bit of turf. It prospers and fills with ripening seed. When it matures, it discharges the tiny balls, already mentioned, in a circle all around, and then sinks quietly in the ground and dies. Another season, and its place is marked by an abundance of luxuriant grass, feeding upon its remains, whilst around it a whole ring of young fungi have begun to flourish. They die in their turn, and so the circle goes on enlarging and enlarging, shifting rapidly, because fungi exhaust the soil soon of all matter necessary for their growth, and closely followed by the rich grass, that fills up their place, and prevents them from ever retracing their steps.

A similar irritability enables other plants also to scatter their seeds far and near, by means of springs bent back, until a breath of wind, a falling leaf, or the wing of an insect, causes them to rebound, and thus to send the pollen with which they are loaded often to a great distance. The so-called Touch-me-not balsam scatters its ripe seeds by such a contrivance, in all directions, and the squirting cucumber is furnished for the same purpose with a complete fire-engine. Some of the geraniums, also, of our greenhouses have their fruit-vessels so curiously constructed, that the mere contact with another object, and frequently the heat of the sun alone, suffices to detach the carpels, one by one, with a snapping sound, and so suddenly as to cause a considerable jerk, which sends the seeds far away.

Other fruit vessels again have, as is well known, contrivances the most curious and ingenious, by which they press every living thing that comes near them into their service, and make it convey them

whithersoever they please. Everybody is familiar with the bearded varieties of wheat and grain; they are provided with little hooks which they cunningly insert into the wool or hair of grazing cattle, and thus they are carried about until they find a pleasant place for their future home. Some who do not like to obtain services thus by hook and crook, succeed by pretended friendship, sticking closely to their self-chosen companions. They cover their little seeds with a most adhesive glue, and when the busy bee comes to gather honey from their sweet blossoms, which they jauntily hang out to catch the unwary insect, the seeds adhere to its body, and travel thus on four fine wings through the wide, wide world. Bee fanciers know very well the common disease of their sweet friends, when so much pollen adheres to their head that they cannot fly, and must miserably perish, one by one, under the heavy burden which these innocent looking plants have compelled them to carry. We have but little knowledge as yet of the activity of life in the vegetable world, and of its momentous influence on the welfare of our own race. Few only know that the gall-fly of Asia Minor decides on the existence of ten thousands of human beings. As our clippers and steamers carry the produce of the land from continent to continent, so these tiny sailors of the air perform, under the direction of divine Providence, the important duty of carrying pollen, or fertilising dust, from fig-tree to fig-tree. Without pollen, there come no figs, and, consequently, on their activity and number depends the productiveness of these trees; they, therefore, regulate in fact the extensive and profitable fig-trade of Smyrna. A little, ugly beetle of Kamtschatka has, in like manner, more than once saved the entire population of the most barren part of Greenland from apparently unavoidable starvation. He is a great thief in his way, and a most fastidious gourmand, moreover. Nothing will satisfy him on a long winter evening—and we must charitably bear in mind that these evenings sometimes last five months without interruption—but a constant supply of lily bulbs. The lilies are well content with this arrangement, for the being eaten is as natural to them as to a Feejee islander; and they are as compensation, saved from being crowded to death in a narrow space, whilst those that escape the little glutton, shoot up merrily, next summer, in rich pastures. Still better content are the Greenlanders; for, when their last mouthful of meat, and their last drop of train oil are gone, they dig and rob the little provident beetle of his carefully hoarded treasure, and by its aid manage to live until another season. It is thus that we see everywhere the beautiful and close bonds of love connecting even those parts of creation that seem to be without sense or voluntary motion, humble subjects of the dominion of the elements, and which yet respond to the action of those mysterious powers that rule, under God, in nature. The flower opens its gorgeous chalice, filled with rich honey, to the tiny insect; the insect, in return, carries the fructifying pollen to the flower's distant mate, and thus propagates it anew. The herbs of the field send forth their luxuriant tufts of leaves for the browsing cattle, and sheep and oxen carry the seed in their hides from meadow to meadow. The trees themselves, planted by stones that birds have dropped, grow and flourish until "they are strong, and the height thereof reaches unto heaven, and the beasts of the field have shadow under it, and the fowls of heaven dwell in the boughs thereof."

When neither quadruped nor insect can be coaxed or forced to transport the young seeds that wish to see the world, they sometimes launch forth on their own account, and trust to a gentle breeze or a light current of air rising from the heated surface of the earth. It is true, nature has given them wings to fly with, such as man was never yet skillful enough to devise for his own use. The American maple has genuine little wings, with which it flies merrily about in its early days; others, like the dandelion and the anemone, have light downy appendages, or little feathery tufts and crowns, by which they are floated along on the lightest breath of air, and enjoy, to their heart's content, long autumnal wanderings. These airy appendages are marvellously well adapted for the special purpose of each plant: some but just large enough to waft the tiny grain up the height of a molehill, others strong enough to carry the seed of the cedar from the low valley to the summit of Mount Lebanon. The proudest princes of the vegetable kingdom often depend for their continuance on these little feathery tufts, which but few observers are apt to notice. A recent writer tells us that, a few years ago, the only palm-tree the city of Paris could then boast of, suddenly blossomed. Botanists were at a loss how to explain the apparent miracle, and

sceptics began to sneer, and declared that the laws of nature had failed. An advertisement appeared in the papers, inquiring for the unknown mate of the solitary tree. And behold, in an obscure court-yard away off, there had lived, unknown and unnoticed, another small palm; it also had blossomed apparently alone, and in vain—but a gentle breeze had come, and carried its flower dust to its distant companion, and the first palm flowers ever seen in France were the result of this silent mediation.

Reckless wanderers, also, there are among the plants, who waste their substance, and wildly rove about in the world. The rose of Jericho, which we have already noticed, and a club moss of Peru, are such erratic idlers that wander from land to land. When they have blossomed and borne fruit, and when the dry season comes, they wither, fold their leaves together, and draw up their roots, so as to form a light little ball. In this form they are driven hither and thither on the wings of the wind, rolling along the plains in spirit-like dance, now whirling in great circles about, now caught by an eddy, and rising suddenly high into the air. It is not until they reach a moist place that they care to rest awhile, but then they settle down at once, send down their roots, unfold their leaves, assume a bright green, and become quiet, useful citizens in their own great kingdom of plants.

There are, however, thousands of plants that have neither servants nor wings to gratify their wishes, and who seem condemned to see their offspring die at their feet. But here again we see how the resources of nature are always far superior to the apparent difficulty. These very seeds, which seemed so hopelessly lost, often travel fastest of all; they travel on the wings of birds. The latter steal our fruit, our cherries and grapes; they carry them off to some convenient place, eat the pulpy part, and drop the stone with the seed in it, where it is most likely to find a genial soil and a sheltered home. Even their evil propensities must thus serve the purposes of nature. Jays and pies, it is well known, are fond of hiding grains and acorns among grass or moss, and in the ground, and then, poor things, forget the hiding-place, and lose all their treasure. Squirrels, also marmots and mice, bury nuts under ground, and often so deep that neither light nor warmth can reach the hidden grain. But then comes man, and cuts down the pinewood, and lo! to the astonishment of all, a young coppice of oak shoots up, and the wonder is, where all the acorns have so suddenly come from. It is not without its ludicrous side to see, even the ingenuity of men baffled by these unconscious but faithful servants of nature. We are told that the Dutch, with a sublime kind of political wisdom, destroy the plants which produce our nutmeg, for the purpose of keeping up their monopoly, and high prices into the bargain, by the limited amount of the annual produce, which is entirely in their own hands. With this view, they cut down every tree of the kind in the Molucca Islands, where it was originally indigenous, and punish, to this day, with the severest penalties, the mere possession of a nut. But it so happens that a little bird of the same Moluccas also is fond of these nuts; and as the air cannot very well be guarded and watched, even by Dutch ingenuity, he insists upon eating them, and carries the seed to distant islands of the ocean, causing the stupid Hollanders infinite trouble and annoyance.

Narrative of an Escape from St. Bartholomew Massacre.

THE memorable morning of the 24th of August, 1572, had dawned upon Paris, when a maid-servant, who had just returned from the city, rushed into the bedroom of her mistress—the youthful widow of a brave soldier—and in accents of terror made known to her that a general massacre of the Huguenots had commenced. The lady hastily arose, exclaiming, "The will of God be done; let us look to Him for protection;" and having partially dressed, she stepped hurriedly to the window. The street was a troubled scene, for the whole population was in commotion; and many companies of soldiers were there, and all had white crosses in their hats. "I will send to my mother to learn what is going forward," said she; and accordingly a messenger was despatched for this purpose. The bishop of Sens, who was the lady's uncle, directed her to remove her valuables, and promised to send some one to protect her; but in the meanwhile he was informed that his brother, M. Charles Chevalier, lord of Eprunes, had fallen a victim, and he forgot his niece. Indeed, he was arrested himself; but on making the sign of the cross he escaped. After waiting for about half an hour, and seeing that the tumult was increasing, our heroine sent her daughter in the arms of a female servant to the house of a

relative, and shortly afterwards she proceeded there herself. "Where is the cursed Huguenot?" shouted the foremost of a band of the servants of the duke of Guise to the landlord of the lodgings which she had just quitted. "Yes," yelled another, "to-day we are weeding out the heretics; so be quick, for we have much to do!" After a fruitless search, they sent to the house of the lady's mother, offering to preserve both the life and property of her daughter for a hundred crowns—an offer which was, however, declined. The lodgings were pillaged. In her place of concealment this heroic woman remained till Tuesday, with more than forty others, their protector sending for provisions to another part of the town, and her husband, M. de Pereure, remaining at the door of the house to say a passing word to the chief actors in the massacre who passed that way.

"A glorious festival this, M. de Pereure," said a lord of the court, as he went by with a band of infuriated followers; "how is it that you are not helping to celebrate it?" "Such zealous catholics as yourself my lord, render my feeble service unnecessary." But M. de Pereure was suspected, and his house was ordered to be searched. This order dispersed the concealed Huguenots; our heroine was then placed in an empty loft with a female attendant. "Mercy! for the love of God, mercy!" shrieked a tender maiden from an adjoining street; and mingled with this piercing cry arose the confused voices of men, women, and children, and the brutal shoutings of their murderers. How harrowing were the feelings of that concealed mother, who was now separated from her child, and was trembling lest she should fall into the hands of those ruthless ruffians who were deluging the streets with blood!

It soon became necessary to seek another asylum, and our heroine went to the house of a blacksmith who had married a maid-servant of her mother's, in the hope that if the wife pitied, the husband would not molest her. Here she spent a night. "Come, madame, give up your cursed notions, and go to mass without any more ado," said the blacksmith. "But I cannot—I dare not." "Oh, but a walk in the streets will convert you madame, in quick time." "No; I have seen some of the dreadful sights, and I am unaltered; I must either escape or die, for I cannot recant." "What a stupid, pig-headed set of curs these Huguenots are!" observed the man to his wife, as he turned over several articles from a pile of booty plundered from the houses of the sufferers, which was lying on the floor.

On the following day she was conducted to the house of M. Taffonneau, and concealed in his study. "Alas! madame," said he, the day after her arrival, "a search is ordered, and you are not safe here." Accordingly, at midnight she removed to the house of a corn-merchant. Here she stayed five days. In this place of concealment a new trial befel her, a cousin being employed to prevail upon her to go to mass. "But, Charlotte, your brothers have gone," said she; "and surely their example and your mother's advice should outweigh your own opinion." "I know, Marie, that it is my duty to comply with my mother's wishes whenever I can; but in this case I cannot; my mind is made up, and, by the grace of God, I will never go to mass." "But, Charlotte, consider; your child requires your care, and for its sake you might give way in this trifling matter." "Marie, do not tear my heart by speaking about my child. It is no trifling matter; heaven and hell are not trifles; and I cannot comply." Thus ended the conversation on this subject. In this retreat, too, she encountered a new danger; for beneath her was an apartment occupied by a Roman Catholic lady, so that she dared not walk about for fear of being heard, nor could she light a candle. Her food was brought in small quantities concealed under an apron. Her mother sent to inform her that she should be compelled to return her daughter to her. "Then, with her in my arms, we will perish together!" was the heroic reply.

From this place of concealment she procured a passage in a boat that was going to Sens. In it she had as fellow-passengers two monks, a priest, two merchants, and their wives. At Tournelles their passports were demanded, and she had none. "She is a Huguenot, and must be drowned!"—"Come out of the boat!"—were the sounds which greeted her ears. "Take me to the house of M. de Voysenon—he will answer for me," she replied; and accordingly two soldiers were despatched with her to the house of the person she had named. Fortunately, they remained below whilst she went up stairs. "Ah, madame," exclaimed M. de Voysenon, "have you come to take refuge under my roof?" "Hasten down, monsieur, I beseech you, and may God enable you to deliver me from the

soldiers below, who suspect me of being a Huguenot." M. de Voysenon descended. "I assure you," said he to the soldiers, "that I have often seen this lady at the house of Madame d'Eprunes, a good Catholic." "That may be, monsieur, but it is the lady herself, and not Madame d'Eprunes, that we are inquiring about. A respectable woman who was passing, learning what was going forward, inquired what they wished to do with the lady. 'By Heaven!' they replied, 'this is a Huguenot, and must be drowned; for we see how terrified she is.' 'You know me,' quickly answered the female; 'I am no Huguenot; I go every day to mass; but I am so frightened, that for these eight days past I have been in a fever.' 'And I, yes, all of us, have been no little agitated,' replied one of the soldiers, with an oath. They took her back to the boat, observing, 'Had you been a man, you would not have escaped so easily.' At the time of this arrest the lodging which she had quitted was ransacked, so that her escape was most providentially timed. When they arrived at their place of sleeping, the monks and the merchants chuckled over the massacre of the Protestants. 'What a happy riddance!' observed one of the monks; 'the heretic Huguenots have received their death-blow at last.' 'Yes,' replies one of the merchants; 'we shall have but little trouble from them for the future, I hope.' 'Hope! there can be no doubt that the cursed heresy will be exterminated,' said the monk. 'By St. Denis, this lady's voice smacks like that of a Huguenot,' observed another.

On quitting the river, she lodged in disguise in a country village, where she narrowly escaped the soldiers, who hunted their victims like bloodhounds. She then went to the estate of her grandmother, and from thence to the house of her eldest brother, who had consented to go to mass. His conscience, however, was ill at ease, and his sister's arrival increased his anxiety; she resolved, however, to relieve him of her presence as soon as possible. Scarcely provided with money and clothing, she proceeded to Sedan, which she reached on the first of November. Here, at last, she found numerous friends, who received her with kindness, and supplied her with every comfort.

The substance of this narrative is strictly true; some of the conversations are taken from the account of the lady herself, while others are the substance of that account, merely put into the form of a dialogue. The heroine of the story was Madame de Fouquères, who subsequently became the wife of Philip de Mornay, lord of Plessis Marly, a distinguished Huguenot, who himself happily escaped to England on this occasion. He was a statesman, an author, and a soldier, and he took a prominent part in the council chamber and the camp of Henry IV of France. In 1606, he proposed the formation of a general synod of all the reformed churches of Europe, having been employed in a similar union in 1583. An embassy was sent to James I to gain his adherence to this project; but the machinations of the Jesuits prejudiced him against it.

Let us learn from the record of this lady's sufferings, to be grateful that we are not under the iron grasp of papal despotism, and to detest the spirit of persecution. In our favored land, the sword and the faggot cannot be employed, but the tongue and the pen are still often made use of to injure those who dare to serve God according to the dictates of their own conscience. May we never be numbered amongst those who act thus, for all such are essentially persecutors.

A SCENE AT RUEDA—"During the alternate occupation of this district, by the British and French troops in 1812, the soldiery of either party, who vied with one another in acts of daring and hostility in the field, more than once fraternized round the wine-butts. In the midst of their carousals they sometimes omitted to plug up the holes they had plugged to draw off the precious liquor, and thus flooding the cellars in their intoxication, they perished in the midst of the waste which they occasioned. The story goes that more than one of the worthy friars to whom these vaults and their contents then belonged, driven to despair at the exhaustion of their stores, joined savagely in the orgies, and like the invaders, were suffocated or drowned in their own wine. More than 1,200,000 gallons of wine of the choicest growths, and valued at between 8s. and 9s. a gallon (or at least four times its present price), are estimated to have been lost in these bacchanalia; a circumstance which is now cited to explain the scarcity of vats whose contents date previously to 1814."

THE amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.



THE FORTRESS OF ST. PETERSBURG.

The Fortress of St. Petersburg.

TRAGEDY OF THE PRINCESS TARRAKANOF.

THERE is nothing of the slightest interest externally about the fortress of St. Petersburg, except the church of St. Peter and Paul, which it incloses, where the czars are buried, as was noticed in a previous article. Nor can it be of any use in defending the city against a foreign enemy; for, being nearly in the centre, its guns could not play upon the foe till the capital had been forced. But a melancholy interest attaches to the place, as a great state prison-house to which many an innocent victim has been consigned, never again to emerge from it, whose misery may be guessed, but cannot be gauged, and whose ultimate fate has never been suffered to transpire. No tale can be more sad than that of the Princess Tarrakanof, one of its inmates; and no intrigue was ever blacker with turpitude than the one which brought her within its walls. In briefly relating it, we go back to the time when Elizabeth Petrowna, second daughter of Peter the Great, was empress; but the prime criminal in the transaction was her successor, Catherine II.

Elizabeth, fat and feeble, lazy and ignorant, combined excessive superstition with an unbounded passion for drink—not her only vicious propensity—and was a very bigot with reference to the forms of the church. She could violate without scruple every divine command, but was horrified at a breach of ecclesiastical law; and would punish with inexorable rigor eating an egg on a fast-day, while resigning herself on ordinary days to deep potations and licentious excess. Availing himself of this peculiarity in her character, one of her intimates, Count Alexy Razumoffsky, the grand veneur, bribed some of the high clergy to represent to her the propriety of giving to the relation between them the sanction of a private marriage; and it was officially performed, but not publicly avowed. Three children were born, two sons and a daughter. One of the sons being placed in the Corps des Mines, met with an accidental death while attending a course of chemistry under Professor Lehmann. Placing on the furnace a vessel filled with poisonous ingredients, he broke it, and was suffocated. The other son, Count Tarrakanof, long survived, and, being a politically harmless man, was unmolested. It was far different with his sister, the youngest of the family, and a mere girl, when Catherine came to the throne.

Upon that empress trampling under foot the rights of the Poles, and manifesting the design of partitioning the country, Prince Radzivil, a patriot grandee, turned his attention to the princess Tarrakanof—aware of the secret of her birth—as one who might be used against Catharine, and perhaps supplant her, being a native Russian, the grand-daughter of Peter the Great, while the czarina was a

foreigner. It is surmised, and is not improbable, that the splendid vision might flit before him of raising himself to the highest place in the empire, as the husband of the princess. However this may be, he was an honorable man, but weak and credulous. Having gained the confidence of the female attendants of the princess, he privately removed her to his estates in Lithuania; and upon that province being overrun by the Russian armies, he took her to Italy, and settled at Rome, where she received the attention and instruction due to her birth and rank. The empress, upon being informed of this proceeding, ordered his estates to be confiscated, his property to be pillaged, his stewards to be arrested, in order to prevent them making any remittances to their master; and offered, through her agents, gratuities to the Roman bankers as an inducement to them to withhold advances.

After disposing of some jewels, and enduring straitened circumstances, Radzivil ventured back in the hope of raising means, leaving his charge in strict privacy at Rome under the care of a governess. On returning to Poland, he was not visited with vengeance, but assailed by temptation. The Russian ambassador offered him the restoration of his immense estates, and full compensation for all his losses, on condition of his delivering up the princess into the hands of her imperial majesty. This proposition was at once rejected as an insult; upon which he was simply required to promise, "on the honor of a gentleman," that he would break off correspondence with her, and in no way encourage ambitious dreams in her mind. In that case, the ambassador promised, "on the honor of a gentleman," that she should be permitted to live abroad, and be wholly unmolested. At the same time, he intimated that misfortune and ruin must inevitably befall both, if the wishes of the empress were not complied with. Radzivil had the weakness to accept the proposal, but previously commended the young Tarrakanof to the care of some friends, and sent her a supply of money, which, however, never came to hand. There can be no doubt that he did not suffer himself to be duped wilfully, but believed in the good faith of the Russian government. He had also treated the princess with perfect respect and kindness, though it was an act of great indiscretion, and a fatal one, to involve a young girl, not more than sixteen years of age, in the meshes of a political plot.

Having deprived the princess of a protector, Catherine prepared to pounce upon her prey, fully resolved to secure herself against rivalry, by having the possible competitor under lock and key in St. Petersburg. But this was not to be accomplished by force, without a violation of territory. Neither could it be effected by fair means; and measures as base as ever the villainy of man or woman conceived,

were adopted to bring the victim from the banks of the Tiber to those of the Neva. The empress had an agent at hand, ready to gratify her wishes by entering into any scheme of iniquity. This was count Alexy Orloff, the man who had been first and foremost in the murder of her unfortunate husband. Yet, dark as was that tragedy, the case of the princess Tarrakanof is darker still. It is necessary to state that Orloff, at this period, nominally commanded a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean, with British officers, admirals Greig and Elphinstone under him as the real commanders. He had been paying a visit to St. Petersburg when he received his instructions, and proceeded from thence by way of Vienna to Leghorn, where his squadron was expected. He soon obtained the services of one of those tools with which Italy swarms, to aid him in his abominable project. This was Carlo Ribas, an absconded Neapolitan felon, who was subsequently rewarded by being made vice-admiral of the Black Sea!

One day a stranger called upon the princess at Rome, and was admitted to an interview. He was young, appeared in a splendid uniform, had a smooth tongue, insinuating manners, and conducted himself with the utmost deference. This was Ribas, who had discovered the obscure lodging of the lonely girl. He stated that, having become accidentally acquainted with her abode, he had waited upon her to assure the grand-daughter of Peter the Great of the respect of her countrymen, and to express his own sincere sympathy with her desolate position. Before taking his leave, he bent the knee to one of royal blood, and begged to offer pecuniary assistance. Being in want, it was thankfully received. The visit was repeated; again and again the same subdued and distant bearing was observed, till, having gained the confidence of the unsuspecting Tarrakanof, he intimated that a far higher personage than himself was concerned on her behalf. After keeping her for some time in suspense, he at last revealed the secret that her countrymen were dissatisfied with the government of Catherine, that the great count Orloff especially was in favor of a lineal descendant of Peter, and that, having come to Leghorn for the purpose of putting himself in communication with her, he would speedily appear in person and make further disclosures. We need not follow the steps one by one, by which a guileless, defenceless, and inexperienced creature was ensnared to her ruin. Orloff in due course presented himself. He assumed the appearance of a frank, honest, warm-hearted, and noble-minded man, and succeeded in gaining the affections of the girl, persuading her to become his wife. In an evil hour she consented; and, under pretence of having the marriage celebrated according to the rites of the Greek church, he employed some Italian blackguards to officiate at the ceremony as priests and notaries.

Never was husband more attentive and tender to his wife than was count Orloff to the princess Tarrakanof, though he never allowed her to appear in public unless in his company. After some time had elapsed, he proposed leaving Rome, and living in some other city of Italy more conveniently situated, being in daily expectation of the plot breaking out which was to place her upon the throne of Russia. To this she replied that, "having married him, not out of ambition, but for affection, she would willingly accompany him to the end of the world." They removed to Pisa, where she became known as *la bella e buona principessa*, "the good and beautiful princess." While in this city, Orloff was informed that his squadron had reached the port of Leghorn, where his presence was necessary; and his wife at once proposed to accompany him thither. On arriving, she was received into the house of the British consul, was visited by all the ladies of rank in the place, and, at her own request, was taken on board the fleet, which she was curious to examine. A barge with splendid awnings conveyed the princess to the ships with her attendants; a second transported count Orloff and admiral Greig; a third followed with Russian and British officers. But no sooner was she on deck than the delusion of some months' standing was dispelled for ever, and a horrible reality was revealed. She was seized, handcuffed, carried below, and the vessel set sail for Russia! Of course the betrayer had so arranged his plan, that the infernal nature of the outrage did not immediately transpire. As soon as it was known, the British officers left the service of the empress, the inhabitants of Leghorn loudly expressed their resentment, and the grand duke of Tuscany formally complained of a violation of territory. But Catherine and her minion were prepared to violate all laws, divine and human, to accomplish their own purposes; and, having secured their

victim, what cared they for the public opinion of Europe?

On reaching St. Petersburg, the hapless lady was immured in the fortress, and never repassed its walls. This was in 1771. How long she lived, and what was the manner of her death, are points involved in obscurity. One relation is, that she fell by the hands of the executioner; but there is another more generally current. On Sunday, September 10, 1777, six years after her imprisonment commenced, a westerly gale drove up the waters of the gulf of Finland into the Neva, and the river overflowed its banks—not an uncommon incident in the history of the Russian capital. At ten o'clock in the morning the water was nearly eleven feet above its usual level. A ship of Lubeck was carried by the inundation into the wood of Vassilios; the yacht of the duchess of Kingston was cast upon the bar and damaged; wooden houses were washed away entire; and the fortress being flooded, the Princess Tarrakanof was drowned in her dungeon. However this may be, there can be but one opinion, that seldom has a more fiendish deed been committed than the marriage of Orloff. It was contracted on his part in order to commit a murder, far transcending in foul atrocity ordinary assassination.

House of Peter the Great.

Nor far from the Citadel of St. Petersburg is the house in which Peter lived during the foundation of his new city. It is preserved in the state in which he occupied it; and in the interior are placed the tools with which he worked as a ship-builder. The house is in charge of an invalid guard, who shows it to strangers, and may daily be seen pacing in front of the house.

A Chinese Wedding.

A CHINESE female is considered eligible for marriage after twelve or thirteen years of age, when the parents commission a middle person (either male or female) to look out for a suitable match for their daughter. They state upon a sheet of red paper the year, month, day, and hour of her birth, which the go-between carries to the family of the proposed husband. They, after examining how the natiivities of both accord, and ascertaining that there is no material difference of age in the two parties, write a similar statement regarding the young man. Lest, however, they be subject to misunderstanding through either the ignorance or wilfulness of the negotiator, it now becomes necessary to make most diligent inquiry relative to the virtuous habits, or otherwise, to the station in life, and occupations, of each other. They are then introduced through the middle-man. The girl's father is introduced to the young man, and the man's mother to the girl; but the youth and girl must not meet each other.

The agreement of the elders of the families only is requisite, and the parties are thenceforth contracted. They then fix on an auspicious day for arranging the contract, when boxes full of cake and other eatables, female ornaments, jewels, ear-rings, &c., are presented by the man, and complimentary cards are sent to her family. The family of the girl, on the receipt of these things, send in return shoes and stockings, and all sorts of provisions. After an interval of, in some cases, three or four years, in some of one or two, and in some of only six months, another ceremony is gone through. The man's family send large cakes, stamped with figures of dragons and birds, hogs, sheep, geese, fowls, sweetmeats, wine and presents of money, according to their circumstances. The female's family send back clothes of all sorts, caps, &c. Another interval having elapsed, (which is generally regulated by the age of the girl) a propitious day is chosen for the fulfilment of the marriage contract. The girl's toilet, wardrobe, furniture, bedding, &c., are removed to the family house of her intended husband. This is called "bestowing the marriage portion." On the happy day, the husband's family hire players and singers, and a train of ornamental chairs, embroidered canopies and painted candles, which attend at the bride's house, till her father and mother place her in a chair, and send her to her husband. Tears are shed both by daughters and parents as they are thus separated. As soon as she reaches the outer gate of her husband's house, she is received by him, and conducted into a room, when her face is uncovered to him for the first time. The relations and friends now assemble to congratulate the new couple, and after feasting in the hall, visit the bride in her apartment. In the evening she herself prepares a supper, to which they are invited, and as her husband sits down she stands beside him, and

screens her face with her hands, whilst the guests beside her drink her health and commend her beauty; after supper they leave the room, but presently return to the door, and throw into the middle of the bride's chamber a bundle of chop-sticks. They then attend the bridegroom to the door, and depart. Very early next morning, the bride rises and dresses her hair in the wedding costume, puts on a new red gown, with petticoats of golden embroidery, and thus arrayed, goes forth from her chamber and calls the musicians. The bridegroom then joins her, and they together pay their devotions to the images of the gods, in the first instance; secondly, to the ancestors of the family; and thirdly, pay their respects to the living elders of the family; unmarried girls are then admitted to pay their compliments to the bride, after which the guests range themselves at table, and amuse themselves with feasting. On the third morning after marriage, the bride is sent back to see her parents. She is soon followed by her husband, who goes to pay his respects to his father and mother-in-law, and then escorts his bride home again. On the evening of this day, all the relations and friends of the bridegroom assemble and pass their jokes upon the bride. There is an old saying which they make use of on this occasion, "Come and see a new wife instead of an old one; old wives we may all see at home." The bride is constrained to walk round the visiting hall, whilst every one jokes her, and then calls upon her to repeat the same words. She is kept upon her legs in this way for four or five hours; after which, when they have enjoyed a good laugh at her, they break off, and she retires. On the fourth morning the bride rises early and proceeds to the kitchen, where, if she be of an humble station in life, she draws water, washes the dishes and pans, and prepares tea and rice; she is also bound to render assistance to her new father and mother-in-law in all the details of domestic labor. If in a middle rank of life, she has a servant to perform these offices, but is obliged to superintend everything herself. Again, if her husband be a man of great wealth, a housekeeper supplies her place upon these occasions; she is only expected to offer tea to her husband's parents, morning and night as a mark of respect.

It is seen that the parties themselves have not a word to say in forming the marriage. It rests wholly with the parents: in case of the parents being deceased, the uncles are their substitutes; and in the event of there being no uncles, the nearest relations they have succeed to this duty.

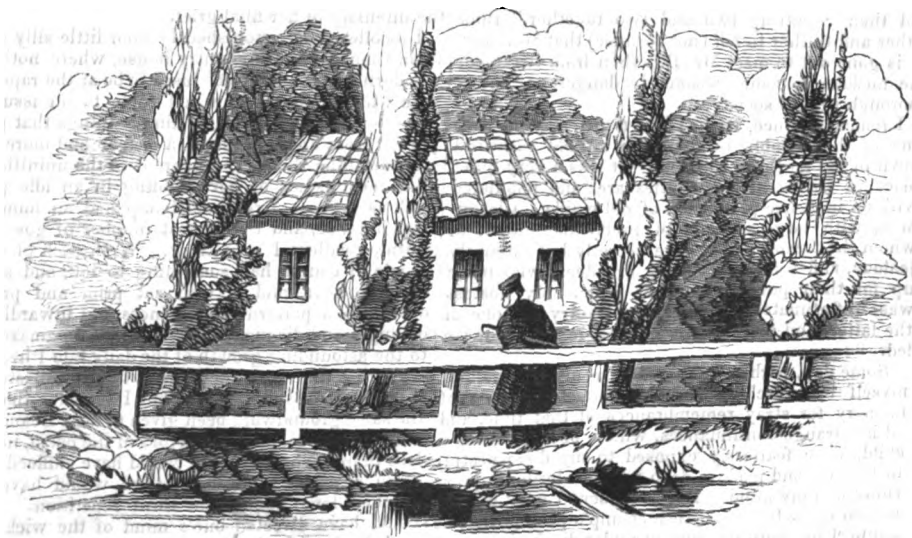
THE ARABS.—Persons of the middle class have sandals instead of shoes; they are single soles, or thin pieces of wood, fastened to the feet with leathern thongs. Richer people wear slippers, and the women always use the latter covering for the feet. In several parts of Arabia the men do not wear drawers; but these last, with the addition of a shirt, always form the female dress. At Hedsjas, as in Egypt, they veil their faces with a piece of linen, leaving only the eyes uncovered. In Yemen, the veil is much larger, and covers the face, so that even the eyes are not discernible. At Sana and Mokha, the women wear a transparent gauze veil, embroidered in gold. They are very fond of rings on their fingers, arms, wrists, and ears; they stain their nails red, and their hands and feet of a brownish yellow, with the juice of a plant called *el henne*;

they also paint all round the eyelids, and eyelashes themselves, with *kocheel*, which on them quite black. Men even sometimes imitate this fashion; but it is considered effeminate. The women of Yemen make black punctures on the face, which they consider improves their beauty. Fashion shows its influence in this country particularly in the manner of wearing the hair and beard. In the States of Sana, all men, whatever their rank, shave their heads; in other parts of Yemen it is the universal custom to knot the hair up behind, and wrap it in a handkerchief. Caps and turbans are not in use here. In the mountain districts, the hair is left long and loose, and is bound with small cords. All Arabians of rank have one curious addition to their dress. It is a piece of fine linen upon the shoulder, which, probably was formerly intended to keep off the heat of the sun, but is now used only as an ornament. Carreri states that the Arabian women wear black masks, with elegant little clasps; and Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation. In Moore, also, we find these lines—

"And veiled by such a mask as shades
The features of young Arab maids,
A mask that leaves but one eye free
To do its best in witchery."

In many parts of Arabia, the women wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. All the women of the East are particularly fond of being able to gaze upon their own fair countenances, and seldom go without a looking-glass. The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they may receive the homage due to them.

EFFECTS OF ASTONISHMENT.—Astonishment has a stimulating effect upon the organs of movement, and probably all that is peculiar in its expression may be attributed to this effect. The lungs are quickened, the mouth is opened and fixed to facilitate the breathing; the nostrils may be slightly distended for the same reason. The wide stare of the eyes is a result of anything strongly arresting the gaze, partly reflex, partly voluntary, and, it may be, in some degree emotional. This expression may be studied to great advantage in infants; in them we may see both the respiratory effects and the arrested gaze, the eyelids and eyebrows both being strongly elevated. The throwing out of the arms is a usual accompaniment of the state and may be either secondary to the increased action of the chest, or that along with the primary effect of the emotion. There is a great tendency to throw the arms outward in making a vigorous respiration; but this would probably not of itself account for the action to the full extent that we see it, and I therefore assume, also, that the emotional state extends its influence to the extremities, as any emotional state is free to do. The following is an interesting sentence on Laura Bridgeman, the blind deaf-mute at Boston. "When Laura is astonished or amazed, she rounds and protrudes her lips, opens them, breathes strongly, spreads her arms, and turns her hands with extended fingers upwards, just as we do when wondering at something uncommon." These being in her case as unprompted by imitation as the earliest movements of infancy, we may look upon them as the original or instinctive effects of the emotion.



HOUSE OF PETER THE GREAT.

Mind your own Business.

WHAT a blessing to society it would be if this sharp little phrase were universally attended to, and instead of keeping such a keen eye upon their neighbor's business, every man, woman, and child in the country would only have the kindness to mind their own. If the very unpopular system of troubling one's head with one's own affairs, could only be put into practice throughout America for one day, what a great deal of mischief would be left undone, and what a great deal of actual good would be accomplished; for as it is an acknowledged impossibility that any one brain should do two things at a time, it follows of course, that nobody who devotes his life to his neighbor's affairs, can attend to his own, and that in every family where the charming system of meddling is carried on, the most important part of the member's social duty is neglected. Unlike many other delectable habits, which require intimate knowledge, and constant intercourse to discover or appreciate, and which are often concealed for years, the house in which meddling thrives is detected at the first visit, the first morning call, the first evening's tea party. The whole atmosphere is redolent of it, the untidy room, unswept hearth, unfinished work, littered sofa, and open venetian blinds ready to peep through, are all and each eloquent of it; every movement, and very soon every word of the hostess confirms it, and as, sitting upon the nearest convenient chair to the window, you see her continually turning towards it, to keep an eye upon Mr. Jones's front door, for the purpose of knowing to a moment when Mr. John Smith, who has been there three times this week, comes out, you are no longer at a loss to know what spirit prevails in the establishment, and why it is that everything about the place looks so wretchedly uncomfortable. The lady minds her neighbor's business so indefatigably, that she has no leisure to attend to her own.

But bad as this watchfulness is, and detestable as it must be to know, that upon every action of one's life there is a spy, noting when we go in and when we go out; who calls and who does not call; how often the butcher's man visits our basement; whether the postman stops every day, and the front steps are regularly cleaned; it is nothing compared to the inferences that are drawn from every one of these circumstances, the significant meanings attached to every movement, and the immense amount of mischievous invention which is called in to assist in interpreting things, which, because of their utter unimportance, ought to pass without notice or comment, but which not being lucky enough so to escape, must be swelled and added to unsparingly, so as to enlarge them sufficiently to excuse their being made matters of conversation.

If meddlers would confine themselves to the truth, their espionage, although irksome, would be otherwise of no earthly consequence. It would certainly be very tiresome to know, that when oppressed with a school-room head ache, your pretty sister puts her bonnet on for a quiet walk along the river side or across the fields, the very moment of her departure and return is known to the fraction of a second, and handed from one chatter pie to another all through the street; but so long as the tale is true, your sister has gone out, and has returned, it is simply tiresome, and no more; but when Mrs. A., over the way, longing for some reward for her wasted morning, seizes upon the circumstances to convert Margaret's walk with Mr. B.'s, who went past an hour before, and unluckily turned his head towards your window, as he did so "in a very peculiar way," and then, "putting two and two together," runs hither and thither to tell (not surmise) that Margaret C. is gone out to meet Mr. B.; then from tiresome, the meddler becomes absolutely dangerous, and a thorough pest to society.

I remember once, when I was a girl, staying with one of these public torments, in an old cathedral town in the north of England. It was a very quiet place, as almost all such cities are, and populated with an immense proportion of old maids. Clergymen, with large families of pretty daughters, of whom the former ladies were secretly but intensely jealous, and scions of county grandees, who made up for their poverty by their pride. My hostess was, unfortunately for poor little merry me, one of the latter, and a dreary life of meagre grandeur we led.

Some day, perhaps, I may amuse my readers and myself by searching through the storehouses of memory for stray remembrances of that time, and all its strange continuances, which, because I was a child, were fearlessly exposed to my disrespectful little eyes, and made a deep and wondering impression upon my mind. But at present I must confine myself to such of Mrs. Beauchamp's peculiarities as connect her with the subject under discussion.

Her house, a particularly prim affair, of course, for she was of the precise and querulous variety of the genus, stood at the corner of two streets, and fortunately for the indulgence of Mrs. Beauchamp's propensities, the parlor had two windows, each commanding a full view of the thoroughfare. Close to one or other of these windows she constantly sat, a piece of knitting which, like Penelope's web, never seemed to advance an atom, in her hand, and her chair so placed as to enable her, with smallest possible trouble, to watch the passers-by up one street and down the other. In this way she gleaned a most surprising stock of information. The fashionable church and the best shops were chiefly approachable through the streets into which Mrs. Beauchamp's windows looked, and by dint of incessant watching, questioning, and surmising, she could tell to an inch, nineteen times out of every twenty, where everybody who went past was going. She must have had a most wonderful memory. I remember that was the one of her gifts which used to strike me in my childish days with the greatest amazement and awe, it was so terrible to be reminded, weeks after its occurrence, of leaving dirty footmarks upon the threadbare damask stair-coverings, or forgetting whether it was Mr. John Jones or Mr. William Smith who arrived first at the house opposite, the evening of the last dinner party there. She knew, to a day, when every dress in the neighborhood had been purchased, could date the trimmings upon every straw-bonnet, and even tell how many winters the smart-looking velvets had been "done up." She kept accurate reckoning, also, of how often the lovers of the only three known-to-be-engaged young ladies in the town, attended them to church, how often the dean's wife changed her servants, and how often the children of a poor invalid, in the little back street close by, went in a day for medicine or errands.

I don't know whether clairvoyance had been invented in those remote days, I almost think it must have been, else how could Mrs. Beauchamp have known as she did, how many courses Mr. Green in Northgate-street had upon table at his last grand dinner; nor what passed in the private room at the County Bank when Dr. Westmacott came out, looking so sadly dejected; nor why Mrs. Petmore concealed from her husband the last letter she received from her mother. Certainly, the old lady's indefatigable habits of watchfulness, as well as the minute inquiries she made of every creature with whom she came in contact, may have furnished her with a great deal of the information she possessed; but still, even to this day, I cannot quite rid myself of my childish belief, that she had other sources of intelligence than ordinary people had—in short, that she was not quite canny.

However, be that as it may, the sources of her information, and the use she put it to, would have been of no consequence in the world, if she had only contented herself with repeating and commenting upon what she knew, and had not—after the usual fashion of meddlers—added so many interesting and extraordinary circumstances by way of embellishment, so that by the time Miss Westmacott's bad sick-headache had been told to half her neighbors, it had increased to a violent brain-fever, brought on from the excitement caused by her father's deranged affairs, and by the time it had reached the last of the other half, she was dying in a state of raging delirium. Another day—and if nothing more interesting occurred to supersede the subject altogether—the poor girl would evidently be dead, destroyed by the intensity of her filial grief.

I recollect how astonished I—poor little silly girl, fresh from a remote country house, where nothing wonderful ever happened—used to be at the rapidity with which matters grew and came to an issue in W—; and how the most simple things that people did were known to have a deeper and more sinister meaning than was apparent to the uninitiated. Like most ladies of her standing in an idle place such as W—, Mrs. Beauchamp had an immense acquaintance, and the largest number of gossiping morning callers I ever knew. Well, each of these people of course had something to tell, and something to hear, and I, who sat prim and proper, outwardly a pattern of steadiness, but inwardly full of anger and disgust, used to listen in amazement to the astounding growth of the daily tale I heard.

At that time I had never read the capital story of "The Three Black Crows," but I am sure that had the same groundwork been given to Mrs. Beauchamp and her friends, as to the heroes of the poem, nothing less than a whole rookery would have sufficed them. Such a paltry number as three would have been reached long before the third repetition. If one could have divested one's mind of the wickedness and danger of all this meddling, the occupation of

watching the gradual and wonderful enlargement of every circumstance in such skilful hands, would have been as amusing I dare say, but as neither knowing nor caring about the victims, I became desperately weary of the constant scandal. I had, as I grew older, plenty of leisure to trace and chase over the incessant mischief that was being done.

Had the mischief been confined to Mrs. Beauchamp herself and her house, it would have been quite serious enough, but as all her visitors partook, more or less, of her propensities, and although their genius for invention might fall short of hers, yet they exerted such as they had to the utmost. It was terrible to think what a host of evil, chattering, lying tongues were set in motion by that one idle woman.

Yet Mrs. Beauchamp was not malicious, she had very seldom any spite against the unhappy people she injured; indeed I have frequently heard her exclamations of indignation against the unexpected consequences of her own misrepresentations, when in the course of things they came round to her, utterly, as it seemed, unconscious that she had had the very least to do in bringing them about. No, certainly, she had not commenced her course, as a meddler, with any greater wickedness of disposition, or intention, than her neighbors, but as a matter of course, she ended with it. For it is an utter impossibility to go on interfering and scandalizing, without becoming wicked. No man can touch pitch without being defiled, and no pitch that was ever seen is so foul and filthy to the hands as scandal is to the mind. Like the deadly upas, it blights and kills all fair things, which would otherwise spring up and flourish. Christian love—that holy charity which hopeth all things and beareth all things; generosity, truth, candor, honesty of purpose, must all perish in the heart where scandal reigns: and to a scandal-monger and liar the meddler must come at last: the one is as sure a consequence of the other, as that the purest crystal fountain which ever flowed, will be sullied and blackened by the introduction of a sewer.

As I have said, Mrs. Beauchamp did not begin her career either from a wicked disposition or malicious motives: she was only an idle, weak-minded gossip, with little or nothing to do, a woman's silly curiosity to know everything that was going on in the neighborhood, and an insatiable love of talking, for the gratification of which she lost sight of the mischief which the indulgence of her chattering, inquisitive propensities might cause, and like all her race, progressed little by little from a tolerably inoffensive chatter-pie, to a most dangerous maker and disseminator of mischief.

And oh! the mischief she did make! A great deal of it was, of course, of comparatively little importance, being either "never heeded," or only heeded to be laughed at, but a great deal was real and lasting, and bore bitter fruits.

I have often wondered how it was, that with the universal reputation Mrs. Beauchamp had for meddling and minding other people's business, she was not more generally shunned, and how it came that she was such a constant guest at all the dowager tea-parties in the town, but I suppose it was because idle hands and shallow heads have only the capacity to enjoy mischief.

(To be concluded in our next)

MANILLA.—Manilla, the capital of the island of Luzon, the largest and most fertile of the Philippines, is a moderate sized city, very regularly built. The houses are low, and erected so as to resist the earthquakes, which are so common in these islands. The city appears dull, silent, and melancholy. The churches are prodigiously wealthy; when they are ornamented on festival days, nothing is to be seen in the sanctuary but gold and silver. The chief altar, its pillars, statues, lamps, candlesticks, and even the seats, are of solid silver; the ornaments and sacred vessels are also very splendid. Everything in Manilla has the appearance of grandeur and magnificence; the innumerable vessels anchored in the harbor prove it to be the most important commercial mart in these seas. A noble stone bridge thrown over the river, which runs through the middle of this capital, unites what may be called the city of war to the city of trade. The houses are built of cut stone, and surrounded on the first storey with balconies, protected by sliding sashes of mother-of-pearl: these afford the inhabitants an agreeable promenade in wet weather. The streets are straight and wide; in the evening they are covered with multitudes of equipages hastening to take the usual drive round the fortifications. The population is estimated at 130,000 souls; but in this calculation the suburbs are included.

The Merino Sheep in Russia.

ONE of the most successful as well as interesting speculations in Southern Russia, has been in merinos; and the commencement was attended with such difficulty and chance, as to make it rather romantic. M. Rouvier, a French merchant at Malaga, on becoming bankrupt in 1802, resolved to try fortune anew in Russia. He embarked in a vessel bound to the Euxine, and landed at Sebastopol. Thence, traversing the country to Nicolaef, he was struck with the extent and fertility of the steppes; and reverting to the grazing lands in Spain, thought that merinos would thrive on them. His fortune then consisted, it might be said, in a piece of paper and a pencil. He drew out a memoir, in which he described the condition and expense of merinos in Spain, and pointed out the advantage of introducing the breed into a country where pasturage was unlimited and unowned. This was sent to the minister of the interior. The author demanded a grant of 10,000 *desiatines* of land, and a loan of 100,000 roubles without interest: he offered to return to Spain to purchase rams; and proposed that a government agent should accompany him if deemed requisite. He engaged to have 10,000 merinos on his land at the end of twelve years, and to have repaid half of the loan. The government agreed to these terms. A vessel was freighted for M. Rouvier, who sailed for Spain, provided with letters for the Russian embassy at Madrid. On arriving at Malaga, the hitherto successful adventurer caught the yellow fever, and there lost three months between sickness and quarantine. This delay nearly caused the complete failure of the enterprise; for when he at length reached Madrid, the Russian ambassador had just quarrelled with Godoy, and therefore no assistance was forthcoming in that quarter. In those days the exportation of merinos was prohibited, and only granted occasionally as a special favor. After dancing attendance for two months, and exhausting all the ante-chamber modes of obtaining his suit indirectly, Rouvier solicited an audience of the Prince Godoy, with the determination to throw himself at his feet, if necessary, in order to gain leave to export a few rams. Godoy said to him, "if you had addressed yourself to me in the first place, I would have granted your request; but as you chose to make the Russian ambassador your mediator, you may return: you shall not have one sheep." Rouvier accordingly left Madrid, and returned to Malaga in despair; for the issue of the negotiation was to make his fortune, or leave him a beggar. He was about to re-embark for Russia, when an *hidalgo* came to him mysteriously, and said, "I know your object: I will dispose of one hundred rams to you; name the breed you prefer, and you shall have them." Rouvier, of course, accepted the unexpected offer, and willingly agreed to the enormous price demanded. It was settled between them that he should ship a slight cargo for the Crimea, to avert suspicion; then sail, and, after dark, alter his course for a certain cove to the westward of Malaga. If his signal light should be answered, he was to send his boat on shore for the sheep, with the money. All turned out as desired; and Jason-like, he sailed away triumphantly with the golden fleece. At the Dardanelles he was detained two months by a foul wind. He arrived at Sebastopol at length, with eighty sheep remaining out of the hundred, and there experienced another delay by quarantine. That being terminated, the ship was weighing anchor to move into the harbor, half a mile distant, when Rouvier, struck by a presentiment of danger, entreated the captain to land him and his flock at the lazaretto. The captain ridiculed his fears, and naturally objected to lose time in order to gratify a whim. Nevertheless, he yielded to the nearly frantic solicitations of his passenger, and set him on shore with his sheep. Scarcely was he landed, and the vessel under sail, when a squall took her between the reefs which form the entrance of Sebastopol harbor, and threw her on the rocks, where she bilged and went to pieces. M. Rouvier led his charge to Theodosia. He gave twenty rams to the minister of the interior, twenty to the president of the council, and with forty commenced operations on his own account. He crossed with sheep of the country, and four years afterwards obtained an important addition to his stock from Saxony. He fully realized his promises, and left a large fortune amongst his three daughters, one of whom had married his partner, Mr. Wassel.

Freaks of Imagination.

TULPIUS mentions a painter, who verily believed that all the bones of his body were so soft and flexible, that they might easily be crushed together, or folded one within another, like pieces of pliable wax.

A Lusitanian physician had a patient who insisted that he was perpetually frozen, and would sit before a great fire even in dog days. The Portuguese doctor made him a dress of rough sheepskin, saturated with aqua vitæ, and set him on fire. He then said he was quite warm, rather too much so, and so was cured.

Galen and Avicenna make mention of people who have fancied themselves earthen pots, and therefore have carefully avoided being touched for fear they should be broken.

Then there is the case of the insane watchmaker, mentioned by Pinel, who insisted that he had been guillotined, and that another head had afterward, by mistake, been put on his shoulders, instead of his own. "Look at these teeth," he would say; "mine were extremely handsome—these are decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy; this is foul. How different is the hair from that of my own head!"

Mr. Haslam, in his work on insanity, mentions a case of one, who insisted that he had no mouth, and when compelled by force to swallow, declared that a wound had been made in his throat, through which the food had been introduced.

Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated Florentine artist, in his Life says, that "the governor of the castle in which the former was confined had a periodical disorder of this sort; every year he had some different whim. One time he conceived himself changed into a pitcher of oil; another time he thought himself a frog, and began to leap as such; another time, again, he imagined he was dead, and it was found necessary to humor his conceit by making a show of burying him. At length he thought himself a bat, and when he went to take a walk, he sometimes made just such a noise as bats do; he likewise used jestures with his hands and body, as if he were going to fly."

Noses have been known to be particularly troublesome to hypochondriacs. One man fancied that his nose was of a ludicrous length, and consequently kept backing off as his friends approached, to hold a parley with him, fearing that he should put their eyes out. It is said that frequently this same deluded possessor of a long nose might have been seen going along the street, guiding his nose with his hand, to keep it from breaking the shop windows.

A young man had a strong imagination that he was dead, and earnestly begged his friends to bury him. They consented, by the advice of the physician. He was laid upon a bier, and carried upon the shoulders of men to church, when some pleasant fellows, up to the business, met the procession, and inquired who it was; they answered: "And a very good job it is," said one of them, "for the world is well rid of a very bad character, which the gallows must have had in due course." The young man, now lying dead, hearing this, popped his head up, and said they ought to be ashamed of themselves in thus traducing his fair fame; and if he was alive he would thrash them for their insolence. But they continued to utter the most disgraceful language. Flesh and blood could no longer bear it; up he jumps, they run, he after them, until he fell down quite exhausted. He was put to bed; the violent exertion he had gone through promoted perspiration, and he got well.

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid,
Look labor boldly in the face;
Take up the hammer or the spade,
And blush not for your humble place.

There's glory in the shuttle's song—
There's triumph in the anvil's stroke;
There's merit in the spade and strong
Who dig the mine of all the oak.

The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,
And bids it ripple pure and fresh;
It moves the reeds and ferns till they make
Grand music in their leafy mesh.

NITRIC ACID IN RAIN WATER.—In a celebrated French scientific periodical, there was published some time ago an account of some interesting experiments made by M. Leibig, on rain-water, with the view of ascertaining its various impurities. Among other foreign matters, a perceptible quantity of nitric acid, combined with lime or ammonia, was found in all the specimens of rain-water collected by the storms. The same was the case with regard to snow and hail. Small traces of iron, manganese, and muriate of soda, are generally found in rain-water during thunder-storms. The formation of the nitric acid in rain-water is referred by Leibig to the agency of the electric fluid in passing through the atmosphere. It is well known that nitric acid and common air are composed of the same elemental gases, oxygen and nitrogen—but of course they are combined in different proportions in the two different substances.

GLACIERS.—A glacier, in the customary meaning of the term, is a mass of ice, which, descending below the usual snow line, prolongs its course down the cavity of one of those vast gorges which furrow the sides of most mountain ranges. It is better represented by a frozen torrent than by a frozen ocean. Any one placed so as to see a glacier in connection with the range from which it has its origin, at once infers that it is, in some sense or other, the outlet of the vast snow-fields which occupy the higher regions. It is impossible to doubt that it results from, and is renewed by the eternal ice-springs of those riverless wilds. None who has ever seen, or even clearly conceived a lava stream, can fail to find in it the nearest analogue of a glacier. Stiff and rigid as it appears, no one can doubt that it either flows or once has flowed. Were the glacier like the flood of molten stone, the result of one great eruptive action, then its existence beneath the limits of the general snow-line would be inexplicable. It melts—it must melt; it lies on warm ground, yielding crops perhaps within a hundred yards of its lower extremity; the sun beats perpetually upon its icy pinnacles, which, though they reflect much, must retain some of the incident heat; and we see, accordingly, in a summer's day, the glacier oozing out its substance from every pore—above, beneath, within. And yet with all this the glacier wastes not; always consuming, it is never destroyed. Evident, therefore, it must be upon this ground alone, that a glacier glides imperceptibly down its valley, and this independent of all direct measurements of its motion.

THE BLOOM OF AGE.—A good woman never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life first opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it never will fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy? We repeat, such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; let her love truth and virtue, and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets, ever fresh and ever new.

MURAT.—"Murat," said Napoleon, "was a most singular character. He loved, I may rather say, he adored me. With me, he was my right arm—without me, he was nothing. Order Murat to attack and destroy 4,000 or 5,000 men in such a direction, it was done in a moment; leave him to himself, he was an imbecile without judgment. In battle he was, perhaps, the bravest man in the world: his boiling courage carried him into the midst of the enemy, covered with plumes and glittering with gold; how he escaped was a miracle, for from being so distinguished a mark, every one fired at him. Every day Murat was engaged in single combat, and returned with his sabre dripping with the blood of those he had slain. He was a Paladin in the field, but in the cabinet, destitute of either decision or judgment."

THE HARVEST.—How completely even this far-advanced nineteenth century is at the mercy of the seasons and the elements! A defective harvest, such as the last, is equivalent to the diminution in the spending power of England and France alone, to something like thirty millions sterling in the year. Of course, however great the elements of prosperity may be in other respects, trade, and especially that branch of it which is engaged in the purveying of luxuries, must suffer very considerably by this vastly diminished power of purchase.

A SERPENT LAIR.—Some men gathering reindeer-moss in a forest in Finland, came the other day upon a serpent lair, one or two ells under the surface, and killed as many as 440 of the reptiles.

According to Professor Agassiz, no fossils of the rose have ever yet been discovered by geologists. He thinks the creation of the plant was coeval with that of man.

We always consider life as a fairy tale, in which every good action must be rewarded by a visible wonder.

Those who blow the coals of others' strife, may chance to have the sparks fly in their own faces. It is a noble species of revenge to have the power of retaliation and not to exercise it.

SERVE every one as much as you can, and compete with no one more than you must.

THE discontented man finds no easy chair.

Indian Cotton.—The Webs of Dacca.

To this branch of ingenious manufacture a new interest has been attached, by the display of several beautiful specimens in the Paris Universal Exhibition.

Our engravings illustrate the mode of preparation

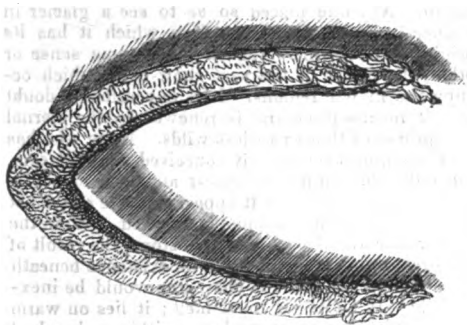


FIG. 1.—COTTON CARDER.

of the raw material, and the several processes of manufacture of the finer sorts of Indian muslin, some of which are woven from threads of such extraordinary delicacy, that a single pound of cotton is spun for it into a length of 250 miles; and with all our genius of invention, our wonderful machinery and extraordinary skill, we have never yet been able to equal the muslins of Dacca, of which Tavernier says, "they are so fine that you can hardly feel them in your hand." An English writer of the seventeenth century, speaking contemptuously of them, termed them "the shadow of a commodity;" but they have been called by those of higher

is, that it is produced almost at random, and with the rudest tools—that the Indian is guided by a kind of instinct in its make, and is but a rough and careless-fingered worker. We are told of the weaver cleaning his cotton with a piece of fish-bone, using as a spindle a hollow reed, hanging up his loom by a river side between two trees, digging a hole in the ground for his legs, and there weaving forth those moon-cloud webs that queens of old were proud to wear.

There is some truth in the description, but none in representing the Hindoo as a manufacturer at random. In his case, as in every other, the excellence is attained by a minute attention to every detail in the preparation of his material, and of all circumstances influencing its condition during the process of manufacture—an amount of knowledge, no doubt, arrived at

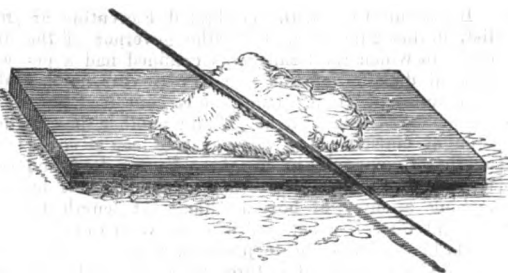


FIG. 3.—COTTON ROLLER.

slowly, but still attained to ages ago; for these muslins of the East are mentioned amongst the earliest articles of commerce; and in one of the hymns of the Rigveda, dated fifteen centuries before our era, there is reference to cotton in the loom. Nor is it strange that the native Indians should, by practice, from generation to generation, have acquired surpassing skill in the manufacture of a material indigenous to their soil, and the fabrics of which were especially suited to their climate. Speaking of India, Herodotus says, "the wild trees in that country bear fleeces as their fruit, surpassing those of sheep in beauty and excellence, and the Indians are in the habit of using cloth made from those trees."



FIG. 4.—YARN WINDING.

taste, who looked at their exquisite delicacy and evenness with wonder, "webs of woven air."

The general idea as to this wonderful manufacture

Knowledge of the Qualities of Cotton.—The cotton from which the Hindoos weave their finest muslins is of inferior quality. The best-informed Man-



FIG. 2.—THE BOW.

chester (Eng.) manufacturers state, that all Indian is coarse, short in staple, and unfitted for the fine spinning for which American sea-island cotton is alone employed in that country. This finest American cotton is cultivated with the utmost care, and the best selected for the finest English manufacture.

The native Indian, on the contrary, is but a careless cultivator of cotton, and neglectful of attention in picking and preservation, which would save much after-labor. He is, however, thoroughly well acquainted with the qualities of the different kinds, and makes up for indifferent saving by a profusion of labor and pains



FIG. 5.—YARN WINDING.

in the after preparation of the material. He knows that the thread made of cotton grown to the east of Dacca must be used in the very season it is

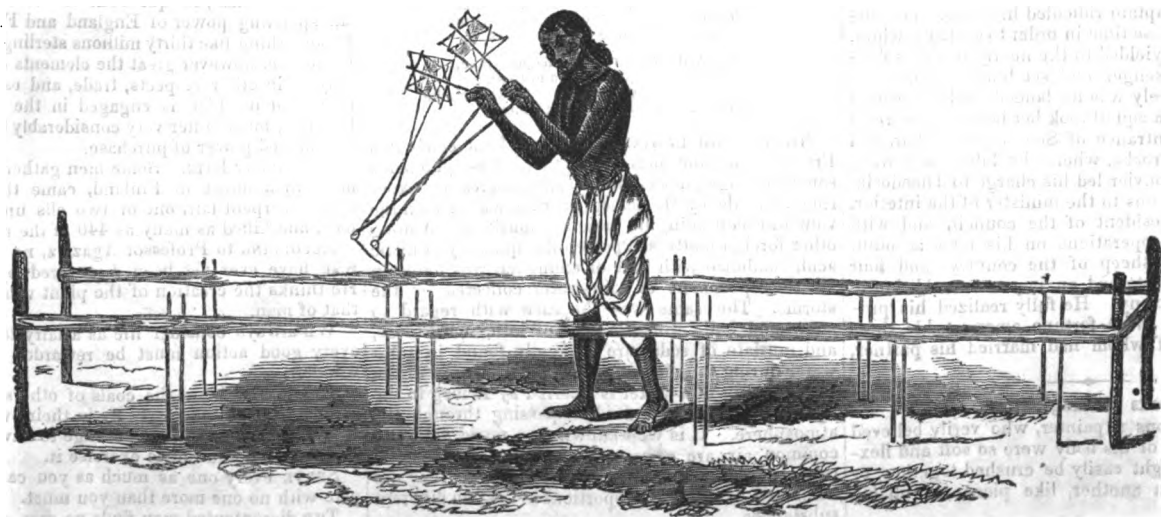


FIG. 7.—WARPING.



FIG. 6.—TWISTING THE THREAD.

grown, or it will not swell in bleaching; and this swelling constitutes his distinction between the best and inferior cotton; and for spinning with the fingers, the short fibre suits as much better as the long for machinery.

Process of Cleaning, Picking, and Carding.—As the cotton is not cleanly picked in the field, it is

in a light fleecy cloud, and is thus separated from dust and dirt. This instrument is still in use in some of our manufactories—for instance, in hat-making.

But the cotton for the fine Dacca muslins is bowed or teased with a bow of more delicate construction, as it consists of a piece of bamboo, with two elastic

bone of a fish, one of the *Sarotda*. The teeth of this fish, being very numerous, closely set, and recurved like those of our pike, act as a fine-comb in removing the loose and coarse fibres of the cotton, as well as minute particles of earthy or any other extraneous matter. (Fig. 1.)

Bowing.—The next process is that of *bowing* (Fig. 2), which has been so named from a bow being the instrument employed, and which has given its name to one kind, the *bowed* Georgian cotton, though the instrument is not used in the present day in this country. It consists of a large bow, which is suspended to the roof of a room, often to the string of another bow. The string, while in contact with the cotton, being struck with a conical-headed mallet, the cotton, by its vibration, flies about

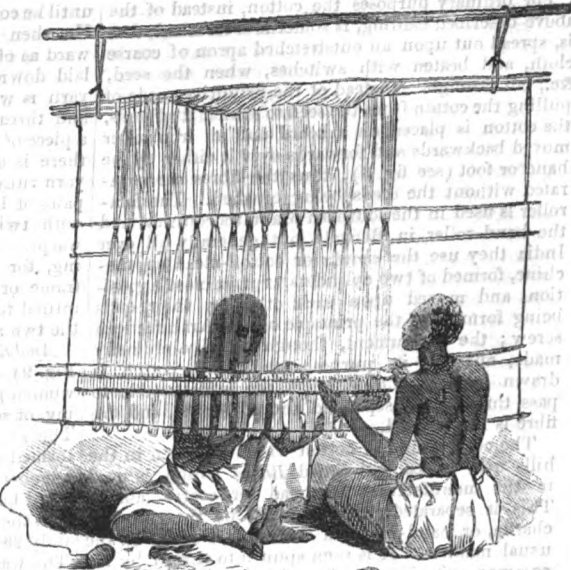


FIG. 8.—DRAWING.

containing chalk-like powder to which the spinner occasionally applies her fingers. The spindle is not much thicker than a stout needle, and has attached to it, near its lower joint, a small ball of unbaked clay, which gives it sufficient weight in turning. This rests in the hollow of the piece of shell, and she turns the spindle between her fingers and thumb

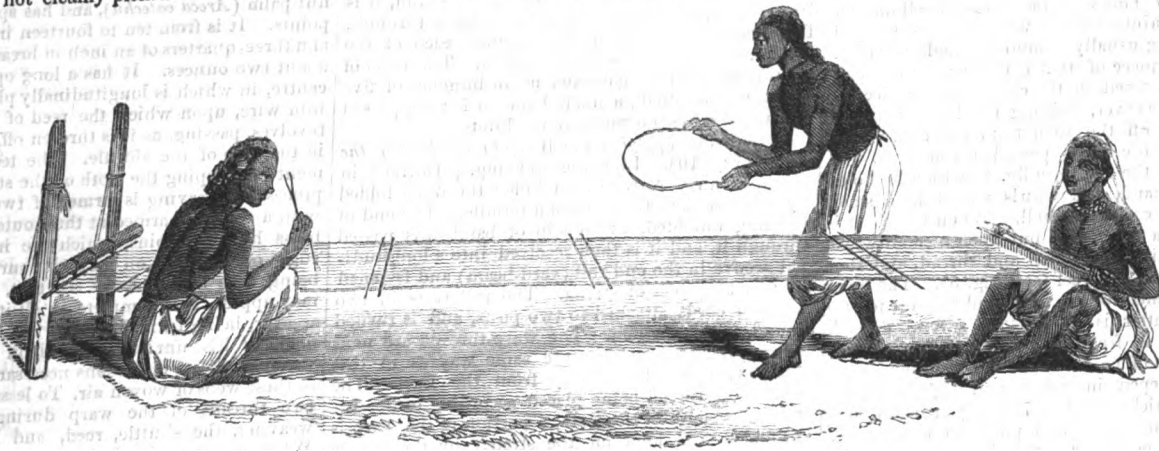


FIG. 9.—BEAMING

first necessary to pick out carefully with the fingers all fragments of the leaves or bracts, stalks, and capsules. The next process, previous even to the separation of the seeds, is a kind of carding to which the seed-cotton is subjected. For this purpose the Hindoos of Dacca make use of the jaw-

slips of the same useful material slipped into its two ends, and strung with a cord made of catgut, murga silk, or of plantain or ratan fibres twisted together. The bamboo slips are moveable within the piece, according as they are drawn out or pushed back, so is the tension of the cord increased or diminished. The whole, being of a size to be held in the hand, can easily be managed

Spinning.—The cotton, by the aid of this instrument, being brought to the state of a fine downy fleece, is then "spread out and lapped round a thick wooden roller."

This being removed, the cotton is pressed between two flat boards, then rolled round a piece of lacquered reed about the size of a quill, and, lastly, wrapped in the smooth soft skin of the *Cuchia* fish, and is so preserved from dust or soil whilst it is held in the hand during the process of spinning.

The spinning of the fine yarn is entirely performed by women, usually under thirty years of age, and it is to their delicate organization and exquisite sensibility touch that is due the inimitable specimens of their skill.

The spinning apparatus, which is usually contained in a small flat work-basket, not unlike the *colochiers* of the ancients, comprises the cylindrical roll of cotton, a delicate iron spindle, a piece of shell embedded in clay, and a hollow stone

of one hand, whilst she at the same time draws out the single filaments from the roll of cotton held in the other hand, and twists them into yarn upon the spindle; and, to obtain the requisite moisture of air, it is sometimes necessary, the thermometer being 82, to spin over water.

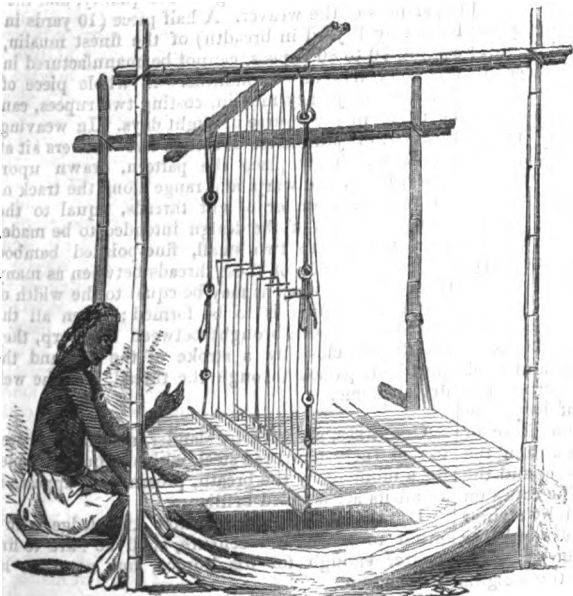


FIG. 10.—THE LOOM.—WEAVING.



SPINNING.



THE SHUTTLE.

For ordinary purposes the cotton, instead of the above-described carding, is sometimes thrashed, that is, spread out upon an outstretched apron of coarse cloth, and beaten with switches, when the seed, &c., fall through. Instead of the primitive mode of pulling the cotton from the seed to which it adheres, the cotton is placed on a board and an iron roller moved backwards and forwards over it either by the hand or foot (see fig. 3); thus the fibres are separated without the seeds being crushed. The foot-roller is used in the southern Mahratta country, and the hand-roller in Bengal; but generally all over India they use the *charka* or cotton-cleaning machine, formed of two cylinders kept in close opposition, and moved upon each other by their ends being formed on the principle of the Archimedean screw; the instrument, though usually clumsily made, answers its purpose well; the cotton is drawn between the cylinders, the seeds unable to pass through are separated and fall down, and the fibre is not injured.

The coarse kind of cotton which is grown in the hills near Dacca, and called *Bhoga* cotton, is used in the manufacture of thread for coarse fabrics. This is separated from its seeds by the common *charka*, or hand-gin, and the wool is *bowed* in the usual manner. It is then spun into thread by the common spinning-wheel, which is like the old *wool* wheel, called also big wheel from the size of its wheel. But the Hindoo wheel, though apparently more rude, has advantages in working which readily become obvious in changing its form: thus, for instance, the rim being formed of string instead of wood or metal, gives a certain degree of tenacity as well as of elasticity. While the straight spindle is set in motion by this wheel, the unfinished yarn or roving is held in a sloping position to the spindle, so that at every turn of the spindle the yarn slips off its point and gets twisted without getting bound upon it.

Preparation of Yarns by the Weaver.—Winding.—The yarn obtained for the weaver is first steeped in water. Being usually wound on small pieces of hollow wood, a piece of stick is first passed through these, and then fixed in the cleft end of a piece of bamboo. The weaver, holding the latter between his toes, draws off the yarn from the reel, which revolves upon the stick passed through it, and winds it upon the reel (see fig. 4) which he holds in the other hand, and whirls round in a small cup of smooth coconut-shell. When the yarn is in the form of a skein, it is put upon a small wheel made of fine slips of bamboo and thread, and then wound up upon the reel (see fig. 6). The finest thread is separated for the *woof*, and the rest for the *warp*. The latter is steeped for several days in water, which is frequently changed, reeled, and dried. Skeins of a convenient size are then wound up, again steeped in water, and tightly twisted between two sticks (see fig. 7); they are again dried in the sun, untwisted, and put into water mixed with charcoal-powder for two days, then rinsed in clean water, and hung up to dry in the shade. Each skein is again reeled, steeped in water for one night, and is next day opened up and spread over a flat board, smoothed down with the hand, and then rubbed over with a paste, or size, made of rice, and a small quantity of lime mixed with water. The skeins are then reeled upon large reels, the threads widely separated, and then dried in the sun. The thread is again reeled and sorted, generally into three qualities. The yarn for the warp of striped or chequered fabrics is prepared by twisting a certain number of threads together, viz., two for each stripe of the *Dooree* and four for that of the *Charkana* muslins. The yarn for the woof is not prepared till two days previous to the time it is required for weaving. It is steeped in water, rinsed, wound on large reels, and then lightly sized with rice-paste, and again reeled and left to dry in the shade, and used daily.

Warping (Fig. 8).—The thread employed in weaving is well known to be of two kinds: that which stretches lengthwise being called the *warp*, and is usually stronger, harder, and more twisted than that which runs across, and is called the *woof* or *weft*, and is softer and less twisted than the other. The yarn being properly prepared, the next step is to arrange the threads which are to constitute the warp alongside of each other in one parallel plane. The Hindoo performs the operation in the open air, first fixing four short bamboo posts into the ground at measured distances, according to the intended length of the cloth. He then places between them several pairs of rods, about four feet apart, in two parallel rows. "The weaver, holding a small wheel of warp-yarn in each hand, passes the latter over one of the posts, and then walks along the rows, laying down two threads, and crossing them (by crossing his hands between each pair of rods)

until he comes to the post at the opposite extremity." He then retraces his steps backward and forward as often as there are threads of the warp to be laid down. The small reels on which the warp-yarn is wound are made of fine splits of bamboo and thread, and are each attached at right angles to a piece of stick, forming an arm, at the end of which there is a ring of coarse glass, through which the yarn runs. In striped and chequered muslins, two pairs of hand-reels, one with single and the other with twisted yarns, are used alternately for the warps. This is the simple form of effecting warping, for which, in Europe, either the warping-frame or warping-mill, with its heck-box, is required to divide the warp-thread into the lease on the two alternate sets, one for each heald.

Applying the Reed to the Warp, or Drawing (in Fig. 9).—This part of the process is by the Hindoo women performed either immediately after the warping, or sometimes not until after that of the *beaming*. The reed is so called from having been originally formed of split reeds, but by the Hindoo weaver it is generally formed of fine splits of bamboo, firmly fixed between ribs of split cane. Mr. Taylor states that the finest reed used in the Dacca looms contains only 2800 dwts. in a space of forty inches in length. The warp, being folded up in the form of a roll, is suspended from the roof of the weaver's hut, with one end of it unfolded, and hanging down to within a foot or two from the ground. The reed is then suspended by two slight cords to the warp-roll and loose rods, and hangs in front of the unfolded portion of the warp. One weaver sits in front of the reed, and another workman on the other side of the reed. The end loops of the warp having been cut with a knife, the weaver in front passes an iron wire or sling hook through the first division of the reed to the other workman, and the ends of the two outermost threads being twisted upon it by him, it is drawn back, and the thread thus brought through. Thus two threads are drawn through each of the divisions of the reeds in succession. The ends of the threads are then gathered up in bunches of five or six, and knotted; a small bamboo is then passed through the loops formed by the knots.

Beaming, or applying the Warp to the End of the Loom (Fig. 10).—Like the warping, performed in the open air. A workman holds the warp folded upon the reed in the form of a bundle. The end of it being unfolded, a thin slip of bamboo is passed through it, and it is then received into a longitudinal groove in the end roll (yard-beam) and fastened to it with pieces of string. The roll rests in two loops of cords attached to two posts, and is turned round with a winch. The warp-threads are next arranged, and much in the same way as in this country, adopted probably from the East. The outermost thread being placed according to the intended breadth of the cloth, a portion of the warp is unfolded and kept on the stretch by the person holding the bundle, while two workmen proceed to arrange the threads in the middle. This they do with a small piece of cane, softened and beaten out at one end into the form of a brush (like the separator or ravel), and then gently tap them with an elastic cane, held in the form of a bow, to bring them into a state of parallelism. The portion of the warp thus arranged is carefully wound upon the end roll. Another portion is then unrolled and similarly prepared.

Preparing the Healds or Heddles.—For this purpose a portion of the warp behind the reel is unfolded and stretched out, when a broad piece of bamboo is placed edgewise between the threads of the warp, in order that the weaver may have sufficient room to form the loop of the heddles. These are formed of reddish-colored twine, which is passed between the separated threads of the warp to the opposite side and is fastened to a cane, to which is attached an oval piece of wood of about eight inches in length. The weaver then dips two fingers between the outermost thread of the warp and the one next to it, and brings up a fold or loop of the colored string, which passes upon the inside of the oval piece of wood, and is crossed upon the cane above. The same process is repeated between every two threads of the warp, the cane and oval piece of wood being gradually moved across the warp as the work proceeds. Two sets of loops are formed on each side of the warp; when those of one side are finished, the warp is removed from the post, reversed; and stretched out as before, and the process of the other side is repeated. The canes on which the loops are crossed are fastened by strings to four small bamboo rods, the two upper ones being attached, when placed on the loom, to the strings of the heddles, and the two lower ones to the weights of the treadles.

The Loom and Weaving (Fig. 11).—In most ac-

counts of Indian weaving the weaver is described as suspending his loom between two trees, and allowing his treadles to fall into a hole in the ground, into which he inserts his legs and feet. But in Dacca the loom is horizontal, and always erected under a roof—either that of the weaver's house, or that of the shed built for the purpose. Four bamboo posts are firmly fixed into the ground, and connected above by two side-pieces. On these is supported a transverse rod, to which the sling of the lay or batten and the balances of the heddles are attached. The warp wound on the end roll (or yarn beam), and having reed and heddles attached to it, is brought to the loom and fixed to the breast roll (or cloth beam) by a small slip of bamboo, which is passed through the loops of the warp, and received into a longitudinal groove in the beam. The end and breast rolls are attached to the four standards, and are turned round with a winch. The lay or batten consists of two broad flat pieces of wood, grooved on their inner edges for the reception of the reed, which is fixed in its place by iron or wooden pins passed through the ends of the lay. It is suspended from a transverse rod above by slings passing through several pieces of sawed shell. By altering the distance between these segments of shell, which is done by lengthening or shortening the intermediate slings, the range of motion of the lay is increased or diminished. The extent of this range of motion regulates, in a great measure, the degree of force which is applied to the weft in weaving. The proper adjustment of this part of the apparatus is considered by the weavers as one of the nicest operations connected with the loom. The balances of the heddles being suspended to the transverse rod, the treadles, made of pieces of bamboo, are contained in a pit dug in the ground.

The *Shuttle* is made of light wood of the beetle-nut palm (*Areca catechu*), and has spear-shaped iron points. It is from ten to fourteen inches in length, and three-quarters of an inch in breadth, and weighs about two ounces. It has a long open space in its centre, in which is longitudinally placed a moveable iron wire, upon which the reed of the weft thread revolves, passing, as it is thrown off, through an eye in the side of the shuttle. The temple or instrument for keeping the cloth on the stretch during the process of weaving is formed of two rods connected with a cord and armed at their outer ends with two brass hooks or pins, which are inserted into the edges of the cloth on its under surface. The loom being thus adjusted, we see that, however rude it may appear, it is complete in all its parts; and the weaver, being furnished with the cobweb-like yarn, displays his unrivalled skill in performing the various delicate operations necessary to the weaving of these webs of woven air. To lessen friction on the two threads of the warp during the process of weaving, the shuttle, reed, and lay are all oiled. When ten or twelve inches of the cloth are finished, they are sprinkled with lime-water, to preserve them from insects, and then rolled upon the cloth beam, and another portion of yarn uncovered. Sometimes it is necessary to place beneath the extended yarns of the warp a few shallow vessels of water, in order that by the evaporation the threads may be kept moist and prevented from breaking. The time required for the manufacture of a piece of muslin necessarily varies according to the quality, and the expertness of the weaver. A half piece (10 yards in length by 1 yard in breadth) of the finest muslin, costing 70 to 80 rupees, cannot be manufactured in less than five or six months. A whole piece of Navainpore jehazy muslin, costing two rupees, can be made in the course of eight days. In weaving flowered or jaundanee muslins, two weavers sit at the loom. They place the pattern, drawn upon paper, below the warp, and range along the track of the woof a number of cut threads, equal to the flowers or parts of the design intended to be made. They then, with two small, fine-pointed bamboo sticks, draw each of these threads between as many threads of the warp as may be equal to the width of the figure which is to be formed; when all the threads have been brought between the warp, they are drawn close by a stroke of the lay, and the shuttle is passed through the thread, and the weft driven home.

GOODNESS, aspersed by slander, may be compared to that finely-tempered steel, which, though dimmed for a moment by the breath, presently re-appears in all its accustomed brilliancy.

He that comes to seek after knowledge with a mind to scorn and censure, shall be sure to find matter enough for his humor, but none for his instruction.

SOME men, like pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light.

Diseases of the Throat.

The throat is bounded before by the root of the tongue, behind by the palate, and on each side by two almond-shaped glandular bodies, called the tonsils. The part which is seen hanging down is the uvula, which is apt to become relaxed, especially in public speakers, and it then produces a cough, which is easily relieved by applying nitrate of silver to the uvula, though sometimes an atom of this pendulous body must be cut off with a pair of scissors.

The tonsil glands are often the seat of disease. When actually inflamed, they sometimes suppurate, and this is called *quinsey*. They are likewise subject to chronic enlargement, and this has been supposed by some surgeons to be the cause of deafness; but it has been demonstrated by Mr. Harvey, Krammer, and others, that this is next to impossible. Deafness, however, very often results from a diseased state of the membrane lining the throat and tonsils, and lining also the passage leading from the throat to the ear, called the Eustachian tube. Mr. Harvey has fully explained this in his valuable little work, and also shown how deafness from this cause may be cured, by fumigating the throat, and other measures. The following extract from his work fully and forcibly explains the nature of this disease;

"The local symptoms of this disease are, a dryness of the throat, a huskiness of the voice, and generally a nasal intonation; the tonsils are frequently enlarged, and the mucous follicles, both on these glands and on the surface generally, are enlarged and prominent, being sometimes aggregated into little masses nearly as large as a pepper-corn. The uvula and velum are generally relaxed; the redness exists in patches, and is not equally diffused. This state of the mucous membrane often extends to the back part of the nostrils; and upon inspecting the nose, the membrane may be seen to be so much thickened as to be mistaken for polypus. The Eustachian tube is more or less obstructed; the hearing is very imperfect in one or both ears; the outer ear rarely presents any deviation from a healthy appearance, so that the deafness can only be explained by the condition of the throat and the Eustachian tubes, whether the latter be obstructed or not."

"The constitutional symptoms are not less strongly marked. The patient is often debilitated, always strumous; the digestive organs are more or less deranged; there is little or no appetite, and the bowels are irregular; the skin is generally dry and uncomfortable; the patient often complains of headache, listlessness and exhaustion; the spirits are depressed, and the countenance pallid and sanguine." He then goes on to say, that where there are facilities for proper and persevering treatment, not only will the throat recover, but the hearing may be restored. The treatment consists in restoring the general health by proper medicines; and for the throat Mr. Harvey uses fumigations, without which it seldom recovers. The patient must not tamper, however, with such a serious disease. We recommend him to consult Mr. Harvey, and to follow his advice closely in every particular. He gives several cases in his book, showing how the treatment has succeeded. We do not think that any surgeon has so clearly pointed out the nature of this affection of the throat, nor yet the best method of curing it, or, indeed, any method at all. Mr. Harvey has done great service to the profession, and still greater to the afflicted; for several cases have come to our knowledge in which he has perfectly restored the hearing without applying anything to the ear, and some of them were supposed to be entirely incurable. Some surgeons are in the habit of passing a silver instrument through the nose into the ear, with a view of opening the Eustachian tube. Mr. Harvey condemns this practice as a general rule, as the tube is not closed, but the membrane which lines it is inflamed and thickened: so that rough handling only increases the mischief. Both the throat and the nose are subject to other diseases.

A *polypus* may form in the nose when the membrane is unhealthy; it often bleeds; and when it grows large, it swells up one side of the nose, and may easily be seen up the nostril. It requires to be twisted off with a pair of slightly-curved forceps.

Bleeding from the nose is often useful, by relieving a fulness of blood-vessels in the head, therefore it should not hastily be stopped; but when it is excessive, it may be stopped by very cold applications to the nose and head, quietness and rest, cool air, abstemious diet, and purgative medicines, and by holding one or both arms up for some very short time; but if the bleeding is alarming, call in a surgeon.

The throat is sometimes the seat of *ulcers*, which require great attention and very careful treatment. If the patient has also an eruption on the skin, it is possible that a course of mercury will be requisite; but mercury is apt to injure the teeth and gums if

carried too far, and Mr. Hunt has shown that it often does as much good before the gums are sore as afterwards, or even more good; so that in his method of treatment, mercury appears to lose nearly all its objectionable properties. Let it not be forgotten, however, that some ulcerated sore throats will not bear a grain of mercury, and it requires great experience and discrimination to determine what is right, especially in obscure cases. We think Mr. Hunt has thrown great light on this subject.

We have now a valuable hint to give those who are subject to bad sore throats and quinsies from taking cold. A bad cold generally appears first in the head; it then descends to the throat, and afterwards to the lungs. Now, it is not easy to cure a cold in the head; that will generally take its course; but it is easy to prevent its attacking the throat. As soon as you find you have taken cold, wrap round your neck, every night, at bed-time, a thick piece of flannel or a warm India handkerchief, and the cold will seldom go lower than the head. It is never well to go from the cold air to a hot fire, for hot air will produce a catarrh as well as cold. The hot air in warm weather often makes persons sneeze whose nostrils are irritable, and who easily take cold.

Carriages in Olden Time.

It is amusing to look back a few hundred years on the pages of history, and take a note on the way our ancestors did things. We can scarcely help laughing, for instance, at the parade they made about the introduction of carriages. In the year 1564, a man by the name of Booneau, a Dutchman, became Queen Elizabeth's coachman; and he, it is said, was the first to bring the use of coaches into England. After a while, certain ladies of the court followed the example of the queen, and procured carriages for their use. Elizabeth did not like it, however. She was jealous of the ladies. However, it was not long after this, before the nobility pretty generally rode in carriages. At this early day, the coachman did not usually sit on the coach, but on the back of the horse. Before the close of the sixteenth century, however, the modern mode of driving became the more common one.

Toward the end of the reign of Elizabeth, the use of coaches had spread all over the realm. In the year 1601, they had become so numerous, that some people thought, as many people now-a-days think, in relation to other improvements, that they ought to be put down. So a bill was proposed in Parliament, "to restrain the excessive use of coaches within this realm of England." The bill did not pass; but it had a good many supporters, strange as it may seem. You will, perhaps, wonder what could be the objections of our ancestors to the use of coaches. They were such as these: "That they endangered life in the streets; that they encouraged idleness and luxury; that they increased the poverty of the poor; and that they destroyed the trade of the London watermen, a numerous class of citizens."

In 1623, a satirical pamphlet was written about coaches, by John Taylor, sometimes called the "water poet," a name he obtained from having once been a waterman. This pamphlet was very severe. The incensed man called the coaches all manner of hard names. The title of the satire was "The World on Wheels." The book is embellished, if that term can be used in this connection, with a coarse woodcut, representing the world dragged along on carriage-wheels by Satan, with a fashionable lady for an assistant.

The writer says, "I think such an impudent, proud, saucy intruder never came into the world before, as a coach is; for it hath driven many honest families to all misdeeds, hospitality to extortion, plenty to famine, humility to pride, compassion to oppression, and all earthly goodness almost to utter confusion. Oh! beware of a coach as you would do of a tiger, a wolf, or a leviathan. I'll assure you it eats more, though it drinks less, than the coachman and his whole team." Such were some of the arguments used against coaches.

In 1634, the coach found very powerful enemies in the shape of sedan chairs and horse-litters. Sir Saunders Duncombe, about that time, brought the sedan chairs into fashion; and the king granted him the privilege of "letting sedan chairs to hire for the term of fourteen years." His majesty declared that, the lives and limbs of his subjects being greatly endangered by the number of coaches in London and Westminster, this new style of conveyance would be a good substitute. The vehicle is a square, ugly box, looking, for all the world, not very remarkably unlike a picture of Noah's ark. Sedans, when they were first introduced into England, were constructed much more rudely than they were in after years. But sedans, borne by men, after a while, became,

if possible, more unpopular than coaches, among a certain class of people. "When the Duke of Buckingham came to be carried about the streets in a chair upon men's shoulders," according to the chronicles of the time, "the clamor and noise of it were so extravagant, that the people would rail on him in the streets, indignant that men should be brought to so servile a condition as horses." The king and his courtiers were accused of "degrading Englishmen into slaves and beasts of burden."

Not long after this, this style of sedan went entirely out of use in England. But the horse-litter still continued in fashion, being used particularly on state occasions. In 1638 we find it described as used in the procession in honor of the queen mother, Mary de Medicis, when she visited London, to see her daughter, the wife of the first Charles.

The popular clamor against coaches continued among the lower classes to a still later day, as will be inferred from the following stanza taken from a ballad entitled the "Coaches' Overthrow," published not long before the revolution:—

"Coach-makers may use many trades,
And get enough of meanes;
And coachmen may turne off their jades,
And help to drain the fens,
Heigh doune, derry, derry doune,
With the hackney coaches doune!
The sythe and flail,
Cart and plow fall,
Doe want them out of townes."

EFFECTS OF SOUND ON THE NERVES.—Sounds may be either faint or loud, and as such they affect the ear differently. A faint, gentle sound, otherwise not disagreeable, is a source of pleasurable stimulus to the ear. The tone of a steady breeze, the distant hum of a city, the rush of a rivulet, are instances of gentle sounds yielding pleasure to the ear disposed to listen to them. If we attend to the nature of this sensation, we shall probably consider it as not very powerful or massive, but as acutely or keenly felt. It does not count for much if weighed in the balance with the feelings of exercise, warmth, &c., but it has the effect common to sonorous influences on susceptible ears, of setting on trains of recollection and reverie. It may thus originate states of excitement without being much in itself. When the sound passes from the gentle to the loud, we have, as a matter of course, a more intense stimulus. The sensation then becomes keen and pungent, like the action of ammonia on the nose, or a smart stroke on the skin. The rattle of carriages, the jingle of an iron work, the noise of a cotton mill, the ringing of bells close to the ear, the discharge of ordnance, are all exciting from their intensity; to fresh and vigorous nerves plunged into them after quietness, these noises are an intense pleasure. They may be described, however, as a coarse excitement; there is a great cost of tear and wear of nerve for the actual satisfaction. The intensity rising beyond a certain pitch turns to pain; and in proportion to the keenness of the feeling of the pleasurable, is the repulsion of the painful state of the over-excited nerves.

STORM RAISERS.—The dread of storm-raisers is universally prevalent among the Italian peasantry, and especially in mountainous districts. A Danish botanist journeying alone upon an ass through the mountains of Abruzzi, was involved in several perilous adventures by this superstitious terror of the peasantry. They had for some time seen him collecting plants amongst the unfrequented cliffs and ravines, and watched his proceedings with suspicious curiosity. A few days later their district was ravaged by a succession of storms, their suspicions grew into certainty, and assembling in considerable numbers, they attacked the unconscious botanist with a volley of stones, and cursed him as a storm-raising enchanter. He made vehement protestations of his innocence, but the enraged peasants took forcible possession of his collection, which they minutely examined. Finding only some harmless leaves and blossoms, and no roots, their fury abated, and although it was suggested by some that he had probably used the roots in his incantation, the unfortunate herbalist was at length dismissed with fierce menaces, that if he dared to take a single root from the ground, it would cost him his life. In the mountains near Rome, the peasants regard with suspicion a singular costume, a stern cast of countenance, or any striking personal formation, in the strangers who arrive there. All travellers, thus peculiarly marked, are supposed to be enchanter and treasure-seekers, and the young Germans, in their black dresses, untrimmed beards, and long hair, are especial objects of suspicion.

The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.

Arequipa, in Peru.

AREQUIPA is situated among the Andes, at the foot of a volcano, seventy-five English miles from the coast, in lat. 16.25 S., and long. 71.35 W., at the height of 7,250 feet above the level of the sea, and contains, including some villages in its vicinity, 40,000 inhabitants. No wheeled vehicle exists in the town, all carriage being by beasts of burden, among which the llama is conspicuous. The accompanying sketch is of the principal square of the city.

THE MISSISSIPPI.—A river that runs east or west crosses no parallels of latitude; consequently, as it flows toward the sea, it does not change its climate. The crops that are cultivated at its mouth are grown also at its sources, and from one end of it to the other there is no variety of productions; it is all wheat and corn, or wine, or oil, or some other staple. Assorted cargoes, therefore, cannot be made up from the products which such a river brings down to market. On the other hand, a river that runs north or south crosses parallels of latitude, changing its climate at every turn; and as the traveller descends it, he sees every day new agricultural staples abounding. Such a river bears down to the sea a variety of productions, some one of which the different nations of the earth are sure to want, and for which each one will send to the market at its mouth, or the port whence they are distributed over the world. The assortments of merchandise afforded by such a river are the life of commerce. They give it energy, activity, and scope. Such a river is the Mississippi, and the Mississippi is the only such river in the world.

ASBESTOS is a fibrous, mineral substance, which will burn, but cannot be consumed. It is frequently used in the present day in stoves, by which the consumption of fuel is avoided. Pliny, who lived 1800 years ago, said he had seen napkins made of cloth manufactured from asbestos; and that when taken from the table after a feast, they were thrown into the fire, by which means they were rendered cleaner than if they had been washed in water. The principal use of asbestos cloth was for the shrouds used at royal funerals, to wrap up the corpse, that the human ashes might be preserved when the body was burned.

MINIATURE OAKS.—If an acorn be suspended by a piece of cord within half-an-inch of the surface of some water contained in a glass, and permitted so to remain without disturbance for a few months, it will burst, send a root into the water, and shoot upward a straight tapering stem with beautiful little green leaves. In this way a young oak tree may be produced on the mantelshelf of a room, and become an interesting object. The chestnut will also grow thus, and probably other nut-bearing trees. The water should be often changed when the plant has appeared.

TRAVELS OF A PRINTER'S HAND.—A good printer

will set 6,000 ems a day, or about 12,000 letters. The distance travelled over by his hand will average one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are contained, and of course returning, making two feet every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of 24,000 feet, or more than four

their morals. Their chief occupation is hunting and fishing, the produce of which is sold chiefly to the traders from the United States, from whom they receive the most of their supplies.

NEVER get a reputation for a small perfection, if you are trying for fame in a loftier area. The world



PRINCIPAL SQUARE OF AREQUIPA, IN PERU.

miles, and in the course of a year, leaving out Sundays, that member travels about 1,400 miles.

A PEOPLE WITHOUT A GOVERNMENT.—It is stated that Labrador, with a population of 20,000 inhabitants, has neither governor, magistrate, constable, nor lawyer; yet violence and disorder are uncommon among them—a fact highly creditable to

can only judge by generals; and it sees that those who pay considerable attention to minutiae, seldom have their minds occupied with great things. There are, it is true, exceptions; but to exceptions the world does not attend.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.



SARAH RIGHT, THE JEWESS, MURDERED BY ISHMAEL, TO WHOM SHE WAS BETROTHED, AND HER DEATH AVENGED BY JULIAN, THE POLE.

THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE:

A TALE OF THE WAR,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STANFIELD HALL," "MINNIE GREY," ETC.

Continued from Vol. II., page 350

CHAPTER XLIX.

Set honor in one eye and death in the other.
And I will look on both indifferently.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE reason of Beatrix nearly gave way beneath the blow, when, on reaching the Moat, she saw her father borne bleeding and almost senseless from Lord Onselton's carriage. In her despair she accused herself of being the cause of his death; even the happiness of her lover appeared too dearly purchased at such a price; she would have sacrificed both it and her own a thousand times but to have recalled the events of the past hour.

By the request of Sir Edward, Guthrie and his banker had both been telegraphed for; but it was impossible they could arrive before morning.

"Don't weep, Tricksey," said the old man, who suffered more at witnessing her tears and despair than from the agony of his wound. "Life at best is but a dream: and what signifies whether we awake from it an hour or two before the usual time! The young rascal has hit me, and there's an end of it. I did not think," he added, "that he had been so excellent a shot. Thank Heaven, the papers are safe! Charley will have his own again!"

"Father! dear father," sobbed the heiress, "what is wealth purchased at such a price; your life was more precious than the proudest fortune in England."

"I know it," replied the baronet, gazing on her fondly, "and that knowledge is the only thing which renders me anxious to preserve it: send for Guthrie, capital hand at shot wounds, perhaps he may patch up the old trunk again: if not, it has fallen with honor," he added, "and that is something for the

green branch which remains to be proud of. Where's Mary?"

His niece, whose pale features were streaming with tears, approached the side of the bed, and kissed the hand of her uncle.

"You may hang the portrait where you please soon," he whispered in her ear, "dry your tears; remember you must console Tricksey when I am gone; it won't be long first," he added, in a still lower tone, fearful lest his daughter should overhear him.

At these heartrending words, the poor girl, unable to restrain her grief, threw her arms round the neck of her cousin, and they mingled their sorrows in silence.

The baronet motioned his daughter to approach him.

"You must be firm," he said, "for both our sakes. Death for me has no terror, and but one pang: I should like to have seen you and—there, there," he continued, struck by the look of anguish with which Beatrix listened to him; "we will speak of that another time. I leave you a name without a stain; that's one satisfaction."

The arrival of the village surgeon, who fortunately had served in the army, prevented the wounded man from exhausting himself by further conversation; and the cousins were compelled to quit the room whilst he performed his melancholy duties. Both to Beatrix and Mary the time which intervened before Dr. Rand made his re-appearance was passed in dreadful suspense. He was one of those cautious practitioners who seldom hazard an opinion, clever enough in his profession, dry in his manner, slightly sarcastic, but a kind-hearted man withal.

The heiress could not speak when she beheld him. The words, "Is there hope?" remained frozen on her lips.

"My dear young lady," said the surgeon, at the same time taking her by the hand, "be calm. I have quitted the apartment of my patient for a few minutes, to request that you will not enter it again—that is for the present. Sir Edward is—"

"Dead!" sobbed our heroine, distractedly, "and I—I have been the cause!"

"Asleep, I am happy to say," answered Dr. Rand; "unfortunately, the hæmorrhage has been very considerable. Had I been upon the spot—but it is useless to regret that now. Guthrie, Mr. Moreland tells me, has been sent for."

"Yes—that is, I believe so."

"If any man can save his life, he can; at the present moment nothing more can be done—repose will be of more service than my skill. When he awakes, if you promise to restrain your feelings, perhaps you may be permitted to see him again."

"When he awakes?" repeated Beatrix. "Will he awake?"

"Most certainly."

"And you have not deceived me through a cruel mistaken kindness—have not robbed me of his last blessing."

"Miss Challoner," replied the gentleman, "I am a father, and know too well what is due to the most sacred affections, to trifle with yours: that there is considerable danger I will not conceal from you, but I am not altogether without hope. I was agreeably surprised by the fortitude with which my patient bears up; he almost smiled when I applied the probe."

The cousins shuddered.

"What my dear father must have suffered!" observed Beatrix.

Despite their intreaties to be admitted into the chamber, where they promised not to utter a word—nay, scarcely to draw a breath—the man of science continued inexorable. The conversation which had already taken place between Sir Edward and his daughter, the emotion which it occasioned, he asserted had already produced an unfavorable effect; its renewal would render certain the danger which was only too imminent already. They were compelled to submit, and in the adjoining chamber passed in prayer the hours till morning.

If sorrow had taken up its abode at the Moat, rage, terror, and disappointment reigned at Vavas-

seur Manor, which every guest had quitted on hearing the result of the duel between Cuthbert and the baronet. The family were assembled in the library, where the discovery had taken place; the lady of the house still in her costume as Mrs. Primrose, and her daughter as Cupid; the rector and his son were seated opposite each other.

"Unfortunate—most unfortunate affair!" muttered the former.

"Which affair?" fiercely demanded his wife. "The discovery of the deeds which, in all probability, peril our possession of the estate, or the death of that meddling old fool Challoner?"

"Both," replied her husband. "You see how our friends desert us; not one, after all the trouble and expense we have been at, remains to offer the least sympathy."

"I require none," observed Mrs. Vavasour; "Cuthbert has already given me the only consolation I desire."

"Which may cost him his life," said her husband. "Whose life?" inquired the vindictive woman, not perfectly comprehending which he alluded to—Sir Edward Challoner or her son.

"Cuthbert's life," answered the Reverend Richard Vavasour.

"For a duel!" exclaimed the young man; "pah!"

"Silence, sir," said his father, sternly. "I was not the only person who saw your groom place the lantern in a line with your antagonist as soon as he had taken his ground. Charles Mastermann saw him as well. I repeat it—if your victim dies, you will both be tried and perhaps hanged for murder."

Cuthbert Vavasour turned fearfully pale on hearing that the cowardly, murderous act by which he had made sure of killing his antagonist had been witnessed by more than the speaker. It was not the exposure he feared, but the danger; for however weak and imperfect the laws of England against duelling, they are relentless in their severity where deliberate assassination is concerned.

"What had I better do?" he said. "Lary will never keep it a secret that he acted by my direction."

"Never," said his father.

"Go on to the continent for a few weeks," replied his mother, who, even in presence of the danger which threatened her son, could not repress the fiendish satisfaction she felt at the death of her enemy, as she thought proper to consider the baronet.

"And why not to Cambridge," asked the rector, who recoiled at the idea of exposing his hopeful son and heir to the temptations and extravagances of Paris, "since the only motive is to remove him from the neighborhood for a time?"

But Cuthbert had many reasons for not returning to his Alma Mater—reasons which he had hitherto succeeded in concealing from the knowledge of his father.

"It would be as well," observed Margaret, for the first time breaking silence, "if we were all to quit the neighborhood for a time, after the exposure—the ridiculous, mortifying exposure—which has taken place. I, for one, should be glad to turn my back to Harleyford. Cupid and Mrs. Primrose," she added, turning to her mother, "will be the jest of every tea-table."

"I am thinking of your brother," answered Mrs. Vavasour, "and have no time to consider such trifles as the opinions of the bores of Harleyford. They will forget the affair in a month."

"Wrong," said her daughter, drily; "a ridicule is remembered years after a crime is forgotten, and it really is unjust that I should be compelled to share it. I warned you all along that Beatrix was only playing with your incredulity and Cuthbert's egregious vanity. I knew that she detested him. But my opinions were all attributed to envy, jealousy, and heaven knows what else beside."

Her brother was about to reply to these galling truths with his usual violence, when their mother, exerting her authority wisely for once, silenced both by observing that the moment of danger was not the fitting one to select for family dissension and quarrelling. With the logic peculiar to wives, she speedily convinced the rector that the continent was the best place for Cuthbert to retire to—in fact, that it would give a sort of *éclat* to the whole affair; and added that a young man's reputation in the fashionable world never suffered from a duel.

Her husband was silenced, but not convinced. Of course it was arranged that the groom should accompany his young master. To do the poor lad justice, he had acted in perfect ignorance of the consequences, and obeyed Cuthbert's direction as he would have done any other he had given him; his terror at the result may therefore be well imagined.

It was so nearly daylight before the plans of the speakers were finally arranged, that Cuthbert, whose

anxiety to start was only equalled by that of the groom, did not retire to rest; at a very early hour he quitted the Manor House, with the intention of driving over to Ipswich and catching the first train for London.

As the vehicle drove through the lodge gates, the village constable and two of his assistants seized the spirited animal by the rein, and in the Queen's name commanded Cuthbert to stop.

The groom trembled in every limb.

"Can't," said the young ruffian, at the same time aiming a violent blow with the butt-end of his whip at the speaker, who instantly relaxed his hold, and the horse started down the road at a pace which rendered it impossible for them to overtake him.

Cuthbert Vavasour had driven several miles before he discovered that he was alone. The fact was, that just as he succeeded in releasing his rein from the grasp of the village constable, the two men who accompanied him had seized on the person of the groom, who occupied the back of the dog-cart; the movement of the vehicle left him in their hands.

"Clean off!" muttered the constable, at the same time rubbing his head; "queer times for Harleyford," he added, "when a Vavasour is to be taken up for murdering a Challoner."

"It be enough," observed an elderly man, who acted as one of the speaker's assistants, "to unsettle the place for fifty years, or may be a hundred to come. There be those in the old churchyard that could not rest in their graves if they knew it."

"Be it certain," asked the second man, who still retained Lary the groom in his grasp, "that Squire Ned be dead!"

We need scarcely remind our readers that this was the name by which the eccentric and benevolent owner of the Moat was most generally designated in the neighborhood.

"Dead enough by this time," answered the constable. "It be a bad case, when old Rand can't do any good. They ha sent to Lunnon for one of their great doctors, I hear. But it was more for form than anythink else, loik."

The prisoner, on hearing this, uttered a deep groan.

"Groan away," said the man who held him in his vice-like gripe; "but thee mun be a 'cutter lad than I take thee for if thee can't groan theeelf out of this scrape; there be one consolation for thee."

"And what be that?" demanded the boy, in a doleful tone.

"All Harleyford will go to see thee hanged," replied the constable; "what harm had Sir Edward ever done to thee that thee shouldst help that young scapegrace—who has yet to pay me for the hard knock on the head he gave me—to murder him?"

"I did not help him!"

"That be a lie; young Squire Masterman saw thee place the lantern."

"And if he did; my master told me to place it," exclaimed the lad. "What did I know about duels and murdering people? I ain't no gentleman."

His captors mentally agreed that there was some truth in what he urged, but as it was not their province to decide, all they could do was to lock him up in the cage till the time arrived for taking him before the magistrates.

"And let us make haste about it, observed the constable, "for if one of the folk of Harleyford are astir, and learn what has happened, ten to one but they tear the cage down, and take justice into their own hands, for never was a gentleman more beloved by rich and poor, high or low, than Squire Ned."

On hearing this prediction of an event which was by no means unlikely to occur, the prisoner felt as anxious to obtain the shelter of the cage as the speaker and his assistants were to rid themselves of the responsibility of their charge; he accompanied them, not only without resistance, but with alacrity, to the village; and drew his breath more freely when the massive doors of the lock-up-house, or cage, were closed upon him.

"Ah!" said the groom, bitterly; "this be the way of the world. Master Cuthbert, who got I into this scrape, be at liberty, and I locked up, the rich rogue and poor one. I be safe enough here, anyhow. Magistrates will see I wor not to blame, for it shall all out."

Not many minutes after the speaker had congratulated himself upon his safety, a low murmur, like the hum of voices was heard in the street. The prisoner placed his ear to the key hole to listen.

The noise appeared to increase.

CHAPTER L.

All offences come from the heart.—SHAKESPEARE.

BEFORE Sir Edward Challoner would consent to submit himself to the skilful Dr. Guthrie, who reached the Moat at the same time as the banker, he

insisted upon seeing the latter personage and arranging for the safety of the papers, the possession of which had cost him so dear. Lord Ouselton, Frank Moreland, and his father, who had remained all night at the house, were summoned to the chamber of the wounded man, and at his request affixed their seals to the packet which, according to the superscription in the hand-writing of the late Geoffrey Vavasour, was to be opened only by his son Charles, in the event of whose death, the testator directed that it should be destroyed.

With it the baronet deposited the statement of Mr. Beacham and his servant, together with the letter written by Jack Curlin, giving an account of their arrest and condemnation to Siberia, a sufficient proof, in the event of the rector attempting by legal proceedings to obtain the will, that the statement made by the Russian police of our hero's having been drowned in the Neva was a false one.

The banker having bound himself not to give up the deposit so sacredly confided to his charge, to any but Charles Vavasour, took leave, and returned to town by the next train.

A smile of satisfaction at having performed his duty to his absent favorite, replaced the expression of pain upon the features of the sufferer who, but for his child's sake, could have encountered death without a pang of regret. He had lived too long, and too well, to feel any unmanly terrors at the prospect of the grave.

"Now, then," he murmured, "I am prepared for whatever may be necessary."

When Guthrie and Dr. Rand entered the room, he extended his hand to the former, and fixing his eyes firmly upon him, asked him if he was a father.

"I understand you," replied the eminent practitioner, "and, believe me, need not that incentive to all that my professional skill"—

"It is not that," observed the baronet, interrupting him; "If my girl is to be left an orphan, it is her father who must prepare her for the blow; the intelligence from any other lips might destroy her. Now do you comprehend me. For myself I have no childish fears; my days are in the hands of Him who measures their length in His mercy. 'Promise me.'"

"I do promise you, faithfully," answered the man of science, who was struck by the firmness of his patient. "Painful as the duty will be, it shall be performed."

Sir Edward warmly expressed his thanks.

All quitted the apartment except the surgeons, who remained with the wounded man upwards of an hour. To Beatrix and her cousin it appeared an age, for affection counts each moment of suffering for those they love. It was in vain that Frank and his father urged them to take some repose, for they had been watching the night through in the chamber adjoining Sir Edward's. The heiress listened to their well meant entreaties as though something monstrous had been proposed.

"Repose!" she repeated with a ghastly smile, "and my dear father perhaps in his last agony."

What a relief it would have been to her could she have wept, but the intensity of her sorrow had dried the fountain of her tears; they were denied to her.

After a long interval of suspense, during which not a sound had been heard, a deep groan echoed from the apartment of the patient. Beatrix started to her feet, and remained transfixed as if the sound had changed her to a statue. Mary threw her arms around her, but the suffering daughter appeared as insensible to her sympathy as to her presence; no one ventured to speak.

The door opened at last and the two surgeons entered the room. The appearance of Dr. Guthrie seemed to restore the heiress to some degree of consciousness, her lips moved, but not a word fell from them. There was no mistaking the expression of her eyes, which demanded the answer her tongue refused to ask. They remained fixed upon him in all the mute eloquence of despair.

"I must insist, Miss Challoner," he said, advancing towards her and taking both her hands in his, "upon your retiring to rest."

A faint sound broke from the pale lips of Beatrix. "It will be a day or two else," he continued, deliberately weighing every word he uttered, "before I can permit you to see your father; the sight of your grief might retard his recovery, of which I am not without some hope."

Despite the cautious manner in which the intelligence was conveyed, the revulsion from despair to joy was so sudden, so unexpected, that it nearly upset the reason of our heroine. In the first transport of her gratitude she attempted to raise the hand of the speaker to her lips, then sank into the arms of Frank Moreland, murmuring the word, "Father."

The spell was broken; she felt as if a grasp of

iron had been suddenly removed from her brain and heart, and the long suppressed tears flowed freely. "Bless you, sir," exclaimed Mary Rivers, smiling through her grief, "bless you for your skill, humanity, and feeling. I trembled for the reason of my cousin, if not for her life."

The man of science mentally admitted that her fears had not been without some cause. By his directions Beatrix, who no longer resisted the wishes of her friends, was conveyed to her chamber, whilst Dr. Rand retired to the library to prepare her a composing draught. After having taken it, she slept for several hours, her cousin and Susan watching by her side.

"You have indeed relieved us from a state of most painful anxiety," observed the father of Frank Moreland, as soon as the gentlemen were left alone. "Sir Edward is so generally beloved, that his death would be regarded as a public misfortune by every family in the county, especially under such circumstances," added the speaker.

"Do not misconceive me," replied the party to whom this speech was addressed, "at present I dare only repeat the words I addressed to Miss Challoner: *There is hope.* The ball had lodged so near the spine that a line further must have proved fatal. Were Sir Edward twenty years younger, I might almost answer for his safety: the great danger from his advanced age arises from the probability of inflammation. Three days, however, will decide; if we succeed in avoiding it, the hope becomes a certainty. It was a fortunate circumstance," he added, "that so skilful a practitioner as Dr. Rand was on the spot."

"How think you," inquired Frank Moreland, "your patient will sustain the extracting of the bullet?"

"He *did* sustain it admirably," was the reply.

The speaker took from his pocket a small case of instruments, which he opened and displayed the ball; it had been slightly flattened on one side: this he explained by describing how it had struck against one of the ribs and broken it.

Whilst he was endeavoring to make them understand the course it had taken in traversing the body of the baronet, the butler, followed by Christie, entered the room. The features of the old groom bore the trace of sorrow and deep anxiety.

"How is my dear good master?" he said, fixing his eyes anxiously upon the surgeon; "is there any hope of his —?"

The faithful domestic's voice trembled so, he could not complete the sentence.

"*There is hope,*" answered Dr. Guthrie; "but everything depends upon quietude. Should anything occur to disturb, alarm, or irritate him, I tremble for the consequences; you had better give orders to the servants," he added, "to observe the greatest caution."

"Caution," repeated Christie, "if a housemaid ventures to whisper above a breath I'll wring her neck: as for the men, there is no fear of them."

"Is anything the matter?" demanded Lord Ouselton, who saw that Christie's companion appeared anxious to speak.

"A riot in the village, sir."

"Riot?" exclaimed the gentlemen.

"It appears there was some unfair play," added the butler, "in which Mr. Cuthbert's groom lent a helping hand."

"And the young rascal was bred in our own stables," ejaculated Christie, bitterly.

"He has been taken up by the constables and lodged in the cage," continued his fellow servant; "pry his master escaped. The inhabitants of Harleyford have assembled; they believe Sir Edward is either dead or dying, and they swear that they will tear the cage down stone by stone unless the prisoner is given up to them."

There was a whispered consultation amongst the gentlemen, two of whom were magistrates. Whilst it was taking place, Christie gently approached the table on which Dr. Guthrie had deposited his case of instruments and the bullet; the old man eyed the latter for an instant; then, unseen by any one, slyly slipped it into his pocket.

Mr. Moreland and the peer declared their intention of proceeding at once to the village, and putting an end to the disturbance by informing the people that, so far from the baronet being dead, there was great hope of his recovery. And Dr. Guthrie offered to accompany them.

Never since the roundheads passed through the village on their way to the Moat, and plundered its inhabitants, had such a scene of commotion been witnessed in Harleyford; the rumor of the supposed death of their landlord and benefactor had excited the small farmers and laborers in the highest de-

gree, and to mend matters their wives and daughters urged them on.

"Who will be the poor man's friend now?" demanded one.

"The Vasseurs will have it all their own way," cried another.

Even the boys of the parish school had broken bounds, and joined in the cry. The lads had a grateful recollection of the Christmas dinner of beef and pudding which Sir Edward annually regaled them with; perhaps, too, they remembered the long tedious homilies, which the rector was in the habit of pronouncing when he catechized them; if so, it did not lessen their inclination for mischief.

The cage of Harleyford was one of those round buildings which fifty years ago were common in the rustic districts of England, and, very fortunately for the prisoner, was of stone, or the angry mob, who insisted on taking the law into their own hands, in all probability would have burnt it down.

The constable, who, to impress upon the people a fitting idea of his authority and the inviolability of his office, had mounted his cocked hat and beadle's gown, stood with his staff in his hand before the door. Despite the menaces of the crowd, he resolutely refused to give up the key; the prisoner, he said, was in his charge, and, come what would, he must do his duty.

A hearty groan followed this declaration, and one or two stones were thrown by the school boys.

Although the village functionary had never read Machiavelli, he was impressed with the truth of one of that great writer's most important maxims, namely, that power once braved with impunity approaches its fall. Darting into the crowd, he seized one of the offenders, and commenced belaboring him vigorously with his staff.

There was a general cry to the rescue, and the missiles fell thickly; one of them knocked off the venerated hat, whose appearance merely, in the churchyard or on the village green, had hitherto been sufficient to disperse the boys and idlers. The great man fell.

"The key!" shouted the women.

More than one sacrilegious hand was laid on the august person of the functionary, who in his double capacity of constable and beadle had hitherto considered himself inviolable. His assistants fled; they had no dignity to maintain, and had had enough of the rough humor of the mob.

At this moment Lord Ouselton and Squire Moreland, accompanied by Dr. Guthrie, rode up to the spot. On the appearance of the magistrate and peer, whose persons were well known, the assailants drew back, with a feeling of involuntary respect, and the village Bumble, rising from the earth, called loudly to one of the boys to bring him his hat. Pressing it over his knit brows, he cast a look of defiance on the crowd, and like Richard the Third, felt that he was himself again.

"What is the meaning of this tumult?" mildly demanded Mr. Moreland.

A confused murmur arose, in which the names of Squire Ned and his murderer were the only words distinctly heard.

"My good friends," continued the magistrate, "you have been led into this serious breach of the laws by some mistake. Sir Edward Challoner is not dead."

The information was received with a loud shout of joy.

"And, I am happy to inform you, is not likely to die," added Lord Ouselton. "This gentleman has extracted the bullet, and, in all probability, saved his life."

A second cheer was given for the great London doctor.

"My lord," whispered the beadle, "had you not better send for the military from Ipswich?"

"The military be hanged!" replied the peer, hastily. We believe "hanged" was the word. "Rely upon it," he resumed, addressing himself once more to the crowd, "that justice shall be done. Your riotous conduct can only tend to defeat it. Think how Sir Edward Challoner would grieve were he to find that his name had been made a pretext for conduct unworthy of Englishmen. Retire to your homes, and this outbreak may, perhaps, be looked over."

There was so much good sense in what his lordship urged, that the more respectable portion of the mob at once complied with his advice, and in a very few minutes the women, who, with the curiosity natural to their sex, resolved to see the last of the affray, the school boys and a few idlers were the only persons that remained.

"Where is your prisoner?" inquired Mr. Moreland.

"In the cage," answered the constable, with an

air of satisfaction. "I told him that I would protect him as long as I could; that they should not hang him before his time."

"You have performed your duty admirably," observed the gentleman.

He gave a half military salute by touching his cocked hat.

On the magistrates expressing their wish to see the lad, the door was opened by the constable, and rolled back heavily upon its rusty hinges—for in justice to the morals and general peaceful conduct of the people of Harleyford, we must state that the cage was very seldom used. He started and turned pale.

The unfortunate lad, terrified out of his wits by the threats of the mob, had hanged himself.

Lord Ouselton and his brother magistrate assisted to cut him down. It was too late.

"He is dead," said their companion. "The vertebrae is completely dislocated."

When the news spread through the village that the groom had destroyed himself in his fright, the reaction was as great in his favor as the feeling against him had previously been violent.

"Poor fellow," observed one; "most probably he only did as his master told him."

The indignation against the family at the Manor-house became stronger than ever. Some even went so far as to propose that they should burn the place down; but the hour for violence was past.

The only expression of public opinion which took place, occurred on the following Sunday, when the Rev. Richard Vasseur mounted the pulpit to preach the sermon. His curate having read the prayers, the greater portion of the congregation rose from their seats and left the church.

It was some time before he ventured to preach again; and till the storm of popular indignation blew over, he, his wife, and Margaret started for the metropolis.

Great as was the annoyance which attended these events, one circumstance afforded unmitigated satisfaction to the rector's lady, the suicide of the unfortunate groom; and the certainty that Sir Edward Challoner would recover from his wound, prevented all danger of legal proceedings against her son, whom she directed to quit Paris and join the family in London, to consult on future proceedings.

All idea of Cuthbert entering the church, to the great satisfaction of that very amiable young gentleman was at an end, and after much consideration it was decided that he should transfer his talents to the army. In less than a month a commission was purchased for him in the — Regiment, stationed at Malta—the hopeful youth selected it on purpose; for the debts he had contracted at Cambridge were enormous. His own vanity and that of his mother were alike gratified by the change in his destination; the latter declared that he looked magnificently in his regimentals, whilst his sister, with her usual bitterness, declared that they only made him more conceited than ever.

Although the life of the father of Beatrix was spared, it was several weeks before the surgeon would hear of his quitting his room. To a man of his activity both of body and mind, the confinement must have proved intolerable but for the affectionate attention of his daughter and niece. They scarcely ever left him. The danger to one so dear to them had cast a gloom over the spirits of both the cousins, and had not been without a beneficial effect upon their characters, for sorrow is a wholesome monitor. Frank Moreland found the benefit of its lessons. Mary was not half so capricious and unreasonable.

On one occasion, when he expressed his delight to the baronet at the change, the old man observed, with a smile, "that girls were like flowers; tears renew the freshness of the heart which the world's flatteries have dimmed. 'Now is the time,' he added, 'to bring the capricious beauty to reason. Press your suit earnestly, and she will not refuse you.'"

"You are right," observed the young man. "My father is most anxious that I should marry. I need not say that he approves my choice, and if you will only promise to back my suit—"

"Your ally till the end of the war," replied the old gentleman, good humoredly; or in other words, till you are married, after which I can only observe an armed neutrality."

That same day, when the lovers and Beatrix were assembled in the apartment of the invalid, the speaker requested Mary to fetch him a book, which he named, from the library. The unsuspecting girl quitted the room with alacrity, and Frank followed.

"O papa! plotting so soon," exclaimed his daughter, who instantly comprehended his design.

"Neither you nor your cousin can object to an air of your own composition," answered the baronet; "I have only given Frank an occasion."

Nearly an hour elapsed before the lovers returned. When they made their appearance, Miss Rivers was all blushes, and the countenance of her companion radiant with happiness.

"Did you find the volume?" inquired Sir Edward, archly.

"My dear, dear uncle," murmured the young lady, who felt terribly confused, "the fact is, that I—"

"Forgot it, eh? quite natural at your age."

"It is all Frank's fault," added Mary, poutingly.

"No doubt," said her relative, gravely; "shall I scold him for you?"

"Rather say congratulate me, my dear sir," replied Frank Moreland, "for at this moment I am the happiest man in the world. Your charming niece has at last authorized me to apply to her guardians for their consent to our union, and—"

"I'll promise you the assent of one of them before you ask it," observed the uncle of the lady, "and his blessing as well. You shall be married at the Moat. I will write to my sister, and—"

Mary's confusion would not permit her to remain any longer in the room—she bounded from it like a startled fawn, and was instantly followed by her cousin, who felt impatient to congratulate her on her approaching happiness.

"I—I really feel very angry with Frank," murmured the court beauty, as soon as they were both seated in the sanctuary of the heiress's boudoir.

"Angry!" repeated Beatrix.

"Yes. He has taken me by surprise, and extorted from me I don't know what dreadful promise."

"He did not surprise your heart, Mary," said her cousin, "however he may have won your promise. The time for coquetting is past," she added in a serious tone; "if ever a man loved devotedly, tenderly, Frank is that man. I feel convinced he will make you happy."

"It is all Sir Edward's doing," added her cousin, poutingly. "And what will mamma think, when I assured her the day before I left town that I detested Frank,—that our quarrel was final?"

"My aunt comprehends too well, what her dear, wayward girl's detestation of her lover, and final quarrel with him means," observed Beatrix, "to feel surprised at the intelligence."

"An epigram," exclaimed Mary.

"Say rather an experience," replied the heiress, laughingly. "What," she added, "dissimulating not only with me, but with your own heart! I know that you cannot regret having spoken the words which set the seal upon your happiness!"

"I do not," said Mary, frankly, and at the same time blushing deeply; "recollect that the confession is entirely *entre nous*. Men are so apt to presume," she added, "when once we let them perceive the hold they possess on our affections. Not that dear, poor Frank, I mean, is the vainest of his sex."

"Now you speak like the sensible, warm-hearted girl I ever thought you," replied the heiress, at the same time kissing her. "Let us see, the settlements will take ten days, perhaps a fortnight, to draw up. When is it to take place? In three weeks? You may as well make a clean confession of it at once."

Miss Rivers murmured something about Frank having extorted a promise for that day month, adding with that graceful coquetry which so well became her, that she was obliged to say "Yes," to get rid of him.

And on that day month there were great rejoicings at the Moat. The maid of honor kept her word. The marriage was celebrated in the old English fashion. Frank Moreland, attended by a large party of his friends and father's tenantry, escorted the carriage of his bride from the residence of her uncle to the village church, which was profusely decorated with flowers and evergreens on the occasion. An ox was roasted whole in the park; there were fireworks and a ball in the evening.

Sir Edward Challoner acted nobly on the occasion. He not only presented his niece with her *trousseau*, but with the full consent of Beatrix, who loved him, if possible, the better for his generosity to her cousin, added twenty thousand pounds to her fortune.

A loud cheer saluted the bride and bridegroom as they started from the Moat on their wedding tour.

"It will be your turn next, Tricksey," whispered her father, as she turned from the door of the carriage, after bidding her cousin farewell. "Let me only live to see that day, and heaven will have granted me all my heart desires."

"You never will see it," murmured the heiress, sadly.

"What!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "doubting again? *I shall live to see it! I will live to see it!* and the wedding shall be a fête for chroniclers to talk of. Heaven tries the heart," he added, "before it rewards it."

Beatrix raised her eyes to the animated countenance of her parent, and smiled through her tears.

CHAPTER LI

"Fortune's an under power, that is herself
Commanded by desert. 'Tis a mere vainness
Of our credulity to give her more
Of her due attribute, which is but servant
To an heroic spirit.—NABU."

It is now time that we return to the exiles, whose fortunes and sufferings we trust are by no means matters of indifference to our readers, for it is in the nature of humanity to sympathize with wrongs endured with fortitude and patience.

The long dreary Siberian winter began at last to give signs of drawing toward a close; the snow felt less crisp beneath the feet, thunder storms were more frequent, and the war of elements, so magnificent in the frozen regions of the north, heralded the change which might shortly be expected.

To the hunters the season had proved a most prolific one: thanks to Jack Curlin's traps, even the avarice of the governor of Cheritz Khan had been satisfied, and a considerable quantity of skins remained to be sold to the traders, who were daily expected, on their own account.

The success, however, was but a secondary consideration compared with the desire which the friend experienced to avenge the death of Oscar: scarcely a day was permitted to pass without their pushing their excursion into the interior of the country—hitherto without result; all trace of Ishmael had vanished.

The hound, which had recovered from its wound, was the constant companion of their wanderings. The sagacious brute, whenever he came upon the track of some wandering sportsman, would follow the scent with a low whine, and howl most piteously, when after the chase of perhaps half a day, the trail was either broken or led to the discovery that it had been made by a stranger, whom it appeared perfectly to comprehend was not the prey it sought.

At such times Julian would pat the animal on the head, and exclaim—

"Patience, Urick, patience! better fortune another time."

Although these excursions ended in disappointment, they were not altogether useless, for they not only made the exiles acquainted with the country, but braced their nerves and muscles, inured them to toil, and prepared them, like the Israelites of old, who sojourned forty years in the desert, for the perils and hardships which awaited them, should they ever attempt to execute their project of escaping from Siberia.

In one of his wanderings, Julian had discovered a species of grotto formed by some convulsion of nature, in the side of one of those isolated granite rocks, which rise like solitary sentinels in the vast steep on the left bank of the Obi. The recess was profound, and that was better for his purpose, not only perfectly dry, but difficult of access. He had passed the spot a hundred times without observing it, on account of the low stunted fir, which grew on a clump before the entrance. Had he designed the place himself, it could not better have answered the purpose for which he required it.

During the long winter evenings the Pole had constructed, with no other tool than his axe, a sledge large enough, not only to convey four persons, but a considerable stock of provisions, and everything necessary for their flight. This, with infinite labor and patience, he had conveyed, piece by piece, to the newly discovered grotto, which he visited daily, always taking something with him to add to the stores.

Henri and Charles wondered at his perseverance, especially when they reflected on the oath he had taken, not to attempt to regain his liberty till the death of Oscar Troubetskoi was avenged.

"It will be kept," he replied, when they reminded him of it, "in time for our escape;" then, with renewed energy, he would apply himself to his toil, and an hour or more frequently elapsed before he spoke to them again.

By the assistance of the Tartar boy whom Sarah had employed to convey her warning letter to the friends, Julian contrived once a-week, at least, to obtain an interview with the Jewess, who imparted to him, however, no intelligence of Ishmael. If her grandfather and the rest of the family knew

where the assassin was concealed, they guarded the secret so carefully from her that, with all her tact, she found it impossible to obtain the slightest clue. One thing she was convinced of—that he had not quitted the country; for the illicit distillation of corn brandy was continued as usual, which, without his assistance, would have been difficult if not impossible. The ex-banker was too old to undertake the labor, and the sons too closely watched by Marlovitch, the superintendent of the district, whose suspicions, it appeared, had been awakened from the falling off of the revenue.

The Pole, as in the progress of the tale our readers have doubtless observed, possessed a highly religious and enthusiastic temperament. Neither the admiration which he had long felt for Sarah, nor the desire he experienced to revenge the death of Oscar, were the sole motives of these meetings. He longed to convert her from the errors of her faith—to lead her to that fold to which the race of Israel, with few exceptions, have hitherto been strangers: a soul was to be redeemed, and the task appeared worthy of his energies.

Sarah had tried to believe: enthusiasm had rendered the tongue of her instructor eloquent. But although her heart was willing to be convinced, her reason remained as incredulous as ever. The impressions of her youth were too deeply rooted, and the consciousness of the passion which she secretly entertained for Julian, rendered her doubtful of herself; added to which, to one of her proud and generous nature, there appeared something weak and cowardly in abandoning the faith of her fathers for the religion of those whom she had been taught to believe, and in too many instances known, to be the persecutors of her race.

Affairs were in this position when several of the long-expected traders arrived at the station, amongst others, one of her own nation, named Isaac Baltar, who was lodged in the cabin of her grandfather. His predecessor, the old rabbi, who under the pretence of trade, used every year to visit the exiles of his nation, was dead.

From the respect with which he was received, she understood at once that the stranger was invested with the sacred office, and came to supply his place.

We before observed the extreme jealousy with which the Russian government watches over the religion of its subjects. Catholicism, Lutheranism, Paganism are all tolerated; but no state provision is made for any but the orthodox Greek Church. Woe to the Christian priest who presumes to convert a follower of Mahomet to any but the national faith. The mines or Siberia are sure to be his doom if discovered. In its bigotry no care is taken for the spiritual consolation of the numerous victims of another creed; they may either live or die without its rites, unless the zeal of the ministers of their religion, as in the case of Isaac Baltar, supplies the omission. He was one of those men who devote themselves zealously and fearlessly to the performance of their duty, and look upon life as a feather in the balance when weighed against it.

He held several long and serious conversations with Sarah on the subject of the passion which her grandfather, in common with the rest of his family, suspected her of entertaining for a Christian—a passion which he pronounced doubly sinful in a Hebrew maiden who was already betrothed.

"Betrothed!" repeated the poor desolate girl, "ay, to the grave rather than to Ishmael—whom I fear and hate."

The rabbi regarded her long and earnestly.

"The consent of the governor to your marriage," he observed, "has been obtained."

"But not mine," replied Sarah; "he is one whose hand is stained with blood, whose heart is even more ignoble than his mind. His religion is but a mask. Who ever heard one generous sentiment fall from his lips?"

"The wishes of your family," urged the Hebrew.

"Say, rather, their fears," answered the maiden. "Ishmael possesses some power over them, the nature of which I cannot divine—it is the bond of guilt, not love, which exists between them; and to conceal it they would offer me a sacrifice. Never! never!" she added, firmly, "shall my lips pronounce the words that unite me to that man. Torture cannot wring them from me, or the fear of death extort them."

"You love another," coldly observed the rabbi.

Sarah colored deeply, but did not deny the accusation. Her heart was too truthful to consent to a lie.

"A Christian," added the speaker, sternly. "Woe! woe! to Israel, when her daughters turn apostate to the faith of their fathers."

"I am no apostate," answered the girl, recover-

ing from her confusion; "I shall die as I have lived, in the faith of my race."

"You admit your love for this Julian?" observed Baltar.

"I deny nothing, but the right to add to my misery," replied Sarah, "by condemning me to a fate more degrading than the mines—a slavery worse than Siberia; the same reason which enabled me to withstand the persuasive arguments of the man whom you suspect I love, when he assailed my faith, gives me strength to withstand your sophistry. Nature revolts at a union which the heart can never sanction. But why urge me upon this topic further?" she added, at the same time earnestly scanning the expression of the rabbi's countenance; "sure, he of whom you speak is either dead or far from here."

"True," said Isaac Baltar, rising from his seat and quitting the room to join her grandfather and his sons in the adjoining apartment; "it is useless to reason with you on the subject."

The Hebrew maiden was not deceived. She felt that her persecutor was near, that the danger so long foreseen menaced her, and she resolved to remind Julian of his promise to protect her against the tyranny of her family and the brutal passion of Ishmael.

"Should it fail me," she murmured, "I have but one resource, the grave."

With this resolution she hastily wrote a few lines to the Pole, and seeing the Tartar boy, her usual messenger, pass by the aperture in the wall, which served as a window to the rudely constructed cabin, she beckoned him to her.

The lad shook his head, to intimate that he could not come.

She called him gently by his name.

"It is of no use," he said, showing her at the same time a silver rouble; "master has given it me to watch you for an hour or two."

"But suppose you can earn five by disobeying him?" observed Sarah, whose terror augmented on discovering that she was treated as a prisoner.

"Five!" repeated the urchin with a grin.

His young mistress took from the pouch which she wore at her side the sum named, all she possessed in the world, and showed it to him on the palm of her hand.

"And you will give it me?"

"When you bring me the answer."

He intimated that she intended to deceive him.

"Did I ever do so?" she demanded; "come," she continued, perceiving that he still hesitated, "you shall have two now, and the rest on your return."

The temptation proved too great for the young savage to withstand. He eagerly took both the coins and the letter, then started off at a pace which promised the speedy delivery of the summons.

Day had nearly closed when he returned, and the family of the ex-banker, together with their guest, were about to seat themselves at the evening meal.

The old man chid him severely for his absence, and demanded where he had been?

"To the wood," answered the boy, boldly.

Sarah trembled; she imagined that she was betrayed by him.

"The wood," repeated Bight, suspiciously.

"Yes: one of the goats had strayed. It was not my fault that the door of the hut was left open."

This, to persons in their situation, was a serious loss, and his master eagerly inquired if he had succeeded in finding the animal.

"I found all that remained of her," replied the messenger—at the same time producing part of a broken tether, and the horns; "the wolves devoured the rest."

The maiden saw that he held at the same time in his hand one of the cones of the red pine-tree, which (it had been secretly arranged by herself and Julian) should serve as a token between them. She knew that her letter had been received, and her heart felt lightened of half its sorrow.

"Peace," said the rabbi, at the same time breaking a piece of bread, which he dipped into the salt and ate. "Let us give thanks unto the God of Israel."

This was followed by the accustomed prayer.

During the evening, when the Tartar youth returned to the cabin to attend the stove, for being sabbath no orthodox Jew would touch fire, Sarah gave him the rest of the promised recompense.

"God never sleeps," he whispered, as he pocketed the coin.

"What said the heathen?" demanded Reuben Bight, who overheard the words.

"It be part of my prayers," coolly answered the messenger.

The Hebrew spat upon the ground in disgust, at what he considered little better than blasphemy in a follower of Mahomet, presuming to pronounce the

name of the Most High. Sarah alone comprehended him. Julian had taught the boy the words.

The next day Charles and Henri de la Tour, at the request of the Pole, brought a number of skins to the house of the Jew, the real object of their visit was, if possible, to obtain a few words with his granddaughter. In this, however, they were doomed to disappointment; the old man admitted them no further than the first division of the cabin. As the guns and ammunition had long been paid for, they could make what terms they please, either for money or merchandise, in return for the furs.

The rabbi, who was seated near the stove, eyed them disdainfully, and demanded in Russian of his host which was the Nazarene.

"They are both Nazarenes," returned Reuben Bight, in the same language; "but not the one you allude to—one is a Frenchman, and the other English."

"Have they been long in Siberia?" added the questioner.

"Since the commencement of the winter," was the reply.

"Doubtless," observed Isaac Baltar, "the two men whom the police reported to have been drowned in the Neva, and respecting whom so many inquiries were made by the English merchant, Markham. Gold, much gold," he added, "might be made, were they not the enemies of our faith."

As our readers may suppose, the heart of Charles Vavasour bounded at the intelligence thus unexpectedly conveyed to him, every word of which he perfectly understood: he longed to question the speaker, but the contemptuous epithet of Nazarene, by which he had designated him, and the sinister glance which accompanied the words restrained him. Never had he felt so strongly inclined to break his long kept resolution of concealing his knowledge of Russian.

"You spoke of Mr. Markham," he said, addressing the rabbi in French.

Isaac shook his head.

He next tried him in German, but the man, although he perfectly comprehended both languages, chose to affect ignorance.

Our hero turned aside with a sigh of disappointment.

"Markham!" he repeated, after a few minutes' reflection, addressing himself to Reuben Bight: "I am sure your friend pronounced the name."

"The similarity of sounds deceived you," answered the old man, coldly. "He knows nothing of the man you name."

The skins were barked for a supply of ammunition, a considerable store of which they had gradually obtained, not only for their journey, but for a purpose, the secret of which will appear hereafter. The transaction ended, they took their leave, and hastened to join their companions, Julian and Alexis, who were waiting for them at the station.

"Well!" exclaimed the former, when they made their appearance; "what success?"

"Fortune is against us," observed Henri; "we could not obtain a glimpse of her—the old man was upon his guard."

"He shall find me equally prepared," replied the Pole, with a bitter smile. "But have you learned nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing, respecting Sarah," said our hero, "but much concerning ourselves." He then proceeded to relate the observations which Isaac Baltar had made in Russian.

"And saw you nothing?" added their friend.

Henri assured him that everything presented the same appearance as usual about the place.

"And the Tartar boy?"

The friends recollected that they had seen him busily occupied in repairing the sledge.

"That!" exclaimed Julian, "is more important than you imagine; it has given me the key to their project. Return to the wood, and if by nightfall I am not back, you know how to act."

"And you?" said Charles.

"I remain to watch."

With this understanding they separated.

As we before observed, the great object of the governor of Cheritz Khan was to amass, by every species of extortion, as much money as possible, in order to enable him, on his return to St. Petersburg, to pursue his career of advancement by bribery and corruption, the usual means employed in Russia by all official personages, where every step is bought. If a man is without a fortune, he generally looks out for a beautiful wife, whose assistance is sometimes as efficacious as money. We could name more than one great officer, in that semi-barbarous country, who owes his rank to the circumstance of his wife or sister having been fortunate enough to please the Czar or one of the grand dukes. These

degrading *liaisons* are regarded as honorable rather than otherwise by the women.

We remember a certain Countess Dombretski being pointed out to us in the *salon* of the Prussian minister, who, on being remonstrated with by her husband for extending her complaisance beyond the sacred circle of royalty, coolly threatened him with a journey to Siberia if he presumed to interfere with her *domestic arrangements*, adding, with exquisite philosophy, that so long as she attended to his interests he had no right to control her pleasures.

The gentleman took the hint; the logic and the threat were alike irresistible.

This is no overdrawn picture of Russian immorality, but a fact. Those who have resided any length of time in St. Petersburg could relate a dozen such anecdotes, some even more scandalous.

It was by the connivance of the governor that Ishmael had hitherto contrived to elude the vengeance of Alexis Troubetskoi and his friends. Immediately after the murder he had fled to Cheritz Khan, coolly related all that had passed, and offered a large sum to be removed to a distant station—a sacrifice which the illicit trade he had so long and successfully carried on enabled him to make.

A few days after the arrival of the rabbi, the Israelite presented himself once more before his protector. The eyes of the mercenary functionary glistened with expectation; he felt that more gold was to be earned.

"Are you mad?" he said, attempting to assume a severe tone. "Think you the vengeance of those whom you have outraged sleeps? You have broken the compact between us. Remember," he added, "that if your presence in the town is denounced to me, I must notice it."

"I only ask protection for three days," replied the assassin, "for which I am willing to pay one hundred roubles."

"A hundred roubles!" repeated the governor, disdainfully. "Do you come to insult me? You forget that I am the representative of the Czar. How preposterous to suppose that I would neglect my duty—for such a sum. I have too much honor and principle."

"You have nearly beggared me," observed his visitor.

The governor began to consider whether he could not, if such were really the case, obtain something from the Troubetskoi for bringing the speaker to justice. Ishmael, with his usual cunning, read what was passing in his mind, and quickly repaired the error by adding, "For the present."

"Justice can't afford to give any credit," said the great man; "and, even if it could, my term of office is too near an end to permit me to listen to such an arrangement. Three hundred roubles, silver ones, of course," he added—"is the least sum it would be consistent with my dignity to accept. But what the deuce makes you so anxious to pass three days at Cheritz Khan?"

"I would marry," replied the fugitive.

"Ah! I remember—the granddaughter of Reuben Bight."

"That permission has already been paid for," observed the Israelite.

"And you wish her to accompany you to your new abode?"

"Doubtless."

"That is a very different affair," exclaimed his excellency; "and, if I were not the very best tempered fellow in all Russia, I should send you to the mines for attempting to deceive me. Three hundred silver roubles for such a permission! Preposterous! Five—not a copeck less."

Ishmael hesitated; the sum was a large one.

He muttered something about four, to which the governor replied, that in a few minutes he should raise it to six.

"Five hundred be it," said the murderer, his love of money yielding to the passionate desire of accomplishing his union with Sarah; "but no impediment must be placed in the way of our departure."

"None, after the money is paid."

"Not even her resistance?" added Ishmael.

"I have nothing to do with that," answered his excellency; "our laws recognise the right of the husband, even in your unbelieving race. The money—," he continued, rubbing his hands with great satisfaction, for the affair was a very profitable one.

"Shall be counted down at the gate of the town to any one whom you may appoint to receive it."

With this assurance the governor was compelled to be content, for the speaker, in his turn, would listen to no other arrangement; he knew that, the sum once paid, the great man would care very little whether or not the conditions were fulfilled.

"Be it so," said the avaricious functionary. "For three days I guarantee your safety within the walls of Cheritz Khan; I permit your marriage with the granddaughter of Reuben Bight: but if, when I have kept my share of the compact, the roubles are not counted down, by the life of the Czar, I'll knout you first and send you to the mines afterwards."

"Agreed, excellency; I should expect no other." With these words the assassin of Oscar Troubetzkoi took his leave, satisfied that in three days Sarah, despite her aversion for him, would be his wife.

CHAPTER LII.

"O treacherous night!
Thou lend'st thy ready veil to every treason,
And teeming mischiefs thrive beneath thy shade!"
AARON HILL.

THE city of Cheritz Khan—in Russia they give very magnificent names to places which in more civilized countries would scarcely be honored by a notice on the maps—is little more than a long straggling village, with the Greek, or national, Church at one end, and the residence of the Governor at the other; public buildings, properly speaking, it can scarcely be said to possess—unless, indeed, the prison and a low wooden edifice, in which the traders in fur are occasionally lodged, be worthy of the appellation. As for the guard of Cossacks—about eighty in number—stationed at the place, they either quarter themselves without ceremony on the inhabitants, or lodge in the upper part of the town, flanking the only two entrances to the place, which is surrounded by walls of wood and stone, cemented together by the mud and slime collected in summer by the exiles on the banks of the Obi.

The chief entrance to the town, named after the Czar, Nicolai Thor, faced the north, and commanded a vast view over the desolate snow steep, whose undulating surface resembled a sea suddenly changed to marble, the edges caused by the drifting of the sand being as regular as though the plough had traced them. About fifty yards from the gates stood a clump of solitary pine-trees, the lower branches bent even to the earth by the weight of snow accumulated upon them.

The moon was shining with that intense brightness seen only in northern latitudes; so powerful was the light she gave that not a sable could have crossed the ground within shot without being perceived as distinctly as by daylight, when four men, clothed in sheepskin dresses and wearing the usual mask as a protection to the face, approached the spot we have attempted to describe, a fifth drove off with the sledge from which they had alighted, but speedily rejoined his companions after having concealed the vehicle in a hut at a short distance: he led a hound by a strong cord. The party consisted of our hero, Henri de la Tour, the Pole, and Alexis Troubetzkoi. All four were armed with their rifles—a precaution rendered necessary on account of the wolves.

"Here we are, at Cheritz Khan at last," observed the young Frenchman: "and, if the question be not indiscreet, may I ask why are we here?" This was addressed to Julian.

"The hour of vengeance has arrived," was the reply. "The innocent blood which has so long cried to Heaven for justice has been heard at last. Ishmael is within the walls."

The brother of the murdered Oscar examined the priming of his weapon with an air of determination which announced that he for one was resolved that this time the Jew should not escape the penalty due to his crimes.

"Patience," continued the speaker.

"Patience!" repeated the young man; "every moment that the murderer walks the earth is a reproach to me, each breath he draws a delay of justice. In the still hour of the night I see the eyes of his victim turned towards me, as if to ask for vengeance on his cowardly assassin. I cannot rest till it is fulfilled!"

"Fear not," observed the Pole, calmly; "the debt shall be paid in full. It is hard, I know, to preach patience when the heart is on fire and the brain maddened by the sense of injury, but precipitation would defeat our purpose. Ishmael has contrived to secure the protection of the governor of Cheritz Khan."

"By bribery, of course," said Charles Vasseur: "that man would sell his very soul for a handful of roubles!"

"And make no bad bargain either," exclaimed Henri, "considering the damaged condition of the article. How did you obtain the information?"

"By the same means as the assassin his protection," answered Julian: "for if the governor is

mercenary, his subordinates are even more corrupt. I possess the clue to the intentions of Ishmael, and, at the very moment of his triumph, will defeat them."

"But how are we to obtain entrance to the town," demanded Charles Vasseur, "without our presence being known. The gates are shut?"

"That, too, is arranged. The officer is bribed." By this time Jack Curlin had joined them with the hound. It was settled amongst the speakers that the faithful fellow should remain outside the gate, in order to be ready with the sledge in case of their being discovered, and an immediate flight rendered necessary. The difficulty was to provide a place of concealment for him, where he might remain for several hours without the risk of finding him on their return frozen to death.

After some search, a fissure was found in the wall of the town close to the gates, sufficiently large for Jack to squeeze himself into. It had been caused by the intense frost acting upon the mud, which served to bind the unhewn stones and timbers together, and was so near the gate and the solitary clump of trees we have described as to enable him to see everything that passed.

"Be careful," said our hero, who had insisted upon Jack's taking his own sheepskin cloak to assist in keeping him warm, "and on no account remove your mask."

"Never fear, Master Charley," replied the honest lad. "I have no wish to return to Harleyford without a name."

At the name of Harleyford his master sighed.

"If you feel your limbs cramped—or numbness spreading over them—or inclined to sleep," he added, "quit your hiding-place, and run as quickly as your legs will carry you to the sledge; remember," he added, "that half the pleasure of my return to England—if ever I escape—would be destroyed unless you accompanied me."

"Don't ee, Master Charley, don't ee speak so," replied Jack, at the same time raising his hand, which, in its sheepskin glove, resembled the paw of a huge bear, to his eyes to brush aside a tear, "this be a bad country to cry in. They do say at home that salt water won't freeze; let 'em come to *Rooshia* and try it."

Having seen the speaker as comfortable as under the circumstances it was possible to make him, the four friends marched boldly toward the gate of the town; on reaching which Julian uttered a shrill whistle—the signal agreed upon between himself and the officer he had bribed. The small wicket at the side was opened, and Jack saw them disappear with a secret foreboding that many dangers would have to be encountered before they met again.

"Well," he exclaimed, for since Charles Vasseur had reduced him—unless on very particular occasions, like the present—to act the part of a mute, he had contracted the habit of talking to himself when alone; "this be the strangest thing of all! What would they say at home could they see me scolded like a rat in a hole, built up in a *Rooshian* wall. By the time I get back Nat won't have much the better of me. He may know the tricks of Lunnon better than I do, but not more of the world."

It was enough that his master had told him they should return. How or when never troubled him. He placed implicit confidence in his word. The promise was the only thing which sustained him in the midst of the privations which he daily endured. The poor fellow had been about half an hour in his not very comfortable position, when he heard a kind of scratching noise just over his head, while he instinctively drew into his hiding place, wondering what it could possibly mean. Presently a rope was let down, and a few minutes afterward a man descended. The unknown passed so near that he could have touched him.

"It be no ghost at any rate," thought Jack, at the same time holding his breath; "they don't require ropes to climb by."

As the mysterious personage reached the ground, he muttered something which he thought sounded very much like an oath. In all probability he was not mistaken.

The man looked carefully round him as if to ascertain whether he was observed or not; and satisfied to all appearance with the scrutiny that such was not the case, walked leisurely towards the clump of trees.

Jack, who had ample time to observe his features, recognised the assassin Ishmael, and bitterly regretted that he was unarmed, or that the hound had not been left with him. As the Israelite had a brace of pistols in his belt, the lad thought it most prudent to remain where he was, but if discovered he resolved to sell his life dearly. With some

difficulty he contrived to draw the long clasp-knife from his pocket, the only weapon he possessed.

Once or twice he felt strongly tempted to cut the cord, which still dangled in front of his place of concealment.

Ishmael meanwhile began to dig at the root of the third pine-tree; and having with much labor, for the ground was as hard as stone, succeeded in making a hole of a considerable depth, he drew from his belt a leathern bag, which he dropped into it, and immediately began replacing the earth and snow, and terminated his labors by drawing his wolf-skin cap several times as lightly as possible over the latter, so as to prevent the appearance of its having been disturbed.

"That be a cunning trick," muttered Jack, "but I know one as cute. It beant always those who hide that find again."

After this observation, which sufficiently indicated his purpose, he carefully drew his head as far as possible into the hole, and held his breath, lest the murderer, whom he doubted not would return by the way he came, should perceive that his actions had been watched. Jack decidedly had far more presence of mind than when Sir Edward Challoner sent him to London to find out his young master. Not even his cousin Nat could have acted more prudently.

With that terrier-like patience for which he was distinguished, the lad remained for more than an hour after the Jew had returned and drawn the rope up after him in his place of concealment, scarcely venturing to breathe. At last he descended, and proceeded at once to ascertain what it was that the Jew had interred so carefully. By means of his clasp-knife he quickly removed the earth, and drew forth the bag. It was filled with silver roubles. There must have been a thousand, at the very least.

Doubtless they were Ishmael's share in the profits of the illicit trade which, with the assistance of the Bights, he had so long carried on.

"No bad night's work," thought Jack, as he coolly placed the treasure in his girdle. "I dare say the rascal stole them. May be, they'll help Master Charley and I back to England again."

The idea that there was anything wrong in appropriating them never entered his imagination. He considered everything legitimate spoil which was taken from a *Rooshian*.

It had been settled between him and his master that he should wait till daybreak for the return of the party, and in the event of their non-appearance to return with the sledge to the Cossack station in the wood alone.

Anxiously did the faithful fellow watch the break of morning. At every rustling of the wind he fancied that he heard the footstep of his master. In his anxiety for his safety, he delayed obeying the orders which had been given him; nor was it till the gates were opened by the guard that, with a heavy heart, he retraced his steps to the hut where he had concealed the vehicle. For the first time since his sojourn in Siberia, he felt how utterly dependent he was upon the intelligence of others to direct him.

Whilst he is driving over the frozen snow the eight or ten versts between Cheritz Khan and the station, we will follow the friends in their search after Ishmael.

No sooner had they entered the town than Julian, after paying the officer his stipulated bribe, took the lead, and was followed by his companions in silence; even the hound appeared to comprehend that the adventure they were engaged in was a dangerous one, for he never once gave tongue, or attempted to stray from their side. The sagacity of the animal was only equalled by his docility and fidelity.

After marching through the principal street, they turned to the small square in which the building appropriated to the use of traders, who at stated periods visited the district, was situated. As we before stated, it was a low, irregular edifice, intersected by long corridors and partitions, which divided it on either side, into separate chambers.

These partitions, which were of wood, did not extend quite to the roof; on the contrary, there was sufficient space to enable any one, provided he were sufficiently curious, and active enough, to climb them, to observe everything which passed in the adjoining apartment.

In order to enable our readers perfectly to comprehend the scene we are about to describe, it is necessary they should understand the locality.

On entering the building, they found a rough-looking Tartar, evidently, from the keys at his girdle, one of the officials of the place, waiting to receive them. At the sight of the Pole, his flat, unmeaning

countenance relaxed into a smile; and his little dark eyes twinkled with avarice and cunning.

Charles and Henri secretly wondered that their companion should place any reliance on the fidelity of such a being. Every feature in his hideous face bore the impress of deceit; and the savage but practised lessons taught him daily by his more civilized masters.

The Pole counted into his hand ten silver rubles. Poor fellow, the profits of his success in hunting the sable and wolf were nearly exhausted by the bribes he had been compelled to pay; for in Russia it is the only key to success; few difficulties that it will not solve.

The Tartar appeared dissatisfied, and muttered something about his having promised him twenty.

"When you have fulfilled your share of the agreement," answered the young man, "they shall be paid to the last copeck."

"Do you doubt me?" said the man.

Julian's only reply was to shrug his shoulders. His guide perfectly comprehended him, and taking up the lamp, which he had placed on the floor of the passage whilst receiving the money, once more continued his march.

He stopped at the end of the corridor which led to the most remote part of the building, and unlocked the door of a chamber which was in utter darkness, and pointed to the party to enter.

"Not a word," whispered the Pole to his companions; "the murderer is in the next room. Not a breath," he added, "till I give the signal."

Charles and Henri intimidated by a pressure of the hand that they understood him; whilst Alexis, to guard against accidents, seized the hound by the collar with his right hand, and placed the left over his mouth to prevent his barking.

With footsteps as noiseless as the approach of murder, they crept towards the partition which divided the two rooms, and placed their eyes to the interstices of the woodwork, which were sufficiently large to enable them to see what passed.

The room was lit by an iron cresset which hung by a chain of the same metal from the ceiling. Directly under it stood a table, on which were a book, a long piece of faded brocade, and a cup of platinum. Ishmael, with an air of impatience, was pacing up and down the floor with rapid strides, either to keep himself warm, or to while away the hour. At times he would pause and listen, mutter something to himself in a tone of disappointment, then resume his walk again.

Poor Alexis could scarcely control his fury when he beheld the cowardly assassin of his only brother. Nothing but the promise he had made his friend, who seemed to have taken the direction of the affair entirely in his own hands, restrained him from bursting through the panels, which were low, and at once satisfying his thirst of vengeance. Julian, on the contrary, appeared calm as the pause which precedes the outbreak of the tempest. There was a terrible resolution in his deep-set, thoughtful eye as he fixed it on the murderer, from whom, till the moment of action arrived, he never once removed it.

"At last," murmured Ishmael, as a sound of approaching footsteps was heard in the corridor, "the moment of my triumph is at hand."

With a smile of satisfaction, he unbarred the door of the chamber; in which every thing, by the connivance of the governor, had been arranged for his marriage: and where for the last three days he had remained concealed. Reuben Bight, followed by his two sons, who led Sarah between them, and the rabbi, entered the room. The expectant bridegroom carefully drew the heavy wooden bar after them.

At the sight of her persecutor, the Hebrew maiden comprehended in an instant the purpose for which she had been brought to Cheritz Khan, and her courage rose with her danger.

"Back!" she exclaimed, as the ruffian attempted to take her hand. "Living, I never will be yours. Father," she added, turning to the old man and clasping his arm as if for protection, "you have deceived me—dishonored your grey hairs by a lie, an odious lie. What have I done that you should condemn me to a fate like this. Spare me for the memory of her who bore me—the child who loved you!"

The ex-banker turned from her with an averted glance: his mind was made up for the sacrifice.

"Minister of the Most High!" continued the maiden, addressing the rabbi, "will you prostitute your sacred office by a sacrilege? I am an orphan; no parent to protect me. Be you that parent. Pity my agony—my despair; or, if the sentiments of human charity fail to touch your heart, think on His vengeance whose name you would profane."

Isaac Baltar looked towards Ishmael, as if it were for him to reply to this impassioned appeal.

"She is betrothed to me," said the Israelite.

"Against my will," answered Sarah. "Never have my lips pronounced the words of assent to a contract which my soul abhors."

"This is frenzy," continued the young man; "the result of her monstrous love for a vile Nazarene, who has already corrupted her heart, shaken her faith in the religion of her fathers. Heed her not; unless you would see another daughter of our race fall from the faith of Israel."

This was artfully put. The speaker well knew that by rousing the bigotry of the rabbi he would silence every other scruple in his breast.

"It is false!" exclaimed the girl. "I am a true daughter of Israel."

"Prove it," said Baltar, "by accepting the husband whom your family have chosen for you. Too often has the wolf desolated the fold of Judah. I will, if possible, save one victim from his fangs. Take her by the hand," he added, turning to Ishmael, and at the same time opening the book upon the table, "whilst in the name of the Most High I pronounce the words which knit the bond between you."

Ishmael sprang towards her, but, at the same instant, Sarah drew a long knife, which she wore concealed beneath her girdle.

"A step," she said, "and you clasp a corpse. I would rather trust to the mercy of Him whose name you profane than live the wife of a murderer. A step, and I render my soul to the Great Being who gave it!"

There was a degree of hesitation amongst the assistants at this extraordinary scene. The assassin alone appeared resolute.

"What!" he muttered, in a sneering tone; "are the men of Israel to be terrified by a threat which she dares not execute? Remember your promise," he added, turning to Bight and his sons; "or must the bond be broken between us?"

One of Sarah's uncles, who had been standing somewhat behind the group, suddenly sprang forward, and wrested the weapon from the hand of his niece.

"God of Israel," she murmured in a despairing tone, "protect me!"

"You call in vain," exclaimed Ishmael, seizing her by the arm, and attempting to drag her towards the table. "His ear is deaf to the cry of the apostate. Call on the god of the Nazarene," he added, with a sneer, "or on your Christian minion."

"In a voice broken by agony the maiden pronounced the name of the Pole."

"Now push with all your strength," whispered Julian.

Charles, Henri, and Alexis Troubetskoi placed their shoulders against the partition. It fell with a loud crash, and they sprang into the apartment. The murderer saw that his project was defeated; and, with a look of deadly hate, levelled the pistol which he hastily drew from his girdle, at the heart of the woman he was about to outrage, and fired. His victim fell at his feet deluged in blood!

Before he could draw a second weapon, the fangs of the hound were buried in his throat; and he lay struggling with him on the floor, which was slippery with his own blood as well as that of Sarah.

The report of the pistol had evidently alarmed the guardians of the place. Cries were heard and the tramp of approaching footsteps. The countenance of Julian became almost sublime, as he placed his foot on the writhing form of the assassin and discharged the contents of his rifle in his chest.

All this passed so rapidly, that neither Reuben Bight nor his sons had time or presence of mind sufficient to interfere. The act of justice was no sooner accomplished, than the avenger turned coolly from the murderer, and knelt by the side of his expiring victim, who fervently pronounced his name.

The next instant the apartment was filled with the guard of Cossacks, and officials of the place; whose first care was to disengage Ishmael from the fangs of the hound.

"There, there!" muttered the Hebrew, pointing to the Pole, "there is my assassin!"

He raised himself with difficulty on his elbow, and glared with a look of deadly hate on Julian.

Henri, Charles, and Alexis were surrounded by the guard, and a message was despatched to inform the governor what had occurred.

"Too late!" murmured Julian, bending over the murdered girl.

Sarah looked up into his countenance, which bore the impress of grief and self-reproach, and a faint smile rested on her features.

"It is happiness," she replied, "to die with those we love so near us. I may confess it now; you will not scorn me, hate me, for my weakness. For two years the hopeless passion absorbed my

whole existence; I lived as those who live without hope. From the hour you saved me from the brutal lust of my destroyer, you were my destiny. Forgive me," she added, in a trembling voice, fearing that she had offended him by the frank avowal; "but I could not die with the secret on my heart."

"Forgive!" repeated the Pole, pressing her to his bosom; "do not wring me with a yet deeper agony. The love, Sarah, which you deem a crime, might have been a source of mutual happiness, had your faith been mine; for it was returned fondly, truly, passionately."

"You hear her," said Ishmael, whose wound was not immediately mortal, although it was impossible he could recover, for the ball had broken his spine.

This was addressed to the Rabbi, who began to suspect that he had acted an unworthy part in the attempt to force the maiden to a marriage which her soul abhorred, when he heard the Nazarene, as he styled the noble-hearted Julian, confirmed the assertion of the maiden that she had remained firm to the religion of her race.

"Pray for me," she said, "that I may receive a blessing out of Zion."

"Dost thou die in the faith of thy fathers?" he demanded.

"I die as I have lived," replied the girl; "a true daughter of Israel."

Isaac Baltar raised his arms and extended them over her.

"Then do I bless thee," he exclaimed, in a voice broken by emotion, "in the name of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. When thou hast passed through the valley of the shadow of death, may the smile of thy mother welcome thee; may her voice be heard as thou standest before the throne of the Most High—Thanks, Lord, the child thou gavest is with thee."

Sarah received his benediction with that profound sentiment of awe, which early education had impressed upon her for the ministers of her faith. The allusion to her mother, whom she had so dearly loved, filled her heart with inexpressible pleasure, and half reconciled her to the thought of quitting a world whose path to her had been beset with trials.

"Pray for me," she murmured.

The Rabbi immediately commenced the prayers suited to the occasion. It was one of those low monotonous chants, whose sounds had doubtless often echoed during the captivity of Israel, when the oppressed Jews assembled on the borders of the river, to worship their God in secret.

Before the last sigh fluttered on her lips, Sarah extended her hand to Reuben Bight, who stood like one suddenly stricken by some mighty calamity; for, despite the influence which Ishmael exercised over him, the old man loved his grandchild.

"Can you forgive me?" he faltered.

"As I hope to be forgiven," she replied, with a look of affection.

Unconsciously she repeated the great lesson which the divine lips of the Saviour first taught the world.

"We all need it," added the maiden; "and I would not quit the world with an unkind thought towards any one. I pardon even my murderer."

"Can such a soul be lost?" thought Julian, as he gazed upon her with admiration and sorrow.

At that moment he felt that the dicta of priests—the dogmas of faith, are impotent to pronounce on the limits of salvation; that Deity had never delegated its most awful attribute to human weakness. It was no longer the Christian but the man that mourned.

"There is a heaven for every creed," he whispered; "we shall meet again."

A glance of triumphant joy illuminated for an instant the features of the Hebrew girl; much that had been dark to her understanding in her own faith, became clear; love dispersed the mists which shrouded the future; her heart comprehended a heaven which promised to unite her eternally with those she loved.

"I am happy!" she replied, "death has lost its terrors."

It was evident that the poor girl was sinking fast; as her eyes were closing, the Pole pressed his lips to hers.

"The first and last kiss of love I shall ever know," he murmured in her ear.

The drooping lids were raised again for an instant; a look of unutterable affection thanked him, and the pure soul of Sarah took its flight, leaving a smile upon the still rosy portal, through which it winged its way to everlasting bliss.

With silent reverence her lover placed the body on the ground, and drew over her pale features the

long veil, which hung from the back of her glossy tresses; then knelt and prayed long and fervently by the side of the corpse.

Henri and our hero, who had been silent spectators of the scene, were about to remind him that it was time they should consult their safety by retreat, when the door of the apartment opened, and the governor of Cheritz Khan made his appearance, attended by several of his Cossack guard, and several officers.

"So!" he exclaimed; "murder has been committed; where is the culprit?"

Julian rose from his knees.

"Say rather an act of justice," replied the Pole firmly; "the man who fell by my hand was the assassin of Oscar Troubetskoi. Not content with shedding the blood of that innocent youth, he added a second deed of blood to his dark catalogue of crime, as Reuben Bight, this Rabbi, and all present can witness."

"And who made you his judge?" demanded the functionary, sharply.

"God!" said the Pole, in a solemn tone; "to whom all must answer for their deeds."

The great man declared that it must also be answered to him, and gave instant orders not only for Julian's arrest, but his three companions, and then commanded all present to quit the room. He had not received his bribe, and Ishmael evidently had not long to live.

Resistance was useless; and the four friends were led by the guard from the scene of death to the prison of the city.

CHAPTER LIII.

Revenge maintains her empire in the breast,
Though every other feeling freeze to rest;
And sooner may the crew-deserted bark,
When tempests wildly rage and nights are dark,
Admit a pilot, than may man obtain
Reason, when tossed upon the angry main.
H. TREYANION.

No sooner had Ishmael witnessed the death of Sarah, than the wild passion which had urged him to commit so many crimes, became extinct within his breast; he thought but little of his victim, every feeling of his heart was concentrated in the thirst of vengeance.

"Well," said the governor, with eagerness, "where is the sum you promised me?"

"Death pays all debts," was the reply.

"But not mine," observed the functionary furiously. "It is not my fault that your enemies surprised you like a wolf in your lair. Pay me," he added, with a menacing gesture, "or I will have the little that remains of life scourged out of you. Justice is not to be disappointed of her due."

At the word justice, the Israelite smiled scornfully.

"Besides," continued the speaker, in a philosophical tone, "you can't take the money with you."

The wounded man drew from his girdle a small leathern bag made of martin skin, containing the stipulated sum, and silently placed it in the hand of the governor, who counted it without uttering a word.

"Right," he said, as the last ruble dropped between his fingers.

"You are an honest man after all, and I begin to think an ill-used one."

"I would have vengeance!" replied the Jew, earnestly.

"Not on Alexis Troubetskoi," observed the functionary. "I am about to return to St. Petersburg, and the princess has still powerful friends there. Between ourselves, I believe the Empress herself pities, if she does not assist her, since I every year receive a packet for her, sealed with the seal of Berkendorf."

"Not on Alexis," muttered Ishmael; "his was not the hand that struck me."

"On the English exiles?" inquired his visitor.

"Nor on them."

"On whom, then?" demanded the governor, impatiently.

The dying man muttered the name of Julian.

"The pole!" exclaimed his excellency. "I'll sell you his life cheaply; he has no friends to interest themselves in his fate. Besides, he has committed a murder, and absented himself from his station without leave."

"The knout!" groaned Ishmael, "the knout!"

"Certainly," said the governor, "he deserves it; and the price!"

"All I possess," replied the murderer; "you shall be my heir."

He whispered in the ear of the unprincipled wretch who thus consented to prostitute his authority, and minister to his vengeance, a sum so large, that the avaricious functionary could scarcely believe

that he was serious; he could not comprehend how an exile could be the possessor of so much money. Certainly not by trading in furs.

"Are you serious?" he asked.

"Perfectly."

"And where and when am I to receive it?"

"You must first swear," said the Jew, "to keep faith with me."

The governor vowed by every saint in the Greek calendar, by the life of the Czar, and his honor, that he would keep his promise to the very letter.

"And I shall witness his execution?"

"Certainly."

Still Ishmael hesitated. The guarantee of an oath from such lips appeared but a feeble one to trust to, and even in death he clung to his gold. The desire of vengeance prevailed, however, at last, and he named the spot where he had concealed his treasure. Scarcely had the words passed his lips than he regretted them, and with devilish cunning added, "that it was but half his wealth."

"But half!" repeated the great man with a look of astonishment. "Why, how in the name of heaven have you obtained so much?"

"By industry," was the reply.

"And the other half? the place of its concealment?"

"Shall be made known to you when you have fulfilled your promise," replied the assassin.

This was a mere ruse; all that the villain possessed had been concealed by him in the bag buried at the foot of the fir tree, and removed by Jack Curlin. He chuckled secretly at the idea of disappointing the avaricious instrument of his hatred of a portion of the promised recompense.

"Better tell me at once," observed his excellency, in an insinuating tone; "consider, my good friend Ishmael, how frail is the thread of existence; you have not many hours to live. Should you go off suddenly without informing me, it would be a robbery, and you would never expect to be happy, dying with a debt of honor unpaid."

The Hebrew remained firm, and for the best of all possible reasons; he had nothing more to confess. His intention was, after the execution of Julian, to name a place so distant that his own fleeting life would have passed away before the governor discovered the trick he had put upon him.

"Were I on the brink of eternity," he said, "and the gates of paradise open to receive me, I should pause and turn back my eyes to earth for such a joy. I feel," he added, grinding his teeth, "that I cannot die whilst that man lives. Hasten, possess yourself of the first half of the inheritance I have promised you, and doubt not the rest."

His confederate took him at his word, and quitted the apartment, renewing his promise that, on his return, he would fulfil the terrible promise he had given of subjecting Julian to the torture of the knout.

Before quitting the place, he gave strict orders that everything which the skill of the surgeon could accomplish to prolong the life of Ishmael, should be done—every hour of his existence was of value to him. He then entered his carriage and drove to the city gate, calling on his way at the prison, to give the necessary orders. On entering the cell of the captives, even the cold, unimaginative heart of the governor was struck by the dignified manner of Julian, whose features were calm as those of the avenging angel after sheathing the sword with which he had punished crime. The Pole was perfectly aware of his danger—knew that it was no longer in his power to offer a bribe to his judge, the only key to whose compassion was gold. With his high sense of honor, he had given the last ruble he possessed to the Tartar, who guided him and his companions to the place of Ishmael's concealment. It was a promise, and he kept it religiously.

"So," said the great man, the momentary feeling of admiration quickly subsiding, "you have quitted the station assigned to you without permission."

"Even so," answered Julian, calmly.

"And taken the life of a fellow prisoner, who—"

"Say, rather, of a murderer, a double assassin," interrupted the exile, "whose hands were stained with the blood of Oscar Troubetskoi and Sarah the Jewess."

"And who authorized you to interfere with the course of justice?—if the man really committed the crimes you charge him with, it was your duty to have denounced him."

"To whom?"

"To me."

"This is a mockery, sir," exclaimed the prisoner. "You knew, as well as I did, of his presence at Cheritz Khan."

"Then are you doubly guilty," retorted the governor, with a scowl, "in shedding the blood of a man who was under my protection. If you imagine that

such an offence can pass unpunished, you will be quickly undeceived—my justice will be speedy!"

"Your justice!" repeated Julian; "the Jew must be richer than I imagined; or perhaps you are a partner in his illicit trade."

"What trade?" eagerly demanded the great man.

"I am here to suffer, not to denounce," answered the noble youth, with a look of resignation, for he remembered that Reuben Bight, the grandfather of Sarah, must be involved in his accusation, and badly as the old man had acted towards the defenceless girl, he could not endure the thought of denouncing him to the tender mercies of such a man.

The functionary considered that, since he was to inherit the proceeds of Ishmael's trade, it mattered but little whether it had been illicit or not.

"And you shall suffer," he exclaimed; "my justice shall not be trifled with; in three hours prepare for the punishment of the knout."

At the word knout, Charles Vavasour uttered a cry of horror, and threw his arms around his friend. The speaker looked surprised; it was evident that the Englishman understood him. Julian heard his doom with the serenity of mind arising from the soul's contempt of man's injustice, and confidence in that of heaven.

"You forget that I am noble," was the only remark he offered, "and even by your own laws, am exempt from such a degradation."

The speaker alluded to a ukase to that effect, issued by the Emperor Alexander, at the time he granted a constitution to unhappy Poland; but what cared the tyrant for laws or privileges? In his distant government he was even more despotic than the Czar at St. Petersburg. Public opinion, of which his master sometimes showed himself tenacious, could exercise no influence over him. The complaints of his victims could never reach the imperial throne; and if they did, ten to one but they would be disregarded.

He replied only, therefore, by a scornful laugh, and repeated that on his return, the judgment he had pronounced, should be carried into execution.

"Stay," said our hero, addressing him to his surprise in Russian, "I do not appeal to your humanity, but to your interests: our success in hunting the sable has furnished us with some money, take the last copek," he added, "but spare my friend."

He named a sum, all he and Henri possessed in the world; it fell far short, however, of the one the Jew had offered; the governor turned aside as if he had not heard it.

"Useless," observed Julian with a melancholy smile, "Ishmael has offered more; to succeed, you must outbid him."

Charles groaned with disappointment.

"Besides," added the speaker, "his excellency will find other means to wring from you the money you have so incautiously acknowledged the possession of."

The governor was perfectly aware of the power he possessed to do so, and resolved that it should be the price of the liberty of Henri and himself; without condescending to reply, he quitted the cell.

"Can such horrors be permitted," exclaimed Charles, "and Heaven's thunders sleep? The knout! Julian—friend—brother! Are there no means to avoid the agony—the shame of such an outrage?"

"None," was the firm reply; "had I even a weapon, religion would forbid me to turn its point against myself."

"But not against your tyrant," observed the young Frenchman. "By heavens, I never felt so tempted to strangle a fellow-creature in all my life. Fellow-creature," he repeated, "pah! he is a monster."

At this allusion to the governor the eyes of the Pole glistened. Charles suddenly remembered that he had a long sharp knife which he wore in the inner pocket of his sheepskin jacket; in thrusting his hand into his dress to feel for it, his fingers struck against the portrait of his mother, which by the assistance of Jack Curlin he continued to preserve. Our readers will remember that it was set with diamonds.

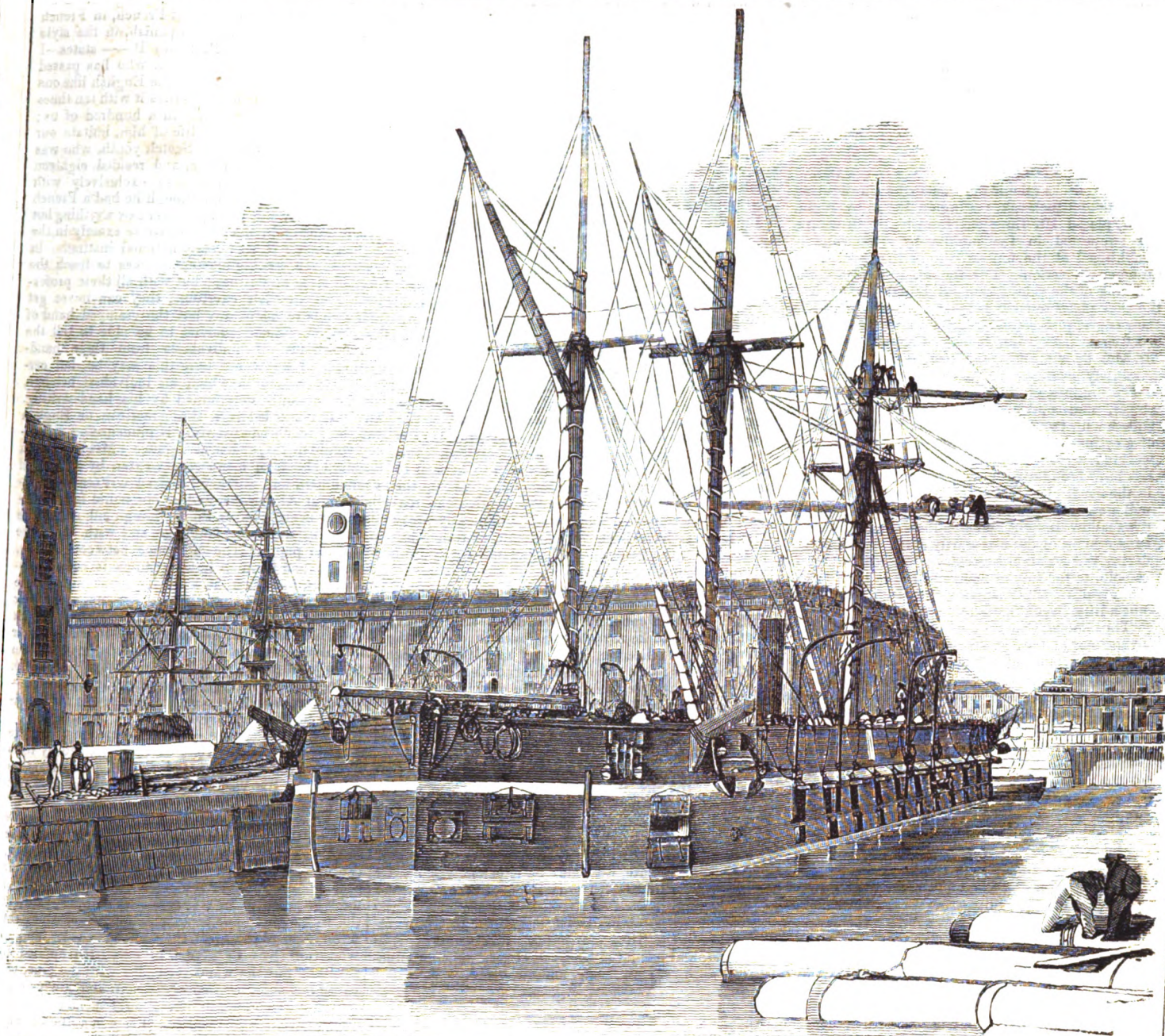
"Preserved!" he exclaimed, with a cry of joy. "I have the means to purchase the very soul of your cruel judge."

His companions regarded him with astonishment. "See here," he continued, producing the locket; "these gems—he will not refuse them, all I desire to retain is the far more precious ivory."

"And you would sacrifice them for me?" said Julian.

"And my life with them," replied our hero.

The Pole grasped his hand, and a smile of joy flushed his pale features, not so much at the chance the discovery gave him of escaping the infamous punishment of the knout, as at the triumph of human



ENGLISH STEAM FLOATING BATTERY "GLATTON."

friendship; it almost reconciled him to that humanity which he began to doubt.

His two friends seated themselves on a stone bench in their dungeon near the window, and with the point of Charles's knife began to extract the diamonds.

Jack Curlin's first thought on reaching the Cosack station in the wood, was for the release of his young master, whom he doubted not had fallen into the hands of the *Rooshians*. After revolving various projects in his mind, the idea at last struck him, that it would be advisable to consult the Princess Troubetskoi, who, like most ladies of high rank in Russia, spoke English. The resolution was no sooner taken than he at once put it into execution, and without unharnessing the horse from the sledge, or even stopping to take refreshment, he drove at once to the cabin of the illustrious exiles and related everything that had passed, not even concealing his adventure with Ishmael and the bag of rubles, which he placed in her hands to be employed for the release of the prisoners.

The anxious mother felt that no time was to be lost! Her husband, who had left home for the chase, had taken the sledge with him; she therefore took a seat in Jack's, and started with him for Chertitz Khan.

Swiftly as they glided over the frozen snow, their progress appeared tedious and slow to her impatience; during the journey she revolved within herself how to conciliate the governor; gold she had none, and her principles revolted at employing, even for the safety of one son, the money obtained from the murder of the other.

"If prayers fail to move him," she murmured, "I

must accept this bitter humiliation: the cup of my misery is nearly full."

On reaching the town they drove at once to the prison—her fears told her where she should find them; and by the gift of a few rubles, both herself and Jack obtained admission to the cell, just as Charles and Henri had finished extracting the diamonds from the lock.

"Princess," said the Pole, "be under no alarm for the safety of Alexis; the blood of his brother has been avenged, but he is in no way responsible for the act."

Jack, who, enveloped in his sheepskin dress bore no slight resemblance to a young bear, after embracing his master and the young Frenchman, related all that had passed since they separated.

"Admirable," exclaimed our hero; "you have acted bravely, Jack. Orson," he added, with a smile, "is endowed with reason."

"Ees," replied the lad with a grin, and at the same time glancing at their mutual costume; "I have read that in a story book. Valentine and Orson were brothers."

The speaker was not the first wit who made his best hit by accident.

"And you?" said the princess, fixing her eyes anxiously on the Pole.

The noble fellow would fain have concealed from her the danger in which he stood, but Charles Vavasseur, who felt that her agency in the attempt to bribe the governor was their great reliance, at once related all that had passed.

"Take them," he said, placing the diamonds in her hands; "I need not suggest what to say: when the heart of a woman pleads her lips are always

eloquent. The life, the life of Julian depends on your success."

Madame Troubetskoi hastened at once from the prison to the residence of the governor. He was absent, and the officer on duty had no idea at what hour he would return. With a heavy heart she was wending her way back to the captives, when she encountered the great man driving furiously up the principal street; recognising the princess he stopped the carriage, and in a harsh tone demanded what brought her to Chertitz Khan.

"My visit," replied the heroic woman, "is to your excellency."

The functionary replied by a satirical bow, as he observed that her trouble would prove in vain; a crime had been committed.

"Say rather avenged," interrupted the mother of the murdered Oscar. "But I come not to appeal to your humanity, or justice, but to your interest. The life of him who executed justice on the murderer of my poor boy must be preserved, even at the sacrifice of the last remnant of my once princely wealth."

At the word wealth the mercenary wretch paused. She whispered the word diamonds in his ear, on hearing which he politely invited her to take a seat beside him in his carriage.

(To be continued.)

English Steam Floating Battery "Glatton."

THE inapplicability of large ships of war for the attack of the Russian stone fortresses and strongly-fortified harbors, has led to the construction, by the British government, of a large number of floating-batteries, some forty in number, which are very

shortly to be launched. These vessels are built from one model, and are pierced for ten or twelve guns; except two batteries, the *Glatton* and the *Trusty*, which are pierced for sixteen guns.

These floating-batteries are "awkward, but formidable-looking things." Their dimensions are:—

	Feet.	In.
Length between the perpendiculars	172	6
Breadth extreme	43	8
Depth in hold	14	7
Draught	7	9
Tonnage	1469 tons.	

The two decks (the lower one to be the fighting deck) are of 9-inch oak, resting on 10½ in. by 10½ in. beams, placed 1ft. 9 in. apart from centre to centre, and supported in the middle by stanchions of iron hinged at the top, so as to be struck or hung up when in action. The frames, iron plates, and planking of the sides form a solid mass 2 feet thick; the iron plates outside being 4 in. thick, planed on their edges, placed close together, and bolted to the woodwork with 1½ in. bolts. The port-holes are 3ft. 4 in. by 2ft. 10 in., and look much larger than absolutely necessary.

The engines of these batteries are of 150-horse power, non-condensing, and have four tubular boilers with two furnaces in each; the boilers being of a cylindrical form, with flat ends, and capable of working up to a very high pressure. These batteries have been fitted with a screw, 6 feet diameter, in the usual place; but other two, one on each side, will now be added to give more propelling power; the shallow draught and small area of the screw, in consequence of the necessarily small diameter, rendering this addition necessary: for, with a pressure of 60 lb. to the square inch, and the engines making 130 revolutions per minute, the speed attained was but a little over three knots per hour.

The *Glatton*, Captain Arthur Cumming, has sailed to the seat of war.

Notwithstanding the immense sums which have been lavished on these formidable-looking means of warfare, they do not seem to impress the British public with any confidence in their efficiency, either for war purposes or anything else. Hence one of the English papers states "They will neither sail, steam, stay, nor steer, with satisfaction or dependence; and as quarters for a healthy ship's company, they are certain hot-beds for fever, sickness, or suffocation."

Old Books.

"Bless the man," says Sancho Panza, "who invented sleep!" Bless the man, say we, who invented printing. Possessing all the facilities of the printer's art, we sometimes overlook the advantage: it is a common blessing: common as water and light, as mentally valuable as they. To know the worth of printing, we should look back to the time when there was none.

The labor of multiplying books by the slow and tedious process of copying, and their consequent high price, placed them above the reach of all but kings, nobles, and prelates; and the libraries of the greatest of these were not equal to those of many private individuals of the present day. Philip de Comines relates an anecdote, which shows that, owing to their extreme costliness, it was no less difficult to borrow books than to buy them. He states that Louis XI. before he could procure the loan of a single volume, was obliged to deposit a considerable quantity of plate, and to get one of his barons to join with him in a bond, under a heavy penalty, to return it.

The rolls of the thirteenth century throw considerable light, not only on the scarcity and value of books at that period, but also upon the literary taste which then prevailed. Under date March 29th, 1206, King John writes to the Abbot of Reading, acknowledging the receipt of six volumes, containing the whole of the Old Testament. The receipt is also acknowledged of Master Hugh de St. Victor's "Treatise on the Sacrament," the "Sentences" of Peter the Lombard, St. Augustine's "Treatises on the City of God, and on the third part of the Psalter," and Origen's "Treatise on the Old Testament." In the following month, the king wrote to the same abbot to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of Pliny's works. In 1249, Henry III. orders Edward, the son of Otho of Westminster, to cause to be purchased eight church services, and to give them to the constable of Windsor Castle, by whom they were to be delivered to the officiating chaplains of the new chapel at Windsor, who were to be held responsible to the constable for their safe custody. Another roll of the same reign, dated 1250, commands R. de Sandford, Master of the Knights of the Temple in England, to allow the bearer, Henry of the Wardrobe, to have for the queen's use a certain great

book, which was in their house in London, written in French, and containing "the exploits of Antiochia, and of the kings, and others."

The book intended was probably a French translation of a Latin heroic poem called, "The War of Antioch, or the Third Crusade of Richard I," by Joseph of Exeter; and was perhaps wanted by the queen to elucidate the paintings in the Antioch chamber in the Tower of London.

"Henry V, who had a taste for reading," says Dr. Henry, the historian, "borrowed several books, which were claimed by their owners after his death. The Countess of Westmoreland presented a petition to the Privy Council, 1424, representing, that the late king had borrowed a book from her, containing the 'Chronicles of Jerusalem,' and the 'Expedition of Godfrey of Boulogne,' and praying that an order might be given, under the privy seal, for the restoration of the said book. This order was granted with great formality. About the same time, John, the prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, presented a similar petition to the Privy Council, setting forth, that the king had borrowed from his priory, a volume containing the works of St. Gregory; that he had never returned it; but that in his testament he directed it to be restored; notwithstanding which the prior of Shene, who had the book, refused to give it up. The Council, after mature deliberation, commanded a precept under the privy seal to be sent to the prior of Shene, requiring him to deliver up the book, or appear before the Council to give the reasons of his refusal. These facts sufficiently prove that it must have been very difficult, or rather impossible, for the generality of scholars to procure a competent number of books."

The French monarchs appear to have been somewhat better provided with books. The royal library, which had been collected by Charles V and his two successors, and kept with great care in one of the towers of the Louvre, consisted in 1425 of about 900 volumes; and from a catalogue still extant, it appears to have been chiefly composed of histories, legends, romances, and books on astrology, geomancy, and chiromancy, the favorite studies of those times.

The value of the books of this period was very much increased by the splendor of their binding and the illuminations with which they were embellished. Usually, they had only a frontispiece, which generally represented the transcriber offering the book to the person for whom it had been executed, with the initial letters and borders done in gold and colors; but when they were intended for a king, prince, or prelate, no pains or expense was spared in their decoration. The most beautiful and perfect of the MS. copies of Froissart's *Chronicles* is the magnificent folio, marked 4,350, in the Harleian collection in the British Museum. It is bound in green velvet, and has large clasps of silver. The illuminations are very numerous and elaborate.

FUN AND FROLIC NOT CONFINED TO MAN.—Small birds chase each other about in play; but, perhaps, the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is the most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops about in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersets. Hence it has been called the mad bird. Water birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched necks and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around. Deer often engage in a sham battle, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play, stop short of exercising it. The dog takes the precaution not to injure by his bite; and the ouran-utang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him. Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey; young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object, even to the leaves strewed by the autumn wind; they crouch and steal forward, ready for the spring, the body quivering, and the tail vibrating with emotion, they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger, the naturalist, saw young jaguars and cougars playing with round substances, like kittens. Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys; full of mischief, play, and mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles, and with much solemnity and a studied air, burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone, it cried "Currack!" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.

HAND-WRITING.—It is a remarkable fact, that no man can ever get rid of the style of hand-writing

peculiar to his country. If he be English, he always writes in English style; if French, in French style; if German, Italian, or Spanish, in the style peculiar to his nation. Professor B— states—I am acquainted with a Frenchman who has passed all his life in England, who speaks English like one of our own countrymen, and writes it with ten times the correctness of ninety-nine in a hundred of us; but yet who cannot, for the life of him, imitate our mode of writing. I knew a Scotch youth, who was educated entirely in France, and resided eighteen years in that country, mixing exclusively with French people—but who, although he had a French writing-master, and perhaps never saw anything but French writing in his life, yet wrote exactly in the English style: it was really national instinct. In Paris, all the writing-masters profess to teach the English style of writing; but with all their professions, and all their exertions, they can never get their pupils to adopt any but the cramped hand of the French. Some pretend to be able to tell the characteristics of individuals from their hand-writings. I know not how this may be, but certainly the nation to which an individual belongs, can be instantly determined by his hand-writing. The difference between the American or English and the French hand-writing is immense—a school-boy would distinguish it at a glance. Mix together a hundred sheets of manuscript written by a hundred Frenchmen, and another hundred written by Englishmen or Americans, and no one could fail to distinguish every one of them, though all should be written in the same language and with the same pens and paper. The difference between Italian, Spanish, and German hand-writings is equally decided. In fact, there is about as great a difference in the hand-writings of different nations, as in their languages. And it is a singular truth, that though a man may shake off national habits, accent, manner of thinking, style of dress—though he may become perfectly identified with another nation, and speak its language as well, perhaps better than his own—yet, never can he succeed in changing his hand-writing to a foreign style.

TONGUES IN TREES.—Nice observers of nature have remarked the variety of tones yielded by trees when played upon by the wind. Mrs. Hemans once asked Sir Walter Scott if he had noticed that every tree gives out its peculiar sound? "Yes," said he, "I have; and I think something might be done by the union of poetry and music to imitate those voices, giving a different measure to the oak, the pine, the willow, etc. There is a Highland air of somewhat similar character, called the 'Notes of the Sea-Birds.' In Henry Taylor's drama, 'Edwin the Fair,' there are some pleasing lines, where the wind is feigned to feel the want of a voice, and to woo the trees to give him one. He applied to several; but the wanderer rested with the pine, because her voice was constant, soft, and lowly deep; and he welcomed in her a mild memorial of the ocean cave, his birth-place. There is a fine description of the storm in 'Coningsby,' where a sylvan language is made to swell the diapason of the tempest. 'The wind howled: the branches of the forest stirred, and sent forth sounds like an incantation. Soon might be distinguished the various voices of the mighty trees, as they expressed their terror or their agony. The oak roared, the beech shrieked, the elm sent forth its long, deep groan, while ever and anon, amid a momentary pause, the passion of the ash was heard in moans of thrilling anguish.'

A STUDIOUS SOLDIER.—A pleasing instance of successful industry and study on the part of a private soldier of the 2nd European regiment, at the Madras Fort, is recorded in the Indian newspapers. The Nabob lately offered a prize of a thousand pagodas (3500 rupees), for the best translation into the Hindustani language of an abstruse but excellent work on midwifery. As might be expected, many competitors entered the field, and amongst them strove some of the best moonshins in the place. The prize was awarded by the judge to a translation which elicited from them the very highest eulogium, not only for the beauty and accuracy of its diction, and the perfection of its idiom, but for the great ability which had been displayed in the rendering of its most difficult scientific parts. The successful translator turned out to be a young soldier of the 2nd Europeans. He has received his prize, 500 rupees of which he has paid into the treasury for the purchase of his discharge.

THE only uniform and perpetual cause of public happiness, is public virtue. The effects of all other things which are considered as advantages, will be found casual and transitory. Without virtue nothing can be securely possessed, or properly enjoyed.

Lives of the Queens of England.

BY J. F. SMITH, ESQ., AUTHOR OF

"AMY LAWRENCE," "ROBIN GOODFELLOW," ETC.

ELIZABETH,

QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND.

Continued from page 343, Vol. II.

CHAPTER LXXX.

Friendship's full of dregs;

Methinks false hearts should never have sound legs:
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Elizabeth was informed of the arrest of Essex, and the dispersion of his friends, a flash of joy illumined her sullen features. The fallen favorite was completely in her power—his life at her mercy; and she triumphed in the anticipation of supplication for her clemency.

"I have him!" she exclaimed; "he is in the net—the traitor is at my feet! I will pay him scorn for scorn—the pangs he has inflicted on my heart shall be repaid with interest!"

The two earls were arraigned before a commission of peers selected by the care of Cecil from those who were their bitterest foes.

The greatest pang which Essex felt at the degraded position in which he was placed, was to see his former friend, Bacon—whose fortunes he had advanced by his interests—plead against him; and he reminded him, with calm dignity, that he himself had been his adviser, and even penned many of the letters which he had addressed to the queen.

The earl defended himself with moderation and firmness. Without denying his treasons, he solemnly declared that he never in thought had harbored evil against the person of his sovereign, of whom he spoke in terms of guarded respect. Had he been innocent, his pleading before such a tribunal would have been of little avail: he, as well as his friend Southampton, was condemned to die the death of a traitor.

No sooner was the sentence pronounced than there was a rush of many persons from the court, and the intelligence spread like wild-fire through the city, that the popular and gallant Essex was condemned to die.

"My lords," he exclaimed, "I am not a whit dismayed to perceive this doom. Death is as welcome to me as life. Let my poor quarters, which have done her majesty good service in divers parts of the world, be sacrificed and disposed of at her pleasure!"

In order if possible to increase his misery and humiliation, the unhappy nobleman was conducted to the Tower on foot, surrounded by a strong party of the guard. The executioner followed him, with the edge of the axe turned towards him, to denote that he was condemned.

At the news that Essex was passing through the streets, the citizens forsook their houses to gaze upon him. Many pitied him—for his name was popular in the city, where his great enemy, Cecil, was universally despised.

One hope alone remained to the condemned prisoner—in the promise and the token which Elizabeth had given him: the sight of it, he fancied, might touch her vindictive heart. The difficulty was, whom to intrust with it. After much reflection, he determined upon sending it to his cousin, Lady Scrope, who still retained her appointment near the person of Elizabeth; and he selected as his messenger a youth whom he had frequently noticed in the precincts of the Tower. He carefully described her person to the boy—so that he could scarcely mistake: unfortunately, he forgot to add that she closely resembled her sister, the Countess of Nottingham—the wife of his bitter enemy.

The execution of the earl was already appointed to take place on the twenty-fifth of the month—Ash-Wednesday.

Meanwhile, the agonies and sufferings of Elizabeth were scarcely less than those endured by the prisoner. It would be a libel on her sex to suppose that the death of the man whom she had once so tenderly and passionately loved was contemplated by her with indifference. She remained at her palace at Whitehall, in daily, hourly expectation that he would send her the token by which he was to implore her clemency: still it came not.

"Let him die!" she repeatedly murmured to herself; "die in his scorn and pride! Does he think that I will thrust my pardon on him—proclaim to the world my weakness and his triumph? No—no; though my heart break with the effort!"

The countess and Cecil were walking apart from the group of ladies and courtiers who were recreating themselves in the gardens of Whitehall, two days previous to the one appointed for the execution of Essex and his friend, the Earl of Southampton. The crafty statesman and the haughty woman—who had

never forgiven the slight which she fancied her husband had received in his hereditary claim to the office of Earl Marshal being put aside to exalt the favorite—were allied by the mutual hatred which they felt to the condemned prisoner in the Tower.

"Hath the death-warrant yet been signed?" she demanded.

"Not yet!" answered the secretary, uneasily; "it is not usual till the day before the execution. Although drawn up, not a member of the council would undertake to present it to her majesty till the appointed time. Despite the treasons of the earl," he added, "and the indignation of the queen, I fear her weakness at the fatal moment; she is silent, and desires to be alone—a proof that her heart is unquieted. Does she ever speak of him?"

"Never!" replied the countess.

"A sure sign," continued Cecil, bitterly, "that she still thinks of him! I have given strict orders to the Lieutenant of the Tower to intercept his letters should he attempt to write to her."

"Elizabeth evidently expects a letter or some token," observed the Countess of Nottingham, after a few moments' reflection; "this very morning, when I advised her majesty to remove to Hampton, or her favorite palace at Greenwich, she bade me, in a haughty tone, meddle only in such affairs as concerned my office; adding, that we all were leagued to drive her mad, with our cabals and jealousies!"

"Has his wife supplicated the queen?" inquired the secretary; "not that I fear much from her intercession; still it would be advisable to deprive her majesty of every excuse to indulge in the weakness of her nature! Strange, that at her mature age and with her experience in the deception of the world, her heart should be so weak!"

His companion merely smiled: probably she was a better judge of human nature than the cold and subtle speaker.

Just as they reached the terrace upon the banks of the Thames, a youth who had just landed from a small boat, advanced cap in hand, to address the countess. After having eyed her for some moments:

"I surely cannot be mistaken!" he said; "you answer the description which my lord gave me too closely."

"What lord?" demanded the secretary.

"My lord of Essex, sir!"

The statesman and the lady exchanged glances.

"We are friends," said the countess, "of the unhappy nobleman you name; but be careful of your words—this palace is filled with his enemies—cruel men who thirst for his blood! Should it be known, your visit here might cost you your life!"

So saying the artful woman led the unsuspecting youth to a retired path, motioning at the same time to her companion to follow at a distance.

"Now," she said, as soon as they were out of hearing, "have you any letter or token for me?"

"I must first know," replied the boy, with more simplicity than wit, "if you are the Lady Scrope?"

"I thought you said that you knew me!" said her ladyship, who was too proud to descend to a direct falsehood, provided she could compass her ends by less degrading means. "I am indeed the cousin of the unhappy earl, whose misfortunes have wrung my heart—whose fate I so sincerely pity. He knows," she added, with a hypocritical sigh, "that he might trust to me in the hour of his calamity."

In one respect the speaker at least was truthful: being the sister of Lady Scrope she was a cousin of the condemned favorite.

The youth, unconscious of the treachery practiced upon him, drew from his vest the ring, and placed it in her hand.

"What am I to do with this!" demanded the countess, who perfectly recollected the gem—having seen it frequently, not only upon the hand of Elizabeth, but on that of the earl.

"Give it to the queen!" said the messenger, in a whisper, and plead for the life of your kinsman—who says that at the sight of the token, her majesty is bound by her promise to pardon him."

"I will—I will!" exclaimed the vindictive woman, delighted at the error which had destroyed the last hope of the man she hated. Tell him neither my prayers nor tears shall be wanting to move her soul to mercy. Now, then, away," she added, with well-affected terror; "should you be seen and recognised as coming upon such an errand, I would not answer for your life. Here is a recompense for your fidelity."

So saying, she threw the deceived messenger of Essex a purse of gold: and the boy, believing that he had performed his promise, returned with a light heart to his boat, and quickly rowed from the dangerous precincts of Whitehall.

"Well!" eagerly demanded Cecil, when the countess rejoined him in the walk; "the intelligence?"

"That Essex will die!" replied the lady, calmly.

"But how? Speak. Explain."

"I can explain nothing!" said the unfeeling woman, who was too deeply versed in intrigue and courtly treachery to trust even the man whose interest on the present occasion was her own; "when the hour arrives, boldly present the warrant for the execution of the earl: my life upon the result, Elizabeth will sign it! I think," she added, "you may trust to me."

Cecil did trust to her—and the event proved that the Countess of Nottingham was no false prophet.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

Man must learn with pity to dispense—

For policy sits above conscience.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE day preceding that appointed for the execution of the earl at last arrived, and with it no token or supplication for mercy. The heart of Elizabeth was on fire. Never had her proud and passionate nature been so humbled as by the seeming scorn of the man who disdained to owe his life to her clemency. Despite his ingratitude—the cruel insult she had received—the jealousy with which she resented the slightest interference with her prerogative and dignity, there are many reasons for believing she would have spared him.

Submission might have melted her—but her pride and anger were not to be conquered by disdain; and she resolved, however bitter the task, to sign the fatal warrant when the council should place it before her.

It wanted but a few minutes to the hour of their assembling. With hurried steps the last of the Plantagenets paced the apartment. Strict orders had been issued that no one should intrude upon her privacy till the assembly of the council, when the chamberlain, as usual, would intimate the same by striking with his wand of office on the door of her private chamber. From time to time she cast a look of agony towards the dial. The time drew fearfully near.

"It is terrible!" she kept repeating to herself; "and yet it must be done, or my name will become the jest of Europe—the mighty Elizabeth trumpets her weakness to the world! Fool!" she added; "obstinate fool! Does he think to subdue me with his affected scorn of life. Too soon shall he find how frail the reed on which he leans."

The dial struck—and a few moments afterwards the signal of the great officer of State was heard at the door of her chamber. With desperate resolution the queen pressed her hands upon her burning brow, as if to repress its throbbings; and, with a deep-drawn sigh, prepared to meet her ministers. A moment since she had been all the woman: she was now the indignant, outraged sovereign.

There was a solemn silence, as her majesty, preceded by the chamberlain, entered the council-chamber, and took her seat at the head of the table. Before her were placed two slips of parchment, engrossed in the quaint law hand of the period; and by the side of them a golden inkstand, with a single pen.

At a sign from their royal mistress, the ministers seated themselves.

The first subject discussed was the condition of Ireland, and the report of the new Lord Deputy. Oh, with what agony did the proud heart of Elizabeth listen to the tedious harangues of her ministers! But she *did* listen to them—her powerful will conquering her sufferings.

The fatal moment at last arrived. Cecil, taking up the pen, presented it, upon his knee, to the queen, and placed the fatal warrant before her for her signature. With a firm hand and unchanged countenance, Elizabeth signed the document which consigned the man she loved to the headsman.

"What is this?" she demanded, as the secretary placed the second parchment before her.

"The death-warrant of the Earl of Southampton, so please your majesty."

"It does not please me!" replied the queen. One victim to the outraged dignity of my crown will suffice—and I have chosen the most culpable. He is young and has been misled by friendship for the traitor." She could not bring her lips to pronounce the once-loved name of Essex, fearing her firmness would desert her. "It is my will—mark me," she repeated with desperate calmness; "my will, that my Lord Southampton be spared, on condition that he banishes himself from my dominions, and never presumes to set a foot on them again. The hour he does so, he dies."

Many a dissatisfied glance escaped the members of the council, at the mercy so unexpectedly extended to the noble friend of Essex—but none presumed

to offer an observation. All perceived that Elizabeth was in one of those humors which it would be dangerous to cross.

"You were right!" said Cecil to the Countess of Nottingham, whom he encountered as he quitted the palace, after breaking up of the council. "The queen has signed, and Essex dies!"

With a courage which we could admire, had it been feminine, Elizabeth appeared the following morning—that of the execution—in her privy chamber—to which ladies of the court and the great lords and ministers had free access—and amused herself by playing on the virginal, an instrument something resembling a harpsicord.

Although the death of the earl had been announced, Elizabeth still continued to play—an effort which did more credit to her nerves than her heart—treating the death of her former favorite with as much indifference as though she had never loved him.

It is not to be supposed that Elizabeth, after having sacrificed her own feelings, would show much regard to those of one whom she had long hated, the Countess of Leicester, her cousin, whom she had never pardoned for rivaling her with her first favorite. She now paid her debt of vengeance, by sending her husband, Sir Christopher Blount, to the scaffold, for his share in the conspiracy of her son by her first husband, the Earl of Essex.

After having been made thus thrice a widow, the Countess of Leicester retired to the deepest privacy, and never more appeared at court. She lived many years after her persecutor and cousin, Elizabeth, had descended into the grave—honored for her benevolence and virtue by all around her.

CHAPTER LXXXII

O hateful Error—Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error soon conceived;
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE fortitude which enabled Elizabeth to bear a cheerful countenance in public, deserted her in the hours of retirement. On several occasions she was discovered by her ladies weeping alone: even at her advanced age, the royal spinster found it impossible to tear from her recollection the memory of the man who had once engrossed its whole affections; and she lamented the stern necessity which had compelled her to consign her favorite to the block.

Those immediately concerned in the death of Essex do not appear to have suffered in her favor. Raleigh still maintained his influence, which he had the infamy to sell for large sums of money, in order to secure the pardon of many of the unfortunate gentlemen compromised in the mad attempt of the two earls.

Elizabeth had long been possessed of an ardent desire to obtain a personal interview with the French King, Henry IV, and hearing that monarch was at Calais, she set forward in one of her magnificent progresses to Dover, in the hope that the well-known gallantry of her ally, whom she had so materially assisted, would induce him to pass the straits and visit her.

But Henry was now firmly seated upon the throne, and princes are proverbial for fickle memories. He had no inclination to gratify the pride of the island queen by crossing the seas to visit her. Although he sent courteous messages, not even the intimation that she had something so important to communicate to him that she could confide it to no ear but his own, could induce him to swerve from his resolution. He sent his friend and confidant, Sully, as a private individual to Dover, well knowing that her majesty, to whom he had been previously accredited, would hear of his arrival—but Elizabeth refused to trust even him, and the important secret, whatever it was, perished with her.

She was then in her sixty-ninth year.

The following autumn, the French king sent a stately embassy to her majesty, consisting of the Duc de Biron—whose end was similar to that of Essex—and three hundred noblemen and gentlemen, to compliment her. Embassies were costly affairs in those days, when monarchs pinched themselves in their courts at home, in order that their representatives might appear with fitting splendor abroad.

The new ambassador accompanied her in the progress which she made through Hampshire. On the return to London, magnificent spectacles were introduced for the amusement of the illustrious duke. One of the sights which he witnessed might have appalled a stouter heart than even that of the soldier of the League.

The queen and the ambassador were returning from the city, where they had witnessed one of the pageants in which Elizabeth so much delighted, and, either by accident or design, the cavalcade passed over Tower Hill. During the progress, the brow of the aged sovereign had been more than usually gloomy, for the citizens had received her with sullen silence, so bitterly did they resent the death of the gallant Essex. Although she disdained to complain, or allude to her mortification, the proud heart of Elizabeth felt it keenly: she had hitherto been treated as an idol by her subjects, worshipped rather than respected, and the change was bitter.

Suddenly the duke looked up, and appeared to regard with interest the number of heads stuck upon iron spikes on the walls of the Tower. Perhaps he sought to recognise that of Essex, whom he had known in France, amongst the ghastly collection.

The eye of the queen followed his; but her cheek neither blanched nor did one sigh escape her.

"It is thus, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, that we punish traitors in England," she exclaimed.

"It is a fearful sight," exclaimed the Frenchman, checking his natural levity.

"Say rather a fearful necessity," continued Elizabeth, in the same calm tone. "The sceptre can only be guarded by the axe."

"Or a nation's love," observed the ambassador; "as in the instance of your majesty."

"By the axe," repeated the queen, yet more sharply than before.

To the astonishment of those in immediate attendance upon her person, she proceeded to enumerate, name by name, the number of victims whom she had consigned to the scaffold during her long and eventful reign, concluding the fearful list with that of Essex.

"He was not less guilty than unhappy!" observed the Duc de Biron.

"Had he been less guilty," said Elizabeth, "mercy might have been extended to him. But he presumed to lay his hand upon my sceptre—deeming the grasp that held it weak. Let subjects," she added, "no matter how great or favored, remember the duty and obedience they owe their sovereign. Let no fancied injuries or vain glory tempt them to oppose their will: so shall they descend to a bloodless grave, and their race strike root within the land."

This extraordinary scene is recorded by Prefelix, in his "Life of Henry the Great," who adds, that from the impressive manner in which Elizabeth uttered the words, it was evident to all that they were intended as an admonition to the ambassador, who, shortly after his return to France, was beheaded for his treasonable practices against the king, who had once been his warmest friend.

To give an idea of the horrible spectacle which the metropolis presented in the reign of the maiden queen, we may mention that Hentzner states he counted three hundred heads of gentlemen and others, stuck upon the poles on London Bridge alone.

The necessity of obtaining supplies to carry on the war in Ireland, induced Elizabeth to summon another parliament; but it was not without extreme reluctance that she consented to such a step. Like her father she had a great horror of parliamentary interference with her notions of government; and, on more than one occasion, she had found the Commons of England less obsequious than the men who misrepresented the nation in the reign of Henry VIII.

The queen, willing, probably, to test her popularity, resolved upon opening the new Parliament in person with more than usual state. Perhaps her advanced age and increasing bodily infirmities suggested to her that it would be the last occasion on which she would appear before her people in all the pride of royalty; and the pageant was as splendid as even her vanity could have desired.

Although the street leading to Westminster was crowded by the citizens, curious to witness the unusual pomp of the queen opening a Parliament, the aged sovereign was received with gloomy silence. There was no disguising the melancholy truth: her popularity had vanished with the blow which consigned Essex to an untimely grave. He had been their idol; his gallantry, generosity, and affable manners, had won him the love of the people; and they bitterly resented the doom which his enemies had wrought.

Cecil and Raleigh came in for the greatest share of obloquy—if truth may be termed such—accusations were affixed in various parts of the city against them, and men predicted that the fate they had drawn upon the unfortunate favorite would one day prove their own. As far as Raleigh was concerned, the pro-

phesy was accomplished, though not until the following reign.

Elizabeth—despite her great age and the mortification she had received—bore up with a haughty spirit. She had inherited not only the blood but the pride of the Plantagenets, and she scorned to display the least sign of weakness in the presence of her subjects.

The weight of her cumbrous robes and the crown of St. Edward—which she wore for the last time—oppressed her; and no sooner had she entered the house, than she was observed to change color.

"The queen is fainting!" exclaimed the Chancellor.

All was in confusion; the sufferings of the woman mastered the resolution of the sovereign, and her majesty would have fallen to the ground, had not one of the peers caught her in his arms.

"God!" whispered Raleigh to Cecil, "she is dying."

"Not yet!" was the cold reply; "it is but the commencement of the end? Strange," he added, with a sneer, that the loss of a little popularity should so affect her—but she was always fond of trifles."

Restoratives being administered, Elizabeth recovered, and despite the entreaties of those around her, insisted upon completing the ceremony. For the last time she ascended her throne in the House of Lords, and declared the purposes for which she had summoned the Peers and Commons of England to assemble.

Her return to Whitehall, after this fatiguing duty, was followed by successive faintings; it was given out that the weight of her royal robes had been too much for her.

The first step of her new Parliament was to present an address complaining of the injury done to commerce by the monopolies granted to her courtiers.

Elizabeth received their remonstrance with prudence, and replied in a far more constitutional strain than she had hitherto employed in addressing them. The people were beginning to suspect that they had rights; the discovery once made, they were not long in claiming the exercise of them.

In the reply to the address, she said:

"I had rather that my heart and hand should perish, than either heart or hand should allow such privileges to monopolists as may be prejudicial to my people. The splendor of regal majesty hath not so blinded mine eyes, that licentious power should prevail with me more than justice. The glory of the name of a king may deceive those princes that know not how to rule, as gilded pills may deceive a sick patient; but I am none of those princes—for I know that the commonwealth is to be governed for the good and advantage of those that are committed to me—not of myself, to whom it is intrusted; and that an account is one day to be given before another judgment seat. I think myself most happy that, by God's assistance, I have hitherto so prosperously governed the commonwealth, in all respects; and that I have such subjects that, for their good, I would willingly lose both kingdoms and life!"

"God save the queen!" exclaimed the numerous deputation of the Commons, delighted to hear such sentiments from the lips of their hitherto despotic sovereign.

Elizabeth smiled faintly as she thanked them. She would rather have been greeted with a similar demonstration of loyalty and affection by the citizens and artisans of her metropolis. With all her pride and notions of the divine right of kings, she was too discerning not to perceive that their real strength and title was in the love of their subjects.

"I need not declare," she said, in concluding her speech, "the love which I have and still bear to my subjects! The many sacrifices I have made for their happiness and welfare sufficiently prove it, without my speaking it!"

"It does!" shouted the Commons.

"God bless your majesty!" added the Speaker, who, in his robe of office, stood directly opposite to the throne in the presence-chamber, at Whitehall.

"One word on parting," added her majesty. "If my subjects have suffered from the abuses of which you complain, do not impute the blame to me—for the servants of princes think too often more of their private advantage than the good either of the sovereign or the people!"

With this gracious reply the deputation was dismissed. The House, in its joy at the condescension of their monarch, voted all that her ministers required; and was dissolved immediately afterwards, without the least steps being taken to redress the grievances of which they so justly complained.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

SHAKESPEARE.

SHORTLY after the dissolution of Parliament, Elizabeth received a message from the Countess of Nottingham, informing her majesty that she was upon her death-bed, and could not quit the world without disburthening her soul of a weighty secret which oppressed it.

As the dying woman was the wife of her near kinsman, the Lord Admiral, the queen, albeit little inclined to such visits, resolved to grant her request; and a message was accordingly returned to the lady, that her sovereign would visit her the following day.

From what followed, it does not appear that Elizabeth was in the slightest degree prepared for the interview which was to inflict upon her aged heart the keenest pang it had ever yet endured.

As the hour drew near, the enemy of Essex, whom terror and remorse distracted, half repented of the request she had made. She knew the effect her confession would produce upon the fiery temper of her deceived and outraged mistress. She trembled at the result, and yet resolved to brave it.

"Oh, the pangs, the pangs of conscience!" murmured the sufferer; "pale shadows of the past haunt my death-bed, and will not be appeased. There is no parleying with conscience now—her voice is imperative—she speaks in thunder to the ear of guilt! Could I recall one fatal error, all might yet be well; but at the bar of heaven Essex will accuse me—brand me as his murderess. Yet it was not I," she added, "but the queen—the merciless queen—whose anger sent him to the block!"

Suddenly she paused, and half raising herself from her pillow, endeavored to listen, fancying she heard a bustle in the court-yard of the mansion, which announced the arrival of Elizabeth. The effort was too much for her, and she sank back exhausted and sobbing like a child.

The disease of which she was dying was a slow fever—it had baffled the skill of her medical attendants, and mocked at all their remedies. No wonder—the disease was in her heart, fed by the remorseful feelings which for so many nights had driven sleep from her gilded couch, and dried the blood within her burning veins.

Lady Scrope, who had quitted her for a few moments, to ascertain all was prepared for the reception of the august visitor, now returned to the apartment: a ray of satisfaction lit for a moment the features of the dying woman, as she grasped the hand of her sister, whose tears fell fast as she beheld her sufferings.

"Do not weep said the countess; "or if you must, let your sorrow be for my sins—not my body's agonies! Oh, may they be accepted as an atonement for my crime!"

"What crime?" demanded the unsuspicious Lady Scrope.

"Do not ask me—do not ask me!" shrieked the guilty woman; "it would kill me to relate it twice!"

Her sister, imagining that her broken exclamations and mysterious words were but the offspring of delirium, thought to change the sad current of her thoughts by observing that the queen would soon arrive.

"Who?" demanded the countess, wildly.

"Her majesty, our gracious queen, whom you wished to see! She has promised to be here by noon, and the hand of the dial already marks the hour!"

"I cannot—will not see her!" exclaimed the Countess of Nottingham, with sudden energy, "her glance would kill me!"

"Kill you! You rave!"

"I do not rave," replied her sister, more and more wildly; "although the spectre which nightly haunts my couch might unsettle a firmer brain than mine. Elizabeth coming here," she repeated several times to herself; "this, then, is no place for me. Call my women—she must not find me here. Help me to rise—order my litter—I must away."

The speaker made several attempts to quit the bed, but her excessive weakness mastered her will, and she sank back once more, exhausted with the efforts, upon her pillow.

"Heavens," murmured the terrified Lady Scrope, clasping her hands; "but this is a fearful sight. Heaven knows what crime weighs on my heart—I know of none."

The trampling of horses in the courtyard, and the exclamations of the household, announced the arrival of the queen. The dying countess trembled violently, and, pressing her hand to her burning brow, uttered the words:

"Too late—too late."

In a few moments the Lord High Admiral appeared, conducting her majesty to the bedside of his wife. Elizabeth, whose increasing infirmities were visible to all, leaned upon a gold-headed ebony staff, with which she guided her steps. With a gracious air, she seated herself in the cushioned chair prepared for her reception, and inquired kindly after the health of her former attendant.

"Dying," groaned Lady Nottingham; "the fever drinks my blood, and preys alike upon my heart and brain. But this is not the worst."

At the word "fever," her majesty raised a small essence bottle, which she wore suspended by a jewelled chain from her girdle, and applied the contents to her handkerchief: most probably it was one of those nostrums which Dr. Dee supplied her with—her faith in the charlatan, both as a physician and astrologer, remaining to the last.

"You wished to see me?" said Elizabeth.

The countess groaned.

"Have something to communicate," continued the aged sovereign, "which you can impart to no ears but mine?"

"Did I say that?" exclaimed the guilty woman; "did I say that? Well," she added, after a pause, "I will tell all. We cannot avoid our destiny."

Turning to her husband and sister, she commanded them to leave the room—unwilling that they should listen to the confession she was about to make.

"Madam," she said, after mentally gathering strength for the task, "you see before you a guilty woman, who has shamefully abused your confidence. The tale I have to tell will wring your heart. But oh, I must be told, if I am to hope for pardon."

"Heaven is merciful," observed the queen, who began to feel a strange interest in that which was to follow.

"You gave a ring," continued the countess, "to Essex, and with it a promise that, no matter how heinous his offence against your throne and dignity, at the sight of that token you would spare him?"

At the name of the fallen favorite, Elizabeth trembled violently.

"I did," she replied, in a voice choked by emotion; "but he disdained my mercy, and perished in his pride and obstinacy."

The destroyer of the earl thrust her hand under the pillow which supported her aching head, and drew from it the fatal token. The eyes of the aged queen flashed fire as she beheld it—for she suspected at once the treachery of which she had been made the victim. Snatching it from the trembling hand that held it, she raised it to the light, to assure herself that it was the same.

For a few moments neither could speak.

"How did you obtain it?" demanded Elizabeth, in a voice choked by emotion and recollection of the past.

"Pardon—pardon," groaned the countess.

The queen repeated her question in terms yet more vehement than before.

"He sent it to my sister, the Lady Scrope, with a request that she would return it to your majesty, and intercede for his pardon. By a fatal error on the part of his messenger, it came into my hands. I hated Essex, and withheld it."

Elizabeth started from her seat, and stood transfixed with horror and astonishment at such unheard-of treachery.

"Pardon me," continued the dying woman; "the punishment of my sin hath fallen upon me. From the hour of his death, I have known no peace nor rest. My heart hath been on fire—ghastly visions haunt my nightly couch. Mercy—mercy."

"Mercy!" shrieked the queen; "wretch—fiend. Ask it of heaven in vain. Die despairing and accursed—remorseless, pitiless, and revengeful woman."

"Pardon."

"Never. My curse pursue you," exclaimed the infuriated Elizabeth, seizing her by the shoulder, and shaking her violently; "you have broken my heart. I could have resisted its reproaches whilst I believed he scorned me."

At the sound of her voice, the Lord Admiral and Lady Scrope rushed into the apartment: they found the countess in the agonies of death, and the aged queen standing over her, breathing a torrent of imprecations and reproaches.

"She is dying," said Lady Scrope, raising her sister in her arms. "Oh, your majesty, what'er the sin my sister has committed, spare her at this last moment, as you yourself shall one day hope for mercy."

"I have no hope," groaned Elizabeth; "that fiend has destroyed it, here and hereafter."

So saying, she tottered rather than walked from

the chamber, still holding the ring she had given to Essex in her hand, and, entering her litter, returned to Whitehall. Her ghastly appearance she reached the palace, alarmed her attendants, and they would have sent for her physician—but she forbade them, with an air so stern and fierce, that none cared to dispute her commands.

During the brief remainder of her existence she never parted with the gem; it was given by her successor, James I., to Sir Thomas Weaver, and is still an heirloom in his family.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

Borrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories—
An outward honor for an inward toll;
And for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares;
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward frame.

SHAKESPEARE.

FROM the day of her interview with the Countess of Nottingham, the health of Elizabeth rapidly declined. She withdrew herself as much as possible from the society of her ladies, and was frequently found by them weeping alone. Lady Southwell, who was one of her attendants, has left a very singular manuscript—which is still preserved in the Jesuits' College at Stonyhurst—in which many events preceding the death of the great queen are minutely detailed.

About this time she had many visions—arising, doubtless, from the disordered state of her health. One of these she related in confidence to Lady Scrope, who still retained her place in her favor, despite the treachery of which her sister had been guilty.

"The queen declared that in one vision she saw her own body exceedingly pale, and wasted in a flame of fire!"

This got whispered about the court, and doubtless caused many comments at the time. Modern science, however, can easily explain the circumstance: in a certain state of illness—such as bilious fever—similar delusions are by no means uncommon.

Shortly after this the aged queen removed to Richmond, where her melancholy daily increased. She would sometimes stand in the centre of the chamber, immovable, for hours; nor could the entreaties of those around her, or the request of her physicians, extract from her one word.

Robert Carey has left us a striking account of an interview, in his memoirs, from which we have borrowed the following extract. He says:

"When I came to court, I found the queen ill-disposed, and she kept her inner lodging; yet, hearing of my arrival, she sent for me. I found her in one of her withdrawing-chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her: I kissed her hand, and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and in health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand and wrung it hard, and said, 'No, Robin, I am not well!' and then discoursed to me of her indisposition and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days; and in her discourse she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved, at the first, to see her in this plight—for in all my lifetime before, I never saw her fetch a sigh but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded. Then, upon my knowledge, she shed many sighs and tears, manifesting her innocence that she never gave consent to the death of that queen. I used the best words I could to persuade her from this melancholy humor, but I found it was too deeply rooted in her heart, and hardly to be removed. This was upon a Saturday night, and she gave command that the great closet should be prepared for her to go to chapel the next morning. The next day, all things being in readiness, we long expected her coming. After eleven o'clock, one of the grooms came out, and bade make ready for the private closet, for she would not go to the great. There we staid long for her coming; but at the last she had cushions laid for her in the privy chamber, hard by the closet-door, and there she heard the service. From that day forward she grew worse and worse; she remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least. All about her could not persuade her, either to take any sustenance, or to go to bed."

It was evident to all that the mighty Elizabeth was dying—and Cecil, with the true spirit of the cur, was the first to fall from the respect due to her as a woman and a sovereign; but the sceptre was passing from her hands, and he was paying slavish court to her successor.

When he had the insolence to tell her that she must go to bed, she smiled disdainfully.

"Little man—little man!" she exclaimed, in a tone of contempt, "if your father had lived, he durst not have said that word! 'Must' should not be used to princes; but you know I must die," she added, "and that makes you so presumptuous."

The secretary even had the infamy to spread a report that she was mad—a statement contradicted by all contemporary writers.

Seeing that her end was near, her ministers sent for the Lord Admiral, who was her near kinsman; but even his entreaties were useless to induce her to consent to being removed from the pile of cushions on which for so many days she had reclined in sullen silence, with her fingers on her lips.

"Bed," repeated the queen, with a ghastly stare; "bed! Did such visions haunt your couch as nightly gather around mine, you would not be in a hurry to remove there."

"What visions, dearest madam?" demanded the earl.

"There—there," exclaimed Elizabeth, pointing to the different parts of the room, which her imagination had doubtless peopled with the shades of her victims. "Do you ask? Can you not see? Why do they haunt me thus?"

The regal murderess should have asked that question of the headman who performed his fearful office at Fotheringay, or on Tower Hill, upon the gallant Norfolk. Her reign had been stained with the blood of the noblest of the land. No wonder that her last hours were haunted by the phantoms of those she had persecuted to the grave.

Lady Southwell relates that on one occasion, after having been seated upon a stool for three days, she was raised, partly by force, when she obstinately remained standing for fifteen hours in the centre of her chamber. The fact was, that although life had lost its charms, she feared to die—the blood she had shed appalled her.

Partly by force and partly by persuasion, she was removed to her bed at last.

The following report is from the dispatches of the French ambassador, Monsieur de Beaumont, who in writing to his sovereign, on the 24th of March, says:

"The queen was given up three days ago: she had lain long in a cold sweat, and had not spoken. A short time previously she said: 'I wish not to live any longer, but desire to die.' Yesterday, and the day before, she began to rest, and found herself better, after having been greatly relieved by the bursting of a small swelling in the throat. She takes no medicine whatever, and has only kept her bed two days; before this she would on no account suffer it, for fear of a prophecy that she should die in her bed. She is, moreover, said to be no longer in her right senses; this, however is a mistake: she has only had some slight wanderings at intervals."

Finding that her hour drew nigh, the members of the council sought, for the last time, admission to the presence of their once mighty sovereign, to learn from her own lips the name of her successor. Although it is highly improbable that any testamentary disposition of the queen's could have altered the succession, still it was a point of importance that the heir to the crown should be acknowledged by her.

The change which had taken place was evident to all. Her countenance had become excessively haggard with sleepless nights and watchings, and her eyes were fixed with a painful expression upon the faces of those nearest to her.

"Madam," said the Chancellor, bending the knee at the feet of one soon to be dust, "the council, in their care for your realm entreat you to name the prince to whom in the event of a loss—which God avert—it is your will the crown of England shall descend?"

Elizabeth essayed to speak; but the gatherings in her throat rendered the effort painful.

The Lord Admiral proposed that the Chancellor should pronounce the names of those who stood in the order of succession, and that her majesty, by some sign or token, should express her assent or dissent to the same.

Amongst others who stood in the direct line, Lord Beauchamp was named. He was the son of Lady Catherine Grey, whom Elizabeth had so bitterly persecuted on account of her proximity to the crown.

It was this circumstance, most probably, which induced her to declare her will with something like clearness, although various accounts have been given.

"I will have no rascal's son in my seat!" she exclaimed, with passion, "but one worthy of my place. It has been the seat of kings, and a king shall succeed to it."

Even this equivocal acknowledgment of the son of the murdered Mary as her successor, has been

disputed. Some authors contend that the dying queen merely clasped her hands upon her brow, to intimate that none but a crowned king should succeed her.

The council, having obtained the recognition which they wished for, silently withdrew, convinced that Elizabeth had not many hours to live.

The last hours of Elizabeth appear to have been visited by that calm so long desired and denied. When the primate came to pray with her in her mortal agony, he forgot the dignity of his sacred office, and remembered that he was a courtier, till the queen recalled him to his better self.

"Madame," he said, "you ought to hope much from the mercy of God. Your piety and zeal, and the admirable work of the reformation, which you have happily established, afford great grounds of confidence for you."

"My lord," replied Elizabeth, gravely, "the crown which I have worn so long has given enough of vanity in my time. I beseech you not to augment it when I am so near my death."

The reproof was admirable, and doubtless sincerely meant. It is not at the moment when we are about to quit the world that we descend to its hypocrisies and deceit.

All can measure the crimes of their fellow-creatures, but none can judge either of the boundless mercy of God, or of the sinner's penitence and atonement.

Kneeling by her side, the prelate prayed long and fervently. More than once he attempted to rise; but the dying queen, by a motion of her hand, detained him.

Worn out at last, she fell into a profound yet gentle slumber, from which she never more awoke. Lady Scrope and the women of her bedchamber alone were present at the supreme moment; and so silently did the spirit of the last of the Plantagenets pass from earth, that even they were ignorant of the exact moment.

Lady Southwell was the first to observe the change which had taken place. Falling on her knees by the side of the bed, she kissed the hand of the regal corpse, and exclaimed:

"The queen is dead."

All but Lady Scrope hurried from the chamber, to impart the intelligence to those who were most anxious to learn the expected event—namely, the courtiers and ministers of the late sovereign. She remained—her task was not yet performed.

Both Lady Scrope and her brother, Sir Robert Carey, had long been in secret correspondence with James of Scotland, who had given to her a sapphire ring, which was to serve as a token between them of the death of Elizabeth; from which arrangement it is evident that the suspicious prince trusted not too implicitly to the fidelity of the Cecils.

Advancing to the window of the chamber of death, she cautiously opened it, and saw, as she expected, her brother waiting below in anxious expectation.

"Is she dead?" whispered the knight.

His sister, fearing to speak, drew the token from her finger, and dropped it into his hat, then hastily closed the casement.

Sir Robert Carey started that very hour for Scotland, to announce to the crafty James the news of his succession to the crown of England. His zeal on this occasion procured him the earldom of Monmouth.

When the lords of the council, who had been informed of the event, entered the chamber, to verify the death of the queen, they found Lady Scrope upon her knees, praying by the side of the corpse.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

Kings and mightiest potentates must die—
For that's the end of human misery.

SHAKESPEARE.

ELIZABETH expired in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fourth of her reign. In tracing the events of her long life, we have been compelled to destroy, we fear, many an illusion cherished by those who, taking her character from tradition, deemed her the most virtuous as well as the greatest of our female sovereigns. Let us endeavor to be just: if her defects were many, the last of the Plantagenets possessed great redeeming qualities. The great stain upon her memory is the judicial murder of her cousin, Mary Stuart, and the relentless spirit with which she persecuted the dissenters from the Established Church and the Catholics.

Cruelty is doubly wicked, when inflicted in the name of Him who commanded mankind to love one another. The progress of true religion was never yet assisted by violence; and the cord, the rack, and

gibbet are about the worst arguments theologians can use.

Had Elizabeth been as tolerant as she was politic, her name would have stood the fairer in our English annals, and the Reformation would have been equally secured.

Her merit may be summed up in a few words. She was courageous, jealous of the honor of her country, affable with her people, a profound administrator, and possessed of enlightened views of the destiny of the nation she reigned over. It should never be forgotten by Englishmen, that she was the first to speak of the country as the kingdom of Great Britain: thereby clearly designating James of Scotland as her successor—by whose accession the entire island became united under one sceptre.

The occasion on which the remarkable acknowledgment took place, was in a conversation with the Duc de Sully, the friend and minister of Henry IV of France, when he visited her at Dover, shortly before her death.

Many have been the speculations as to the nature of her attachments to Leicester and Essex, and much antiquated slander might be raked up, but nothing certain—we prefer, therefore, to leave the subject in the obscurity in which time has enveloped it: her love, guilty or innocent, was unhappy; and sorrow atones for much.

Her secretary, Cecil, who had crouched and fawned, like the vilest spaniel, at the feet of his sovereign whilst living, thought proper to violate her commands when dead, by causing her body to be opened and embalmed, contrary to her express direction; he had no respect for the delicacy which shrank from the gaze of the vulgar and the curious.

According to Lady Southwell's account, in the manuscript before alluded to, the corpse of Elizabeth was brought from Richmond, where she died, to Whitehall, where it was watched day and night by six ladies of her court.

Her ladyship proceeds to relate that, the night after its arrival, "the body burst with a loud crack, splitting the lead and wood of which the coffin was composed: whereupon, the next day, she was fain to be new bound up."

The funeral took place at Westminster, on the 28th of April, 1603, and was conducted with extraordinary splendor in Westminster Abbey, in the chapel built by her grandfather, Henry VII, where a noble monument was raised to her memory by her successor, who caused the remains of his mother, the unhappy Mary, to be removed from Peterborough Cathedral—where they had been deposited on her execution—and interred in the same edifice, where

The murderess and her victim sleep together.

The quaint old chronicler, Stowe, speaking of the funeral of Queen Elizabeth, says:

"The city of Westminster was surcharged with multitudes of all sorts of people, in the street, houses, windows, leads, and gutters, who came to see the obsequy. And when they beheld her statue, or effigy, lying on the coffin, set forth in royal robes, having a crown upon the head thereof, and a ball and sceptre in either hand, there was such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping, as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man; neither doth any history mention any people, time, or state, to make like lamentation for the death of their sovereign."

The effigy alluded to was no other than the waxen figure formerly exhibited in the chamber of horrors at Westminster Abbey—but which the Chapter, with good taste, have ceased to make a show of: it doubtless still remains in one of the nooks or repositories of the old church, stored away with the armor of General Monk—the helmet of which the Abbey showman used to hold out to receive his fees in.

It is only in England that the degrading custom of making a regular charge for visiting churches is continued; in France, Italy, and Germany it has long been abolished—in fact, it never existed in our time, unless at the Cathedral of Cologne—and there only for inspecting the tomb of the Three Kings, which has to be lit up for visitors.

The noblest tribute to the memory of the last of the Plantagenets and Tudors, was in the regret of her subjects, who lamented her death, and, often, during the reign of her pedantic, cowardly, worthless successor—whose trucklings to Spain alone merit the contempt of every true English heart—recalled to mind the time when England, under the sceptre of Elizabeth, repelled the Armada, succored the cruelly-persecuted Protestants in the Low Countries, and assisted the united provinces to cast aside the yoke of its foreign masters.

If the maiden queen ruled with a despotic sway at home, she at least proved herself the friend of freedom abroad.

END OF THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS.

Unknown Tongues.

Who does not know the account of the Libyan mares, that could only be milked when tamed by soft music, and of the horses of the Sybarites, that had been taught to dance after pleasing melodies, and then, when bearing their masters into battle, suddenly heard, in the enemy's ranks, the well-remembered sounds, and instantly set to dancing instead of fighting? The same love of music has been more harmlessly employed in comparatively modern times. The eccentric Lord Holland, of the reign of William III, used to give his horses a weekly concert in a covered gallery, especially erected for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts and improved their temper, and an eye-witness says that they seemed to be greatly delighted therewith.

In the elephant and the camel, this sense is, probably, most strikingly developed. Whole books have been written on the marvellous talents of the former, and wonders have been told of the great effect that music has on his temper. Sweet, gentle melodies move him to caresses; loud, powerful strains rouse his passions even to uncontrollable fury. The camel has been less fortunate. Still, it is never beaten by its owner, whether it toils panting through the deep, hot sand of the desert, or shivers, sewed up in blankets, in the icy regions of Siberia. At home, it is, at worst, only scolded; on the journey, it is controlled by words, to which the pressure of the foot on the neck, or a gentle touch with a rod, only serve as accent or emphasis. The Arab, a true lover of animal creation—the pig excepted—entertains his camel with music, with songs, and with fairy tales. Often and often they may be seen, travelling in the dead of night, gliding along like spectres in the moonlight, or bearing torches on their packs, which cast strange flickering lights on the dismal waste. Their heads on high, their long necks balancing slowly to and fro, they move carefully and yet swiftly, sometimes thousands in number. Nothing is heard but the faint rustling of the sand, as it grates under their soft feet, and the plaintive sound of the Arab's voice. He is overpowered by weariness, or dreams of his home near bright waters, where the palm-tree casts a cooling shadow. The camel lags and lingers—it stops. Then the roused Bedouin draws his reed pipe from the folds of his turban, and sharp and shrill its notes are heard far into the solitude: while the camel raises its ungainly head, and with enlivened step and rapid motion, moves forward through the desert.

Birds alone, and especially singing birds, have a genuine ear for music. As the eye may see, and yet not be able to distinguish colors, so the ear of most animals hears, but cannot discern the depth and volume of tone. But birds are the true musicians of the animal kingdom. They have, what many men lack, a genuine talent to learn and appreciate musical notes and melodies. You sing, and they will repeat, bar after bar; others listen with eager attention to a hand organ, and little by little, learn whole tunes: the ablest of all even imitate the songs and voices of others.

Not all animals, however, that have an ear can speak. Language, even in its humblest form, is a gift vouchsafed to the few and the privileged. Still, animals are dumb only in a general way; they all have at least, a language of instinct. By this they can make themselves understood by their own race and by their enemies. Even the lowest among them, that have not a trace of lungs, must have some gesture to convey their friendly or hostile meaning. Poor as it is, no doubt, and entirely as it escapes our eye, this language suffices. Animals endowed with horns, teeth, feet, or antennæ, speak by these means; how eloquent is the dog when he shows his teeth, and how sure of being understood the ox, when he lowers his formidable horns.

Clearer far, though still only in gesture is the language of others. Their eye speaks to the careful observer, as clearly as the eye of man, of their innermost feelings; their whole carriage, the play of their features, the gestures of their limbs, are full of unmistakable expression. Here, as in man, we observe a beautiful harmony between the bodily frame, and the spirit that dwells in it. This they read, unconscious, but unerring, in others also. The dog, taught by his constant intercourse with us, sees in our mien and gesture, at once, whether he pleases or not; the horse, also, can learn to appreciate a frowning brow or a kindly face. They are infallible in this, perfect as in all that comes from nature directly. Their instinct never errs, as the infant's pure mind judges far more correctly than the troubled mind of the old and experienced. Even the wildest of carnivorous beasts perceive, by these means, in man a higher spiritual power. The lion reads in his eye the consciousness of his supe-

riority, and shrinks from it with shy submission. But woe to that man whose heart should fail him, who but for a moment forgets that he is master of all things living on earth! The lion at once feels himself the better and stronger of the two, and his blood-thirsty instinct regains its supremacy. And as they read the mysterious language of features so they express it. There is no hypocrisy in the animal's face. It would be a sad error, indeed, to fancy that there was nothing to read in look, mien, and gesture of animals, simply because to us it is an unknown tongue. We cannot even distinguish individuals of our own kind. To the white man of Europe, all blacks look alike, and, at first sight, nothing strikes the inexperienced traveller so much as the apparent similarity of Eastern nations. Who of us can read temper or health in the faces of a thousand sheep? and yet the shepherd knows every one by unfailing signs, and is struck, at a glance, by a change of expression. We are apt to forget, besides, that there is among animals, no disguise of features. We all know, in an instant, an intelligent dog, by his eye and his gestures. Then, our face is smooth and tender beyond all parts of the body, that of animals is covered with hair, and although we may see a dog move his lips to a smile, and his eye most plainly shed tears, but little can be read in his dark hairy countenance. The blood may come and go as quickly as the crimson blush on our cheek; he may "turn up his nose," and "frown with indignation," without our seeing any trace of it.

Man's superiority in this language is great, but it is artificial. He is independent of the body, which the animal is not. Hunger may sorely try him, and anger devour his heart: yet he can suppress every sign of his want and his passion. On the other hand he can exhibit feelings which are not there; the actor expresses a feigned condition of soul; the courtier, even, represents feelings the very opposite of those that actually move him.

Still, animals even may develop this humblest and simplest language. They resemble the infant, that in early days, learns to understand the mother's loving look, that cries for food and soon smiles in return for caresses, or laughs in its child-like enjoyment. There is little but fierce temper in the mustang's hairy face—there is a world of feeling in the thorough-bred's well cut countenance. The cur of the Turk shrinks, howling, from the stern glance of man, and snarls and snaps at his enemy—the intelligent spaniel has an eye beaming with affection, and speaks a language of gestures as clear and distinct as that of actors in pantomime. Who has ever forgotten the touching tribute paid by blind Homer to the faithful dog of Ulysses? Forgotten by all that loved and served him, disguised by the great Athene herself, he returns to his home, and wanders, unknown, among his friends and kindred. But, as he speaks in the yard to Eumæus, the lame and emaciated friend of his youth, his own beloved Argus hears the voice of his master. He would fain rise and greet him, as of old, with fondling caresses and eager barking. But he is old and crippled, he can but wag his tail, and tenderly lick the hand that he alone has recognised. And as his master, brushing away a furtive tear, enters the hall, where abundance reigns, and joyous voices are heard, poor Argus lays himself down and dies of immoderate joy.

Far clearer, of course, and more familiar to all, is the language of animals uttered in sounds. Yet this, also, is, as yet, but a tribe of unknown tongues. We are so apt to watch only for sounds that resemble the human voice. We look for a phonetic language, which, of course, is not taught among animals in primary schools by means of primers and readers, but by their only mother, nature. We forget that when first we enter an asylum for deaf mutes, we hardly observe the imperceptible signs that pass, with amazing rapidity from hand to hand. We forget the terror with which early travellers spoke of the wondrous gestures used among Eastern nations, where the feasted guest from the west was often startled to find that a wave of the hand, which had passed unnoticed before his eyes, had been an order to behead an offender. And yet we ought in our day, to have learned to think most humbly, indeed, of our own imperfect senses. Who guessed that there was a world of suns and stars in the heavens, before the telescope unfolded its wonders? Were we not all startled with the Brahmin, whose laws forbid him to eat animal food, and to whom the merciless microscope revealed in his cup of pure water a host of living beings? If we had instruments for the ear, as we have for the eye, who knows what we might hear, though we should never reach the fabled power of the Eastern magician, who saw "the grass grow, and heard the fleas coughing."

But we might surely expect to learn some of these now utterly unknown tongues, and to discover, for instance, the mysterious language which ants and bees speak to each other with their antennæ. Observations and study would soon add largely to our stock of knowledge. We have all noticed how still and silent nature appears, at sultry noon, when a feeling akin to awe creeps over us, and a magic slumber seems to seize and enchain whatever is living. But, even then, there remains an all pervading sound, a restless humming and fluttering, close to the ground. In every bush, in the cracked bark of trees, and in the earth, undermined by insects, life is still audible; voices are still heard, low and faint, perceived only by the watchful ear and the reverent mind of the true votary of nature.

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.—The following touching incident was related by a peasant; it occurred in one of the villages of Southern Italy, when the plague was raging in the district:—Whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another, first the young and then the old, of a whole family dropped off. A woman, who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a laborer, and a mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumor appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighboring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them in a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh and went away. But the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good bye, mother," in a voice so tender, that she involuntarily stopped. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little head out of the window; and thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and pity and solicitude which urged her on; at length the latter conquered, and, amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her; she recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more. "But," added the narrator, "nothing can equal the heart of a mother. You remember that sublime speech of a poor woman, on hearing her parish priest relate the history of Abraham:—'Oh! God certainly would not have required such a sacrifice of a mother.'"

ABD-EL-KADER'S PRESENTS.—Abd-el-Kader has arrived in Paris. His health continues to improve. He brought with him some magnificent presents for the Empress and the ladies of the court. The presents for the Empress consists of a pair of slippers so richly set with precious stones as to be worth 20,000 piastres, and a rich carpet for the side of a bed. The Princess Mathilde is to receive a complete coffee service in chased silver, in the fashion of Constantinople, and on the salver the Emir has caused to be engraved some Arab verses, complimentary to the Princess. A splendid embroidered napkin covers the salver, and it alone is worth 5,000 piastres. Accompanying the service is a quantity of mocha coffee, and also a mill to grind it; so that the Princess will be able to drink coffee exactly as it is prepared in the Seraglio. The other objects brought by the Emir consist of pipes, nargihés, carpets, scarfs, and other Oriental articles.

CURIOUS RUSSIAN CUSTOM.—On Whit Monday, and the following Sunday, there is a great promenade in the Summer Gardens, namely, the exhibition of brides. The Russian tradesmen, on these days, expose their marriageable daughters in order to marry them, or, as they term it, to give them away. Under the lime trees of the principal *Allee* are two long rows of gaily dressed girls, packed close together, like the pipes of an organ. Behind each stands the match-maker, and the third row the mothers and other female relatives. Through this double row the spectators and wife-seeking Russians slowly walk. The latter notice any face that pleases them, and the match-maker belonging to it. The exhibition lasts till a late hour.

The Eastern War.—Capture of Kinburn, and Destruction of Otchakov.

WITHIN a month of the fall of Sebastopol a new expedition, nearer the heart of the Russian government, on the seat of her earlier steps towards aggrandisement, has been undertaken, and with signal success. The capture of the three forts at Kinburn, by the combined operations of the sea and land forces of the Allies, on the 17th Oct., 1855, gives them the command of the estuary of the Dnieper, and through it the opportunity of making still more important advances into the provinces of Southern Russia. From the details of this operation, it will be found that in this case, unlike that of Sebastopol, Kinburn submitted virtually after a bombardment of four hours, which sufficiently showed that a prolonged resistance was hopeless; the governor capitulating, and, with his garrison of from twelve to fifteen hundred men, marching out prisoners with the honors of war. This victory was followed by the blowing up of the fortifications of Otchakov, on the opposite shore, so that the approaches to Nicolaieff, the imperial arsenal of the South of Russia, is thrown entirely open to the Allies.

THE IMPERIAL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT OF AUSTRIA.

—In the Austrian department of the French Exposition, this is the most remarkable exhibition to be seen. The *Staatsdruckerei*, as it is called, is a vast manufactory for everything connected with bookmaking and engraving, and is under the imperial government, which carefully fosters it as the French government fosters the Gobelins and Sevres. The collection in Paris comprises an immense number of interesting specimens, amongst which are specimens in chromo-lithography of some of the pictures of the old masters, so extraordinarily perfect that it is difficult to know them from the originals, which hang by their sides. There are also wonderfully fine anatomical plates, maps of immense size, and most elaborate workmanship. The annual expenses of the establishment are more than a million florins, and the receipts about 1,200,000 florins. The type stock comprises more than 600 sorts and degrees of native letters, and 120 alphabets of foreign languages. The whole stock weighs 450,000 lbs., which, reckoning 50,000 letters to the 100 pounds, gives 175,000,000 as the total number of letters. The quantity of paper annually used in the establishment is over 200,000 reams, and the number of persons employed is over eight hundred.

WEAVING BY ELECTRICITY.

—An invention that promises to create a revolution in the manufacture of silks, linens, cottons—in fact, of all woven articles—has just been perfected, and a specimen has been exhibited in the Paris Exhibition. This is the electric loom invented by Cavalier Borelli, inspector of telegraphs in the Sardinian States. Some time since he applied electricity to the jacquard loom, whereby he was enabled to dispense with cards, and much of the manipulation necessary for the old system of

weaving; but in the more perfect specimen now about to be exhibited, the inventor has added steam-power to supersede manual labor, so that one intelligent workman may attend to many machines at the same time, and the operation of making all kinds of patterns will be as easy, cheap, and expeditious, as printing and knitting in different patterns is also performed with similar instruments.

great attraction of the commune this year is a peach tree, belonging to M. Lepère, one of the most eminent horticulturists of that locality. With the aid of his son, he has trained a peach-tree as an espalier, so as to produce by the arrangement of the branches, in capital letters, the word "Napoleon." The entire tree occupies a space of about eight feet high, and of twenty-seven broad. The branches,



THE BOMBARDMENT OF KINBURN BY THE ALLIED FLEET.

FINE sense, and exalted sense, are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

AN INGENIOUS GARDENER.—The commune of Montreuil is renowned for the cultivation of peaches, with which the markets of Paris are supplied. The

which serve to form the eight letters, start from the lower part of the tree, and, after forming the word, spread their leaves around so as to make the word appear as if in relief. Numerous visitors are attracted to the spot to see this tree, which is covered with fruit.

A MAN of knowledge, that is either negligent or uncorrected, cannot but grow wild and godless.



THE COMMISSARIAT CAMP IN THE CRIMEA, THIRD DIVISION.

The Commissariat Camp in the Crimea.

THE above is an illustration of the Commissariat camp of the Third Division of the British Army, 7,207 strong. From it, rations of provisions, forage, and fuel, are issued in the following proportions:

The daily rations per man consist of 1½ lb. of bread or 1 lb. biscuit, 1 lb. fresh meat or 1 lb. salt meat, 2 oz. sugar, 1 oz. coffee or 1 oz. cocoa, or ½ oz. tea, 2 oz. rice, ½ oz. salt; ½ oz. pepper per every 8 men; 1 oz. of lime juice, 1 gill of rum, or porter in lieu at the rate of 2 quarts for every 3 men; together with a sufficiency of charcoal and wood for cooking purposes.

The daily issue of forage in the Division—Barley, 14,000 lbs.; hay, 5,000 lbs.; chopped straw, 5,000 lbs.

The Commissariat, both in the Crimea and at Constantinople (states the *Times*' correspondent), is making laudable preparations for a regular supply of provisions during the forthcoming winter. Depots are to be established at Ismid and Sinope, and a regular transport service will be organized between the various places on the coast and the port of Balaklava. Sheds for 4,000 cattle will be constructed near the Camp.

Industry.

DIFFUSIVE in its tendency, industry would that every man should sit in the shadow of his own roof, under his own vine and fig-tree, having enough and to spare. It would that woman might partake of the benefits of a free and liberal education; that undue distinctions of rank and wealth should be levelled, and a general standard of intelligence, integrity and moral worth, take the place of the factitious blazon that precedes the pomp of puffed-up power, founded on no real merit, no industrial enterprise.

Industry is progressive. For ever on — on, with the march of a conqueror, it is crying out for new worlds of science to subdue. It looks along the beds of deep oceans, and speculates whether some day it may not build an under-sea railway, as it has under-ground tunnels. It scans the stars, and deter-

mines that some principle shall be applied to machinery to bear man up along those grand highways. It measures mountains, and, with the strength of an Atlas, moves them into the sea, if it will. It calculates how many ships shall float from a forest of timber, and how many cities spring up in desolate plains.

Industry is creative. What new theory lies undeveloped in her thoughts cannot yet be told. But as surely as she has wrought wonders from crudeness, so she will create anew. Wild and improbable as many a novel theory seems to the common-place observer, industry beholds it clothed in glorious light, wanting only embodying by her own peerless skill. Even in the depths of darkness, it still shines in the chambers of her own brain; it is ever present; to her there is no chaos. Since the creation, she has lacked not for material, and never will.

Industry is poetry itself. Who says that since the hills have echoed to the thunder of the rushing locomotive, the spirit of poetry has fled? It is not so. She has but "put away all childish things," and now in the grandeur of maturity stands forth a nobler being, than when her charmed precincts enclosed fawn and fairies, and sprites and genii danced around the consecrated circle.

Poetry! Think of the thousand steam horses, flying with more than the speed of Pegasus through vales and over hill-tops! The millions of spindles crashing, whirling and gleaming; the trillions of hammers, tripping and beating, with the great pulse of labor. Look down in coal-mines, and from their inky blackness see the ancient forests brought up to light up your homes. Gaze along the tremulous wires, and think that in every direction, the swift lightning is bearing messages of weal or woe to multitudes of waiting hearts.

There is a great epic yet to be written, and its theme will be industry.

WHAT a foundation mortified vanity is for philosophy.

IN A LECTURE, Mr. Geo. F. Ansell, superintendent of the chemical department of the Royal Panopticon, London, recently demonstrated how water, by its property of dissolving carbonic acid, becomes a powerful agent in the levelling of the earth. He first showed that carbonic acid was soluble in water, by filling a glass cylinder with carbonic acid, then pouring in a little water, and covering the cylinder with his hand, shaking the water for a few seconds; when the carbonic acid was dissolved, a partial vacuum was formed, and the atmosphere pressed so heavily against the outer walls of the cylinder as to support it on his hand; thus in a popular manner proving his statement. Then, to explain the process by which carbonic-acid water dissolved stones and rocks, Mr. Ansell powdered a piece of Carrara marble, and placing it in a glass of water, passed a current of carbonic-acid gas through it; and in a few minutes the marble dissolved, just as salt or sugar would in water or tea, leaving the water bright and colorless. Now, referring to granite, as the chief substance of which London streets are built, the lecturer explained by a diagram the compound nature of granite; which is a mixture of felspar, mica, and quartz, or flint, each of those substances being compounds of other substances. The potash of the felspar and mica have a greater affinity for carbonic acid than silica, and absorb it from the atmosphere; and the rain falling, washes out the carbonate of potash, leaving the other substances in a disintegrated and honey-comb condition, so that the rain carried them into the sewers, the sewers into the Thames, and so into the sea; and doubtless a part of those huge masses of sand at the mouth of the Thames has been obtained from London granite; while the potash, soda, and lime salts, being soluble in water, have passed on to the sea. Mr. Ansell's whole lecture went to prove that the highest mountain must ultimately be levelled, and its insoluble constituents tend to fill up the sea; and so gradually, water, with the aid of carbonic acid, would be one of the great levellers of the earth.

The Eye.

Continued from page 311, Vol. I.

CHAPTER II.

The eye possesses a certain limited power of accommodating itself to various degrees of illumination. Circumstances which are familiar to every one, render the exercise of this power evident.

If a person, after remaining a certain time in a dark room, pass suddenly into another room strongly illuminated, the eye suffers instantly a degree of inconvenience, and even pain, which causes the eyelids to close; and it is not until after the lapse of a certain time that they can be opened without inconvenience.

The cause of this is easily explained. While the observer remains in the darkened or less illuminated room, the pupil is dilated so as to admit into the eye as great a quantity of light as the structure of the organ allows of. When he passes suddenly into the strongly-illuminated room, the flood of light arriving through the widely dilated pupil acts with such violence on the retina as to produce pain, which necessarily calls for the relief and protection of the organ. The iris, then, by an action peculiar to it, contracts the dimension of the pupil so as to admit proportionally less light, and the eye is opened with impunity.

Effects the reverse of these are observed when a person passes from a strongly-illuminated room into one comparatively dark, or into the open air at night. For a certain time he sees nothing, because the contraction of the pupil, which was adapted to the strong light to which it had previously been exposed, admits so little light to the retina that no sensation is produced. The pupil, however, after a while, dilates, and, admitting more light, objects are perceived which were before invisible.

It is sometimes inferred, though erroneously, that the apparent splendor of the image of a visible object decreases as the square of the distance increases. This would be the case in the strictest sense, if, while the object were withdrawn from the eye to an increased distance, its image on the retina continued to have the same magnitude; for, in this case, the absolute brightness of each point composing such image would diminish as the square of the distance increases, and the area of the retina over which such points are diffused would remain the same; but it must be considered, that as the object retires from the eye the superficial magnitude of the image on the retina is diminished in the same proportion as the square of the distance of the object from the eye is increased. It therefore follows that while the points composing the image on the retina are diminished in the intensity of their illumination, they are collected into a smaller space, so that what each point of the image on the retina loses in splendor, the entire image gains by concentration.

If the sun were brought as close to the earth as the moon, its apparent diameter would be 400 times greater, and the area of its apparent disk 160,000 greater than at present, but the apparent brightness of its surface would not be in any degree increased. In the same manner, if the sun were removed to ten times its present distance, it would appear under a visual angle ten times less than at present, as in fact it would to an observer on the planet Saturn, and its visible area would be a hundred times less than it is, but the splendor of its diminished area would be exactly the same as the present splendor of the sun's disk.

The sun seen from the planet Saturn has an apparent diameter ten times less than it has when seen from the earth.

The appearance from Saturn will then be the same as would be the appearance of a portion of the disk of the sun seen from the earth through a circular aperture in an opaque plate, which would exhibit a portion of the disk whose diameter is one-tenth of the whole.

When the light which radiates from a luminous object has a certain intensity, it will continue to affect the retina in a sensible manner, even when the object is removed to such a distance that the visual angle shall cease to have any perceivable magnitude. The fixed stars present innumerable examples of this effect. None of these objects, even the most brilliant of them, subtend any sensible angle to the eye. When viewed through the most perfect telescopes, they appear merely as brilliant points. In this case, therefore, the eye is affected by the light alone, and not by the magnitude of the object seen.

Nevertheless, the distance of such an object may be increased to such an extent, that the light, intense as it is, will cease to produce a sensible effect upon the retina.

There are seven classes of the fixed stars, diminishing gradually in brightness,* which produce an effect on the retina such as to render them visible to

a naked eye. This diminution of splendor is produced by their increased distance. The telescope brings into view innumerable other stars, whose intrinsic splendor is as great as the brightest among those which we see, but which do not transmit to the retina, without the aid of the telescope, enough of light to produce any sensible effect. It is demonstrable, however, that, even without the telescope, they do transmit a certain definite quantity of light to the retina; the quantity of light which they thus transmit, and which is insufficient to produce a sensible effect, having to the quantity obtained by the telescope a ratio depending upon the proportion of the magnitude of the object-glass of the telescope to the magnitude of the pupil.

The quantity and intensity of the light transmitted by an external object to the retina, which is sufficient to produce a perception of such object, depends also upon the light received at the same time by the retina from other objects present before the eye. The proof of this is, that the same objects which are visible at one time are not visible at another, though equally before the eye, and transmitting equal quantities of light of the same intensity to the retina. Thus, the stars are present in the heavens by day as well as by night, and transmit the same quantity of light to the retina, yet they are not visible in the presence of the sun, because the light proceeding from that luminary, directly and indirectly reflected and refracted by the air and innumerable other objects, is so much greater in quantity and intensity as to overpower the inferior and much less intense light of the stars. This case is altogether analogous to that of the ear, which, when under the impression of loud and intense sounds, is incapable of perceiving sounds of less intensity, which, nevertheless, affect the organ in the same manner as they do when, in the absence of louder sounds, they are distinctly heard.

Even when an object is perceived, the intensity of the perception is relative, and determined by other perceptions produced at the same time. Thus, the moon seen at night is incomparably more splendid than the same moon seen by day or in the twilight, although in each case the moon transmits precisely the same quantity of light, of precisely the same intensity, to the eye; but in the one case the eye is overpowered by the superior splendor of the light of day, which dims comparatively the less intense light proceeding from the moon.

40. THE IMAGE MUST CONTINUE A SUFFICIENT TIME UPON THE RETINA TO ENABLE THAT MEMBRANE TO PRODUCE A PERCEPTION OF IT.

The velocity with which light is propagated through space is at the rate of about 200,000 miles per second. Its transmission, therefore, from all objects at ordinary distances to the eye may be considered as instantaneous. The moment, therefore, any object is placed before the eye, an image of it is formed on the retina, and this image continues there until the object is removed. Now, it is easy to show experimentally that an object may be placed before the eye for a certain definite length of time, and that a picture may be painted upon the retina during that interval, without producing any perception or any consciousness of the presence of the object.

To illustrate this, let a circular disk $A B C D$, fig. 5, about twenty inches in diameter, be formed in card or tin, and let a circle $A' B' C' D'$ be described upon it, about two inches less in radius than the disk, so as to leave between the circle and the disk a zone about two inches wide. Let the entire zone be blackened, except the space $A M M' A'$, forming about the one-twentieth of it. Let the disk thus prepared be attached to the back of a blackened screen, so as to be capable of revolving behind it, and let a hole one inch in diameter be made in the screen at any point, behind which the zone $A B C D$ is placed. If the disk be now made to revolve around the screen, the hole will appear as a circular white spot, so long as the white space $A M$ passes behind it, and will disappear, leaving the same black color as the screen during the remainder of the revolution of the disk. If the disk be now put in motion at a slow rate, the white hole will be seen on the screen during one-twentieth of each revolution. If the velocity of rotation imparted to the disk be gradually increased, the white spot will ultimately disappear, and the screen appear of a uniform black color, although it be certain that during the twentieth part of each revolution, whatever be the rate of rotation, a picture of the white spot is formed on the retina.

The length of time necessary in this case for the action of light upon the retina to produce sensation may be determined by ascertaining the most rapid

* The term magnitude is used in astronomy, as applied to the fixed stars, to express their apparent brightness; no fixed star, however splendid, subtends any sensible angle.

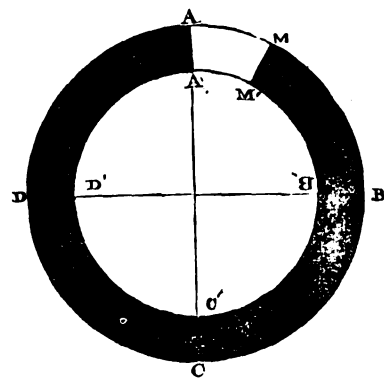


Fig. 5.

motion of the disk which is capable of producing a distinct perception of the white spot. This interval will be found to vary with the degree of illumination. If the spot be strongly illuminated, a less interval will be sufficient to produce a perception of it; if it be more feebly illuminated, a longer interval will be required. The experiment may be made by varying the color of the space $A M$ of the zone, and it will be found that the interval necessary to produce sensation will vary with the color as well as with the degree of illumination.

Numerous observations on the most familiar effects of vision, and various experiments expressly contrived for the purpose, show that the retina, when once impressed with the picture of an object placed before the eye, retains this impression, sometimes with its full intensity and sometimes more faintly, just as the ear retains for a time the sensation of a sound after the cause which has put the tympanum in vibration has ceased to act. The duration of this impression on the retina, after the removal of the visible object which produced it, varies according to the degree of illumination and the color of the object. The more intense the illumination, and the brighter the color, the longer will be the interval during which the retina will retain their effects.

To illustrate this experimentally, let a circular disk formed of blackened card or tin, of twelve or fourteen inches in diameter, be pierced with eight holes round its circumference, at equal distances, each hole being about half an inch in diameter, as represented in fig. 6.

Let this disk be attached upon a pivot or pin at its centre O to a board, $A B C D$, which is blackened everywhere, except upon a circular spot at V , corresponding in magnitude to the holes made in the circular plate.

Let this spot be first supposed to be white. Let the circular disk be made to revolve upon the point O , so as to bring the circular holes successively before the white spot at V . The retina will thus be impressed at intervals with the image of this circular white spot. In the intervals between the transits of the holes over it, the entire board will appear black, and the retina will receive no impression. If the disk be made to revolve with a very slow motion, the eye will see the white spot at intervals, but if the

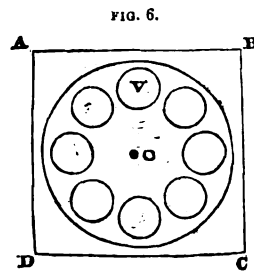


FIG. 6.

velocity of rotation be gradually increased, it will be found that the eye will perceive the white spot permanently represented at V , as if the disk had been placed with one of its holes opposite to it without moving. It is evident, therefore, that in this case the impression produced upon the retina, when any hole is opposite the white spot, remains until the succeeding hole comes opposite to it, and thus a continued perception of the white spot is produced.

If the white spot be illuminated in various degrees, or if it be differently colored, the velocity of the disk necessary to produce a continuous perception of it will differ. The brighter the color and the stronger the illumination, the less will be the velocity of rotation of the disk which is necessary to produce a continuous perception of the spot.

These effects show that the stronger the illumination and the brighter the color, the longer is the interval during which the impression is retained by the retina.

This continuance of the impression of external objects on the retina, after the light from the object

ceases to act, is also manifested by the fact, that the continual winking of the eyes for the purpose of lubricating the eye-ball by the eye-lid does not intercept our vision. If we look at any external objects, they never cease for a moment to be visible to us, notwithstanding the frequent intermissions which take place in the action of light upon the retina in consequence of its being thus intercepted by the eye-lid.

If a lighted stick be turned round in a circle in a dark room, the appearance to the eye will be a continuous circle of light; for in this case the impression produced upon the retina by the light, when the stick is at any point of the circle, is retained until the stick returns to that point.

In the same manner, a flash of lightning appears to the eye as a continuous line of light, because the light emitted at any point of the line remains upon the retina until the cause of the light passes over the succeeding points. In the same manner, any objects moving before the eye with such a velocity that the retina shall retain the impression produced at one point in the line of its motion until it passes through the other points, will appear as a continuous line of light or color.

But to produce this effect, it is not enough that the body change its position so rapidly that the impression produced at one point of its path continues until its arrival at another point; it is necessary, also, that its motion should not be so rapid as to make it pass from any of the positions which it successively assumes before it has time to impress the eye with a perception of it; for it must be remembered, as has been already explained, that the perception of a visible object presented to the eye, though rapid, is not instantaneous.

The object must remain present before the organ of vision a certain definite time, and its position must continue upon the retina during such time, before any perception of it is obtained. Now, if the body move from its position before the lapse of this time, it necessarily follows that no perception of its presence, therefore, will be obtained. If, then, we suppose a body moving so rapidly before the eye that it remains in no position long enough to produce a perception of it, such object will not be seen.

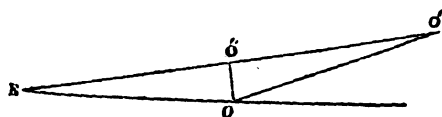
Hence it is that the ball discharged from a cannon passing transversely to the line of vision is not seen; but if the eye be placed in the direction in which the ball moves, so that its angular motion round the eye as a centre will be slow notwithstanding its great velocity, it will be visible, because, however rapid its real motion through space, its angular motion with respect to the eye (and consequently of the image of its picture on the retina) will be sufficiently slow to give the necessary time for the production of a perception of it.

The time thus necessary to obtain the perception of a visible object varies with the degree of illumination, the color, and the apparent magnitude of the object. The more intense the illumination the more vivid the color, and the greater the apparent magnitude the less will be the time necessary to produce a perception of the object.

In applying this principle to the phenomena of vision, it must be carefully remembered that the question is affected, not by the real, but by the apparent motion of the object, that is to say, not by the velocity with which the object really moves through space, but by the angle which the line drawn from the eye to the object describes per second. Now this angle is affected by two conditions, which it is important to attend to: 1^o, the direction of the motion of the object compared with the line of vision; and 2^o, by the velocity of the motion compared with the distance of the object. If the object were to move exactly in the direction of the line of vision, it would appear to the eye to be absolutely stationary, since the line drawn to it would have no angular motion; and if it were to move in a direction forming an oblique angle to the line of vision, its apparent motion might be indefinitely slow, however great its real velocity might be.

For example, let it be supposed that the eye being at *e*, fig. 7, an object, *o*, moves in the direction of

Fig. 7



o o', so as to move from *o* to *o'* in one second. Taking *e* as a centre, and *eo* as a radius, let a circular arc *o o''* be described. The apparent motion of the object will then be the same as if, instead of moving from *o* to *o'* in one second, it moved from *o* to *o''* in one second.

The more nearly, therefore, at right angles to the line of vision the direction of the motion is, the greater will be the apparent motion produced by any real motion of an object.

A motion which is visible at one distance may be invisible at another, inasmuch as the angular velocity will be increased as the distance is diminished.

Thus if an object at a distance of 57½ feet from the eye move at the rate of a foot per second, it will appear to move at the rate of one degree per second, inasmuch as a line one foot long at 57½ feet distance subtends an angle of one degree. Now if the eye be removed from such an object to a distance of 115 feet, the apparent motion will be half a degree, or thirty minutes per second; and if it be removed to thirty times that distance, the apparent motion will be thirty times slower. Or if, on the other hand, the eye be brought nearer to the object, the apparent motion will be accelerated in exactly the same proportion as the distance of the eye is diminished.

A cannon-ball moving at 1000 miles an hour transversely to the line of vision, and at a distance of 50 yards from the eye, will be invisible, since it will not remain a sufficient time in any one position to produce perception. The moon, however, moving with more than double the velocity of the cannon-ball, being at a distance of 240,000 miles, has an apparent motion, so slow as to be imperceptible.

The angular motion of the line of vision may be so diminished as to become imperceptible; and the body thus moved will in this case appear stationary. It is found by experience that unless a body move in such a manner that the line of vision shall describe at least one degree in each minute of time, its motion will not be perceptible.

Thus it is that we are not conscious of the diurnal motion of the firmament. If we look at the moon and stars on a clear night, they appear to the eye to be quiescent; but if we observe them after the lapse of some hours, we find that their positions are changed, those which were near the horizon being nearer the meridian, and those which were in the meridian having descended towards the horizon. Since we are conscious that this change did not take place suddenly, we infer that the entire firmament must have been in continual motion round us, but that this motion is so slow as to be imperceptible.

Since the heavens appear to make a complete revolution in twenty-four hours, each object on the firmament must move at the rate of 15° an hour, or at the rate of one quarter of a degree a minute. But since no motion is perceptible to the eye which has a less apparent velocity than 1° per minute, this motion of the firmament is unperceived. If, however, the earth revolved on its axis in six hours instead of twenty-four hours, then the sun, moon, stars, and other celestial objects, would have a motion at the rate of 60° an hour, or 1° per minute. The sun would appear to move over a space equal to twice its own diameter each minute, and this motion would be distinctly perceived.

The fact that the motion of the hands of a clock is not perceived is explained in the same manner.

If an object which moves very rapidly be not sufficiently illuminated, or be not of a sufficiently bright color to impress the retina sensibly, it will then, instead of appearing as a continuous line of color, cease to be visible altogether; for it does not remain in any one position long enough to produce a sensible effect upon the retina. It is for this reason that a ball projected from a cannon or a musket, though passing before the eye, cannot be seen. If two railway trains pass each other with a certain velocity, a person looking out of the window of one of them will be unable to see the other. If the velocity be very moderate, and the light of the day sufficiently strong, the appearance of the passing train will be that of a flash of color formed by the mixture of the prevailing colors of the vehicles composing it.

An expedient has been contrived, depending on this principle, to show experimentally that the mixture of the seven prismatic colors, in their proper proportions, produces white light. The colors are laid upon a circular disc surrounding its edge, which they divide into parts proportional to the spaces they occupy in the spectrum. When the disc is made to revolve, each color produces, like the lighted stick, the impression of a continuous ring, and consequently the eye is sensible of seven rings of the several colors superposed one upon the other, which thus produce the effect of their combination, and appear as white or a whitish grey color.

The duration of the impression upon the retina, after the object producing it is removed, varies according to the vividness of the light proceeding from the object, being longer according as the light is more intense. It was found that the light proceeding from a piece of coal in combustion moved

in a circle at a distance of 165 feet, produced the impression of a continuous circle of light when it revolved at the rate of seven times per second. The inference from this would be that in that particular case the impression upon the retina was continued during the seventh part of a second after the removal of the object.

It is from the cause here indicated that forked lightning presents the appearance of a continuous line of light.

The duration of the impression on the retina varies also with the color of the light, that produced by a white object being most visible, and yellow and red being most in degree of durability; the least durable being those tints which belong to the most refrangible lights.

The duration of the impression also depends on the state of illumination of the surrounding space; thus the impression produced by a luminous object when in a dark room is more durable than that which would be produced by the same object seen in an illuminated room. This may be ascribed to the greater sensitiveness of the retina when in a state of repose than when its entire surface is excited by surrounding lights. Thus it is found that while the varying duration of the impression of the illuminated object in a dark room was one-third of a second, its duration in a lighted room was only one-sixth of a second.

Innumerable optical toys and pyrotechnic apparatus owe their effect to this continuance of the impression upon the retina when the object has changed its position.

Amusing toys, called thaumatropes, phenakistiscopes, phantaskopes, &c., are explained upon this principle. A moving object, which assumes a succession of different positions in performing any action, is represented in the successive divisions of the circumference of a circle, as in fig. 8, in the

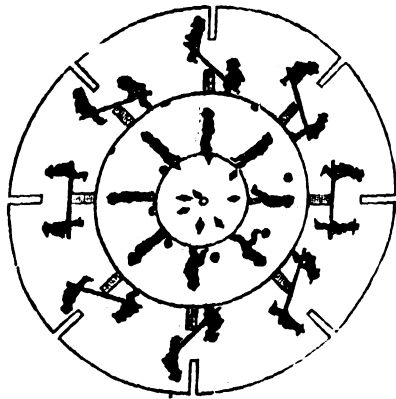


FIG. 8.—THE THAUMATROPE.

successive positions it assumes. These pictures, by causing the disk to revolve, are brought in rapid succession before an aperture, through which the eye is directed, so that the pictures representing the successive attitudes are brought one after another before the eye at intervals; the impression of one remaining until the impression of the next is produced. In this manner the eye never ceases to see the figure, but sees it in such a succession of attitudes as it would assume if it revolved. The effect is, that the figure actually appears to pirouette before the eye. The effects of catheine-wheels and rockets are explained in the same manner.

The direction in which any part of an object is seen is that of the line drawn from such point through the optical centre of the eye. This line being carried back to the retina determines the place on the retina where the image of such point is found. If the optical centre of the eye were not at the centre of the eye-ball, the direction of this line would be changed with every movement of the eye-ball in its socket; every such movement would cause the optical centre to revolve round the centre of the eyeball, and consequently would cause the line drawn from the optical centre to the object to change its direction. The effect of this would be that every movement of the eye-ball would cause an apparent movement of all visible objects. Now, since there is no apparent motion of this kind, and since the apparent position of external objects remain the same, however the eye may be moved in its socket, it follows that its optical centre must be at the centre of the eye-ball.

Since lines drawn from the various points of a visible object through the centre of the eye remain unchanged, however the eye-ball may move in its socket, and since the corresponding points of the image placed upon these lines must also remain



MIGNON ASPIRING TO HEAVEN. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

unchanged, it follows that the position of the image formed on the eye remains fixed, even though the eye-ball revolve in the socket. It appears, therefore, that when the eye-ball is moved in the socket, the picture of an external object remains fixed, while the retina moves under it, just as the picture thrown by a magic lantern on a screen would remain fixed, however the screen itself might be moved.

Thus, if we direct the axis of the eye to the centre o , fig. 9, of any object, such as AB , the image of the point o will be formed at o on the retina, where the optical axis DC meets it. The axis of the pencil of rays which proceed from the point o will pass through the centre of the cornea D , through the axis of the crystalline, and through the centre C of the eye-ball, and the image of o will be formed at o .

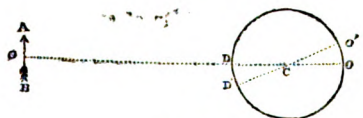


Fig. 9.

Now, if we suppose the eye to be turned a little to the left, so that the optical axis will be inclined

to the line oC at the angle $D'CO$, the image of the point o will still hold the same absolute position o as before; but the point of the retina on which it was previously formed will be removed to o' . The direction of the point o will be the same as before; but the point of the retina on which its image will be formed will be, not at o , at the extremity of the optic axis, but at o' , at a distance oo' from it, which subtends at the centre C of the eye an angle equal to that through which the optical axis has been turned.

It is evident, therefore, that although the eye in this case be moved round its centre, the point o is still seen in the same direction as before.

But if the optical centre of the eye were different from the centre of the eye-ball, the direction in which the point o would be seen would be changed by a change of position of the eye.

To render this more clear, let c , fig. 10, be the

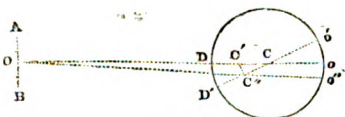


Fig. 10.

centre of the eye-ball, and o' the optical centre of the eye. Let the optical axis DC , as before, be first presented to the point of the object. The image of this point will, as before, be termed at o , the point where the optical axis DC meets the retina. Let us now suppose the axis of the eye to be turned aside through the angle $D'CO$, the optical centre will then be removed from c to c' , and the image of o will now be formed at the point o' , where the line oc' meets the retina. The direction, therefore, in which o will now be seen, will be that of the line oc' , whereas the direction in which it was before seen was that of the line co . The point of the retina at which the image o was originally formed is removed to o' , while the image is removed to o' . Thus there is a displacement not only of the retina behind the image, but also an absolute displacement of the image, and an absolute change in the apparent direction of the object. Since no such change in the apparent direction is consequent upon the movement of the eye in its socket, it follows that the optical centre c' of the eye must coincide with its geometrical centre c .

The continuance of the effect produced by the image of a visible object on the retina after such object has been removed from before the eye, combined with the effect of the image of another object placed before the eye during such continuance of the effect of that which was removed, produces a class of phenomena called *ocular spectra* and *accidental colors*.

The effect produced by a strongly illuminated image formed on the retina does not appear to be merely the continuance of the same perception after the image is removed, but also a certain diminution or deadening of the sensibility of the membrane to other impressions. If the organ were merely affected by the continuance of the perception of the object for a certain time after its removal, the effect of the immediate perception of another object on the retina would be the perception of the mixture of two colors. Thus, if the eye, after contemplating a bright yellow object, were suddenly directed to a similar object of a light red color, the effect ought to be the perception of an orange color; and this perception would continue until the effect of the yellow object on the retina would cease, after which the red object would alone be perceived.

Thus, for example, a disk of white paper being placed upon a black ground, and over it a red wafer which will exactly cover it being laid, if, closing one eye, and gazing intently with the other for a few seconds on the red wafer, the red wafer be suddenly removed so as to expose the white surface under it to the eye, the effect ought to be the combination of the perception of red which continues after the removal of the red wafer, with the perception of white which the uncovered surface produces; and we should consequently expect to see a diluted red disk, similar to that which would be produced by the mixture of red and white.

This, however, is not the case. If the experiment be performed as here described, the eye will, on the removal of the red wafer, perceive, not a reddish, but a greenish-blue disk.

In like manner, if the wafer, instead of being red, were of a bright greenish-blue, when removed the impression on the eye would be that of a reddish disk.

These and like phenomena are explained as follows:—

When the eye is directed with an intensity of gaze for some time at the red surface, that part of the retina upon which the image of the red wafer is produced becomes fatigued with the action of the red light, and loses to some extent its sensibility to that light, exactly as the ear is deafened for a moment by an overpowering sound. When the red wafer is removed, the white disk beneath it transmits to the eye the white light, which is composed of all the colors of the spectrum. But the eye, from the previous action of the red light, is comparatively insensible to those tints which form the red end of the spectrum, such as red and orange, but comparatively sensible to the blues and greens, which occupy the other end. It is therefore that the eye perceives the white disk as if it were a greenish-blue, and continues to perceive it until the retina recovers its sensibility for red light.

A difficulty has been presented in the explanation of the functions of the eye to which, as it appears to me, undue weight has been given. It has been already explained, that the images of external objects which are depicted on the retina are inverted; and it has accordingly been asked why visible objects do not appear upside down. The answer to this appears to be extremely simple. Inversion is a relative term, which it is impossible to explain or even to conceive without reference to something which is

not inverted. If we say that any object is inverted, the phrase ceases to have meaning unless some other object or objects are implied which are erect. If all objects whatever hold the same relative position, none can be properly said to be inverted; as the world turns upon its axis once in twenty-four hours, it is certain that the position which all objects hold at any moment, is inverted with respect to that which they held twelve hours before, and to that which they will hold twelve hours later; but the objects as they are contemplated are always erect. In fine, since all the images produced upon the retina hold with relation to each other the same position, none are inverted with respect to others; and as such images alone can be the objects of vision, no one object of vision can be inverted with respect to any other object of vision; and consequently, all being seen in the same position, that position is called the erect position.

Physiologists are not agreed as to the manner in which the perception of a visible object is obtained from the image formed in the interior of the eye. It is certain, however, that this image is the cause of vision, or that the means whereby it is produced are also instrumental in producing the perception of sight. It may also be considered as established that the perception of a visible object is more or less distinct, according to the greater or less distinctness of the image. But it would be a great error to assume that this image on the retina is itself seen, for that would involve the supposition of a second eye, beyond the first, or within it, by which such image on the retina would be viewed. Now, no means of communicating between the image on the retina and the sensorium exist except the usual conduits of all sensation, the nerves.

It has been already explained that the optic nerve, after entering the eye at a point near the nose, spreads itself over the interior of the globe of the eye behind the vitreous humor, and that this retina or network is perfectly transparent, the colored image being formed not properly upon it, but upon the black surface of the choroid coat behind it. Now, it has been maintained, that the functions of vision are performed by this nervous membrane in a manner analogous to that by which the sense of touch is affected by external objects. The membrane of the retina, it is supposed, touching the colored image, and being in the highest degree sensitive to it, just as the hand is sensitive to an object which it touches, receives from the colored image an action which, being continued to the brain, produces perception there in accordance with the form and color of the image upon the choroid. According to this view of the functions of vision, the retina feels, as it were, the image on the choroid, and transmits to the sensorium the impression of its color and figure in the same manner as the hand of a blind person would transmit to the sensorium the form of an object which it touches.

If this hypothesis be admitted, it would follow that the retina itself would be incapable of exciting the sense of sight by the mere action of light and colors upon it. This is verified by the fact that when the image produced within the eye is formed upon a point of the optic nerve which has not the choroid behind it, no perception is produced.

In order to prove this, let three wafers be applied in a horizontal line upon a vertical screen, each separated from the other by a distance of two feet. Let the screen be placed before the observer at a distance of about 15 feet, the wafers being on a level with the eye; and let the centre wafer be so placed that a line drawn from the right eye to it shall be perpendicular to the screen. Let the left eye be now closed, and let the right eye be directed to the extreme wafer on the left, but so that all three wafers may still be perceived. Let another person now slowly move the screen, so as to bring it nearer to the observer, maintaining, however, the middle wafer in the direction of the eye at c. It will be found that the screen being so moved to a distance of 10 feet from the eye, the middle wafer will appear to be suddenly extinguished, and the extreme wafers on the right and left will be seen.

This remarkable phenomenon is explained by showing that in this particular position of the eye and the screen the image of the middle wafer falls upon the base of the optic nerve when the choroid coat is not under it.

This will be rendered more intelligible by reference to fig. 11, where b is the middle wafer, a the left hand, and c the right-hand wafer. The image of a is formed at a, to the right of the optic nerve; and the image of c is formed at c, to the left of that nerve. In both these positions the choroid coat is behind the retina. But the image of b is formed at b, directly upon the point where the optic nerve

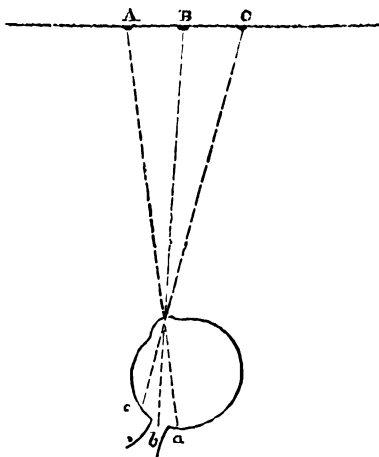


Fig. 11.

issues from the eye-ball, and where the choroid does not extend behind it.

Sir David Brewster gives the following experiment as a further argument in support of this hypothesis. In the eye of the *Sepia loligo*, or cuttle-fish, an opaque membranous pigment is interposed between the retina and the vitreous humor, so that if the retina were essential to vision, the impression of the image on this black membrane must be conveyed to it by the vibration of this membrane in front of it. Sir David Brewster also mentions that in young persons the choroid coat, instead of being covered with a black pigment, reflects a brilliant crimson, like that of dogs and some other animals; and imagines that if the retina were affected by the rays which pass through it, this crimson light ought to excite a corresponding sensation, which is not the case.

Mignon Aspiring to Heaven.

THE above engraving is from one of a charming pair of pictures in the possession of the Queen. Every one who has read that strange book, "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," keeps in his heart the memory of Mignon, the child Wilhelm rescued from the fury of her master, the rope-dancer. An essay might be written upon this incomprehensible creature. Like the character of Hamlet, everybody is impressed with its deep meaning; yet nobody exactly understands what idea it expresses. Perhaps, after all, Goethe only wished to picture how high and intense might be the emotions of a child apparently slow of apprehension and undemonstrative in character. Like Walter Scott's Fenella, love is the mainspring of all her actions. Her attachment to Wilhelm, and a yearning after her Italian home, are indeed the two themes which possess her heart. Mignon longing for her country, forms the companion to this picture. Perhaps the most intensely touching passage in the "Apprenticeship" is where she comes to Wilhelm's door, playing upon the cithern, and singing that song of songs:—

Know'st thou the land where citron-apples bloom,
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom,
A gentle wind from deep blue heaven blows,
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows:
Know'st thou it then?

'Tis there, 'tis there,
Oh, my true lov'd one, thou with me must go!

Know'st thou the house, its porch with pillars tall?
The rooms do glitter, glitters bright the hall,
And marble statues stand, and look each one;
What's this, poor child, to thee that they have done?
Know'st thou it then?

'Tis there, 'tis there,
Oh, my protector, thou with me must go!

Know'st thou the hill, the bridge that hangs on cloud?
The mules in mist grope o'er the torrent loud,
In caves lie coiled the dragon's ancient brood,
The crag leaps down, and over it the flood:
Know'st thou it then?

'Tis there, 'tis there,
Our way runs; oh, my father, wilt thou go?

It would almost seem as though the child sang her early recollections of a princely home from which she had been stolen by the strolling players. So lightly, indeed, is the character of Mignon touched—yet so suggestively—that the imagination can see what it likes in her as in the vague outlines of some glorious sunset. What pictures for the artist are presented in the little snatches we have of her!

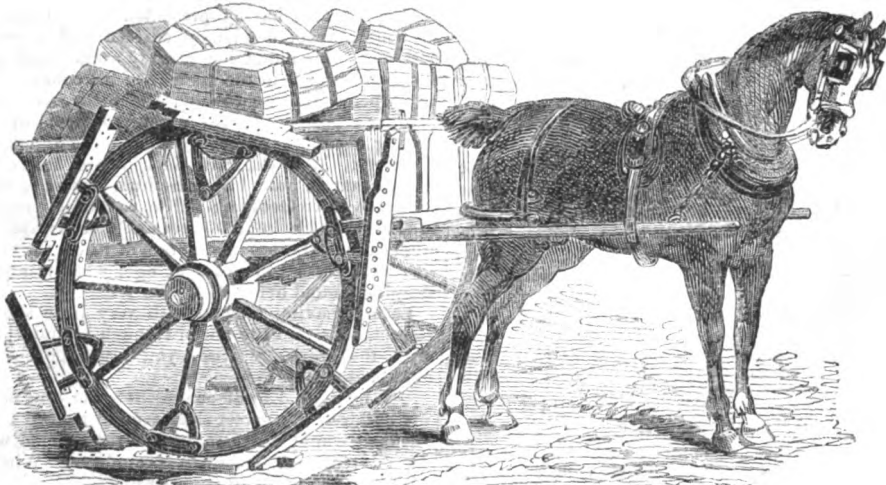
New Cart for the Crimea.

WHEN the conduct of the war in the Crimea was under the investigation of Parliament and the press, one of the minor improvements which resulted from the public criticism on the administration of affairs, was the invention of carts, resembling more or less the one given in our engraving. Its construction is very peculiar, and a close examination is necessary to understand its advantages. There is an apparatus which covers the wheels, and is so constructed as to afford a kind of rail on which the wheels revolve without being subject to the various inconveniences arising from the unevenness of the roads or grounds traversed. The advantages of this invention are especially manifest when the cart is required to pass over soft or marshy ground—inasmuch as there is always a broad flat surface for the wheels of the cart to rest upon. On uneven roads the boards or covering form an inclined plane, so as to enable the conveyance to surmount with ease any obstacle. The amount of friction is greatly diminished by this contrivance—there being a gain in locomotive power of as much as two to one. In carrying heavy loads—in marshy ground, or on rough roads, or on newly ploughed land, the advantages are incalculable. The invention is by Messrs. Boydell and Glasier, of Camden Town. In addition to the large number manufactured for the government, the firm have also constructed machines of a similar kind for Prince Albert and others, for agricultural purposes.

NOTES OF THE SKYLARK.—Few of your readers can be indifferent to the attractions of this bard of song. We hear him tuning up as we stroll through the fields—everywhere. His joyous note wins our attention at once. Ever musical, it imparts a freshness of feeling much better felt than described. The landscape, as he rises and commences his song, becomes animated. We stop, gaze, we are riveted. However long our ramble, we rarely fail to have this gay, roving fellow with us during the greater part of our wanderings. Much, very much, does he add to our day's pleasure.

THE whole world is put in motion, either by the thirst after fame—the aspirations of ambition—the desire for riches, or the dread of poverty.

THE ORIGIN OF PHILOSOPHY.—All philosophy is founded on these two things—that we have a great deal of curiosity, and very bad eyes.



NEW CART FOR THE CRIMEA.

The Last Queen of Georgia.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

The countries situated between the Caspian and the Black Seas comprise a succession of beautiful and fertile valleys, divided by the lesser chains of the Caucasus, the natural boundaries of nearly so many distinct provinces. If the chronicles of the country are to be believed, these States preserved their independence through the commotions that so often changed the destinies of the Asiatic empires, and were governed by an uninterrupted succession of kings, whose origin is lost amid the descendants of Nimrod. It is at least certain that the inhabitants always opposed the most vigorous resistance to the attacks of their enemies, and upheld the Christian religion when the neighboring countries succumbed to the ascendancy of the followers of Mohammed, who never failed to impose their religion and laws on the vanquished people.

A short time before the event of which we are about to give the details, the Georgian and other Christian peoples of the neighboring provinces, weakened by the continual assaults of Persia and Turkey, and no longer able to make head against those more powerful nations, had sought the protection and assistance of the Russian government. Russia readily granted her aid to people professing her own religion, sent troops into the country to defend it against the Crescent: and for a time preserved the kings in their respective provinces.* But she soon perceived that these little lords, far from co-operating for the safety and tranquillity of the country, were a source of troubles without end, and hurtful to the general interests [and obstructive to her ambitious designs]; and being convinced that the removal of the princes was necessary to the prosperity of the country under her protection, she sent them to reside at Petersburg and elsewhere, assigning them pensions suited to their dignity and political rank.† David, eldest son of George (son of the celebrated Heraclius), king of Georgia, who had been regent by the treaty of Tiflis (November 23, 1799, O. S.), for some time after the death of his father, was removed into Russia, February 19, 1803, O. S. From that moment the whole country was reduced to the condition of a Russian province. General Prince Tsitsianof (Paul Dimitrievitch), a relative of the royal family of Georgia, but for a long time attached to the service of Russia, and devoted to the interest of that power, was appointed to the government of the new provinces, preserving, at the same time, the command in chief of the army sent thither under Knorring.

Maria, daughter of Prince George Tsitsianof, and widow of King George XIII., who died December 28, 1800, O. S., yet remained at Tiflis, with her seven children—two girls and five boys. Whether Russia believed it of little importance to remove a woman and her young children, or respected the feelings of the queen, her residence in Georgia had hitherto been tolerated. Notwithstanding, Maria, perhaps fearing that the favor would not be long continued, was silently plotting a project of escape, to ensure her stay in the country of her birth. But Tsitsianof, aware of her decided and unquiet disposition, watched her conduct closely, and informed his government of the necessity of her removal from Georgia. Whilst waiting for the order to arrive, the governor neglected no means of assuring himself of the person of the queen. He had entered into an engagement with a Georgian noble, named Kalatoosof, one of the queen's suite, who was in her most secret confidence. This man, who had sold himself for handsome promises, as traitors generally do, made no scruple of discovering to Tsitsianof all that passed in the house of his mistress, even her least words.

The Pshavi and the Tuoshini, two Caucasian peoples who dwell near the sources of the Ivra, on the northwest of Tiflis, are so much the more formidable that courage and vengeance are consecrated among them by laws or customs that forbid men, under pain of death, to return to their country wounded in the back, or to slave as long as the death of a relative remains unrevenged. These mountaineers had formed the guard of the Georgian kings from the most ancient times, and still preserved much attachment to the royal family. Solicited by Maria, who was meditating flight, or having themselves conceived the idea of receiving herself and her children in their mountains, these

brave men were eagerly engaged in preparations for the escape, and the queen seemed only to wait the arrival of the appointed day. Unfortunately this state of things transpired in the reports of Kalatoosof, and thus the project miscarried almost on the eve of its accomplishment.

Gadilla, a courageous Pshave of gigantic stature, had been charged with the conduct of this affair. He had already come many times to Tiflis, to concert with the queen means for facilitating her flight; and at length he announced that all was ready, and that his countrymen anxiously awaited her in the mountains. Tsitsianof being informed of this, and curious to see Gadilla, had the emissary arrested and brought before him. The general, according to custom, only retained his interpreter; for though well acquainted with Georgian, he never examined any one by himself. He had taken care to hide the traitor Kalatoosof under the sofa of the hall in which he received the Pshave. Gadilla, as he entered, saluted the general in the manner of his country, saying, "*Kamariof, Tsitsiano*;" (Good day, Tsitsianof.)

"What hast thou come to do at Tiflis?" demanded the general.

"To buy salt," was the reply.

"Bah! don't think to hide the truth from me. Are there not other reasons that have brought you to this city?"

"No; to buy salt is the only one."

"Pshave," continued the general, "thy life depends on thy declaring the truth; and if thou dost not discover it, know that I can this moment take thy head off."

"Cut off my head! by whom then? will it be by this Armenian interpreter?" Then putting his hand on his poignard, he added, "Have I not my poignard that I never part with?"

Tsitsianof, perceiving that menaces could not shake so intrepid a man, attempted to gain him by mildness. He rose, and approaching the Pshave, put his hand on his shoulder, saying, "Brave Pshave, do not be angry; no harm shall be done to you, only tell the truth."

But entreaties were in vain, and Kalatoosof was called from beneath the sofa, to confound the Pshave by the unexpected presence of a man whom he had never mistrusted before the queen.

"Gadilla, cease to deny the motives of thy coming to Tiflis," said Kalatoosof, bluntly; "here am I to confound thee. Dost thou not remember having often seen me with the queen, when thou hast come to announce to her that all was ready, and that the mules were waiting her at Kooki, ready to carry her into the mountains?"

The astonished Pshave, casting a look of contempt on Kalatoosof, replied that "all was false, and a lie." But he was not allowed long to answer, for six grenadiers, who were ordered into the hall, disarmed him, and overwhelmed him with blows of the cross-staff. And as they conducted him under escort to the fortress, Kalatoosof having ventured to strike him in the face, the Pshave turned haughtily round, saying that "if he had yet his dagger, he felt strong enough to sacrifice them all to his vengeance."

Tsitsianof sought no further proofs of the plot, and, without longer delay, fixed the queen's departure for the next day (Sunday, April 12, 1803). For the purpose of giving a certain solemnity to the affair, it was ordered that Major-General Lazaref, accompanied by an Armenian interpreter, of the rank of captain, named Sorokin, should repair early in the morning, with military music, at the head of two companies of infantry, to the dwelling of the queen to prepare her for her departure. Next morning Lazaref having presented himself before the house, unceremoniously entered the queen's apartment. He found her already awake, and sitting cross-legged (in the manner of the country) on the carpeted alcove in which the mattresses that serve for repose during the night are spread in the evening, according to a usage common to all classes of society. More than two days before, Maria had learned that an order had come from Russia to compel her to leave Georgia; but up to the last moment she indulged the hope of being able to escape this cruel exile. Her seven children, of whom the eldest was scarcely seven years of age, were tranquilly sleeping around her.

Lazaref having entered with very little show of respect, addressed the queen through his interpreter with the words, "Rise, you must go!" She answered with calmness,

"Why should I rise at present?—do you not see my children in a sweet sleep around me? If I wake them, it would do them harm; their blood would be tainted. (A Georgian prejudice.) Who has given you so pressing an order?"

Lazaref replied that the order came from General Tsitsianof, when the queen added:—"Tsitsiano, *tsifani*," the Georgian word signifying that she considered the general a disgrace to his family, because so cruel towards his own kindred. Meantime she placed on her knees, as if to rest upon it, the bolster from her bed, under which she held concealed her husband's dagger. Lazaref, seeing that she persisted in making him wait till her children should wake, approached the alcove in which she sat, to compel her to rise. Whilst stooping to seize her by one of her feet that appeared from under the bolster, she suddenly drew forth the dagger, and buried it in his body with such force, that the point protruded on the other side. Not in the least disconcerted, she withdrew the dagger, reeking from the wound, and flung it in the face of the falling general, saying:—

"Thus die, thou who darest to add dishonor to my misfortune!"

Lazaref expired almost on the spot. At the cry of the general, Sorokin, the interpreter, drew his sword, and, with several cuts, wounded the queen deeply in the shoulder. Helen, her mother, who slept in the same apartment, awoke at the noise, and cast herself on her bleeding daughter. The whole house was instantly filled with soldiers, who dragged Maria from her mother's arms, and with blows of their muskets, thrust her with her children into the carriage prepared for her departure.

The queen was escorted beyond the Caucasus by a considerable armed force. Everywhere on her journey the Georgians eagerly ran before the carriage, and melting into tears, testified their sorrow at her exile. One of the children having complained of thirst, a Georgian presented him with water, when the soldiers maltreated the man, and overturned the pitcher. To discover the conversation that the queen might hold with her children, or with the Georgians on her route, Tsitsianof had provided her with a Russian coachman who understood the Georgian language. This man, on his return to Tiflis, deposed among other things of the kind, that he had heard Gabriel, the second eldest of the boys, say to his mother, "Mother, why did you kill that officer?"—The queen answered, "For your honor." "Well then, mother, say that it was I who killed him," returned the child, "and nothing will happen to you for it."

With this tragic event ended the kingdom of Georgia. Queen Maria, having arrived in Russia, was condemned to expiate her crime in a convent, and after a certain term was allowed to leave it, and reside elsewhere. The lifeless body of Lazaref was rolled in a carpet and committed to the care of his valet; and next morning was interred with military honors. Sorokin, who had dared to wound the queen with his sword, immediately took to flight; but having obtained pardon, or presuming on impunity, he returned soon after to Tiflis. He was killed in a combat against the Lesguis, who, in 1804, made an irruption as far as Elizabethpol (Ganja). The traitor Kalatoosof was scarcely more fortunate. As the price of his treachery he received the sum of a hundred ducats and the rank of officer, with the appointment of chief of police of the little city of Gori, the capital of Carthalinia, a district of Georgia, where he died wretched and detested by every one. Prince Paul Dimitrievitch Tsitsianof was assassinated in 1806, near Bakoo, on the Caspian Sea.

HINTS FOR HOME COMFORTS.—A short needle makes the most expedition in plain sewing. One flannel petticoat will wear nearly as long as two, if turned hind part before when the front begins to wear thin. A leather strap, with a buckle to fasten, is much more commodious than a cord for a box in general use for short distances; cording and uncording is a troublesome job. There is not any real economy in purchasing cheap calico for gentlemen's shirts; the calico cuts in holes, and soon becomes bad-colored in washing. Sitting to sew by candle light, by a table with a dark cloth on it, is injurious to the eye-sight. When no other resource presents itself, put a sheet of white paper before you. People very commonly complain of indigestion: how can it be wondered at, while they seem, by their habit of swallowing their food wholesale, to forget for what purpose they are provided with teeth? There is not anything gained in economy by having very young and inexperienced servants at low wages; they break, waste, and destroy more than an equivalent for higher wages, setting aside comfort and respectability.

Two German girls, with a hurdy-gurdy and tambourine, have, it is said, netted two thousand pounds sterling, in the short space of ten months, in Australia.

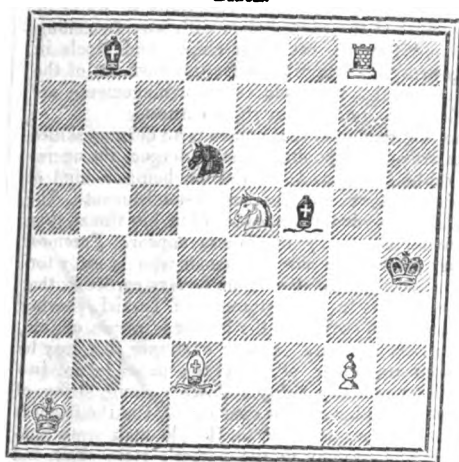
* The native princes were the King of Georgia and Kakhetia; the King of Imereth; the *Dadian* of Mingrelia; the *Batoni*, sovereign lord of Gurriel, &c.

† The only exception to this was Salomon II., of Imereth, who took flight and put himself under the protection of the Porte. He died at Trebizond, 1815, where his tomb may be seen in the Greek church of St. Gregory. The tomb of this prince was the first raised by the Porte to the memory of a Christian potentate.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. XIII.—By M. GROSDEMAN.—White to move, and mate in five moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. XIII.—Played without seeing the Board or Men by Mr. HARRWITZ, against the Rev. Mr. OXENDON.
White—Mr. Harrwitz. Black—Rev. Mr. Oxendon.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 K P 2 | 1 Q B P 2 |
| 2 Q P 2 | 2 P takes P |
| 3 K Kt to B 3 | 3 Q to Q R 4 (ch) |
| 4 Q B P 1 | 4 K P 2 |
| 5 K B to Q B 4 | 5 Q Kt to B 3 |
| 6 Castles | 6 K Kt to B 3 |
| 7 K Kt to Kt 5 | 7 Q P 2 |
| 8 P takes P | 8 Kt takes P |
| 9 Q Kt P 2 | 9 Q to Q |
| 10 Q to B 3 | 10 Q B to K 3 |
| 11 R to K | 11 Q to Q 2 |
| 12 Kt takes B | 12 P takes Kt |
| 13 Q Kt P 1 | 13 Q Kt to K 2 |
| 14 R takes P | 14 Q to Q B 2 |
| 15 Q to K 2 | 15 Kt to K 6 |
| 16 P takes Kt | 16 Q takes R |
| 17 Q B P takes P | 17 Q to Q 3 |
| 18 Q B to R 3 | 18 Q to Q 2 |
| 19 Q Kt to B 3 | 19 Kt to K Kt 3 |
| 20 Q Kt P 1 | 20 K to Q |
| 21 Q B to B 5 | 21 B takes B |
| 22 P takes B | 22 Q to Q B 3 |
| 23 Q R to Q (ch) | 23 K to K 2 |
| 24 R to Q 6 | 24 Q takes Q B P |
| 25 R takes P (ch) | 25 K to Q |
| 26 Kt to K 4 | 26 Q to Q R 6 |
| 27 Q to Q 3 (ch) | 27 K to B 8 |
| 28 Kt to Q 6 (ch) | 28 K to Kt 8 |
| 29 Q to Q 5 | 29 Q to B 8 (ch) |
| 30 B to B | 30 Q to Q R 3 |
| 31 Q takes Q | 31 P takes Q |
| 32 Q Kt P 1 | 32 K to B 2 |
| 33 P takes R, becoming Q | 33 R takes Q |
| 34 Kt to K B 5 | 34 R to K B |
| 35 Kt to Q 4 | 35 Q B P 1 |
| 36 R takes Kt | 36 P takes Kt (a) |
| 37 R takes P (ch) | 37 K to Q Kt 3 |
| 38 P takes P | 38 R to Q |
| 39 R to Kt 4 | 39 R to Q B |
| 40 R to K B 4 | 40 R to Q B 3 |
| 41 K Kt P 2 | 41 K to Q B 3 |
| 42 R to B 7 | 42 R to Q 8 |
| 43 R takes Q R P | 43 R takes Q P |
| 44 B to K Kt 2 (ch) | 44 K to B 4 |
| 45 K R P 1 | 45 K R P 1 |
| 46 Q R P 2 | |

And after a few more moves, Black resigned.

NOTES TO GAME XIII.

(a) He would evidently have lost another piece if he had taken the R, by White's checking with Kt. Black only plays on in the hope that his adversary, playing blindfold, would make some mistake, which should enable him to draw the game.

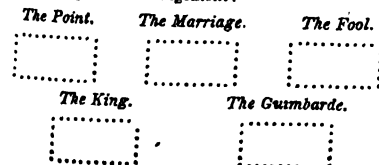
FAMILY PASTIME.

The Game of Guimbarde, La Marise; or, the Bride.

RULES.

- Several persons may play at this game, from five to eight or nine; and in that case they play with an entire pack of fifty two cards; but if there are only five or six players, all the small cards to the six or seven are thrown out; provided, of course, that there are enough cards left to deal with.
- Each player is to have two dozen or more counters, and each counter bearing a fixed value, according to agreement.
- Five boxes the shape and size of a card, are to be provided, and ranged upon the table as follows: one for the Guimbarde, who is the bride; another for the king; a third for the fool; a fourth for the marriage; and the fifth for the point.

Here is the plan of arrangement:



4. Every player puts a counter into each box, and then deals round for the deal, the first knave to deal. The person that deals, first shuffles the cards, then hands them to the player on his left to cut them, after which he deals five cards to each person, by three, and then by two, and then turns up the top card, which is the trump.

5. The point consists of three, four, or five cards in the same suit; one or two cards do not make a point. The higher always takes the place of the lower; and when there are two equal points, the elder hand wins it.

6. The marriage is when the king and queen of hearts are in the same hand and this is a very great advantage.

7. The fool is knave of diamonds.

8. The king is the king of hearts, so called by way of pre-eminence, as being the husband of Guimbarde, who is the queen of hearts.

9. After every one has received his five cards, and the trump is made, they then examine their hands, to see if they have any advantages stated above, as the king, the Guimbarde, or the fool; they may have all five in the same hand. For example, a player may have the king and queen of hearts, the knave of diamonds, and one or two more hearts, to make the point; and if so, he proceeds as follows: 1st. He takes the box with point; 2nd. The box with fool for the knave of diamonds; 3rd. The king's box for the king of hearts; 4th. The box of Guimbarde for the queen of hearts; and 5th. The marriage box, because he holds both the king and queen of hearts.

10. If you only hold the king, Guimbarde, or the fool, singly, or either of the others, show your cards, and then take the box of counters. Every one calls his point, and the highest draws it, as stated before.

11. After the point is drawn, every player puts a counter into the same box, and that is the stake won by him that makes the most tricks: to win the cards, you must make, at least, two tricks; for if every one makes one trick, the stake remains in the box, and serves for the point of the next deal.

12. If two players make each two tricks, the cards are won by him that makes the first two.

13. The Guimbarde is always the principal trump in the game, in whatever suit the trump is made. The king of hearts is the second, and the knave of diamonds the third; these three never change, and the other cards have all their common value, with the exception of the ace, which is of less value than the knave, and more than the ten, nine, &c.

14. The oldest hand begins to play, by leading such a card as he considers best; and the game is carried on by each one playing for himself, and endeavoring, by all means, to make two tricks, or more if he can, in order to win the cards.

15. There are other marriages in the game besides that of Guimbarde. For example, when any one plays the king of spades, clubs, or diamonds, and the queen of the same suit falls to him, then this marriage stands good, as well as that made by the cards in hand.

16. If there should be a marriage made in play, the person that wins it receives a counter from each player, except the person that played the queen; but if the marriage is made in hand, every person has to pay.

17. The player that wins a marriage in trumps, receives a counter from those that played the king and queen.

18. A marriage cannot be trumped with the king or queen of hearts, or knave of diamonds.

19. When a player has the grand match in hand (the king and queen of hearts), he receives two counters from each player in playing the cards, besides the boxes of counters from the table; but when it is made on the table, the players only pay one counter. For example, when the king of hearts is won by Guimbarde, which is the only card that can win the king of hearts.

20. Any person playing the fool receives one counter; but if it should be taken by the king or queen of hearts during the play, he does not receive anything; on the contrary, he has to pay one counter to the player that takes him.

21. To constitute a marriage in play, the king and queen of the same suit must fall directly on one another; if otherwise, the marriage cannot be allowed.

22. Any person holding the king or queen that is to be played in his hand, must play it immediately after the other card, so as to make a marriage; and if this is neglected, the player omitting to do so must pay a counter to each player at the table.

23. Any player renouncing, must pay a counter to each person.

24. Any person neglecting to face or trump a card when he can do so, forfeits a counter to each player.

25. Any player dealing wrong is to pay a counter to each person, and deal again; and if he makes a like mistake, the fine is to be repeated for each misdeal.

26. When a pack is false, or has a card facing the dealer, and it is discovered during the play, the deal is to be declared void; but if the deal is finished, it is to stand good, and also the preceding ones.

27. Any person playing out of his turn is to pay a counter to each person.

CONUNDRUMS.

- Why is a nobleman like a book?
- What is that which will be to-morrow and was yesterday?
- Why is a drunken man like a windmill?
- Of what profession was Adam?
- Why is a bad wife better than a good one?
- What word in the English language, of one syllable, which, if two letters be taken from it, forms a word of two syllables?
- Why is a trunk, doubly tied, like a judgment of Court?
- Why is the letter T like the tales of Brobdignag?
- What is the word of four syllables, each syllable of which is a word?
- What part of a vessel is like a hen's nest?
- What is the difference between Shropshire and water thrown over?
- What four letters will name an old woman's employment, a tailor's squeezes, and an article in use among women since the days of Anne of Bohemia?

Charade.

My first is valued more than gold,
Because 'tis seldom found;
Many there be the name that hold,
With whom 'tis nought but sound

My second skims the swelling flood,
And noble is its air;
It oft has witness'd sights of blood,
And moments of despair.

My whole, 'mid life's distressing cares,
Is solace sweet and kind;
Happy who call the blessing theirs—
But few that solace find.

Enigmas.

- Like eastern monarchs, screen'd from vulgar eye,
With triple wall secured, at ease I lie;
So grand my station, title so elate,
E'en kings, submissive, my precedence wait.
Awful's my presence, form exceeding bright,
Emitting broken rays of borrow'd light;
Which, when collected, in a focus end,
A speedy flight, or instant death portend;
To me the hero bends the stubborn knee,
And dignifies remote posterity:
The scourge of tyrants I, the patriot's guard,
The city's glorious prize and just reward;
In point of honor nice, but friend sincere;
The badge of bravery, but the tool of fear;
But why should I attempt to veil my pride,
Or longer my perfections strive to hide?
When naked, I command respect aloud,
And strike a terror in the obsequious crowd!
But gaily clad, I figure for your sport,
And shine a harmless bauble at the court.

Daughter divine, for thee I lift my pen,
To frame enigma for use of men.

Of feeling heart, thou didst, in early year,
From sacred haunts, through sorrow, disappear

Alas! for love refined, thy lovely frame
Sustained a change, though changeless is thy name

Francesca, by the side of fair Lochgoil,
To sketch the scenery doth gladly toil.

She traces thee, where hazels fringe a crag,
Sustaining rowans, guardians from the hag

She finds thee settled in the fairy dell,
Where tiny cliff o'erhangs a native well.

Gentle was once thy voice, 'tis gentle yet,
When 'tis by gentleness of accent met.

When sings Francesca in the rock-girt wood,
Thy silver sounds spread through the solitude.

'Twould seem in such a scene in certain hours,
That sylphs were charm'd within their rosy bowers.

But when Orlando, lunatic from love,
Raved loudly, thou didst sympathise in grove.

Like his, thine accents grew like thunder-peals,
Wherethrough, 'twould seem, the turret often reels.

So meek or mighty are thy veering tones,
Mild 'mid the bland, but dismal amid moans!

Form'd long ago, yet made to day,
Employ'd while others sleep,
What few would ever give away,
Or any wish to keep.

Answers to Riddles, Charades, &c.

ENIGMAS.

- Jack Catch, pronounced as spelt. 2. The Merry-thought.
3. The letter H. 4. The letter E. 5. A Penny. 6. The Whole.

CHARADES.

1. But-ton. 2. Vest-i-bule (blue transposed.)

CONUNDRUMS.

- Because he makes people steel pens, and then persuades them they do write (right.)
- By tying a knot in his tail, and that would make a pig's tye.
- Because all his thoughts are on the rack, and his greatest bliss is woe (wh-o-.)
- It comes before T. 5. S X (Essex) 6. A coro-net. 7. X T C (ecstasy.) 8. Because it is the universe I tie (university.)
- Because it makes old metal into G-old metal.
- Reviver.
- Civil.
- A hole in a stocking.
- Re-noun.
- It forms our habits.
- It is breaking through the sealing (ceiling.)
- His foot.

PUZZLE.

The five-gallon barrel was filled first, and from that the three-gallon barrel, thus leaving two gallons in the five-gallon barrel; the three gallon barrel was then emptied into the eight-gallon barrel, and the two gallons poured from the five-gallon barrel into the empty three-gallon barrel; the five-gallon barrel was then filled, and one gallon poured into the three-gallon barrel, therefore leaving four gallons in the five-gallon barrel, one gallon in the eight-gallon barrel, and three gallons in the three-gallon barrel, which was then emptied into the eight-gallon barrel. Thus each person had four gallons of brandy in the eight and five-gallon barrels respectively.

REBUS.

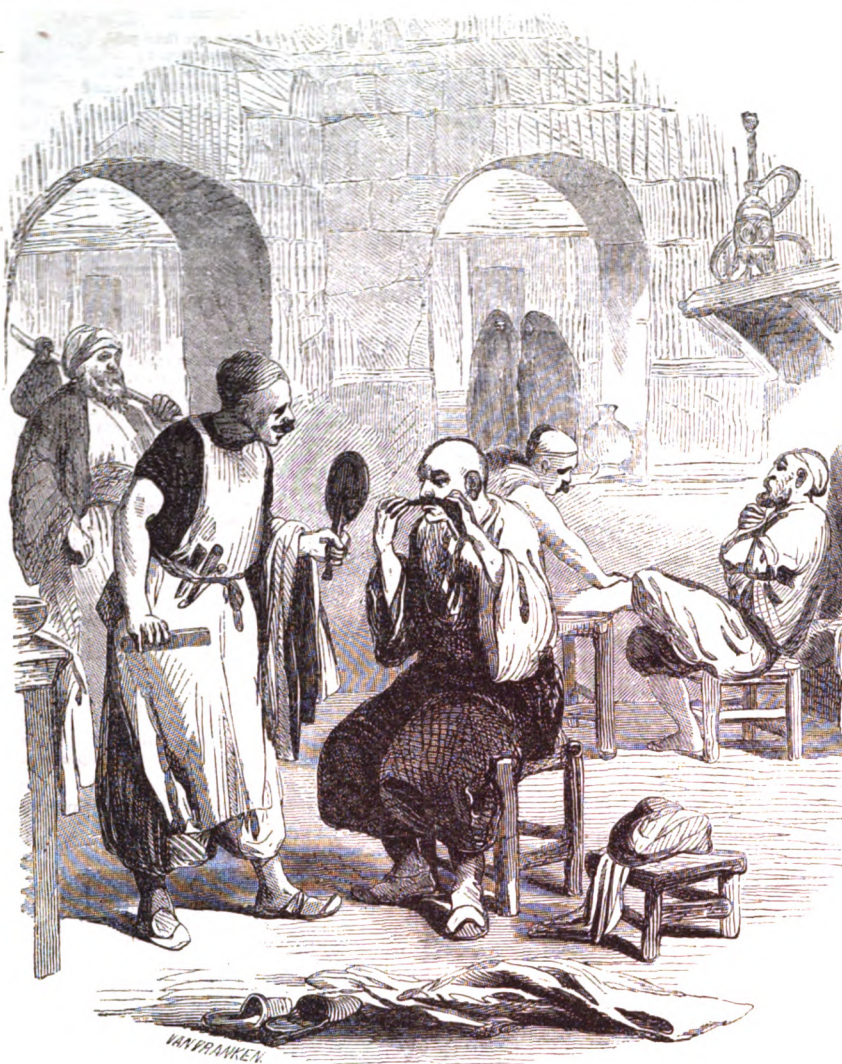
P ear, E agle, A bsalom, C arnation, E uterpe—Peace.

Blink—Link—Ink.

TRANSPPOSITION.

RIDDLES.

1. A fork. 2. Time. 3. Take another ell (L.) 4. Head-strong. 5. A bat. 6. The check. 7. Hay.



THE BARBER IN THE EAST.

The Barber in the East.

IN the East, everything is systematic and grave, but it is especially so amongst the Turks. If, for instance, you can induce any one to sing you only a verse from some Turkish melody, the vocalist must needs go through many preparatives before he commences. First, he has his pipe fresh filled; then, he strokes down his beard; next, he looks gravely round to see that all are giving attention; after that, he hums a few words gently to himself, to see that there is no mistake about the words or the music; then, again, he raises his right hand to his jaw, passes the thumb under the chin, and extends the forefinger to the right ear, and thus plays imaginary notes with the other three fingers in the air; finally, he stretches his mouth open to such an alarming extent that you prepare for a start simultaneously with himself, and the first quaver is an effort productive to European ears of the most discordant tones. But we have nothing particular at present to do with oriental musicians and strains, except to observe that there is such etiquette to be observed in commencing a musical performance, so is it in every other pastime or occupation of eastern nations generally, from the stout Brahmin, who ties a straw round his waist to regulate the quantity of curry and rice to which he is limited at each meal, or the sedate Turk, who has his head and limbs scalded at barbers' shops, and who then, as though to create a corresponding irritation, causes a shampooing-master to crack and stretch these already injured members to an extent that makes those not accustomed to the art shudder at the sight of the operation.

But, the better to understand these processes, we may imagine ourselves pacing a main street in Aleppo, and pausing at the open windows of a barber's shop to scrutinize the barber himself and the contents of his establishment, with the shampooing-master also and his victims. Barbers all over the East have been for many ages noted as important subjects of the state. In India, they are the great newsmongers of the town. Almost every English officer indeed, and every civilian, has his own particular barber; but it often happens that the same individual, with an assistant or two, serves the

whole community. They are regular attendants at regular hours of the morning, and the *habitué* in India looks forward to their arrival with as much impatience as a Lombard-street banker waits for his morning "Times." There is not a thing stirring in cantonment, not a man married nor a woman ill, not a dog lamed, nor a favorite horse shod, nor a dog who has increased her family, but the barber is acquainted with the fact, and the information is retained by him piecemeal for the benefit of every customer he visits.

In China, a barber's experience is extensive; he has to do not only with the heads, but the tails of the people; and his skill is generally acknowledged by all, from the emperor downwards. In Siam, barbers are next in importance to prime ministers, and they rank with physicians, being usually conversant with blood-letting and a few other minor duties belonging to the apothecaries' art. But it is in Turkey, in the land of the Caliphs, that we meet with the barber in his proper soil, enjoying all the dignity of his harp profession, looked up to and honored by the multitude, and admitted to the confidence of the pasha. He is the advertiser of all the baths in the neighborhood, the terror of young gentlemen with a weak growth of beard or a tender head, and the aversion of laborers, who are compelled to submit an eight day beard to his rough management; yet all flock to him and pay him lip-homage. Besides other things, the barber in Turkey is generally the vender of cunning drugs and charms, anti-fleabite mixtures, deadly doses for rats, with occasionally some favorite remedy for dangerous diseases. Exercising, as he does, such diversified functions, the Turkish barber has little spare time on his hands. He is always an early riser, and commences his day's operations by experiments upon himself. His moustache is a perfect pattern for curl and gloss, and enormous length; his head is as smooth and hairless as a monk's at eighty; his costume is in the height of Turkish fashion; and in the season he is sure to have a bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers in his bosom. Thus equipped, and having partaken of his early coffee and pipe, the barber sets forth for his shop, which is usually in the heart of the most thronged bazaar;

and there, long before the busy world is astir, he and his assistant have set all things in apple-pie order; they have swept up the floor, dusted the shelves, spread out fresh napkins, rinsed the pewter basins, set on the fire huge cauldrons of water to boil, garnished the soap-dishes with sweet-smelling herbs and flowers, set forth chairs and stools in goodly array, in preparation for the business of the day, which, by the time these arrangements are completed, commences in right earnest.

The first customer that comes is an old man skilled in the art of shampooing, who undergoes the operation of being shaved, gratis, he being a kind of sleeping partner in the barber's establishment. The napkin is no sooner removed from his throat than the usual every-day customers appear. Foremost among them is an old gentleman who is sadly tormented with rheumatism; he is very particular that not one item in the etiquette of Turkish shaving operations be omitted; the barber is aware of this, and prizes him as a regular customer that may be counted upon for at least ten paras (about two farthings sterling a-day). After a long string of compliments have been exchanged, and the fineness of the weather adverted to, the old man seats himself ceremoniously in the barber's state chair, and there groans involuntarily as he sees the mighty preparation going forward for an attack upon his head and beard. The barber next, drawing near, respectfully relieves him of his weighty turban, which is carefully laid upon a shelf and covered over with a white napkin. Then he is enveloped from his neck to his heels in a huge apron that ties behind, pinning his arms to his side. In this defenceless condition he immediately becomes the victim of half-a-dozen flies, which tickle his nose and flap against his eyes till he is reduced to the necessity of calling the barber to his assistance. On hearing the summons, this worthy, who has been preparing a huge basin of hot suds, and sharpening his uncouth razors, rushes to the rescue, and in about a minute afterwards we have lost sight of the old victim, whose whole face and head, and every visible portion of the neck, presents one extensive field of soap-bubbles, froth, and hot vapor. Now the barber may be seen scrubbing away, with a huge hair bag on either hand; then he darts to one side and fetches a huge basinful of very hot water; and the next instant the victim's head, soap-suds and all, are forcibly immersed in this. In a few seconds it emerges red and inflamed, with the eyes starting nearly out of their sockets, the victim, meanwhile, sputtering and grunting for breath. Barely has he had time to implore a few moments' respite before another basin is produced, and the head again disappears beneath its depths. This time the water is cold almost to freezing, and the whole frame quivers again, as though quite electrified by the sudden shock. On being withdrawn, a death-like palor has taken the place of the rubicund complexion, so lately exposed to view. Soon, however, the friction of a dry towel restores the circulation, succeeded by the application of lukewarm soap and water, after which, the razor almost imperceptibly, certainly unfelt by the customer, passes from the crown of the head and rounds the promontory of the chin with marvellous speed, leaving only a small tuft on the crown, and the much-prized oriental moustache. Turks who wear beards seldom, we may observe, resort to a barber's shop, as their heads only require to be manipulated, and to dress these is a department in the barber's art which is generally left to young practitioners.

The ordeal just described having been passed through, the napkin is removed, and the customer is at liberty to rinse his hands and face; but before the turban is restored to his head he again submits himself to the barber's care, for the purpose of having all his minor joints cracked. First, the head is seized, and wrenched with such violent jerks from side to side, that one unaccustomed to the spectacle would think the barber intent on violence. After this, every tender bone of the ear undergoes a similar process, and the joints of the fingers go off like a small battery of Chinese crackers. This completes the cracking process, which is anything but agreeable to those who have not been for years inured to it. The Turks, however, like it.

The old customer now under consideration, released from the barber, calls loudly for pipe and coffee. When these are produced, he sips the one and whiffs the other, whilst seated in a large easy chair by the window-side, where the science of the shampooing-master is about to be put to the test. The leg of the old gentleman, tender perhaps from rheumatism, is hoisted upon a wooden stool, and the shampooer commences by gradually and softly pressing, between his finger and thumb, the flesh from the ankle to the knee. By degrees,

the nipping becomes harder, and the movement more rapid, till by and by the cries from the old man, of *Thumum! thumum!* (it is enough!) indicate that the pressure has reached to such an extent as to be no longer endurable. The operation, however, has promoted a free circulation of blood in the ailing limb, and the old man stalks forth upon it as securely as though it was made of iron, and were impregnable to to-morrow's twitches.

The next customer the barber has to deal with is an oriental dandy, who, after undergoing the operation of being shaved, stands at least five minutes whilst he twists his moustaches into a variety of shapes, and gazes with evident complacency on both sides of the circular mirror; in one of these he admires a giant and in the other a pigmy. At length he takes himself off, and a day-laborer, it may be, with his staff and bundle of day's provisions, heaves in sight, while shortly after him a whole posse arrive. By an hour before midday the barber's shaving and shampooing occupations may be said to be over, and he passes his afternoons in alternately notching scores against his creditors and notching the bald heads of patients suffering from sick headaches. The latter is a common practice in Syria. Every man suffering from the headache goes to the barber, and gets him to make some half-dozen notches with a razor on his head, absurdly supposing that the blood thus escaping will immediately give ease. The remedy is a painful, and in many instances, we should think, a dangerous one.

A WEDDING AT TUNIS.—The wedding was most interesting. The ceremonies were performed in a beautiful marble court of the harem, over which was spread a magnificent scarlet awning. At the door of every room were placed wax candles of a foot in diameter, and painted with red and green winding stripes. Over the fountain burnt hundreds of variegated lamps, and the whole scene recalled the Arabian tales. To the sound of music the bride, seated upon a cushion of gold brocade, was brought in by her brothers, and placed in an old-fashioned, very costly arm-chair, that stood in the centre of the court. Her dress was extraordinarily magnificent and heavy; the most remarkable parts being a diamond loaded with jewels, splendid anklets, and dazzling bracelets. Arms and feet were bare; the soles and a small portion of the sides of the latter, as well as the finger and toe nails, were colored of a reddish brown with henna, and eyebrows and eyelashes were dyed black. She appeared with closed eyes, which she was not allowed to open during the whole day; and the husband was not permitted to see her for the first three days of their marriage. Beside her stood two dancing-girls, and before her a negress with a colossal lackered basin, in which were deposited the presents of gold, jewels, and other valuables offered to her, whilst the nature of the gifts and the names of the givers were rehearsed aloud. Every two hours the bride was carried to her room upon the same cushion, new dressed, and brought back to her arm-chair. During this whole day the poor soul must not eat; so that, between fatigue, fasting, and the weight of her dress and jewels, she was repeatedly near fainting, when an old negress always put a pastile into her mouth, which evidently strengthened her. Our repast, as before, consisted of sweetmeats and pastry, coffee, chocolate, lemonade, &c.; but the Bey himself was more conversible upon the present occasion, playing the friendly host, often telling us the house was ours, to use it at our pleasure. He himself took a candle to show us the bridal couch, of white satin, tastefully embroidered with gold, and which, on account of its height, was to be ascended by red satin steps. Suddenly the light he held went out, and we remained awhile in the dark; this was esteemed an evil omen. When the bridegroom is first admitted to the bride's presence, the custom is, that she should kiss his hand, and he place his foot upon hers, not as conjugal endearments, but in token of the husband's sovereignty. This princess refused to conform to these customs, as unbecoming her dignity.

NEW ERA IN NAUTICAL PROPULSION.—A new invention has appeared, called the "Herudine Propeller," which aims to supersede the screw, paddle, and all other ship-propelling contrivances yet practically known, and claims to inaugurate a new era in nautical propulsion, paralleled only by the introduction of steam itself; and whilst it can be used either for propelling or steering power, it is also applicable for an economical and powerful furnace blast. As steam, in supplanting manual, horse, and other powers, demanded new agents through which to develop its force, and found them in paddles, screws, &c., so these appliances, after many transitions of form and mutual adaptations, seem at length to have

reached their highest practical development; and now in turn the "Hirudine" discovery presents itself in the theatre of mechanical action, and with its inherent *agua motive* power of from one hundred to five hundred miles per hour, demands only of Science a prime-mover that shall render available this hitherto undreamed-of velocity. The "Hirudine" adopts for its model the leech, is in simple conformity with true mechanical principles, and may be thus described:—A flat, many-jointed, or elastic band (representing the leech), is extended edgewise to the horizon in a curved undulating line, within a square sided chamber or tube, formed through the whole length of the vessel below the water line, and open at both ends. The vessel is built without distinction of stem or stern, to move in either direction. The undulatory action is produced by rods passing at regular distances from the band to cranks or eccentrics, set in a spiral series on a shaft, which runs parallel to the tube, and thus at each revolution raises and depresses the band in a continuous wave-like movement throughout its entire length. By this process, the whole column of water in the tube is discharged with great impetus from one of the ends, and the ship is impelled onwards in the opposite direction. It is calculated that in an average-sized steamer, with from 12 to 20 revolutions per minute, the water is drawn into, and ejected from the tube in a constant unbroken column, and at a rate of velocity from 50 to 90 miles an hour, according to the length of the vessel, and this without danger, strain, or even vibration, no portion of the machinery moving at a higher speed than from 100 to 200 feet per minute. Many advantages are alleged to attend the adoption of the "Hirudine Propeller," and amongst them the rapidity of passage, resulting from a velocity at least double that of any existing vessels, will economize space, by transferring to cargo much of the large proportion commonly sacrificed to fuel. Another important gain is secured in the greatly diminished friction and wear of machinery, arising from the comparatively leisurely action of the engine.

ROTARY PUMP.—A new description of rotary pump has been patented by George Heppel, as a communication from John Mortimer Heppel, C.E., of Coire, Switzerland. This machine consists of a cylinder, round the axis of which work four vanes, connected with the axis by rings, after the manner of a compass or rule joint, and having their edges completely in contact with the internal surface of the cylinder. Their middle points are connected by links to four pins or bosses, symmetrically situated on the inner surface of a disc, working in an eccentric recess in the top of the cylinder. The dimensions of the parts being properly adjusted, the effect of this arrangement is to cause the space between any two vanes to be a maximum when they are on that side of the cylinder farthest from the

centre of the recess, and a minimum when they are on the other side. Let the angles contained by the vanes when in these positions be 120° and 60° respectively, and let the remaining portion of the curved surface of the cylinder be removed, so as to form two quadrantal apertures, communicating with the pipe through which the water has to be pumped; then, if the whole machine be filled with water, and the disc which works the vanes be caused to revolve, it will be seen that during the time the space between any two vanes is increasing from minimum to maximum it is in communication with the main pipe solely by one aperture, and during the time of its decrease by the other; consequently, the difference between the maximum and minimum spaces, or one-sixth of the content of the cylinder, is the volume of water transferred from the suction to the efflux pipe, in consequence of this variation; and as four spaces are subject to this change in each revolution, it follows that two-thirds of the content of the cylinder is transferred by one revolution of the disc. This is merely a description of one form of the machine, but the construction might be varied in many points without altering the essential principle. The number of vanes might be more than four, the angles of the maximum and minimum sectors might be altered, and the vessel in which the vanes work might have the form of any solid or revolution as well as that of a cylinder. The construction would also be applicable to a steam-engine, a water-wheel, a water meter, or a meter for electric fluids.

WHATEVER be a man's station in life, whether high or low, public or private, he will become a better man, and escape many a disaster, if he will listen in due season to the voice of the intelligent among the sex. Not only do they generally excel us in their nice perception of the proprieties of life, and in their tender sense of duty to both God and man, but they are equally before us in their instinctive faculty of foreseeing evil before it is upon us, and of wisely discerning the character and motives of men. It was not all a dream that made the wife of Julius Cæsar suggest that he should not go to the Senate Chamber on the fatal Ides of March; and had he complied with her entreaties, he might have escaped the dagger of Brutus. Disaster followed disaster in the career of Napoleon from the time that he ceased to feel the balance-wheel of Josephine's influence on his impetuous spirit. Washington, when important questions were submitted to him, often said that he should like to carry the subject to his bed-chamber before he formed his decision; and those who knew the clear judgment and elevated purposes of Mrs. Washington, thought all the better of him for wishing to make her a confidential counsellor.

A few green leaves worn inside the crown of the hat will, it is said, secure one from all danger from a sunstroke.



STATUE OF ERASMUS IN THE GROOTE MARKET. (SEE PAGE 349, VOL. II.)

Outlines of Popular Science.

Continued from p. 371, v. II.

BEFORE altogether leaving hydrogen gas, let us once more have recourse to the bottle with perforated cork and tobacco-pipe shank. Let some hydrogen be thus developed once more, and when developed in flame, very slight illumination will result, owing to the result of combustion being so totally free of all solid matter. If, however, a little powdered lime, or powdered magnesia, substances themselves incapable of combustion, be sprinkled into the flame by means of a sieve, the handle of which is struck with a mallet as before, so that a shower of small particles may fall into the flame, then the latter will begin to evolve much light. Now wherefore is this? Lime is not combustible, neither is magnesia,—but either is susceptible of becoming red hot, glowing—*incandescent*, as chemists term it, and when in this state is capable of evolving light, precisely in the same way as a glowing piece of brick would have done under similar conditions.



Fig. 43.

We now bid adieu to hydrogen considered specially in relation to itself. We begin the investigation of carbon,—that beautiful element which comes before us in so many shapes, from the most humble to the most costly; ministering to the humble and familiar duties of a combustible for our grates, our furnaces, and stoves,—aiding, in the form of plumbago, black-lead, the artist to give those familiar, yet delicate tracings—black-lead pencil marks,—or finally, laying aside all its more common manifestations—all its most common properties,—glittering in the sceptered diadems of emperors and kings.

If a portion of animal or vegetable substance be set on fire and allowed to burn, in oxygen, gas, or atmospheric air, then the carbon flies off in the condition of carbonic acid gas. This result we have already seen on many previous occasions. If, however, the treatment be modified,—if the animal or vegetable substance, instead of being burned in contact with oxygen, or a gaseous mixture containing it, be simply exposed to high degree of heat in closed vessels, then the carbon is no longer dissipated in the form of gas, but remains behind as charcoal. It is evident that the charcoal in question will vary as to purity, in proportion as the body which yielded it might be more or less pure. Generally speaking, the amount of such impurities may be estimated by burning away the charcoal, in open air or oxygen-gas, and estimating the remaining ashes. These will represent all such impurities as are not volatile. No charcoal, as we commonly find it, is absolutely pure,—but it may, nevertheless, be regarded, so for the greater number of purposes. That very interesting form of carbon termed plumbago, or black lead, is composed of carbon nearly pure. It may contain portions of iron, although the best specimens of plumbago do not,—but it *never* contains lead. Hence the term black-lead is totally without expression or significance. From charcoal and black-lead, we make a stride, indeed, to that precious form of carbon in one sense—that useless form in another—the *diamond*. What person unacquainted with the extraordinary changes which bodies can assume,—what person, in other words, ignorant of chemistry, would ever have dreamed that charcoal and the diamond were in essential nature the same? That they are essentially the same has now long become unquestioned, though, why one should



Fig. 44.

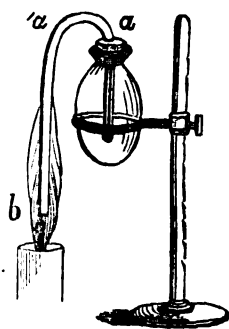


Fig. 45.

be black and opaque, whilst the other is crystalline, colorless, brilliant, and translucent, none can tell. The very origin of the diamond is mysterious. It is found in the earth like a mineral; but there are many reasons for assuming that it really is of vegetable origin. A philosopher, who has devoted much of his long and useful life to the examination of light and of transparent bodies, believes the diamond to be nothing

more than a congealed drop of resin or gum. At all events, diamonds must once have been liquid or pastry, for small fragments of vegetables and of little insects are occasionally found in their substance. If, then, the diamond be really carbon, nothing but carbon, why can we not crystallize carbon and make diamonds? That question is more easily asked than replied to. Chemists have not yet succeeded in getting diamonds out of coal, coke, or charcoal; but provokingly enough they have succeeded in changing diamonds into coke. A gem of this kind is possessed by Dr. Faraday, was exhibited by him, and is more valued, we doubt not, by that philosopher than was the original diamond.

“Beautiful as are diamonds, they do not present the most interesting state of carbon to me. My mind is directed into a different train of thought to that suggested by the contemplation of a gem. I regard with wonder, a ten-fold wonder each time that I think of it, that beautiful provision of the Creator, by which carbon is enabled to fulfil its appointed duties in the world. It is especially designed to be the combustible for our common use. It is not the only combustible as we have seen. Iron is a combustible,—sulphur, phosphorus, lead, all are combustibles,—hydrogen is a combustible,—but these are all unadapted to be employed as the ordinary combustibles of life. Let us reflect on this—let us examine in what chief respect carbon differs from all other substances in its combustible powers. Let us take iron, for instance, or phosphorus. Each of these substances will burn—phosphorus violently in atmospheric air even; iron violently in oxygen gas. Let us even suppose, that for the purpose of enabling iron to burn, the atmosphere around was one of oxygen-gas. What then? We should have combustion, violent combustion; but just trace the necessary results. Iron, during combustion, yields no flame; therefore the light developed would be totally insignificant for all illuminative purposes. The heat developed would, indeed, be great; but think of the ashes—the ashes! The sole result of the burning of iron, is a solid—a hard solid—shining solid—like molten lava from a volcano. These ashes, too, are heavier, as we have already proved, than the original iron. They occupy more space. Had iron been our fuel, they would have gone on continually accumulating, until at length the whole surface of our beautiful globe would have been covered with one crust of sterile cinders, more barren—more desolate than the chilled lava of a volcano. Nor is this all. We have not yet half expressed the desolation which must have ensued. Not only would our ashes increase, but our stock of fuel would diminish; for there are no operations at work by which iron-oxide can be brought back to the state of iron again.”

“If we take phosphorus, the results would be different, but equally desolating in their effects. No living creature could exist.”

Without further tracing the consequences which must ensue from the combustion of a solid yielding a solid—conditions which we may see would never be adapted to the world's economy—let us now examine if the conditions of a gas yielding a vapor by combustion would be much better. Suppose, then, that instead of coal, coke, charcoal, and wood, all easily stirred, easily handled, sent from one place to another,—suppose, I say, hydrogen gas had been the domestic fuel of man, what then? In the first place, how would he have kept it,—in gasometers, or balloons? But let that pass. Let us suppose these objections to be answered, and that a jet of hydrogen was actually burning before us. We should have had heat, it is true, but scarcely any light, as a former experiment has demonstrated; consequently hydrogen would not have done. Then, what do we require as our combustible of ordinary life,—what sort of properties should such a combustible possess? Simply these:—*The combustible itself should be a solid*, in order that its space might be diminished, in order that we might readily deal with it—store it away in cellars, weigh it, measure it. *It should yield by the process of combustion either a vapor or a gas*, leaving but a small amount of ashes; and, finally, its combustion should be attended with a luminous flame. Such are the properties which a philosopher would desire. The two former do not seem incompatible with each other, but the last seems hopeless; for how can we get luminous flame out of a gas?

Beautifully, very beautifully, has the Creator accomplished all this, by imparting to the various carbonaceous substances which He gives us as fuel, the necessary properties. Let us take, for example, a common candle, and examine the philosophy of its flame. Volumes might be written concerning

the philosophy of a candle. Tallow, spermaceti, or wax—the materials of which candles are generally made—are all compounds of carbon with hydrogen. When the cotton wick is ignited, a portion of the oily material is converted into gas—carburetted hydrogen gas. Hence a candle flame is, in point of fact, a gas flame, differing from an ordinary gas flame chiefly in this, that the gas is not generated until the period of requiring it.

Now, very slight examination of the structure of a candle flame will show that it is not of the same quality throughout.

Two distinct crusts or coatings—if the term be allowable—may be at least be recognised; and more careful attention will demonstrate a third. These various portions of a candle flame may be readily demonstrated by the experiment of holding a piece of card horizontally in the flame at varying elevations. The card, when removed, will be impressed with blackness, not equally diffused, but in a sort of black ring. This experiment shows us two things—it shows us, first of all, that in the candle flame there exists some carbon in a solid state, otherwise the blackness could not have been deposited on the card. But now the curious point arises for consideration, how did the carbon get there? It is not volatile, because we have already seen that charcoal may be exposed without any volatilization to the strongest heat of a fire. Although carbon itself be not volatile, yet there are certain combinations of it with hydrogen that are volatile. Of these, coal-gas is one. How beautiful, how full of wonder is that provision by which the most useful functions of combustion are provided for and maintained in the flame of a candle! The oil being first converted by means of heat into a sort of gaseous or vaporous combination, thus at once providing against the accumulation of ashes, then the vapor made to evolve its carbon in a solid form, in order that its particles may become red-hot; and, finally, the red-hot particles of carbon becoming changed by union with oxygen into carbonic acid gas, are wafted invisibly into the air. This progressive decomposition of tallow, first into a vaporous substance, then into carbon, is beautifully illustrated by the simple arrangement which our diagram represents.

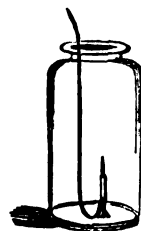


Fig. 46.



Fig. 47.

of particular significance in this experiment are these:—Whilst the aperture of the short bend is situated almost in contact with the wick, a sort of milky-looking vapor forces through the tube, and collects in the receiving flask. Whilst, however, the decantation of the volatile materials is conducted by holding the same aperture higher up in the candle flame, their solid carbonaceous powder is carried over.

It appears, therefore, that the carbon which may be collected from a taper flame did not exist as carbon at the moment of its evolution from the tallow, but assumed the intermediate state of vapor or gas. Thus the revolving cycle of decomposition is at length complete, so far as concerns the function of combustion; but Nature is never still, elements

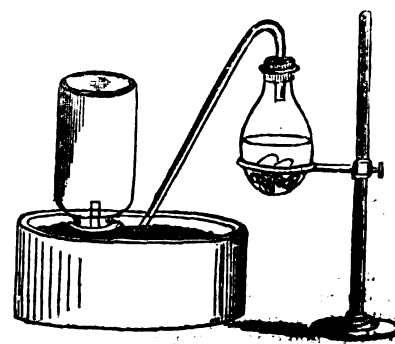


Fig. 48.

are never at rest. The end of one function is but as the beginning of another. The carbonic acid liberated into the air by the process of combustion, and others presently to be spoken of, could not accumulate there above certain proportions without the destruction of animal life. Mark, then, the wise providence of God. This very gas, so poisonous to animals, is a food to plants; no less than seven tons and a half of this gas hang hovering over each acre of land, ready to be absorbed by vegetables, which appropriate merely the carbon in a solid form (for this element is always solid when uncombined), and finally evolve the oxygen again in a gaseous form, ready to fulfil all its numerous functions in the world's economy. Thus is the balance of Nature provided for,—thus do the functions of life become unceasingly performed.

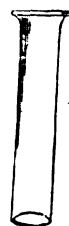


Fig. 50.

It must not be imagined that the several properties demonstrated to be exhibited by the carbon are simply functions of carbon in itself. They are not positive, but relative functions, and would all be disturbed were the medium of the atmosphere changed. We could not exist with our present animal constitution were we surrounded with an atmosphere of chlorine; but it is conceivable that our constitution might have been so framed as to be insensible to the noxious influences of chlorine. Let us assume such an atmosphere, and trace the consequences. Lighting a bit of wax-taper, attached to a bent copper-wire (Fig. 46), I immerse it into a bottle of chlorine gas. See the curious phenomenon. The candle scarcely burns, and the result of combustion is most curious. The bottle becomes pervaded with a sooty carbonaceous deposit. Why is this? Simply because carbon is incapable of uniting with chlorine under these circumstances, therefore it must needs deposit. The result of its combustion is a solid; hence, had we been surrounded with an atmosphere of chlorine as we are surrounded with our own atmosphere, then the element carbon, now so beautifully harmonized with the other elements that the balance of Nature is complete, would be altogether discordant: the functions of nature would be disturbed, and the earth covered in the end with a crust of charcoal!

The result just observed by the burning of a candle in chlorine gas, may be perhaps more strikingly varied by the following modification:—Taking a piece of charcoal I envelope it in some copper wire, and, igniting the charcoal, plunge it, thus ignited, into a bottle containing chlorine. The effect here is curious. The charcoal itself does not burn, but the copper wire takes fire.

The impossibility of uniting carbon with chlorine, under all ordinary circumstances, is beautifully illustrated by setting fire to a mixture of this gas with another gas, called the olefant.

Olefant gas is made by distilling in a glass-retort, or, still more simply, in a Florence flask, to which a bent tube is attached, a mixture of three parts oil of vitriol by measure, and one part of rectified spirit of wine. The result is olefant gas, which comes over, and may be collected in the ordinary way. Let now a mixture of two measures of olefant gas and one of chlorine be made in a long

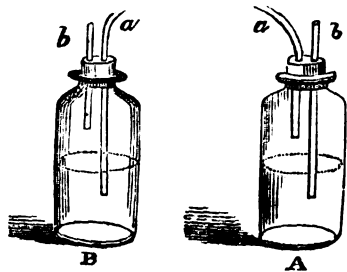


Fig. 50.

glass jar, the longer in proportion the more striking will be the result. Let the mixture be now inflamed. Combustion will proceed throughout the whole length of the jar, and a quantity of soot (carbon) will be deposited, thus demonstrating two points—the existence of carbon in olefant gas, and the refusal of carbon and chlorine to unite. We have hitherto merely spoken of carbonic acid as the result of the combustion of charcoal; but there are other sources, of which the respiration of animals is the chief. Respiration, indeed, may be regarded as a sort of combustion, different only from ordinary combustion in its degree of energy. Let the reader ponder on this fact, however, that whilst grates and furnaces require their carbonaceous food to be in the state of solid—to exist as coals, or coke, or charcoal

—animals require their carbon to be in another state of combination—they require it in the state of animal and vegetable food. The final result of combustion and of assimilation are the same in character. In either case one portion of the fuel, so to call it, escapes in the form of carbonic acid gas, whilst another portion remains behind, as a more volatile mass.

Those who have read the former paper in this series of sketches, will remember that the sure test for carbonic acid is its power of whitening lime-water. However, if it can be demonstrated that the gas expelled from the lungs has the power of whitening lime-water, then such gas will have been proved to contain carbonic acid.

This demonstration can be readily effected by an apparatus of the following kind:—Provide two wide-mouthed bottles, and supply each with an accurately fitting cork. Through each cork bore two holes, and fit them with tubes as represented in the diagrams.

By examining the diagrams carefully, it will be observed that a slight, yet very important difference, as regards the arrangement of the tubes exists: that whilst the bent tube of *a* stops short of the liquid surface (the liquid being lime-water), the bent tube of *b* passes below it. The reason of such difference of arrangement will presently be obvious. Applying the lips at *a*, let the experimenter draw an inspiration, the consequence of which will be that all the air he inspires must necessarily pass through the whole mass of lime-water. Let the experimenter now apply his lips to the tube *a'*, and expire the same air, (at least the same in all except the change which respiration may have wrought upon it), through the collection of lime-water in the vessel *B*. Let the operation be repeated several times—say ten or twelve—and then finally let the result be observed. Lime-water in *A* will be scarcely altered, perhaps not at all altered, whilst that in *B* will have become filled with a chalky substance—chalk it is, indeed, carbonate of lime.

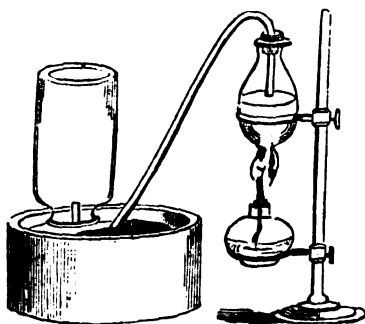


Fig. 51.

The function possessed by plants, in virtue of which carbonic acid is absorbed by growing vegetables, decomposed—its carbon retained, its oxygen evolved, the atmosphere purified—has already been mentioned. It remains, therefore, merely to state that combustion and respiration are by no means to be regarded as the only sources of carbonic acid gas. There are many others. It is evolved during the burning of lime-stone, carbon, or chalk, for they are all, chemically speaking, the same. It is evolved also whenever a stronger acid (and almost all are stronger than this acid) is poured upon chalk, or marble, or lime-stone, or carbonate of soda, or, in short, any other carbonate. It is also evolved during the change which certain sweet bodies undergo, and which is known as fermentation.

For the purpose of generating carbonic acid, the process usually followed is this.

Into a Florence flask, supplied with perforated cork and bent tube, put some fragments of marble and some spirits of salt, diluted with an equal volume of water. The gas now comes over in abundance, and may be collected in the usual manner by means of the pneumatic trough. It will be worth while to collect some, and the process is very easy.

When collected, the following striking experiments may be performed with it; a lighted taper being put into a bottle left open, carbonic acid, being a very heavy gas, may be poured into it, just as a liquid might, and the proof of its having been thus transferred will be found in an extinguished candle.

Professor Faraday demonstrated the heaviness of carbonic acid, in a manner that will

be scarcely compatible with the reader's means. He fixed a small glass bucket to the end of a pair of scales; and, after exactly balancing the bucket, he poured into it the invisible, though heavy carbonic acid gas. Immediately the bucket extremity of the balance dipped, proving its increase of weight.

Carbonic acid, although it exist as a gas under all common circumstances, yet by exposure to the combined agency of great pressure and great cold, may be converted into a solid. This solid was not exhibited in any one of the juvenile lectures which we have been sketching; but on one occasion we remember seeing Professor Faraday make large masses of this solidified gas. It was very much like snow to all appearance—indeed, it can be made into masses like snowballs. Its properties are very

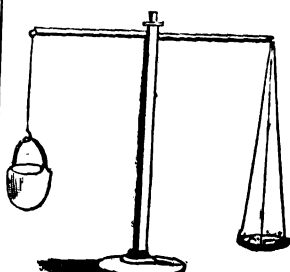


Fig. 53.

peculiar. Let the reader imagine all his long-received ideas of bodies extremely hot to be turned upside down—let him imagine a body as cold as molten iron is hot—and he will have a very fair notion of solid carbonic acid gas. We beg pardon for the Hibernicism: yet solid carbonic acid gas may be handled with impunity, which seems strange; but molten iron may also be handled with impunity: which seems stranger. We have seen Professor Boutigny d'Evreux wash his hands in this fiery liquid. It may seem strange, too, that, although solid carbonic may be handled with impunity, the same, dissolved in ether, would burn the fingers off with cold! What a perversion of terms, some one ejaculates. Well, what shall we say?—the strange experiments performed by M. Thilorier, with solid carbonic acid, and by M. Boutigny, with molten iron, scatter all our ideas of heat and cold to the winds. Some other time, the gentleman who washes his hands in molten iron, may be brought fully before our readers.

HEAD-DRESSES, AND WHAT ADDISON THOUGHT OF THEM.

—“I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add anything that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermillion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on all sides with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing share of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light; it is the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties to the childish gewgaws, ribbons, and bone-lace.” [Addison would have been delighted with the present fashion of bonnets, which are as near to nothing as may be.—Ed.]

AN OLD MAN'S SECRET.—An Italian bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition without betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues which he thought impossible to imitate, one day asked the bishop if he could communicate his secret of being always easy.

“Yes,” replied the old man, “I can teach my secret with great facility; it consists of nothing more than making a right use of my eyes.”

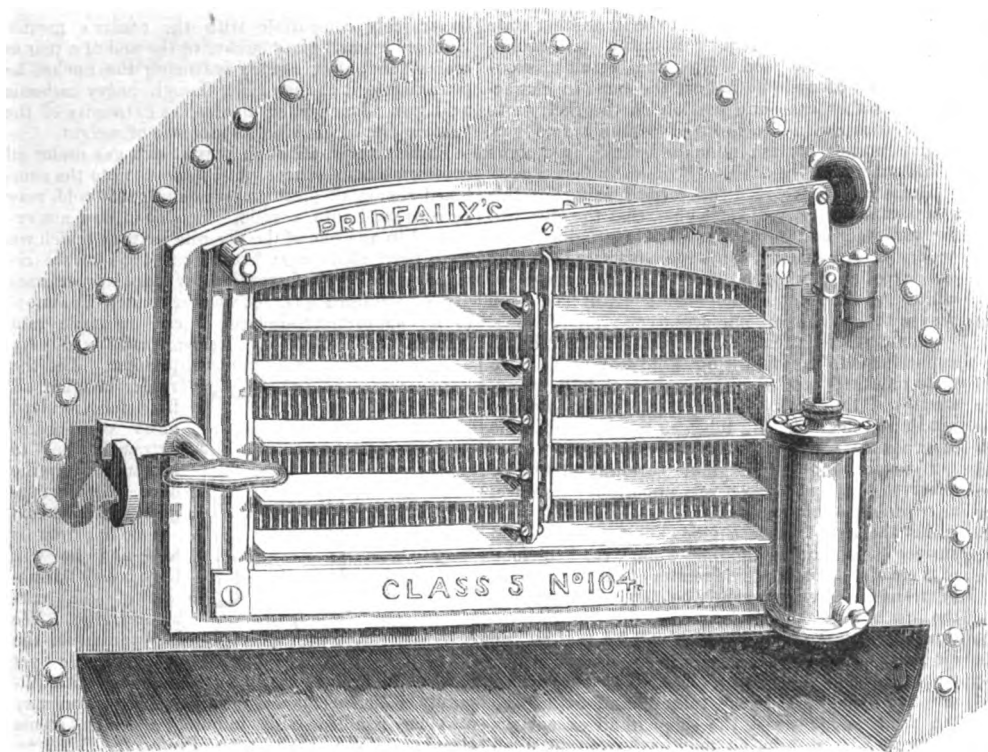
His friend begged him to explain himself.

“Most willingly,” returned the bishop. “In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal business is to get there. I then look down on the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred; I then look abroad on the world, and observe that multitudes there are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed, where all our cares must end, and how little reason I have to repine or complain.”

QUESTION FOR DAIRYMEN.—If twenty-seven inches of snow give three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give when fed on ruta-baga turnips? Multiply the flakes of snow by the hairs on the cow's tail; then divide the product by a turnip, add a pound of chalk, and the sum will be the answer.



Fig. 52.



FRONT VIEW OF VALVE AS FIXED IN FURNACE-DOOR.

Prideaux's self-closing Furnace-Valve to Prevent Smoke.

It is comparatively easy to get rid of smoke, if the consumption of fuel and production of steam be disregarded. A few perforations in the door or bridge will attain the object; but the effect of this continuous admission of air above the fuel will be to diminish the supply of steam from twenty-five to thirty per cent, as many can testify to their cost.

The superiority of Mr. Prideaux's invention consists in this—that it only admits a full supply of air immediately after coaling; lessens the supply as less is required from the fuel becoming coked; and, finally shuts it off altogether, when, from this operation being complete, no more is desirable; burning in fact all the smoke by the admission, on the average, of only one-fifth part the quantity of air above the fuel, which would enter on the principle of continuous supply.

Another feature of this invention worthy of notice is the coolness (we may say, without exaggeration, coldness), of the furnace-door. During the time of the action of the valve, the face of the door is reduced to the temperature of the entering stream of air; and it rarely rises above this in the intervals when it is closed, so extraordinary is the effect of the peculiar arrangement of plates in the interior (presenting a surface of 8000 square inches) in arresting the passage of heat.

A large body of evidence leads to the conclusion that the saving is never less than 10 per cent. in Cornish boilers, and 15 per cent. in brick furnaces; on which supposition it is clear that, irrespective of the question of smoke, the adoption of the invention becomes a matter of economy.

In no case, however, does the introduction of this invention offer such great advantages as in that of steam-vessels, from the confined character of the stoke-hole. Mr. Fairbairn, at a recent meeting of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, after remarking "that it would, doubtless, be an advantageous addition to any boiler, however well constructed for burning the smoke, by making the process more complete and certain in its effects," proceeded to observe, "that the apparatus appeared particularly applicable to marine boilers, where the heat of the stoke-hole was ordinarily very objectionable, and interfered seriously with the duties of the men; and he was surprised it had not been taken up by the marine authorities on that account, as well as for effecting the consumption of smoke. Those valves

that he had seen at work certainly kept quite cool and in very complete order, and had not been injured at all by the heat."

The invention is already introduced on the Tyne, the Clyde, and the Mersey, and, by this time, in all probability, in the Danish navy. In short, the invention of Mr. Prideaux bids fair to become as uniform an appendage to the furnace as the generator is to the steam-engine.

NOVEL DESIGN IN NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.—It is proposed that the raft should be composed of 300 pontoon-shaped iron boats, nearly all 100 feet long by 10 feet wide and 7 deep, having semi-circular bottoms and sides, and flanged on the edges or gun-wales. With 15 of these placed longitudinally, the length of the raft would be 1,500 feet, and 20 in breadth, with 5 feet spans between each, would give a width of 300 feet. Thus the deck area would be little short of 10 acres. The pontoon boats it is proposed to brace together by diagonal tie bars, while the deck would be formed of timber six inches thick, firmly bolted to the flanges, and having hatchways into each of the boats, which would thus furnish the accommodation and stowage required for passengers and goods. Bulwarks are contemplated 12 feet 6 inches high, and consisting of hollow iron stanchions, 33 feet 4 inches apart from each other, with iron compartments between, made to open

from the top on centres. The whole mass would thus be braced together, as if it were one huge solid substance 1,500 feet long, 300 feet wide, and 20 feet thick. It is proposed by the bold projector of this new leviathan to propel her by 22 steam-engines, of at least 200 horse power each, 11 on each side of the raft, with paddles and screws affixed alternately. Into the arrangements for mooring, for saloon space, for commander's quarters, an observatory, &c., it is not necessary to enter, but the calculation is that the raft will carry a freight of 20,000 tons, though perfectly safe and steady without, obtain a speed of 15 knots an hour, draw only three feet six inches of water, and give a surface sufficient to act as a floating breakwater in the roughest sea. The projector contends that it will be impossible to founder such a structure; that in case of running ashore the boats grounded can readily be drawn off by the power of the engines; and that the principle of the design involving the repetition of so many given parts, as in the architecture of the Crystal Palace, these can be let out to different contractors, and the whole got together with the greatest rapidity and ease.

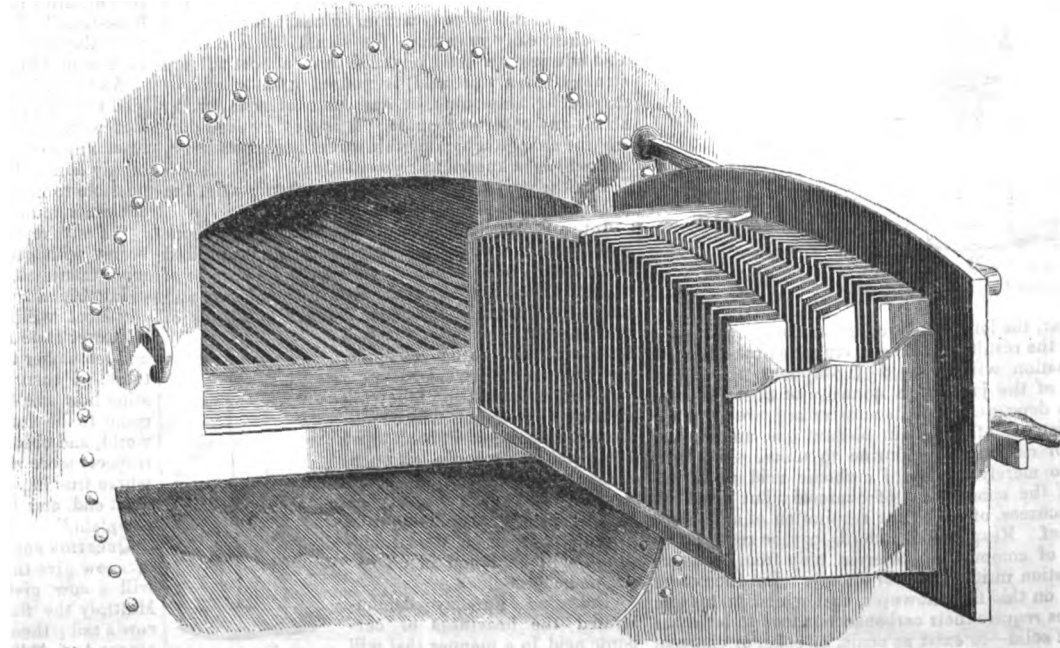
NEW INVENTION FOR ACCOUNT-BOOKS.

Among recent inventions, we may notice the improved Hinge-Binding for Account Books; an invention which has considerable merit, and possesses many advantages over the old system. Most of the difficulties and annoyances of the old-fashioned cloth joints, which were often breaking, and seldom allowed the book to open properly, are

overcome by the introduction of a metallic hinge, which renders the inside of the book entirely independent of the covers, and admits of its being separated from them by the simple removal of a sliding pin; so that one cover may thus be made to answer for several books, or new covers may be supplied to an old book, without the necessity of placing it in the hands of a binder. The patent has been taken out by Mr. Arnold, but the well-known firm of Waterloo and Sons, of London-Wall, have secured the exclusive right of manufacture.

DISTILLED WATER FOR THE TROOPS IN THE CRIMEA.—For the purpose of practically testing the efficiency of the distilling apparatus with which the Wye steam-vessel has been fitted for the supply of fresh water distilled from the sea, for the use of the army in the Crimea, a final trial was recently made, the result of which proved that nearly 40,000 gallons of perfectly fresh and palatable water can be obtained daily, and of the same temperature as the source from which it is taken. The Wye is also fitted with necessary apparatus for either delivering the water thus obtained on shore or on board other vessels; and she has been stowed with tanks capable of containing a reserve of water equal to about 300 tons.

THERE are peculiar ways in men, which discover what they are through the most subtle feints and closest disguises.



BACK VIEW OF VALVE, WITH A PORTION OF THE CASE REMOVED, TO SHOW THE ARRANGEMENT OF PLATES IN THE INTERIOR.



"Will you love me then as now?"

Facetia.

A DIFFICULT CALLING.—It may be all very well to say that the office of a tax-gatherer needs no great ability for the fulfilment of its duties, but there is no employment which requires such constant application.

The man who had no music in his sole, wore seasoned leather.

A wag observes that he looks under the marriage head for the news of the weak.

EVIDENCE OF FRIENDSHIP.—Kissing a married lady out of pure love for her husband.

A DOWN-EASTER has invented a machine for extracting the lies from quack advertisements.

A wag, seeing a lady at a party with a very low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying that she out-stripped the whole party.

An editor "out West" says, that he hoped to be able to present a marriage and a death, as original matter for his columns; but a thaw broke up the wedding, and the doctor fell sick, so the patient recovered.

"I have turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France. "Yes," replied Talleyrand, "away from you."

An old maid, who hates the male sex most vehemently, cut a female acquaintance who complimented her on the buoyancy of her spirits.

QUESTIONABLE.—The two children from the Orange River, lately exhibiting in London, are called "Earth-men." Seeing that one is a boy, and the other a girl, it is not easy to comprehend how the term "Earth-men" can apply to both.

QUESTIONS FOR LAW STUDENTS.

What is the difference between a fine and a recovery?—A fine is for getting drunk.

What animals come under the description of game?—Timid witnesses and female defendants.

When is it necessary to commence a fresh suit?—When the other has become too ventilating or seedy.

What is a release?—To exchange the society of your ugly aunt for that of your beautiful cousin.

What is a clerical error?—Preaching a three hours' sermon.

What is the settlement of a conveyance?—When an omnibus smashes a small carriage.

What are breeches of trust?—Trousers procured on tick.

What are incumbrances?—Poor relations.

What is a mortgage in possession?—An uncle. Mention some of the principal law books which you have studied.—Hoyle's Law of Whist, Cribbage, etc., etc.

What are original writs?—Pot hooks and hangers.

What steps would you take to dissolve an injunction?—I should put it into some hot water, and let it remain there until it melted.

What is an original bill?—Don't know, but think Shakespeare is the most original Bill on record.

That will do for this lesson.

A GOOD ONE.—"Paddy, honey, will ye buy my watch, now?" "And is it about selling your watch ye are, Mike?" "Troth it is, darlin'!" "What's the price?" "Ten shillings and a mutch-kin of the creature." "Is the watch a decent one?" "Sure and I've had it twenty years, and it never once desaved me!" "Well, here's your tin: now tell me, does it go well?" "Bedad an' it goes faster than any watch in Connaught, Munster, Ulster, or Leinster, not barring Dublin!" "Bad luck to ye, Mike, you have taken me in! Didn't you say it never desaved you?" "Sure an' I did—nor did it—for I never depended on it!"

CAN TOM THUMB'S be called a marriage in high life?

To render the most sultry air of heaven delightful—previously pass an hour with a smoker.

MEN are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say: but from their conduct, one would suppose that they were born with

two tongues and one eye, for those talk the most who have observed the least, and intrude their remarks upon everything, who have seen into nothing.

A HINT TO EXTRAVAGANT WIVES.—It's the last ostrich feather that breaks the husband's back.

YESTERDAY MORNING'S REFLECTION.—Pride is often too high in the instep to wear another man's shoe.

WANTED to know, by a citizen of New Bedford, whether filling a whale-ship is not of-fish-ial business?

EXTRAVAGANCE took a cab to look after a stage.

It is a well-ascertained fact, that bitter are the domestic sweets which are preserved in family jars.

WHY does wealth render a man of business modest?—Because it gives him frequently a retiring disposition.

A RATHER flippant clergyman declared, he could write a sermon in two hours, and make nothing of it!

A WITTY lawyer placed on his office door a card with the inscription: "Those who call on business will please make it brief."

WELLERISM.—I'll take that balance some other time, as the tight-rope performer said when he was through his ascension.

ANOTHER.—I'll "haul you" over the coals, as the policeman said to the thief when he caught him in the area.

A FALLACY FOR THE FACULTIES.

—Why ought a tailor never to begin to make a coat till he tries it on?—Because everything in connection with business ought to be done at the fitting time.

THE GREATEST ORGAN IN THE WORLD.—The organ of speech in woman—an organ, too, without a stop!

The secret of Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact that, in the household of princes, the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher? "Similarity of mind," said the fierce genius, "is all over the world the source of friendship."

A CONVERSATIONAL KEY.—Men never talk amongst each other about their babies; women always do. With the former it is the padlock of conversation, with the latter the staple.

MAKE THE LIVING HAPPY.—If we were only half as lenient to the living as we are to the dead, how

much happier might we render them, and from how much vain and bitter remorse might we be spared.

NOT GIVEN TO CHANGE.—A man with a moderate appetite dined at an hotel, and, after eating the whole of a young pig, was asked if he would have some pudding. He said he did not care much about pudding; but if they had another little hog he would be thankful for it.

NEVER hesitate about doing a good thing. Be sure it will all be right in the end, whether the deed is marrying an amiable girl, giving a dollar to the dispensary, a dinner to a poor family, or rosy glances to Mary.

FREE TRADE.—One day, at a farm-house, a wag saw an old gobbler trying to eat the strings of some night-caps that lay on the grass to bleach. "That," said he, "is what I call introducing cotton into Turkey."

SETTING HIMSELF RIGHT!—A gentleman lately resident in Sunderland, at one time a strong advocate of teetotalism, now a porter-bottle manufacturer in a sea-port not far off, was recently asked by an acquaintance how he could reconcile his former professions with his present practice. "Oh," was the reply, "when I started bottle-making, to be consistent I also began to drink wine."

PROGRESS OF THE ARTS.—We boast that an old shirt, thrown in at one end of a paper-mill, comes out at the other *Robinson Crusoe*, we also drive a monster trade in pigs. The animals walk up an inclined plane in Cincinnati, and come down on the other side comfortably pickled and cured.

ADVICE TO FORTUNE-HUNTERS.—The surest way to get a legacy is to appear not to want it.

THE PEOPLE.—The ladder that helps statesmen to climb, but which they kick aside as soon as they have reached the summit of their ambition.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A HOUSEWIFE.—Forward the button and bit of hat you found in the sausage to the county coroner.

ARCHER.—Bow is some miles distant from Harrow.

BESSIE.—The portrait is, like yourself, exceedingly pretty. If you want our candid opinion, you must come yourself.

JESSE.—**STEWED EELS.**—Put the cherries in first; then hold the eels between two spoons until they slip out of their skins. A little cabbage gives a nice flavor.

SENTIMENTALIST.—How often have we to repeat that the price of poetry is twopence a pound?

X.—We have found some of your book in our trunk, but it was pasted so firmly that we could not get it off.



SERVANT.—"Not at home."

CHILD.—"Oh! Sarah, what a story! Why, Ma's in the kitchen, preparing the dinner!"

The Amateur and Mechanic's Friend.

(Continued from page 379.)

No. III.—JAPANNING AND LACQUERING.

To Varnish Japan Work.—When the work to be varnished is of a delicate nature, hard white varnish should be used; when hardness is desired, without regarding brightness, seed-lac varnish is the best; but in other cases a mixed varnish must be employed, such as used for white Japan grounds.

The pieces of work to be varnished should be placed near a fire, or in a room where there is a stove, and made perfectly dry, and then the varnish laid on with the proper brushes made for that purpose; beginning in the middle, and passing the brush to one end, and then, with another stroke from the middle, passing it to the other, taking care not to cross or pass over any part twice in forming one coat, when it can possibly be avoided. When one coat is dry, another is to be laid over it, and this is to be repeated at least five or six times, or more, if, on trial, there is not sufficient thickness of varnish to bear the polish without injuring the painting or ground color underneath. When a sufficient number of coats have been laid on, the work is fit to be polished.

To Polish Japan Work.—For ordinary work, dip a rag in rotten-stone (tripoli) finely powdered, and rub in a circular direction until all inequalities are removed; towards the end of the rubbing use a little olive oil with the powder, and when the surface presents a bright glossy appearance, the oil should be used alone, to clean it from the powder, and give it a lustre.

For the more delicate work, especially white grounds, whiting or putty powder should be substituted for the tripoli, observing that they have been well washed previously, to free them of any gritty matters.

All kinds of japan work should have the varnish hardened by means of heat, which, if it is applied gradually and judiciously, promote the hardening of the material; but great caution must be observed in the application of heat to other than metals, otherwise the form of the work is apt to be injured by shrinking or warping. In metals it is different; a great heat may be employed, provided it is gradually increased.

To Gild Japan Work.—As we have described the details of this process in vol. II, we shall only observe, that in gilding with gold size, when it is intended to have a dead gold, the size must be used either with oil of turpentine only, or a very little fat oil; but when a bright gold is wished for without the trouble of burnishing, fat oil alone, or in combination with gold size, should be employed.

To Inlay with the Mother-o'-pearl.—Procure laminae of the material, about one-hundredth part of an inch in thickness. Draw such patterns as are required upon them with opaque turpentine varnish, brush the plates over with strong nitrous acid, which will corrode those parts not protected by the varnish; wash off the varnish with oil of turpentine, color at the back with varnish colors, then lay the pieces in the varnish, cover the same as usual, with five or six coats, and polish with tripoli in the manner directed above.

II. **Lacquering** is the process by which metals are covered with either transparent or colored varnishes, in order to produce a different color from that of the metal, or to preserve them from the influence of the atmosphere.

Lacquering is very similar to japanning, as regards the principles and practice, only that transparent instead of opaque colors are used.

There are four kinds of lacquering:—1st, lacquering brass, to make it appear as if gilt; 2nd, lacquering tin, to give it the tinge of yellow metals; 3rd, lacquering silvered articles, to make them appear as if gilt; 4th, lacquering articles, to protect them from the influence of the air or moisture.

Materials.—The materials necessary are, hog's and camel's hair brushes, diluted aquafortis, and lacquers suitable for each kind of work.

To Prepare old Brass Work for Re-lacquering.—Boil first a strong ley of wood ashes, add a small quantity of soap lees; put in the brass work, and the lacquer will be removed. Dip the brass in aquafortis sufficiently diluted to take off the dirt, wash the work in water, dry well, and apply the lacquer.

Brass Lacquer.—Take of powdered tumeric one ounce, Spanish annatto and saffron each two drachms; put into a bottle with a pint of rectified spirit of wine, heat moderately, and shake frequently for several days. Strain through a coarse linen cloth, put into a bottle with three ounces of powdered seed-lac, heat moderately, and shake,

strain, and keep in a stoppered bottle. The redness or yellowness of the lacquer must be regulated by the annatto.

A cheaper kind may be made by adding an ounce of powdered turmeric, and half a drachm of dragon's blood, to a pint of spirits of wine, and proceeding as above.

Tin Lacquer.—Take an ounce of powdered turmeric root, and two drachms of dragon's blood, and add to it a pint of spirit of wine, proceeding as usual.

Gold Lacquers.—1. Put into a clean tin can two ounces of ground turmeric, a drachm and a half of powdered gamboge, half an ounce of powdered gum sandarac, an ounce and a half of shell-lac, a quart of spirit of wine; shake, dissolve, strain, and add two ounces of well-mixed turpentine varnish. 2. Take half a pint of spirits of wine, two drachms each of gum mastic and gum juniper, three drachms of Spanish annatto, half an ounce of turmeric root, and a drachm each of dragon's blood and salt of tartar; mix, heat, and shake well.

To Lay the Lacquer on Brass.—Clean the articles well, then heat moderately, lay on the lacquer with a proper brush the same as varnish, and heat again. When the lacquer is dry and firm, repeat the operation until the required color is obtained.

To Lacquer Tin.—This is done the same way as brass, only, as the lacquer is of a deeper color, it does not require so many coats.

To Lacquer Silvered Articles.—The parts are previously protected by a coating of whites of eggs, and the lacquer applied as usual when the sizing of egg is dry.

Common lacquering being only generally applied to locks, nails, curtain rods, &c., only one or two coats are requisite, and the lacquering needs not be very fine.

No. IV.—STAINING AND DYEING.

1. **STAINING** is the art of applying the varied colors furnished to us by nature, or created by human skill, to hard bodies, such as alabaster, bone, glass, horn, ivory, marble, stone, wood, &c., though many have included paper and parchment, which we shall also adopt.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—When alabaster, marble, and other stones, are colored, and the stain is required to be deep, it should be poured on boiling-hot, and brushed equally over every part if made with water; if with spirit, it should be applied cold, otherwise the evaporation, being too rapid, would leave the coloring matter on the surface, without any, or very little, being able to penetrate. In greyish or brownish stones, the stain will be wanting in brightness, because the natural color combines with the stain; therefore if the stone be a pure color, the result will be a combination of the color and stain.

In staining bone or ivory, the colors will take better before than after polishing; and if any dark spots appear, they should be rubbed with chalk, and the article dyed again to produce uniformity of shade. On removal from the boiling-hot dye-bath, the bone should be immediately plunged into cold water, to prevent cracks from the heat.

If paper or parchment is stained, a broad varnish brush should be employed to lay the coloring on evenly.

When the stains for wood are required to be very strong, it is better to soak and not brush them; therefore, if for inlaying or fine work, the wood should be previously split or sawed into proper thicknesses; and when directed to be brushed several times over with the stains, it should be allowed to dry between each coating. When it is wished to render any of the stains more durable and beautiful, the work should be well rubbed with Dutch or common rushes after it is colored, and then varnished with seed-lac varnish, or if a better appearance is desired, with three coats of the same or shell-lac varnish.

Common work only requires frequent rubbing with linsed oil and woollen rags.

The remainder, with the exception of glass, will be treated of hereafter.

ALABASTER, MARBLE, and STONE, may be stained of a yellow, red, green, blue, purple, black, or any of the compound colors, by the stains used for wood.

BONE and IVORY.—**Black.** 1. Lay the article for several hours in a strong solution of nitrate of silver, and expose to the light. 2. Boil the article for some time in a strained decoction of logwood, and then steep it in a solution of per-sulphate or acetate of iron. 3. Immerse frequently in ink, until of sufficient depth of color.

Blue.—1. Immerse for some time in a dilute solution of sulphate of indigo—partly saturated with

potash—and it will be fully stained. 2. Steep in a strong solution of sulphate of copper.

Green.—1. Dip blue-stained articles for a short time in nitro-hydro-chlorate of tin; and then in a hot decoction of fustic. 2. Boil in a solution of verdigris in vinegar until the desired color is obtained.

Red.—1. Dip the articles first in the tin mordant used in dyeing, and then plunge into a hot decoction of Brazil wood—half a pound to a gallon of water—or cochineal. 2. Steep in red ink until sufficiently stained.

Scarlet.—Use lac-dye instead of the preceding.

Violet.—Dip in the tin mordant, and then immerse in a decoction of logwood.

Yellow.—1. Impregnate with nitro-hydro-chlorate of tin, and then digest with heat in a strained decoction of fustic. 2. Steep for twenty-four hours in a strong solution of the neutral chromate of potash, and then plunge for some time in a boiling solution of acetate of lead. 3. Boil the articles in a solution of alum—a pound to half a gallon—and then immerse for half an hour in the following mixture:—Take half a pound of turmeric, and a quarter of a pound of pearlsh; boil in a gallon of water. When taken from this, the bone must be again dipped in the alum solution.

HORN must be treated in the same manner as bone and ivory for the various colors given under that heading.

In Imitation of Tortoise-shell.—First steam and then press the horn into proper shapes, and afterwards lay the following mixture on with a small brush in imitation of the mottle of tortoise-shell:—Take equal parts of quick-lime and litharge, and mix with strong soap lees; let this remain until it is thoroughly dry, brush off and repeat two or three times, if necessary. Such parts as are required to be of a reddish brown should be covered with a mixture of whiting and the stain.

Domestic Receipts.

TO MAKE RANCID OIL SWEET.

THE following substances will prevent oil from getting rancid:—

1. Sweet spirits of nitre. A few drops added to the oil. The effect is due to the nitric acid of the spirit, oxidising everything but the oil itself. The hydrogen has nothing to do with it.

2. Creosote appears to answer even better than the last.

3. Methylic alcohol ("common wood spirit"), if added in a small quantity to oil, will prevent its putrefaction, probably from the creosote, &c., it contains.

4. Hypochlorite solutions. The hypochlorite of soda is about the best, but a little strong solution of chloride of lime does very well, shaken up with the oil. When required for use, the oil may be decanted from the top, or drawn off with a syphon; or let the mixed oil and solution be poured upon a circular filter, thoroughly wetted with water, and placed in a funnel, when the solution will pass through the filter, the oil being left. (Any liquid that does not perfectly mix may be separated in this manner—the filter paper to be previously wetted with the fluid intended to pass through.)

5. Small pieces of charcoal, soaked with diluted nitric acid, has been found to possess similar properties to the above.

Substances that will make rancid oil sweet:—

1. Sweet spirits of nitre.

2. Creosote (very uncertain—cannot be depended on).

3. Methylic alcohol (very uncertain—of little use).

4. Hypo-chlorites (quite ineffectual in a few hours; in a few minutes if boiled: the dry salts are of little use).

5. Peroxide of manganese (very good).

6. Animal charcoal (very good, but takes a few days, unless boiled with the oil).

7. Charcoal (of no use unless boiled with the oil; that from beech-wood is the best).

Soluble Cocoa.—Soluble cocoa is prepared as follows:—After the beans have been heated and deprived of their husks in the usual manner, the kernels are put into an iron mortar, heated by lighted charcoal, and pounded and rubbed with a hot pestle till quite smooth and paste-like. It is then placed upon a hot smooth stone slab, and worked well with a hot iron roller, until it is soft and smooth, like butter. Some employ a peculiar mill for this purpose. A little sugar is added, to make it dissolve more readily when being consumed. It is then put into tin moulds, and dried in square cakes. Much depends upon regulating the heat during the process, which, if too great, diminishes the strength of its flavor.

Facetia.

LOGIC FOR NATURALISTS.—An old Greenland seaman said he could readily believe that crocodiles shed tears, for he had often seen whales' blubber.

AN APHORISM FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.—People who wish to lead peaceful lives should never go to balls—for hops produce great bitterness.

THE LIGHT OF A CHANDLER.—A chandler having had some candles stolen, one bid him be of good cheer, "for in a short time," said he, "I am confident they will all come to light."

THE GREEN ROOM.—Shiel, on one occasion, undertook himself to instruct the actors. "Now, observe," says he, "here's Mr. Young; here's Mr. Kemble. Well the guard comes on; Mr. Young draws his sword, and finds he has not got it." This Hibernian explanation became a jocular tradition of the green-room.

THE late Colonel —, so well known for his Patagonian size and burly deportment, being once importuned by a diminutive tailor for payment of a bill, petulently exclaimed, "if you were not such a little reptile, I would kick you down stairs." "Little reptile!" remonstrated the dun; and what if I am? Recollect colonel, that we can't all be great brutes!"

SERVED HIM RIGHT.—The gentleman who kissed a lady's "snowy brow," caught a severe cold, and has been laid up ever since. "Served him right," says a down East paper, "He'd no business to kiss her on the snowy brow. Why didn't he kiss her on the lips?"

As Professor H. was taking a walk one day in the beautiful picturesque environs of Edinburgh, he met one of those beings usually termed fools, and the professor accosted him thus: "How long can a person live without brains?" "Odd, I dinna weel kin, sir; but" (scratching his head) "how lang have ye liv'd yersel', sir?" (Exit professor with his under lip bleeding.)

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.—Retiring home one evening he observed an ordinary man showing the moon and a planet through a telescope placed upon the pavement. He went up and paid his pence for a look. But no such thing would they permit. "That's Sir Humphrey," ran among the people; and the exhibitor, returning his money, said, with an important air which exceedingly delighted him, that he could not think of taking anything from a brother philosopher.

CURIOUS SENTENCE.—The following verse contains every letter in the English alphabet except "E." It is a question whether any other English rhyme can be produced (in print) without the letter "E," which is a letter employed more than any other. By inserting the word vex instead of tax, in the second line, the verse would contain all the letters of the alphabet:—

A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might
To quiz in vain, for 'tis most plain
That what I did was right.

PUBLIC HOUSE WEATHER-GLASS.—Why is a public house sign like a weather-glass going backwards? Because it is a sign that wet is not far off.

A MUSICAL WAG.—A wag thus eulogises his musical attainments: "I know two tunes—the one is 'Auld Lang Syne,' and the other isn't. I always sing the latter."

A HINDOO having been summoned to give evidence before the court of judicature at Calcutta, deposed that such a circumstance happened in her presence. The judge asked where it happened; she replied, in the verandah of such a house.

"Pray, my good woman," said the judge, "how many pillars are there in that verandah?"

The woman, not perceiving the trap that was laid before her, without much consideration said that the verandah was supported by four pillars.

The counsel for the opposite party immediately offered to prove that the verandah contained five pillars, and that consequently, no credit could be given to her evidence.

WHY is a ship the politest thing in the world? D'ye give it up? Because she always advances with a bow.

PATIENCE.—You can do anything if you will only have patience," said an old uncle who had made a fortune, to a nephew who had nearly spent one. "Water may be carried in a sieve, if you can only wait." "How long?" asked the petulant spendthrift, who was impatient for the old man's obituary. His uncle coolly replied, "Till it freezes!"

A LUCID EXPLANATION.—"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?" "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory and plenastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity." "Oh, that's it, is it—well, I'm sure."

WHEN a man has the headache, and says "it's the salmon," you may safely conclude that he has been "drinking like a fish."

"You are a shoemaker?" said a magistrate the other day, addressing the man at the bar. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "a horse-shoemaker."

"LENGTHENED SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT."—A pretty girl six feet high.

A PREACHER'S EXTIMEMORE BELIEF.—A village preacher was preaching on a very sultry day in a small room, and was annoyed by those who casually dropped in after the service had commenced, invariably closing the door after them. His patience, at last exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender, "Friend, I believe if I was preaching in a bottle, you would put the cork in."

HOW TO CURE THE GOUT.—An alderman once called on Dr. Francis, when the following dialogue took place: "Doctor, I have a strong tendency to the gout: what shall I do to arrest it?" Take a bucket of water and a ton of anthracite three times a week." "How?" "Drink the former, and carry the latter up three pair of stairs," replied the shrewd doctor.

A MARTIAL BUFFOON.—There is often a buffoon attached to each Russian company, who amuses his comrades by his jests, antics, and is generally a great favorite. On one occasion in the Caucasus, when the troops were driven back by the Circassians, the buffoon was wounded and left behind. A favorite jest of his had been to crow like a cock; and as he lay on the ground he thought of the only way to save himself, and crowed. This had such an effect on his comrades that they rallied, charged again, and saved him.

MODESTY WHERE LEAST EXPECTED.—*Delicate swell* (holding up his long coat previous to running over a dirty crossing): "Good gracious! I hope to goodness no lady will see my ankles!"

A WEIGHTY ARGUMENT.—We hear a good deal about the war being necessary to preserve the balance of power, which is, no doubt, the case; but there is another balance—and a pretty powerful one it is—which is likely to be destroyed rather than preserved by the existing state of things. There is not a state in Europe which will not find its balance—if it happens to have any its treasury—seriously jeopardised by the hostilities which have broken out.

THE individual has never been visible who was ever seen by the eye of a potato. Where is the man to be found who has ever been sensibly felt by a hand of pork? What vocalist can lay claim to having ever been listened to by an ear of corn? Who has ever been pushed by a shoulder of mutton? Where is the girl who was ever married to a pig's "chap"? What baroness can lay claim to being the wife of a baron of beef? Point out the young lady whose waist has ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea. Where is the identical nose of the bellows that has ever smelt a rat? Who has ever seen the cow that has had calves to its legs? Was there ever an individual unlucky enough to be abused by the mouth of the Thames Tunnel? Who ever felt the breath from the lungs of a chest of drawers? Is there a soul living who has heard a sentiment emanating from a breast of veal? Where is the person who was ever felt for by the heart of an oak? Was any barber ever applied to to shave the beard of an oyster?

AN advertising tailor, named Prew has published an almanac, the literary portion of which has afforded us much gratification, especially the poetical readings of the months. How charming is this of May:—

In the merry month of May,
Pleased, the little lambskins play—
In hope some time their wool will do,
To make more handsome cloth for Prew.

BREIDENBACH, the same who invented the Milk of Cucumber, now advertise an "Egg Julep," as being eminently calculated for the hair of children. We cannot let Breidenbach bring our children under the yoke in this fashion, and we must confess that we do not like these culinary cosmetics. We shall soon have his "Eschalot vinegar for the handkerchief," or his "Salad mixture for the eyes,"—at least for such eyes as have anything green in them.

HARD LIVING.—We see amongst other wonders advertised in the newspapers, "steel biscuits." They have, we are informed, met with a most enormous sale. If this be really so, we shall of course soon see them followed by cast-iron sandwiches, brass muffins, pewter sally-luns, or perhaps leaden dumplings for weak stomachs.

MELANCHOLY FACTS.—Many die of consumption and many from lack of consumption, having nothing to consume.

Miscellaneous.

DR. STENHOUSE, the chemist at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has recently devoted attention to the deodorizing powers and disinfectant properties of charcoal. This gentleman now invites the public to an examination of all those conditions which he has previously described. An atmosphere rendered highly offensive by putrefactive decomposition going on within the chamber in which it is confined, is drawn through charcoal filters, by means of a rotating fan machine, and is passed into an apartment adjoining. Although this air is disgustingly fetid, it flows out into the room perfectly free from smell. The remarkable property which charcoal has of condensing within its pores large quantities of the fetid gases is greatly increased by a process of platinizing the charcoal. This new invention merits the attention of the man of science, from the extraordinary energy with which it acts upon the gases, and of all those persons—scientific or not—who are interested in the public health, since it furnishes us with a new power for removing from amongst us the agents of disease. Dr. Stenhouse courts inquiry, and his inventions ought to secure an instant and serious attention.

BELLS.—Our readers will perhaps be more disposed to admire the colossal magnitude of the Russian bells, after they have cast a glance at the following short list of the largest bells in Europe:—

	English pounds.
Great bell at St. Paul's	8,400
— of Lincoln	9,894
Great Tom, Christ Church, Oxford	17,000
In the Palazzo Vecchio, Florence	17,000
Great bell of St. Peter's, Rome	18,606
Bell at Erfurth	28,224
— Rouen	43,000
— St. Ivan, Moscow	160,000

Fallen bell at the foot of the same tower 443,772

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—He was described as a short, thick, pale-faced, pock-marked boy, awkward in manner, backward and diffident at first, but afterwards acquiring sufficient confidence to become a leader in boyish sports, particularly in ball-playing, or fives, in which he displayed great activity. In school he was considered indolent, though not destitute of talents; his disposition kind and generous, as far as school-boy matters were concerned; his temper sensitive, easily offended, though easily appeased; and always willing to join in such juvenile tricks and scenes of humor as were going forward.

HORRIBLE REVENGE.—Dr. Radcliff, who was fond of the pleasures of the table, was one afternoon comfortably disposing of a bottle of wine, when a countryman entered the room, and begged him to come immediately to his wife, who was dying. "I can't help it, my fine fellow—I can't come till I have finished my bottle." Now it happened that the countryman was a large, strong man, and the doctor a very small one; so it occurred to the former that his best plan was to seize the doctor and carry him off on his shoulders. He did so; and while he was bearing him along, the doctor, bursting with rage, exclaimed, "You villain, I'll cure your wife!" And he was as good as his word.

NOVEL PREVENTIVE AGAINST BURGLARS.—In consequence of the very numerous robberies of jewellers in this city, the trade are adopting the following suggestion:—A panel is cut out in the middle shutter of the shop, in which is inserted a piece of plate glass, secured by iron bars inside. In the centre of the shop is a large iron safe in a frame on rollers, surrounded by gas, in which is placed the contents of the shop, the keyhole facing the window, so that anybody passing can look in and see what is going on, and if the gas is out or the window darkened, the police are aware that something is wrong.

A GENTLEMAN resident in Calcutta, in a letter dated May 4th, thus describes the condition of field sports in that quarter:—"There has been a good deal of sporting the last month, with a great slaughter of tigers. A party from the Dacca, of five, have shot in one week twenty-five tigers, five rhinoceroses, twenty wild pigs, and a boa-constrictor fifty feet long!" The thermometer was ninety in a cool apartment, with one hundred and forty outside.

A ROMANTIC STORY comes from Calcutta. It is reported and believed that an officer who was supposed to have been killed at Cabul, thirteen years ago, has suddenly "turned up" alive. He has been a prisoner in Kokan. His name had long been removed from the "Army List," and his wife had married again, and has a family by her second husband.

A BUSINESS MAXIM.—When you buy or sell, let, or hire, make a clear bargain, and never trust to "We shan't disagree about it."

The reason why many ladies *dodge* an offer of marriage is, because the question is *popped* at them.

Revel.

REVEL is the capital of the Russian government of Esthonia, situate $59^{\circ} 26' N.$ lat. and $24^{\circ} 35' E.$ long. in the Gulf of Finland. It is very strongly fortified, and in 1824 the harbor was made capable of receiving the Russian Baltic fleet. It has much the appearance of many of the towns of northern Germany, with narrow irregular streets and dark old-fashioned houses. The best part of the city is that called the Dour, which is in fact a distinct portion, being surrounded with walls and towers in the old style. There are extensive suburbs. In all there are 1900 houses, of which 1000 are in the suburbs; and 15,000 inhabitants, of which a large proportion are Germans.

There are numerous public and private schools, a gymnasium, founded by Gustavus and Adolphus in 1631, a theatre, and a naval and military hospital. The manufactures are cotton goods, hats, stockings, leather, powder, needles, earthenware, looking-glasses, &c. There is also a cannon and a bell foundry. Revel has a considerable trade, chiefly in the hands of Germans.

A BILLION.—Few people have any conception of the stupendous sum which is designated by this term. Some writer having stated, in an article headed "What becomes of all the Pins?" that millions of billions of pins must vanish, nobody can tell how, or where, in the course of a year, "Euclid," a correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, shows up the absurdity of the assertion in the following style: "I think, sirs, the author of that article thought little of what he was saying, when he said that millions of billions must vanish in the course of a year. Many pins, undoubtedly, vanish every year; but any mathematician will demonstrate to us that a single billion has never yet been manufactured. A billion, according to Noah Webster, is a 'million of millions'—a number so vast, I say, that the human mind has not the capacity to comprehend it. A manufactory making one hundred pins a minute, and kept in constant operation, would only make fifty-two millions five hundred and ninety-six thousand per annum, and would require nearly twenty thousand years, at the same ratio, without a single moment's cessation, to make that number called a billion."

TEACH a child there is harm in everything, however innocent, and so soon as it discovers the cheat, it won't see sin in anything. That's the reason deacons' sons seldom turn out well, and preachers' daughters are married through a window. Innocence is the sweetest thing in the world, and there is more of it than folks generally imagine. If you want some to transplant, don't seek it in the inclosures of cant—for it has only counterfeit ones—but go to the gardens of truth and sense. Coerced innocence is like an imprisoned lark—open the door and it's off for ever. The bird that roams through the sky and the groves unrestrained, knows how to dodge the hawk and protect itself; but the caged one, the moment it leaves its bars and bolts behind, is pounced upon by the fowler or the vulture.

GOODNESS.—If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them; if he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it

all, if he have St. Paul's perfection, that he would wish to be an anathema from Christ for the salvation of his brethren, it shows much of a divine nature, and a kind of conformity with Christ himself.

THE two most precious things on this side the



REVEL.

shows that his heart is like the noble tree, that is wounded itself when it gives the balm; if he easily pardons and remits offences, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot; if he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash; but, above

grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it; and this will teach him so to live, as not to be afraid to die.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW-YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. III.—PART 2.

FEBRUARY, 1856.

18 $\frac{3}{4}$ CENTS.

MASKS AND FACES.

(Continued from Vol. III., page 14.)

CHAPTER XXXIII

Was not this Love indeed?—SHAKESPEARE

SUPPORTED by her cousin, and evidently unable to move her trembling limbs without some assistance, Miss Sidney reached her bedroom.

She sank in sheer exhaustion into a toilet chair. Her beautiful head fell back in it, and she turned so deadly pale that Julia thought she was about to faint. The kind girl rushed to the table, took a bottle of eau-de-cologne, to bathe her friend's forehead.

But in that brief interval a powerful re-action had taken place. Julia was astonished to find her cousin sitting upright, with a feverish flush overspreading her countenance, and a glow of energetic resolve in her usually calm and sweetly pensive eyes.

"No, Julia, I am quite well. I do not need any assistance! He does. Julia; we must save him!"

"What can we do, my dearest Cary?"

"He has taken refuge at the Black Mill. His enemies—my aunt especially, you see—are aware of it! She will vet the men of the law upon him with very little delay, and he will be given up to perish by an ignominious death!"

"Well, if he is guilty, my poor love, what can we do—what *ought* we to do?"

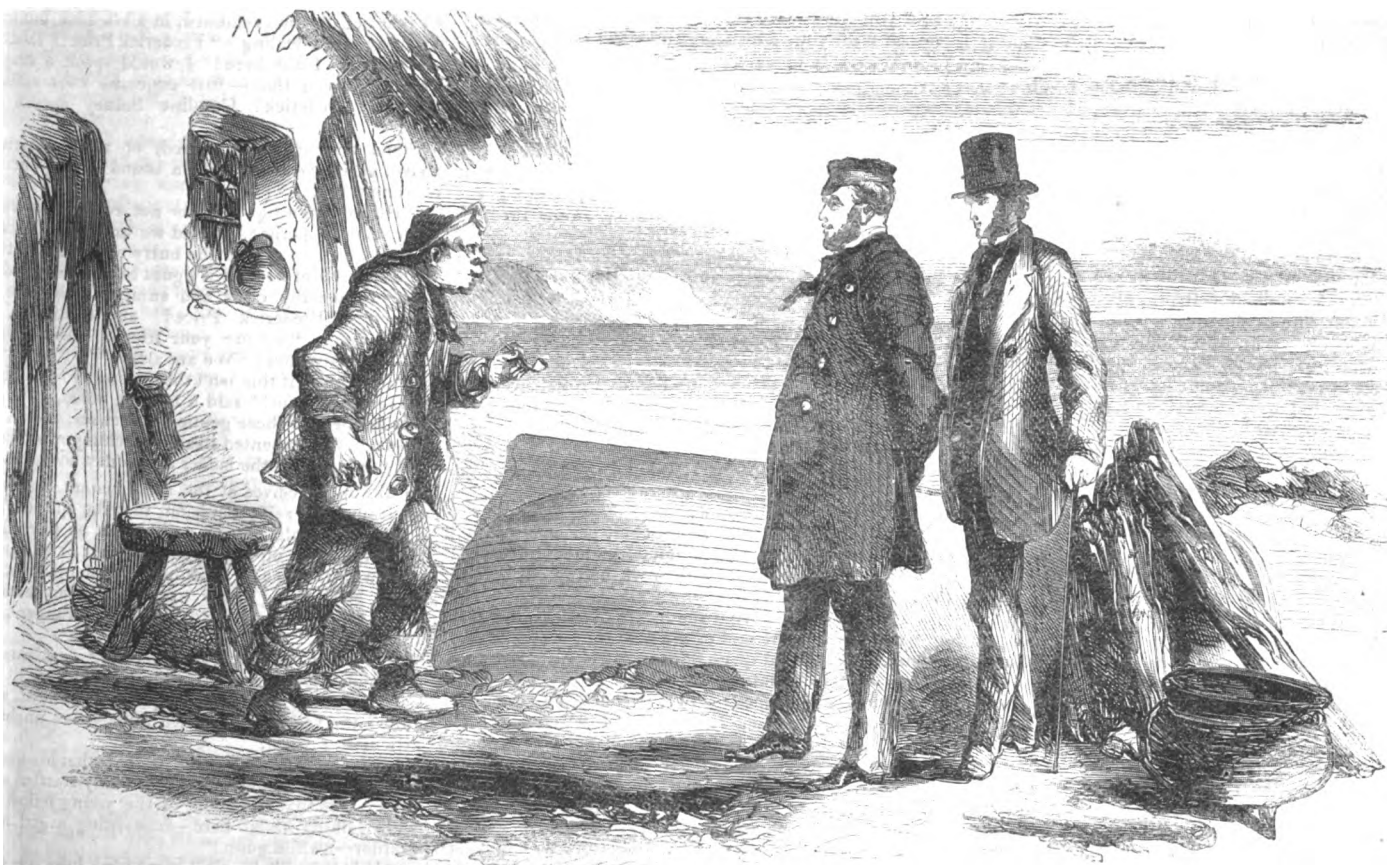
"But he is not guilty! he is not guilty! Of whatever other offences against good faith and morals he may be, he is innocent of the blood of this old man!"

"What then could be better for him than to return and prove his innocence?" replied Julia sadly, for her own confidence in the young man's integrity was severely shaken.

"Do you not see that it is impossible! That a weight of circumstantial evidence is accumulating against him which will overwhelm him, if he returns to encounter the universal prejudice at this moment?—O Julia!"

"My dear Caroline?"

"It is Mary Rourke that is bringing him now into



THE ARRIVAL OF CAPTAIN AVERY AND FREDERICK AT SIMON NEIL'S COTTAGE.

the terrible danger which awaits him, if he falls into the grasp of the law at this moment," said Caroline, convulsed with emotion.

"What has that to do with it, Cary dearest?"

"Finding himself disappointed in the objects which only could have been his motives in paying court to me (he loved Mary for her own sake, no doubt—happy at least in that), he has, I suppose, made up his mind to do justice to the mother of his unborn child. The father of the victim has been called upon, as a medium of intercourse, to arrange for their re-union and flight together—which explains to me the meeting and quarrel at the mill, witnessed by Augustus. Meanwhile, Patrick Rourke has committed the foul deed of which Frederick is accused, and the penalty of which, innocent as he is, he will perhaps be obliged to pay with his life."

"If he could behave so to you, Caroline, upon my word, I think the gallows quite good enough for him!" exclaimed the indignant Julia.

"Do not say so, cousin! I am the injured person, and I would not that a hair of his head should be hurt on my account; much less that he should come to a terrible and ignominious death!" said Caroline, adding, in a tone of sudden resolution, "and to prove I am in earnest in what I say, I am going to the Black Mill as fast as my poor limbs can carry me, to warn him that he is discovered, and to bid him fly for his life! Perhaps he has not the means—I will supply them!"

"To the Black Mill!—alone—through the darkness of midnight! Caroline, are you mad?"

"Not alone, Julia, for I know you will go with me!"

"If you go! But, for heaven's sake, Caroline, consider what you talk of doing. You have already done more than enough for this young man. Your reputation itself, after what you have avowed before the magistrates, is at stake!"

"I care for nothing so that I save his life! O Julia! what would mine be worth if he were to perish by so dreadful a doom, when I might have saved him!"

"Can we not wait till the morning?"

"Impossible! it will be too late! Perhaps even now, while we are talking, my aunt is acting! She has absolute control over her husband—he will obey her like a machine—and the warrant is perhaps being penned even now! Desert me if you will, Julia, but alone or with you, I go at once for the Black Mill!"

"Do you know the way there?"

"I have ridden to it on my pony—when I thought I should like to sketch the ruin—and Frederick used to make it his evening walk, too, at that time," said Caroline.

"I will never desert you, my dearest cousin, but—but could we not get some one more suitable to the scene and hour to go with us?"

"I can trust no one else—Peter Brin himself is now a witness against him! God help me! but whatever comes of it, I will do what I can to save him! And, O Julia! who knows what explanations he may be able to offer?—at all events, he might clear himself of this bloodstain, to my eyes, and then—whatever else happens—I think I could be happy yet again!"

Speaking thus, the poor girl was hastily putting on some outdoor's clothing, evidently in the determination to execute the purpose she had announced.

Julia saw it was in vain to argue the question further. A species of delirium possessed her cousin, which opposition, she saw, would only irritate.

"I will go with you!" she exclaimed. "But, my dear girl, let us expose ourselves to as little danger as possible. Don't let us put on our bonnets and veils, but wrap ourselves up as if we were gipsies and strollers! Heaven knows who we may meet abroad in the lonesome lanes and fields; but the wolf spares his kind, and wild and houseless people will perhaps offer no insult if they think we are the like!"

Caroline seemed perfectly indifferent about the means, provided only she was allowed to effect her purpose. She submitted with perfect docility to the changes her calmer cousin thought it necessary to make in her costume.

A dark winter cloak, drawn over her head in the fashion of a hood, concealed her fine features, and was so disposed by Julia, about the shoulders and waist, as to give her a haggard and tramp-like appearance. Julia crushed an old straw bonnet on her own head, and tied it with a red pocket-handkerchief which she happened to be hemming for Mr. Purday, under the chin. She enveloped her shoulders in a worn-out shawl, tied behind her waist, and by adopting a stooping gait, and taking a stick, of which there were numbers, belonging to the late Mr. Sidney, in a cupboard, in Caroline's

chamber, she gave herself, as she desired, a good deal of the effect of an old and rather infirm country woman at a distance. Julia would not bear a close inspection in such a character.

The spirited girl—though she mentioned nothing of the sort to Caroline—even took care that the stick should be a sword-stick. She carefully ascertained that the weapon, whose glittering elasticity and sharpness she had often amused herself in essaying, was in the sheath, and ready for action! If they were insulted, thought Julia, she had only to display this formidable ally to secure them respect! Poor child! she did not know it requires the heart as well as the weapon both to strike and wend.

"How dark it is," whispered Julia, as they stepped out into the kitchen garden.

"So much the better, dear! No one can see us!" said the breathless but determined Caroline.

"Ah, Cary! I used to think I was the braver of the two—but when people are in love! No, I won't have it you are in love with him now—so unworthy as he has proved himself!"

Yet what but love—love of the most exalted, resolute, and unselfish character could have induced a young and timid woman to venture through the darkness and solitude of night, on such an errand?

The kitchen-garden, with its cucumber-frames and laden gooseberry bushes bathed in glistening dew, is passed! The gate unbarred, and carefully closed behind them. And now the cousins speed with trembling and hurried steps through the dark—some shadows of the woods.

If Frederick Graham could have seen his heart's idol out thus alone and unprotected, on his account, in the midst of the gloomy solitude thus traversed, what would have been his sensations!

But at that moment he lay asleep dreaming a happy dream of re-union and happiness! Attired in a garb of such dazzling glory that it seemed like the robe of Solomon at his proudest, when he dedicated the temple—the young lover was kneeling to offer the treasures of Sultan Avery, rescued from the deep, to his beloved Caroline! He was murmuring in his happy trance the words "And now, Caroline! do you believe in your aunt's calumnies any longer? Did I love you for your wealth alone?"

Is there not indeed some magnetic communication between spirits, however sundered, drawn to each other by so deep and passionate an affinity? It seemed to Caroline that some such words as these came to her ear on the winds through the dense summer foliage of the wood, as she entered it with Julia!

She did not dare to confess so much to her companion, lest Julia should imagine she was really possessed by delirium. But she took so much heart and courage on the fancy, that Julia was astonished. "What possesses you, Caroline? You really seem as if you were aloft on the wind, and were carrying me on with you, with scarce an effort on my part!"

"We shall be at the Black Mill in a moment. We shall save him, perhaps. At all events, he will repent the more when he perceives how fond and true a heart he has broken!"

In reality, the cousins passed through the wood, over the dark, murmuring water of the brook that gave its name to the locality, and sped along the silent fields like two smooth-sailing swans through the liquid and unresisting air.

"We shall have daylight when we return, that is one comfort!" observed Julia. Towards the east the sky looked grey, and was fringed with a faint golden verge.

"It matters not, God will protect us whether in darkness or light!"

"But we ought not to tempt Providence, and really venturing out of doors in the open fields at midnight. Good heavens, Caroline, what is yonder?" exclaimed Julia.

"Hush, it is nothing! What do you mean?" returned Caroline.

"It is a man!" said Julia.

"Keep still, then! A poacher, perhaps—he will pass. We cannot conceal ourselves here, but he will not know who we are unless we betray ourselves!" returned Caroline, firmly.

They now perceived the figure of a man crawling over a gate at the end of the field they were traversing. He seemed quite faint and exhausted—almost as if he had sustained some severe bodily injury, and was dragging himself slowly to a place of succour.

A thought struck Julia's rapid intelligence. "Let us stand quite motionless. The night is dark and unless he looks particularly—"

The advice was adopted before it was fully given, and the two girls, resolutely determining not to tremble, ensconced themselves as deeply as they could in the underwood. It was luckily of thorn and silver birch—the "lady of the woods,"—so that

their outlines were not of a character to enforce attention.

But the man himself was too much absorbed to notice circumstances even of an unusual character. He passed them breathing thick and pantingly, like a hunted animal.

It was, in fact, Patrick Rourke, somewhat rallied from his first consternation in the affair of the Black Mill, and making the best of his way, to put his plan with regard to his daughter, in execution, towards his home in Brook.

Julia recognised him. "Thank goodness!" she exclaimed, "we shall only have Frederick to deal with. There goes Patrick Rourke!"

"The story is true, then; they were in conference together! I am glad the ruffianly old man has not sustained much injury in the contention it appears they had—but, gracious heaven, perhaps he has destroyed Frederick! perhaps he has murdered him, too!"

"Do not say so, Caroline, or I shall not have strength to move another step," exclaimed Julia.

"I must know the worst, though it should kill me!" replied our heroine, pressing wildly forward, and almost dragging her cousin on with her.

Neither of them afterwards could well have described how they passed over the intervening distance to the mill: it was like the annihilation of space in a dream. They spoke not another word on the way. They arrived, and that was all they knew.

"There is a light in the mill! He is there!" gasped Caroline.

"Surely, if he had done the deed, he would never have dared to take refuge here—the mill is said to be haunted. Frederick! Mr. Frederick Price!" ejaculated Julia.

"Don't call—some one else may be within hearing. Let us go up stairs and speak to him," said Caroline, ever most anxious for her lover's safety.

Julia reached the decayed steps that led upward into the old mill the first; but she hesitated to proceed. "They do tell such shocking stories of the place, Cary!"

"Every instant is of consequence—of life-and-death consequence!" said Miss Sidney, and stepping past her cousin, she resolutely led the way.

In a few moments both stood on the first decayed floor of the mill. They easily opened the door that admitted to it, for it was off the hinges, and was only slightly secured by being placed in a leaning position against the entrance.

A beam of red light, as if from the expiring embers of a fire, shone down a ladder leading to an upper chamber of the ruin, and revealed an intricate mass of ruinous timber-work and machinery, covered with dust and cobwebs, around them.

Caroline herself now thought it advisable to speak. "Frederick!" she exclaimed, in a low tone, but one full of agonised feeling. "Frederick Price!" raising her voice, "I am here! I would speak a single word with you that—concerns your safety, nearly! Frederick! Caroline Sidney speaks to you!"

Some one certainly stirred, or rather started, above, as if disturbed from a sound sleep—but no one answered.

"He is listening! he has not recognised your voice, and is, perhaps, afraid we are the officers!" said Julia, revealing, in the hurry of her ideas, that the suspicion of Frederick's guilt had cast its shadow into her usually clear and sunny atmosphere of opinion. "Frederick Price!" she continued, in raised tones, "we are your friends—Miss Sidney and Julia Rushton! We are alone."

"Jimmie! if this isn't the queerest go I've heard on for some time!" said a strange voice, in reply, as it seemed, to these gentle summonses, and an unknown figure presented itself, crouching on all fours, and gazing down the ladder at the new arrivants.

Caroline perceived at the same instant, but without losing her self-possession, that the speaker held a pair of pistols, one in each hand, as if ready to discharge them on any impulse of fear or suspicion.

"Two wenchers!" continued the denizen of the Black Mill, eying them with evident amazement. "No! an old 'un and a young 'un! Strangers, who are you?"

"Is not Frederick Price, a young gentleman of that name, lodging in this—in this mill, sir?" said Caroline, with firmness, though much alarmed, while Julia—the valiant and armed Julia—was unable to articulate a word.

"Frederick—Frederick Price! Is that his name?" returned the unknown, with evidently startled attention. "Is that the name of the young fellow they were talking about here—concerning a girl and a murder—awhile gone?"

"It is very likely, sir," responded Julia, for Caro-

line, in her turn, had become speechless. "Are you a friend of his? You seem, sir, to be a sailor? (she observed his broad-brimmed straw-hat in the reflected light.) If you are aware of his presence, tell him we have a word or two to say to him which may be of very great consequence to him. If he thinks it necessary to conceal himself from others, say only that Caroline Sidney is here, and I am sure—I am sure he will trust himself to speak with us."

"Well, if this don't beat me!" exclaimed the *locataire* of the haunted mill. "Just you wait the crack of a whip, young woman, and I'll be down with you, and hear what on air is the meaning of it all!"

"Let us go, let us run home, Caroline! I don't like the look or manner of this man, at all. Frederick is not here, I am sure, or he would have come to us at once," said Julia Rushton, trembling in every limb.

"We mean no harm, let us fear none. Frederick is concealed in some part of this ruinous place, I have no doubt. I wish to know the worst, that I may no longer dread it," said Caroline, with a courage that a few minutes previously she had no idea she possessed.

While thus speaking, the person with whom they had just exchanged this brief dialogue began to descend the steps of the ladder.

He came down backwards, as the safest way, carrying a lighted brand in his hand, which flamed and shed sparks as he moved in the air. It was easy to see that he was a tall man, of athletic but spare and muscular proportions, and that he wore the wide slops and coarse striped shirt of a sailor. His broad-brimmed straw-hat, loose neckerchief, and scarlet braces, completed his professional costume.

Somewhat or other, both the young girls' terror subsided as they ascertained these particulars. In England the idea of chivalrous respect and tenderness for women is so associated with the external characteristics of a seaman, that they felt satisfied, when they perceived this stranger appeared to be one.

Nevertheless, when the man gained the lower floor of the mill, and stood before them, both the cousins were struck with an indefinable fear and mistrust.

He was apparently a youngish man, about thirty-five, with a remarkably long and narrow visage. His eyes were set very closely together, and had a curiously yellow and metallic glare. His complexion was exceeding sallow, and he had a disagreeable expression of craft and prying vindictiveness all over his features.

"Waul, young women! have you come here to look after your sweethearts?" he said, gazing over the trembling pair with his unpleasant eyes.

"We came on—the most pressing business, to speak with—a young gentleman of the name of Price, who is—where is he somewhere in the mill, is he not?" faltered Julia Rushton, who had now scarcely nerve enough left to hold her sword-stick—much less to draw it.

"Not as I know on. There were some people gibbering about the place half an hour or thereabouts ago, they sartily were talking about a chap of that name!" replied the stranger. "What do you want with him, if asking's no offence?"

"I wish to speak with him. If I cannot speak with him—it is of no consequence!" said Caroline, also much dismayed with the fellow's stare. "But, O sir! if he is here, you are not playing a true friend's part to conceal him from those who come to do him a service! I know that he is acquainted with some sailors; pray tell me, if you know—or are you perhaps one of the crew of a gentleman of the name of Claridge, who is a shipowner, and who—is a friend of Frederick's?"

"I know him pretty considerably well, I reckon!" replied the sailor, with an ugly twitch of the jaws. Adding, after a moment's reflection, "But what have you got to say to the young gentleman, taking it for granted he's a hiding in this cussed old mill; where, however, one would think it likelier for a swarm of ghosts, than living men, to be sought and found!"

"I wish to tell him," said Caroline, faintly, supposing all the time that Frederick was above, and possibly listening to her words: "to tell him—that his retreat is discovered, and that unless he takes immediately to flight, officers of the law will be here to search the place shortly, and probably to effect his capture!"

"But he aint done the murder, has he? I reckon he aint; but, in course, I'm not on the jury," said the man.

"No; he is perfectly innocent, but—but appearances are against him, sir!" ejaculated Caroline.

"And appearances is everything in this fine world of ours, young woman! Notwithstanding, and al-

though, I don't think the other on you is so old as she gives herself out!" observed the fellow, eyeing both the young ladies, but especially Julia, with insolent curiosity.

"Pray, sir, don't speak so!" said the latter, trembling excessively. "Caroline dear, if Frederick is not here, we had better go; we have nothing more to say."

"But Frederick is here miss!" returned the wretch in a tone and manner which made the young woman's blood run cold. "He's upstairs, warming himself like a frozen rattlesnake by the fire; and I am sure he will make you both kindly welcome—and so shall I! So get up the ladder and show your ankles, for you needn't be ashamed of them, neither of ye, I'll be bondsman!"

"Let us go, Julia! Frederick is not there, or he would have interfered long ere now!" said Caroline, with dignity.

"Be so good as to stop, miss!—No; Frederick is not there; he's off on a lark of his own. There is another lady in the case, you know!" said the occupant of the mill, turning to his own purposes a portion of the conversation he had overheard between Augustus and Patrick. "Frederick isn't here—but there's no occasion for you to hurry on that account. I am;—and he'll be back shortly—with a fair young Irish lady leaning on his arm!"

"I do not understand this discourse, sir!"—Julia, let us go; we shall be missed and followed, if we do not return immediately," said Caroline, exceedingly terrified now at the consequences of her imprudent venture, but endeavoring to preserve her presence of mind, and to impress the fellow with a notion of approaching rescue.

"You had better stay a bit, I tell you!—There's no occasion for hurry—he has gone to see his Mary, and help her to pack for a little excursion to London."

He saw that Caroline started at the words; but she was otherwise too much alarmed to attach all the miserable conclusions she might, on any other occasion, have done to the statement.

"Mary!" she repeated, faintly. "Mary Rourke!"—Let us go, Julia: we have no longer business here."

"But I shan't let you cut me so unkindly, my pretty ones! I am quite lonesome by myself here, among the ghosts of this owl's haunt, and I insist on your keeping company with me—at least until your friend Frederick returns."

The fellow stretched his long limbs like a spider as he spoke, and before the terrified girls could comprehend his intention, he strode around to the only exit of the mill, and took his station at it.

Caroline perceived all the imprudence of the rash measure she had executed, at this instant. But her chief anxiety and concern were for Julia Rushton, whose faithful friendship had brought her with herself into so fearful a predicament.

"You are mistaken, sir, in an opinion you appear to entertain!" she said, still preserving some composure. "We are members of the most respectable families in the neighborhood, and only extreme anxiety for the safety of a dear friend, who has fallen under an unjust suspicion, has brought us here at this unusual hour of the night! I readily forgive a mistake which circumstances seem to justify—and will amply recompense you for any civility you may show us if you will call on me to-morrow at Charlton House!"

"Did you never read the pretty little story of the pretty little fish that was caught by an angler, and begged he would put it in the water again till it grew to be a fine big one?" returned the fellow, with a leer that showed his yellow sharp teeth to the gums.

"In plain English—and that's a lingo, I should say, understood by most people, at all events in the country—we are not going to part so easily! I must inquire into the truth of your story, and make you pay ransom before you go loose, or I shall have to wait for it, I'm thinking! So just you mount that ladder there to the room above, or I'll let you see who's master here! I'm one of the family that used to own this mill, d'ye see, and a queer lot we were! Come! I've got the means to make you, and I will! Do you see this?"

As he spoke, the descendant of the Leppards of the Black Mill—as he boasted himself to be—suddenly curled his neck back like a snake preparing to dart its fangs, and drew from behind, as if he shent it in the nape of his neck, one of those long murderous weapons called "bowie knives."

He flashed the blade full in the eyes of the affrighted girls, and pointed with a menacing and imperative gesture to the ladder.

"You may kill me, man," said Caroline, facing him with roused courage instead of the dismay he intended doubtless to produce. "But never shall

you either force or induce me to comply with your insolent command!—Again I say, let us go, and I will reward you handsomely!"

"What will you give?" said the sailor, staggered, while much disappointed at this display of resolution.

"I am under age, and I have not much money at command—but all I have shall be yours!—I have upwards of thirty pounds in my desk at home. I meant them for the relief of the poor, but I will give them to you if you will release us without further insult!" said Caroline.

"Thirty pounds!—But I have a notion I can make more of you by keeping you prisoners here! I dare say your friends will come down handsomely rather than have you exposed on such a queer excursion—after a young murderer, too!" observed the man. "And besides, you are both deuced pretty! If Jerrold weren't such a prating old hypocrite about women, I'd take you on a voyage or two in the Osprey before you troubled your families again with your cantrips!—Mount the stairs, I say!"

He spoke in the tone of Bluebeard commanding his wife to descend, and have her head severed with the stroke of the murderous sabre that had already slain so many unfortunate ladies!

Julia shrieked with terror.

"Scream as much as you like!" said the villain. "We are far enough out of range for such small pop-gun signals of distress!—I'll make all tight and fast in the hatches here, and then we shall see what we can do to quiet this baby squealing!"

But the unmanly rascal, secure of his prey as he thought himself, was mistaken. A voice at this moment was heard from the mill-yard window, shouting, "What's the matter? Who calls there?"

It was the voice of John Purday.

"Help! help! for the love of Heaven, dear sir, help us! Mr. Purday, it is I—Caroline Sidney."

"Quiet, foolish wench! if you don't want your Frederick's hiding-place to be revealed," said the man, alarmed in his turn by the trample of several feet in the enclosure. "D'ye hear—keep what has passed between us dark, and I'll not split where I am pretty certain your sweetheart is to be found!"

Caroline had hardly time to express a hurried acquiescence, when the mill door, which the man was about to secure, was burst open, and in John Purday pushed his way. He was followed by some half-dozen villagers armed with various weapons—two of them with loaded fowling-pieces.

The astonishment of the good old gentleman on recognising Caroline and her companion, who made no effort to conceal themselves, may be imagined.

"Is Frederick then here, in reality?" he exclaimed, breathlessly.

"No, dear sir; he is gone!" said Caroline, scarcely knowing what she said, and only anxious to misdirect the persons who she imagined and come to arrest her still beloved one.

"Peter Brin is then mistaken!" said Purday, in a tone of great disappointment. "He declares that he tracked Patrick Rourke to this place, and that he was here joined by another person who, he will have it, was not Frederick at all, but Augustus Pophly!"

"And so it were, sir!—it were Mr. Augustus!" said honest Peter, the ostler, raising his voice from the ranks, where he figured with a pitchfork. "I wasn't near enough to hear what they said, because, why, I was afeared to get them both on to me at once,—but it was them two, and no other, so help me, if I never speak a breathing word again!"

"Mr. Augustus Pophly!—Pophly's the name, is it?" said the sailor.

"Yes, sir; what do you know of him?" said Mr. Purday, surveying him with very slight signs of approbation indeed.

"I hope you won't commit me for a rogue and vagabond, sir, if you're a magistrate, or some such noble esquire, &c., if I answer, I know nothing whatever of Mr. Augustus Pophly—that I'm going to tell you, or anybody else, just now?" returned the stranger, with provoking coolness and insolence.

"What are you doing here? Who are you?" said Mr. Purday, angrily.

"A brace of questions at once. But one stone should hit 'em both if I weren't rather in a talking humor, old gentleman, for I should say, 'Find out, and assist you with a long sight!' replied the stranger. "Wull, I came to see some relations of mine that I understood our family had left a long time ago in these parts, and I got benighted, and took shelter in this here crazy old mill. That's my business here; and what I am myself, since you're pleased to take an interest in it, I'm mate of a ship that's rocking at anchor in Dover roads, I expect, at present."

"Say no more to him, sir!" whispered Caroline to Mr. Purday. "Let us go, for heaven's sake!—Patrick Rourke has returned to the village—and, after all, Brin may be right, for I am certain Frederick is not in the mill, or anywhere about it."

"But I am not, Miss Sidney," said John Purday, in a tone of grave sorrow and reprehension. "And I will have the mill searched! I will have no more of this skulking and hide-and-seek work. If Frederick is innocent, let him come forward like a man, and prove himself so. If he is guilty, I and every other honest man, endowed with a proper feeling of what he owes to society, will assist in bringing him to justice. I will have the mill searched. Friends and neighbors set to work!"

Caroline had thus the misery to find that her ill-advised expedition confirmed her guardian and the villagers who accompanied him, in the opinion that it was Frederick who had held the confabulation with Rourke.

In vain old Peter Brin adhered with the most invincible obstinacy to his assertion that Augustus Pophly alone figured in the secret meeting with the late overseer of Charlton mill. During the whole period the mill was being searched—which was rigidly effected under Mr. Purday's direction—the heart of Caroline was sick with apprehensions of the most contrary nature.

The searchers found a fire burning in the upper chamber of the ruin, a sailor's knapsack, and some provisions claimed by Mr. Lazarus Leppard as his property. And that was all—with the exception of a newly-made crow-quill pen, dipped in some kind of red fluid, which was blown by the wind to Mr. Purday's feet as he was examining the mill-yard: no trace of Frederick, or of any other person.

Finally, the search was given up as useless, and Mr. Purday, though much displeased with the two imprudent girls, gave them his arms to lead them home to Charlton. Lazarus Leppard was left in undisturbed possession of his ancestral mill. But long before the party retired, he had returned to his dormitory where, stretching himself before the fire with his knapsack for a pillow, he affected to fall into a profound slumber. What had he to do with the turmoils of an obscure village?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

As one who on the slack rope mounts to dance
Stands wavering on the balance for a while,
Then leaps into the air with nimble prance—
May dread the first vibration of the coil,
Not well assured 'twill bear the strain, perchance!
So dexterous Melinda— MODERN JUVENAL.

THE wedding of the rich widow of Villa Albano with the wealthy banker of Lombard Street was the talk of all Kensington for at least a week after.

Seldom has there been a grander one in private life!

There were twenty-nine carriages engaged.

We are sure of this, for Mrs. Campdown counted them from an obscure garret window of her house, whence she thought it impossible she could herself be discerned. To mortify the vanity of "the woman," as she almost always called her showy neighbor, she ordered the rest of her house to be shut up as if there had been a funeral at it, and no one to take the least notice of the "creature's conceited parade." This order extended even to the colonel, who had, of late, exhibited signs of curiosity on the subject of his vivacious neighbor.

Twenty-nine carriages, all filled with Sir Richard's friends—but Sir Richard's only!

Mrs. Campdown clearly ascertained this fact by the intervention of Sarah Hopkins, who was invited to partake of the remains of the wedding breakfast, in the form of a banquet given by the aristocracy of the kitchen next door to celebrate the event, after the departure of the happy pair on their wedding trip.

Sir Richard had four horses in his carriage, and the postillions' jackets were of amber satin. A very appropriate color, said the crowd, for so golden a match! The widow also sported an entirely new carriage and livery, and Orlando looked as if he might have gone to court, without let or hindrance by the Lord Chamberlain, in his superb livery, with the vast nosegay in his bosom, and the snow-white favor in his cocked hat, producing, at a distance, the illusion of a staff officer's distinguishing plume. The coachman belonged to an earlier period, in his powdered peruke; there might have been objections to his admittance.

It was evident, people said and thought, that both the bride and bridegroom were proud of their choice; and the world gave them credit for having good reasons for the same. The world is not curious to lift people's masks, if they wear them boldly and as if they were their proper faces!

There were six bridesmaids—certainly very young ladies, but all of families occupying good positions in society: three in skyblue silk and ariophane, and three in maiden's blush pink silk and ariophane.

Six bridesmaids! Where and how on earth did Mrs. Snodgrass, who had no female acquaintances that she cared to own, get them? Reader, you shall learn?

Mrs. Snodgrass had no female acquaintances of very high respectability, but Sir Richard Graham had plenty. She knew that among them there must be several mothers of families, the extreme youth of whose daughters rendered it unlikely they could be very hopeful pretendants to the honor of Sir Richard's hand. Consequently, they would not be very much embittered against the successful aspirant.

Having satisfied him of the advisability of her having a goodly train of these young virgins to the altar, Mrs. Snodgrass instructed her wealthy betrothed to announce, in certain suitable quarters, that he had taken a fancy to dress all the bridesmaids, at his own expense, in a kind of uniform of very splendid materials; that he intended to make each of them a present of a handsome pearl necklace; that he wished the retinue to consist of six young ladies, and that Mrs. Snodgrass had only selected *five* from among her own young friends. Consequently, there was a vacancy for one, which Sir Richard was permitted to fill up.

Everybody, mothers and daughters alike, were immediately most anxious to oblige Sir Richard, if he would do them the honor to think them worthy of the occasion. Then, by judiciously selecting one only out of each family group, and introducing the six on separate opportunities to the bride elect; when all were united together in the duties of the bridal pageant, each had the flattering conviction that she was the selection of Sir Richard, and that all the other five were Mrs. Snodgrass's particular friends.

A goodly crowd assembled at the back of Hanover Square Chapel, who cheered the bride when she came out of the vestry, in a dazzle of white water-silk and blonde laces and veil. They laughed a little at Sir Richard, and he drew the scarlet curtains of his vehicle in a huff, so as to prevent them from seeing any more of the bride, to the great disappointment of many intelligent lookers-on, while a blackguard boy exclaimed, "That's right, old un! Keep her out of sight, if you're ashamed of her."

The breakfast was, of course, at Villa Albano. Fifty-five persons sat down to it, more than half ladies, without counting the artfully-acquired bridesmaids, who, perhaps, could only be reckoned as children.

Mr. Blackader was among the company, and carved two fowls next to him with great dexterity. Sir Richard himself honored him with an invitation at last, after consulting Mrs. Snodgrass, who made no objection. But up to the evening before the wedding, the managing clerk had received no invitation. Nevertheless, it was found he had provided a very handsome rig-out for the occasion, as if sure of receiving one in the end.

Champagne flew about. People feasted, speechified, drank the newly wedded pair's health with uproarious cheers. The bride kept up a steady blush, which some people (ladies) were ill-natured enough to declare owed its brilliancy to the art of the kalogynist. One of her cheeks was even vouched to be redder than the other. It was, doubtless, that next to Blackader, though, poor man! he was a long way down the table, and by the general neglect, appeared to have very little, if any, business at it.

At last a pause came in the feasting—to be resumed with greater *furor* than ever, at least the drinking part of it—while the bride retired to dress for her journey, on the customary month's seclusion of uninterrupted bliss in the country.

Every one but the ladies admired her appearance when she returned ready for her journey. She really had not often looked handsomer—and Mrs. Snodgrass was a very pretty woman when dressed, as she now was—to perfection. Blackader himself felt what was possibly a pang of vexation and envy cross his heart—or what did duty for one in his breast—when he looked at her. We recommend faint, rose-tinted, cream-colored stuffs to all brides in their travelling array.

Still there was no face that beamed with joy apparently so unlimited and sincere as Mr. Blackader's, when, with officious devotion, he anticipated Orlando's services, and let down the steps of the travelling carriage destined to receive the happy pair. He gave a look of humble congratulation at Sir Richard, who honored him with a lofty nod in acknowledgment—and another of irrepressible triumph and exultation at the bride, as she passed. No: Mrs. Snodgrass did not invariably wear her mask! She

repaid him with a look that expressed the very extremity of human scorn and hatred!—A look that in a manner petrified even Rigol Blackader, in the height of his success!

Nevertheless, he rallied in time to throw an old shoe, which he had purposely begged of the cook, after the carriage, as the horses dashed off with the bridal pair, at a really alarming rate. It was sent with a will, for there was almost a crash when the messenger of luck struck the back of the vehicle. Sir Richard actually thought some misadventure had befallen it, and put his head anxiously out of the window to ascertain. But he and it were whirled out of sight almost instantly by the spirited dash of the postillions, who were both of them as nearly drunk as was compatible with retaining their places in their saddles.

One would have thought that in this moment of exalted triumph and success, Lady Graham's happiness could not have been easily clouded. And yet it was—by the merest trifle in the world! Not the little interlude with Blackader. She could easily have got over that. But—

Among the number of curious gazers, chiefly of the plebeian classes, usually collected round a doorway, on occasions of such public revelry and display, Lady Graham became aware as she seated herself in the carriage beside her husband, that she was an object of particular scrutiny with an individual of the crowd.

This person was a woman of middle age, endowed with a set of haggard, dissipated-looking features, large shining, gipsy-like eyes, wearing a tattered garb, and carrying a string of hareskins as a distinctive sign of her professional pursuits.

To people in general, we say, she was only a dealer in hareskins, gazing at a rich man's wedding, from an appropriate station in the street.

To Lady Graham she was Fanilda Wildgoose who, in former years, had been her friend and confidant when they both filled situations as supernumeraries at a metropolitan theatre.

Fanilda's gleaming eyes had fascinated those of the bride, and, taken at a disadvantage from her recent relaxation into natural expression in favor of Blackader.

Lady Graham gave an all-confessing start.

The carriage drove away, and the woman was left motionless in astonishment on the kerbstone.

She continued to gaze long after it had faded from mortal vision, and until the hurry-scurrying of horses and coaches, driving up for the now departing bridal-guests, compelled her to abandon her position. Then the hare-skin woman set off at a nimble pace to a public house, where she had previously noticed that the coachman and other retainers of the company were solacing themselves at the bridegroom's expense.

In this place of resort, Fanilda inquired all the particulars of this grand wedding that she could by any ingenuity extract, and finally—when the majority of the wedding guests had all streamed away in their vehicles home—she thought proper to return to Villa Albano.

The late Mrs. Snodgrass's domestic establishment, delivered of all control, were now in the midst of a festivity of their own, quite as sincere and exhilarating, to say the least of it, as the more decorous and stately one it succeeded.

Orlando's slighted admirer, the lovelorn Polly, being obliged to attend her mistress on her wedding trip to Paris, the presence of Sarah Hopkins, and the footman's enamored attentions to her, were no drawbacks on the general enjoyment, while it heightened that gentleman's in an extraordinary degree. Mary Maunders herself, after plighting her troth solemnly to the departing Polly, that she would not, consented to receive Sarah Hopkins, and even to invite her to join the party with her own lips.

"It would be much worse if he has her in his own pantry, as he threatens—for I know what wretches men are!—besides making divisions in what ought to be one happy united family on this occasion, if we never are no more!" reasoned the cook to the housemaid, who laughed till her fat sides shook again, and most heartily responded in the affirmative.

The coachman's half-starved wife was also favored with an invitation, which she joyfully accepted; and it was a drawn battle between her and the page, which could eat the most; of course, without any regular declaration of war. A young butcher, for whom the housemaid gathered a favor of her mistress's choicest flowers, beginning the moment the last carriageful of guests drove off; and a stern old greengrocer of the neighborhood, on whom Mary Maunders, notwithstanding her aversion to the male sex, was believed to be turning *sheep's eyes*—were of the company.

It was an exceedingly gay party. Orlando, trusted with the keys of his lady's cellars, spared for no expense in the diffusion of the cheerful treasures thus placed at his command. Champagne was the only drink in the kitchen, as it had been in the drawing-room, with the modest exception of the coachman, who made it a point of honor to empty all the decanters, of whatever sort of drink, that he could lay his hands on.

In the midst of this uproar of jollity, a shrill cry was suddenly heard, and a gipsy-like woman, protruding a string of hareskins, with an *avant-courier*, made her appearance at the area window, uttering in a singing tone, the plaintively melodious demand of her trade, "Any hareskins to sell?"

A tremendous peal of laughter, and a general waving of glasses in merry dismissal, responded.

"Have your fortunes told, then, my sweet ladies and gentlemen? I'm the famous Norwood gipsy that told the allied sovereigns all their fortunes when they were over here after the war, and predicted the Lord Mayor's son should be born with a silver spoon in his mouth too big to be got out of it, till he was twenty-one years' old!"

This speech, uttered with a suitable leer, was received with a new peal of joviality.

"Oh, yes, come in, let's have our fortunes told! Let the gipsy tell us our fortunes? I know what I wish mine was!" exclaimed Orlando, pointing his moral, and genteelly expressing the warmth of his passion, by treading on Sarah Hopkins's toes, under the table.

The page ran up the area steps to admit the gipsy, and perhaps even found time to give her a roguish hint or so before he allowed her to descend.

"Here, my good woman, tell me my fortune first!" said Mary Maunders, adding, with a dismal sigh, "But, heavens knows, I know it bad enough myself already, and as long as men are men, them as trusts in them will rue the day."

"Cross my hand, if you please," said Fanilda; "it isn't for the sake of the money, but there's no luck without it."

The cook readily complied. She even gave the spae-wife a crooked sixpence, which she had hitherto kept inviolably in her pocket, as a talisman of good fortune.

"What green lines there are in your hand, cook! It is a certain sign you will some day be in that line yourself! Is there any greengrocer you know of that is a widower with five children? For if you don't like children, beware of him! You'll have a fine family of your own besides, and five's too many to begin with!"

There was a general laugh; only the greengrocer looked more serious than ever. The custom of Villa Albano was dear to him, and he apparently encouraged Mary Maunders hopes—but, it is to be feared, with little more sincerity than her first love!

Mary Maunders did her best to blush, sidling a glance at the greengrocer; but he was looking too intently down his nose to know whether she succeeded in the effort.

"And now tell me, shall I ever retain the summit of my wishes, and marry a lady wot I've set my 'art of 'arts on?" said Orlando, with fond enthusiasm, and gazing at Sarah Hopkins, who tossed her head disdainfully.

"You'll do better than that, young man!" said the sly gipsy, observing this gesture and the conceited manner of the lackey; "if you only hold up your head high enough! and have perseverance to wait till your time comes, you'll live to marry a grand lady that'll be your mistress, and that'll make a fine gentleman of you as long as you live afterwards, in her own right—perhaps make you a peer of the realm, if money can buy it!"

"What you say right, missus, is quite correct!" said Orlando, upon whom nevertheless the words made a considerable impression.

"My! we shall have Mr. Hollando turning up his nose worse than ever!" exclaimed the cook.

"Then it will stand upright, like a fire escape!" said Sarah Hopkins, laughing heartily.

Orlando was nettled at this reflection on his personal characteristics, and the circumstance, combined with the sumptuous prophecy regarding his future prospects, was the cause why he did not that evening propose in form to Sarah Hopkins. Sarah had expected and intended to reject it, but retired from the party very much offended that the offer was not made.

The fortune-teller somewhat comforted Sarah in turn by saying she should some day marry a monstrously rich Jew. Whoever was displeased in particular, she managed to work herself into the general favor, and after partaking of a liberal refreshment, and receiving the general permission to return at some future period, she reluctantly retired.

Sir Richard and his bride returned from Paris at the end of their honeymoon, and to Blackader's infinite satisfaction, the former appeared to be more in love with his bargain than even before he had completely, as he imagined, made it his own!

The new Lady Graham, it was clear—and Blackader was rejoiced to see it—was determined to obtain a complete ascendancy over her lord.

He thought she would wield it to his purposes, as well as to her own.

Sir Richard would have made a longer holiday of it in Paris, insensible to the dismal associations which that gay city ought to have had for himself personally, had he not been recalled by his wife's advice, and his own earnest wish to penetrate the mystery of his alleged grandson's existence.

Moreover, immediately after the announcement of Sir Richard's marriage, Walter Graham's solicitors served notices on the Tenants of the Berkshire property, that on a day which was specified they were to cease paying their rents to the steward or agents of Sir Richard. On that day, it was announced, the only son and heir of Captain Frederick Graham's entail would come of age, and take possession of the property.

It was not Walter's desire to inconvenience or annoy his father, even on an occasion so well calculated to set the seal on their long alienation. But he had already delayed almost to the latest period, when the statute of limitations would arise to bar his nephew's claims to his inheritance, to produce them in legal form. Yet it must be allowed that both he and his wife were extremely irritated at the old man's folly, and the almost certainty of seeing the rest of his property pass into the hands of strangers.

A rejoinder was, of course, put in in due form on Sir Richard's part, when Walter offered to submit the claims and proofs of his nephew to the analysis and judgment of his father's own lawyers. He only refused, in the most positive manner, to give any inklings as to the young heir's personality or place of residence, until he had fully attained his majority.

As Sir Richard had now pretty well flattered himself, with his wife's and Blackader's assistance, into the notion that the whole was a conspiracy devised upon his wealth, which it only needed trained sagacity to unravel, he readily consented to this request. But the result was that his own legal advisers were thoroughly convinced of the birth and legitimacy of an heir to the late Captain Frederick Graham.

What had become of this heir—whether he was really alive or dead, whether a fraudulent substitute, in the latter case, had been provided, or not, of course the gentlemen of the robe could not determine. They hinted they thought the latter alternative extremely probable. It certainly presented the best foundation for a good long litigation.

Sir Richard's efforts were now all directed towards endeavoring to ascertain the facts of the case in this point of view. And his motives were quickened into the most restless activity by the hopes which he was speedily allowed to entertain, of becoming again a father.

Blackader, whose anxiety was little less than his patron's, worked assiduously at the solution of the same problem. He had actually, at last, the mingled meanness and audacity to bribe the postman of the district in which Walter Graham resided, to bring him an exact account of the postmarks on all the letters received by that gentleman at his private residence.

Whenever there seemed any likelihood of the heir's being secluded in any of the country places thus indicated, a trusty messenger, or Blackader himself, was sent down to it to make inquiries.

As his infirmities increased, Matthew Price now very rarely wrote to the guardian of his adopted son. Frederick was, of course, unacquainted with his address, and had never communicated with him, as such, unknown uncle by letter at all.

But one morning—according to report—a communication arrived by post at Mr. Graham's, from a village called Brook, in Kent. It was written in an illiterate and seemingly agitated hand. The postman heard, on going his rounds a few hours after, that Mr. Graham had started for the country. It evidently brought some bad intelligence, in the housemaid's opinion, who delivered it to her master, and observed his signs on reading it.

These tidings awakened Blackader's suspicions: especially as he was certain only very pressing business could induce Mr. Graham to leave town at that juncture. He was to have presided, on that very day, at an important meeting of the shareholders of the bank in the city.

Blackader had odd ways of picking up all manner of stray information. He was like one of those

careful housewives who, as they say, not knowing what they may come to want, pick up every shred and scrap in their path. He knew that Lady Graham's footman came from Brook in Kent, and he questioned him on the subject of his cogitations.

Orlando, judiciously put on the track by Mr. Blackader, speedily remembered that there was a youth in the village, long supposed to be a foundling, brought up by the generosity of the old landlord of the Warden's Arms. Then he recollected that the lad was called doubtfully—for what reason he knew not—both Graham and Price. He had always, he said, thought the mother's name must have been Graham. Then again the village tradition suddenly crossed his recollection, that two young officers were present at the funeral of the boy's mother, who died suddenly in the village on a journey—one of whom was stated to be his father—lawfully or otherwise, the deponent knew not; never having had sufficient curiosity on the subject, it appeared, to inquire.

But this was enough; and as rapidly as possible, after digesting these heads of information into some congruity, Sir Richard Graham, Mr. Blackader, a solicitor, and Orlando, entered a post-chaise, and set off at the utmost speed of four horses into Kent.

CHAPTER XXXV

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence that hath strength to kill;
From thy own heart I then did wring,
The black blood in its blackest spring;
From thy own smile I snatched the snake,
For there it coiled as in a brake;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
That gave all these their chiefest harm!—BYRON.

THE excitement attendant on an event of so startling a character, as an inquest on a murdered man, in a small place like Brook, manifested itself very early on the appointed day.

Not only those whose daily labor summoned them abroad with the dawn, but the whole village was astir shortly after the break of light.

Augustus Popply was among the first to make an appearance.

He informed the persons whom he met that he was going to Patrick Rourke's cottage, to see if he had any explanation of the suspicious circumstances that had arisen against him, to offer. He hinted, more mysteriously still, but with a significance he knew would produce the more effect on that account, that he was in hopes *Mary Rourke* might be able to prove an *alibi* for his poor friend, Frederick, on the night of the murder!

"It would be a pity," he said, "to cast a slur of so dark a hue, on a poor man's character, when, perhaps, what seemed to implicate him, might be explained!"

And thus he diffused a general impression against the ex-overseer, as a person under suspicion, while supporting the opinion that Frederick was the principal in the foul deed. At the same time he endeavored to confirm the notion of a guilty intrigue existing between the accused youth and his own unhappy victim. But his main object in the visit was to ascertain if one of his dangers of detection was removed by Mary's having left the village. He felt pretty sure of Patrick Rourke's evasion, and that secured, had contrived a plan by which he hoped to rid himself of the perils in which his connection with his ruffianly accomplice involved him.

If Augustus Popply was not courageous, he was crafty in a remarkable degree.

He came out of Rourke's cottage very well satisfied indeed.

He found the old woman of the house and her husband in great trouble and perplexity, surrounded by six or seven weeping and screaming children, who were all in vain asking for their "Mimmy Mary," as they called their eldest sister, and running about, half naked, in the deserted rooms, looking for her.

From the old man, who was staring quite stunned and bewildered at the noise, he learned Mary Rourke had disappeared, and that no trace of her could be found in any direction he could think of as likely to seek her in. The father also was gone, and he did not know whether he had been at home all night. But his "missus" thought she heard some gravel thrown against the window about midnight, and a door unbolting. And that was a usual signal with him to get in, when he returned home late.

"Are you sure," said Augustus, "it was Rourke? I hear he was seen at the Black Mill late last night, and poor Fred with him! Are you sure—he was always a fine, manly fellow in that way!—Fred himself has not ventured back to take Mary under his protection—to which she has so many claims—and that they have not fled together?"

"I an't sure, sir!" said the old man, a good deal puzzled, "But I wish he had taken the whole cry-

ing brood of them! They do din me so with their weepings and waulings, and my old woman too, that we neither of us know what to do."

"Oh, the parish must take care of them—you needn't trouble yourself on their account, Williamson! And I should advise you to set about getting them into the workhouse directly, for you may depend upon it Patrick Rourke will not dare to show his face again in Brook!"

"Lawk-a-mercy on us! and why not, sir?"

"Why, don't you hear that he's suspected of murder, too, now? And I should say he is a far more likely man than Frederick to commit a murder, even if my poor schoolfellow yielded to temptation, and took the money!" said Augustus, with a deep sigh.

"O sir! it isn't like him at all to do any such thing!" returned the old man, aghast.

"Don't you remember when he robbed Farmer Oldridge's orchard, because another boy dared him to it?"

"That were yourself, weren't it, sir, and you had all the apples, and hid them in your desk at school?" said Williamson.

"Well, and may not Rourke have dared him to this, too?—He had great influence over him, doubtless, through Mary!—and if Fred ventured on the robbery on her account, considering the condition he had brought her to, I don't much blame him!" continued the young hypocrite.

"But, Williamson," he added, after a pause, "I shouldn't advise you to give out as yet that you don't think Patrick will come back. He may come—and you know what a violent, brutal fellow he is! You had better say you think Mary has gone off with Fred—and indeed I dare say, often enough when you heard the signals outside, they were not Rourke's, but his. Don't you think so?"

"I shan't say nothing that I don't know to be truth, sir, neither against him nor against any other man!" returned the honest fellow, with an instinctive English hatred of unfair play.

"Of course not, of course not; it was only a supposition of my own! But I must say it is rather an unhandsome trick to leave old people, like you and your wife."

And well content with the occasion of the disconsolate spectacle, Augustus stepped out of the cottage, with a feeling almost of security in his craven heart.

The return to Charlton of Caroline and her cousin, under Mr. Purday's escort, a few hours previously, rendered explanations necessary that had put Augustus almost at ease concerning Peter Bruin's assertions that it was he, and not Frederick, who had the meeting with Rourke at the Black Mill. He heard, indeed, from one of the party, with some vague feelings of apprehension, an account of the stranger discovered lodging in the ruin.

He had immediate cause to rejoice in the disappearance of the Rourkes when, leaving their cottage, he suddenly encountered Caroline and Julia Rushton entering it.

The heiress had at length screwed up her resolution to ascertain the worst decisively.

Much as she feared the emotion it would cause her, and felt the degradation of any association in such an affair, she was now determined to endeavor to elicit the full truth at any cost. The sailor's hints and assertions had all but completed her conviction of Frederick's worthlessness; but, with the natural hankering of the heart for certainty in such cases, even when it is certain to be fraught with anguish, she came in the hope to extract it from the lips of the person she thought most qualified to afford it, rival as she was.

Caroline knew that Mary Rourke's nature had not always been corrupt. She possessed a moral power over her which she thought she could use to ascertain the truth, in this dreadful problem of the heart.

"I desire only to be assured of his baseness, to wrench his image from my soul forever! to be assured, dear Julia! and then I shall be friendship's only, during the remainder of my existence!"

Who could resist such an appeal? Not Julia Rushton, who accordingly, careless of the violent reprimands she had already received for aiding her cousin in the adventure of the previous night, accompanied her also on this occasion.

Had Mary Rourke not been so artfully removed from the scene of action, all would have been explained, and years of misery to two noble and loving hearts have been spared! Augustus had indeed reason to congratulate himself on his precautions!

"My dear cousin," he said, taking his cue with great dexterity, the moment he recognised the young ladies, "do not pain your gentle heart by entering here—it is a scene of sorrow! Mary Rourke has

eloped last night, her father has not come home at all, and the poor children are inhumanly left to want and starvation!"

Eloped! the crafty-chosen word asserted nothing, and yet insinuated everything to Caroline Sidney.

"Eloped!" she repeated, faintly. "Eloped—with him!"

Then, after a moment of indescribable mental suffering and struggle, "The poor children!" she added, "and are they deserted too? Let us go in and see them, Julia, and assure them that the Providence which watches over the fall of a sparrow has not left them so utterly friendless and unprotected as the poor little creatures doubtless deem! I will have them looked after, and while I have the means they shall not feel the dreadful loss they have sustained, at least in physical wants."

The cousins entered the cottage, followed by Augustus.

Hearing a female voice, the deserted children came all of a rush and clatter to the door, screaming, "Mimmy Mary! Mimmy Mary!"

Even the old woman, who was sitting despairingly in the midst of them on a low stool, nursing the youngest one, which was little more than a baby, turned with an expression of hope.

"It isn't Mary, babbies!" she exclaimed. "Lord help me! and what can a poor old weakly woman like me do with all these little ones? Miss Sidney, my lady, is it you? Bless your angel face! you have heard, I dare say, what trouble I am left in by the Rourkes, and that bad young man that I used to think almost as good and kind a gentleman as you are a lady!"

The old woman, in her vexation and alarm, had adopted Augustus's insinuations, it was plain.

"You prayed for help—and help is come, Nancy," said the heiress, gently, though stung to the heart by the words. "I will take charge of these orphans! I will pay you for their board and maintenance, and and you may have your daughter, Malkin, home from the mill, to help to take care of them. They shall not go to the parish, poor things! The pocket-money my guardian allows me will be sufficient to save them from the fate to which they are abandoned!"

"While the wretches who have deserted them flourish on the proceeds of their crime!" exclaimed Augustus, as if unable to repress his virtuous indignation.

"Do not prejudge them—or any one! They are before the bar of their country," said Caroline, while old Mrs. Williamson heaped thanks and blessings on her head.

"No more, no more!—I feel rather faint," said Caroline, seating herself, and reclining her head on Julia Rushton's arms, and gazing at the group of deserted little ones, she yielded to a passion of tears that perhaps saved her young heart from breaking in the overcharged breast.

The children stood around, looking at their protectress in wonder, but with their own terror and wailings hushed in the presence of a grief which, children as they were, they knew to be so vastly greater than their own. All but little Corny, whom the old woman had put upon the floor, and who had crawled away under the settle into a corner, where his attention seemed to be immediately attracted.

"Don't cry!" babbled the little creature, struck with childish compassion, and tottering over the floor, with something clutched in its hands, towards Caroline.

"Don't annoy the lady, my little lad," said Augustus, patting the boy's head; exclaiming almost simultaneously "Good Heavens! what has he there?—a sovereign!"

In pursuance of his object of entrapping Mary Rourke's father, who he knew pilfered, Augustus had some time previously suggested to Mr. Purday the propriety of marking some money, and leaving it about as a bait for the dishonest person. Mr. Purday rejected the plan, but Augustus persevered, considerably to his displeasure, as he greatly disliked every species of indirect means, even the discovery of a thief; and Mr. Purday had angrily locked up the coins Augustus took upon him to mark on one occasion, in the iron safe which had been broken into in the recent robbery.

A glance—a thought—suggested the advantages of this discovery to the wicked youth.

"This brings the matter home to Patrick Rourke, and Frederick is safe!" he said. "We must secure this coin in evidence. Jonas Williamson, let the room be carefully searched, and present yourself at the inquest with this marked sovereign! It is of the highest importance to clear my poor schoolfellow."

"But Augustus!—we ought not—good heavens!—we ought not to use this poor child's discovery against its parent!" faltered Caroline.

"I owe a duty to my absent friend, which I shall pay, cost what it will to others!" said Augustus, going on his hands and knees and attentively examining the floor.

He did not, however, intend that the discovery should turn out so advantageously to Frederick as poor Caroline, in the zeal of her still cherishing love, could not but hope it would prove.

Unable, nevertheless, to endure the sight of the helpless innocents, while the evidence that was to condemn their sire was sought for, but renewing her promises to Mrs. Williamson to protect them, Miss Sidney left the cottage with her cousin.

In the darkness and agitation of her departure, Mary Rourke overlooked several pieces of gold which had rolled away to a distance from the handful she let fall, placed in her lap by her father. Two were marked. Augustus found them all.

"There go that bold creature, Caroline Sidney, and her saucy cousin!" observed Euphemia Mendal to her sisters. "They were all staring out of the rectory window as the cousins passed."

"What could she mean by going before the magistrates in the way she did, and telling out everything?" said Mrs. Mendal, now a pretty old woman, but still vividly awake to every impulse of curiosity.

"Goodness me! there's a travelling carriage and four, stopping at the Warden's Arms, and the horses are all over foam and sweat! Can it be anything about the inquest?" exclaimed the second Miss Mendal.

"No; the coroner has only a gig, I know!" said Mrs. Mendal, authoritatively.

"It can't be true, I should think, the stuff that old Mat Price drives out sometimes, Mr. Shanks says, about the fellow's being somehow descended from a lot of wealthy people in London?" exclaimed Euphemia.

"There's a footman besides the postillions, I declare! And now there's a stout old gentleman getting out—another thin one that looks like a lawyer—and I suppose that crafty-looking fellow that comes last is his clerk!" said the second Miss Mendal, scanning the arrival with the most piercing attention.

The second Miss Mendal prided herself on being a profound judge of human character and position, from external indications.

Miss Sidney and her cousin had also glanced at the equipage as they passed it, entering as they quitted the village. But Caroline was very far from suspecting that in the person of the old gentleman whom she discerned in the vehicle, she beheld the grandfather of her beloved Frederick!

Still she was vaguely struck with a resemblance she started to think she observed, between the features of the stranger and those of her discarded lover. She feared her fancy was becoming possessed by an absorbing idea, which she remembered to have heard was no unusual precursor of madness! She trembled and hurried on so fast that Julia could hardly keep pace with her.

It was Sir Richard Graham who, attended by Blackader and his solicitor, and Orlando, had arrived post-haste in Brook, in the hope of at last clearing up the mystery that hung over everything connected with the pretender to the entail settled on his elder son.

He arrived a few hours after Walter, in whose track he followed.

Mr. Graham set off from London as soon as possible after the receipt of an agitated and scarcely intelligible letter from Mrs. Price (old Matthew was too much disordered to write,) containing an account of the accusation against Frederick, and of his abrupt disappearance. By her husband's desire, the good woman added a most emphatic assertion of the youth's innocence of the dreadful charge. But Mr. Graham could scarcely make sense of what was written, understanding only in general that Frederick was accused of robbery and murder, and had absconded from Brook.

It may be imagined in what state the uncle of the accused arrived at midnight at the Warden's Arms.

Mr. Graham had now been engaged for several hours, listening to a tale that wrung his heart as if in a mortal clutch; hearing and re-hearing, and endeavoring to shape some order out of the fearful chaos of statements brought to his knowledge—when Sir Richard, of all unexpected and undesirable apparitions, entered the inn.

Matthew Price indeed persisted, with a monotony of repetition which appeared to denote that his mind was giving way under the blow, in the assertion of his adopted son's innocence. But the poor old man had little or no proof beyond his own fond convictions to offer. And on the other side darkened a fearful array of probabilities! Frederick's disappearance was one of the worst signs against him. And then

there was the story of Mary Rourke, which even kind and motherly Mrs. Price was obliged to introduce, to explain the supposed connection of our hero and her father in the affair. Mrs. Price herself could only devise a theory to clear Frederick, by supposing that he had gone off with the girl, and that Patrick had committed the murder.

It could not be denied that the magistrates suspected Frederick, and considered the evidence strong against him, since they had issued a warrant for his apprehension.

Walter Graham remained perfectly bewildered and almost overwhelmed, by all he heard.

He could only resolve to wait the result of the inquest, and watch over the interests of his unfortunate nephew in person, in hope that the mystery would be satisfactorily cleared up in the course of the investigation. But appearances were so strong against the young man, that Walter himself knew not whether to hope or dread that he might hear of what was happening, and return to face his accusers.

The arrival of Brin, the ostler, from his long watch over Rourke, and the subsequent foray of John Purday to the Black Mill, increased instead of dissipating the confusion of evidence.

In spite of all contradiction, the faithful Brin persisted in declaring it was Augustus Pophly, and not Frederick, whom he had observed in conference with the ex-overseer. And Matthew Price immediately leaped to a wild conclusion.

"Then I'll wager—I'll wager, all my punch-bowls!" he said, with feeble vehemence, "Mr. Augustus was plotting with the older rascal how to fix the charge on my poor boy! I'll be sworn it is so, on account of Miss Sidney, who prefers the dust Frederick walks on to all the other sneaking fellow's mother's money!"

"But how can that be? Who is this Miss Sidney? And did she prefer Frederick, in spite of all that seems to be so generally admitted, respecting his intrigue with the Irishman's daughter?" said Walter.

Matthew Price eagerly explained that Miss Sidney was a wealthy heiress, and propitrix of the great paper concern in the neighborhood.

Walter Graham's countenance took a yet deeper shade of sorrowful thought. Himself one of the most disinterested and generous-hearted of men, could it be that the nephew he had so loved and cherished, and in whom he thought he recognised a kindred spirit, sought one woman with mercenary views, at a moment when he was sacrificing the honor of another to a baser passion?

Something to this effect involuntarily escaped him. But honest Brin undertook the immediate refutation of the notion.

"Why, Miss Sidney is as beautiful as an angel, and Mary Rourke, though she's a pretty girl enough, is not to be mentioned between two Christ-masses with her!" said the worthy fellow. "And if Mr. Frederick doesn't love her better than any other one in the world, I don't know what true love is, nor its signs—me that was in love with my Sally almost a dozen years afore she said to me 'Yes!' Why, when he came to me with the letter for her, and the bundle of papers, on that very night—"

"At what time?" exclaimed Mr. Graham clutching at the idea of an *alibi*.

Brin carefully consulted his memory on this question, and ascertained that at the moment of Frederick's appearance in the stable, he was making all snug in it for the night. The precise hour he did not know; only he remembered the moon had just risen over the haystacks behind the house. The almanac was consulted, and it was found that the moon rose at half-past nine. Still this proved nothing, as no one but the actual perpetrator could be aware at what time the deed was done.

In his perturbation and misgivings, Mr. Graham almost cursed himself for the policy he had hitherto considered it so expedient to observe with regard to his nephew.

"Had he known he was the heir of a large property, he could have had no temptation to turn a midnight burglar! Had he known he had ample means to provide for the victim of his lust, he would not, as perhaps he has, have hazarded abetting the father in his criminal enterprise. For Frederick, I am certain has not raised his hand against the poor old man!"

Sir Richard himself could not have wished for a heavier vengeance on his son, for thwarting him in his favorite projects, than these reflections inflicted.

Secret misgivings, lest Frederick should in reality be found connected as an accomplice with Rourke, acted on Walter Graham much as they had a short time previously on John Purday. The latter had

not followed up the indications he received, to search Rourke's cottage, and endeavor to secure his arrest. Mr. Graham did not venture to express a wish to that effect, which, if he had offered to take the responsibility, would have been readily acted on by the villagers.

Such is the power of prejudice! Even Walter Graham dreaded lest he should be the means, thereby, of bringing detection and conviction on his nephew, who might be concealed in the dwelling of his paramour.

Under these circumstances, had the choice been offered him, Walter Graham would rather have faced some ravening beast than his father, who now entered the Warden's Arms. But Sir Richard was in the bar-parlor, where the sorrowful group was discussing these particulars, before any one guessed who the owner of the post-carriage and smoking steeds at the door could be.

"Is this the house, George?" Walter heard those dimly-remembered tones pronounced with all their wonted arrogance of authority. "A fine thing, indeed," Sir Richard added, "to bring up a fellow who pretends to be my heir and representative, in a village pot-house!"

Matthew Price, under the influence of old habit, had risen on hearing the voice of a stranger.

"Shanks! Reuben Shanks!" he called out, forgetting for the moment that he had discarded that functionary for maliciously volunteering evidence against his adopted son.

But the waiter happened to be within hearing.

He was lurking about the doors of the inn, attracted by the arrival of the now unusual species of conveyance which drew up before the Warden's Arms. Hearing the call, he made bold to enter.

"Why, sir, don't remember how you turned him off, for taking part with Master Fred's inmates?" said honest Brin.

"Yes, yes, I remember, I remember! Out of my sight, you old canting rascal, or—or—I am not so old and done up but that—Brin, kick him out if he won't go quietly! I'll pay any damages!" gasped the old man, making as if to advance and execute his own threats, but falling back exhaustedly in his chair.

"Lord forgive you, sir! but how could I help telling the truth when I was on my Bible oath, and knowing as I did how Mr. Frederick was out all night? And he hasn't come back, neither, yet! How am I to blame?" whimpered Shanks.

"Frederick!" repeated the stranger traveller. "Keep off, fellow!" to Brin, who was evidently preparing for an onset, to expel his obnoxious late colleague. "Pray, Mr. Walter Graham (I believe I have the honor of speaking to that gentleman), is this Frederick, that is alluded to, the person you have done me the honor to provide as my heir and successor?"

Walter attempted to reply, but the words died away in a thick murmur on his lips. He had not addressed his father, face to face, for more than twenty years! from the hour when he had received his malediction without bending to the stroke! and now under what auspices!

Sir Richard was also extremely agitated, but he kept up more outward firmness.

"I am glad to find that you have not the effrontery to persist in this infamous imposture to myself personally! Let me see the bastard whom you have dared to trumpet to the world as the lawful heir of your unfortunate brother, and I will speedily disabuse him also on the point, if he thinks I am in my dotage, and to be easily imposed upon!" he continued, glancing at Blackader, who had suggested on the way that such might be the expectation of the conspirators.

Walter still preserved his stricken silence. But Matthew Price, long in the secret of the whole affair, and who speedily recognised Sir Richard by a degree of family resemblance, started sturdily up on the words.

"Frederick Graham is none, sir!—no bastard, sir? He is your lawful grandson and heir! His mother was married to your son, Sir Richard, and she died in this house, sir, acknowledged by him as his lawful wife!" he exclaimed, with rallied strength and clearness. "We have her clothes still, and letters he wrote her when she was in France, always calling her his wife! Bastard indeed! You ought to be proud you have such a true-born heir, for you never deserved one!"

"The lady was buried with her wedding-ring on by her own desire, sir," said Mrs. Price, in a less excited and more respectful manner, that rather mollified the baronet. "She went to her grave with it on, sir; and it was almost her last dying wish, that every one might know she was your son's lawful wife, though in a secret marriage unknown to

you, most likely. If you have her dug up, most certainly you will find it on her finger, just as your son, the captain, put it on at the altar!"

Why was it that Sir Richard's thoughts reverted at this moment to Mrs. Snodgrass's loss of her first marriage-ring, and why was he stung and irritated by the recollection?

"I suppose, my good woman, from what you say, that you are also in the plot? I am sorry for you, as you seem a decent kind of person, for I warn you I will have you all punished, to the utmost vengeance of the law!" he exclaimed, in a manner which he meant to be awfully imposing; and, indeed, when the word 'law' was pronounced, he observed all the persons he addressed change color.

They all remembered in what disastrous case Frederick stood!

Walter Graham now rallied in his turn. The short interval had given him time to regain somewhat of his usual calm judgment and presence of mind.

"Sir, you cannot—you do not doubt that the youth of whom you speak is the lawful issue and heir of my brother Frederick!" he said. "Your solicitors themselves have acknowledged that the evidence of his last letter is decisive, unless the handwriting is forged. You shall see it—you will recognise it! Colonel Orme will certify to his own acquaintance with the facts, as soon as my letters can be replied to from India. Sir, this youth is your grandson—your heir; you cannot deny him! And you have arrived," he continued, in husky tones, "at a moment when you may rescue him from a great danger—into which he has been brought by a weight of wrongful circumstances that conspire to crush him at his very entrance into life!"

Sir Richard stared in extreme surprise at this speech, and so did all his retinue, while Mrs. Price, covering her face with her apron, began sobbing and crying as if her heart was going to break.

"Is everything connected with this fellow to be a riddle? What is the meaning of this extraordinary address?" said Sir Richard in amazement.

Shanks sidled up to him, taking care that the baronet's portly figure stood between him and Peter Brin.

"If you mean, sir, the young man, sir, who is called Frederick Graham, and sometimes Price, after old master, here, who brought him up from a baby, sir!—he is just found out committing robbery and murder, at a manufactory hereabouts, and has fled for it: and the constables are after him to bring him back!" he snuffed out.

Sir Richard turned a thunderstruck look on Walter Graham, whose palor sufficiently testified the reality of the wonderful tidings he heard.

"He is accused, sir, but—but—he is not guilty!" faltered he.

"Guilty!—Fred guilty!—my Fred guilty of robbery and murder!—Why, he was a baby upstairs! he was born in my bed! I used to rock him in his cradle!" groaned Matthew Price.

"Let us hear this honest person! Pray explain yourself!" said Blackader, interposing, and addressing Reuben Shanks.

Highly flattered with the undeserving praise, that individual responded, by giving a narrative of the murder at Charlton paper-mill, and of the circumstances, that according to him, fixed the suspicion on Frederick Graham, alias Price.

He took care not to provoke some of his hearers too much, in this first opening, by giving all the glosses his malice suggested. But on the whole it was pretty evident on which side his own opinions inclined.

"It is a direct interposition of Providence!" exclaimed Blackader, at the conclusion. "Remember, sir, what I always said!—that they intended to palm some baseborn adventurer upon you! His conduct proves it! A thief and a murderer can be no grandson of yours!"

"I am satisfied it is all a vile conspiracy, headed by an unnatural son!" said Sir Richard, in an amazed tone. "Is the—the person accused—not in custody?"

"No, sir," said Shanks, eagerly. "He is screened by such as ought to know better! But if a handsome reward was to be offered, I feel confident he would soon be in custody!"

"I will—I do—offer one, for the arrest of the impostor! I offer a hundred pounds for his seizure and conviction!" replied Sir Richard.

"Only a hundred pounds! you ought to double it old gentleman, to make it worth anyone's while to grab such a stout young rascal as this appears to be!" said a strange voice at this point of the conversation.

It was the sailor's, Lazarus Leppard, with whom

Miss Sydney and her cousin had the unfortunate adventure of the previous night.

This person presented himself with a short pipe in his mouth, which he had continued to smoke quite tranquilly, listening to all that happened, as it now appeared, over Shank's shoulder; the latter worthy standing ready for flight with the parlor-door in his hand while he offered his revelations.

"Who are you, fellow! and what business have you to interfere?" said Sir Richard, sternly.

"Why, folks sometimes make themselves business in other folks affairs, even if they haven't got any, properly speaking! But it's every correct citizen's business, I calculate, to assist in the pounding of an assassin and a thief!" returned the sailor, still puff, puff, puffing, by way of punctuation to his discourse.

"You have nothing to do with it, sir; it is our affair, and nobody else's," said Shanks, jealously, alarmed at this interference of a person who looked not unlike a smuggler; at all events who was a seaman, and who might possibly have come to the knowledge of Frederick's whereabouts, if he had gone to Dover.

"Perhaps I mayn't have, and then, on the other hand, perhaps I may!" replied Lazarus, quite coolly. "Now stranger, I don't mind betting you as even a bet as we can make it in dollars and crowns, that I turn out a pretty considerable witness, on one side or another!"

Brin gave a startled and rather rueful glance at his master and Mr. Graham, and both immediately remembered the part played by the sailor in John Purday's excursion to the Black Mill.

"If there's a reward to be given—I have as good a guess where the young gentleman's to be found, as you, or any other stranger, sir!" said Shanks, fearful that his opportunity would slip into another's hands.

"Understand me right, friend! I didn't say I knew where he was, or ought about him!—I shall know better when I see, in black and white, what'll be given for the article!" replied Leppard, with a wrench of the jaws which he meant for a smile.

"I think I can give you a very good notion, sir, if you like, and will give what you say, for—for the conviction of the offender!" said Shanks.

"You shan't sell my poor boy's blood here," shouted old Price, recovering his energies on the sudden, and starting up and grasping his stick as if for an onset on the ex-waiter. "And as for you, you old, unnatural wretch, you," he added, to Sir Richard—"Shame on your gray hairs for all you have done against your own children! And now to try to bring your son's son to the gallows!—Shame on you! Quit my premises, for neither bite nor sup shall you have under roof of mine!"

"I suppose there are other public-houses in the village besides this old lunatic's?" said Sir Richard, but he was rather disconcerted.

"There's only Jollie's beer-shop, sir; but, if you were to take my humble advice, sir, you'd go on to Charlton at once, where the murder was committed. You'll be made welcome by the lady there, who has her own causes of complaint against Mr. Fred, and will learn all the partick'lers!" said Shanks.

"Cost-price!—Charlton! Ay, that's the place I have down in my memorandum," said Lazarus Leppard. "That's my market! Gentlemen, will you be so good as to be my guiding stars to Charlton?"

"The fellow is mad," said Blackader. But struck with the peculiar meaning in Shank's malicious eye, "I think that we could not do better, sir," he added, "than do as this honest man recommends. He can go with us and direct us on the way. George can remain in the village and learn what further intelligence may be in circulation on this important subject."

Sir Richard readily acceded to this advice. He and his retinue returned to their vehicle, Shanks taking the place of Orlando on the empty coach-box. But Mr. Blackader condescendingly occupied it with him—anxious to glean all possible intelligence. The tired postillions remounted, muttering their discontent, for not a single drop of any kind of liquid would Matthew Price suffer to be served to the servants of the persecutors of his dear adopted son.

None of the persons in or on the vehicle noticed that before it started its burdens were increased by the weight of the sailor.

He arrived, consequently, quite as soon as the rest of the party; and while Sir Richard was pompously requesting an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Pophly, the sailor strolled direct into the house, and inquired of the first person he met for Mr. Augustus Pophly.

This person was John Purday, who, restless and dissatisfied in his mind, had called to ascertain how Caroline bore the approach of the agitating day at hand, and to arrange that she should offer to the

coroner's jury the evidence she had given in Frederick's favor before the magistrates.

Miss Sidney had not long returned from her early excursion to Brook.

The interview between her and her guardian had been an afflicting one. John Purday, harassed and completely out of spirits, took very little notice of the person who addressed him at the time. He replied, sternly, he knew nothing of Mr. Augustus Pophly. But observing that young gentleman strolling up the avenue, also on his return from Brook, "There he is," he said, and brushed past the questioner.

Lazarus hastened to meet Augustus with more than national politeness certainly, half-way up the avenue.

They had a long conversation together, the results of which will appear as they took form in action. It lasted as long as another that took place at the same time between Mrs. Pophly and Sir Richard Graham and his party. The Reverend Theodosius was not yet astir.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

No tiger, or no other salvage wight,
Is so exceeding furious and fell,
As wrong, when he hath armed himself with might.
SPENSER.

THE coroner, an old gentleman of the name of Worsley, arrived at Charlton about noonday.

Work was at a stand-still at the manufactory. The gates of the mill were not opened that morning, even had the people been inclined to fall into their customary occupations. But that was far from being the case. Excitement had made it a general holiday. The men stood about in knots, with folded arms, discussing all that was yet known of the circumstances of the dreadful deed. The women and girls visited the scene of the murder, gossiping as eagerly as a flock of geese newly turned into a stubble field.

The extraordinary mystery enwrapping the event, and the romantic circumstances accompanying it, especially those associated with the attachment now universally known to have existed between the young and beautiful heiress, and the alleged murderer, excited public curiosity in the highest degree.

It was a drama of real life that appealed, in the most intimate manner, to the wonder and interest of the spectators.

The inquest was held in the pay-room of the mill, a large chamber which had been fitted up, by Miss Sidney's benevolence, into a kind of atheneum and library, for the benefit of her workpeople. John Purday was not sufficiently modern to perceive all the utility and kindness of this elevating institution. But he loved to indulge his sweet ward even in what he considered a whim.

There were plenty of plain oak benches and chairs, and a long table covered with green baize, in the apartment, so there was ample accommodation for the purpose to which it was now put.

The jury was formally empanelled. It consisted chiefly of farmers of the neighborhood, but several gentlemen of high standing and position volunteered their services on the occasion, influenced by a feeling of curiosity. Mr. Delnott, of Woodlands, was one of these, and he was unanimously chosen foreman of the jury. A gentleman of strict integrity, and of the most impartial and high-toned feeling, Frederick, himself, would have asked no better assessor if he had been present in person, to defend his life and honor before a tribunal thus constituted.

The inquest-room was crowded with curious spectators, all evincing the greatest interest in the proceedings.

Mrs. Mendal and the three Miss Mendals were there, by special favor on the part of Mrs. Pophly. No one was admitted without her orders into the building. Those who presented themselves as witnesses could not of course be excluded. Among these was Walter Graham, who supported poor old Price, with the help of his wife, to the scene. Honest Brin followed in the same group.

Considerable curiosity was excited by the appearance of a number of strangers, who were ushered into the apartment with great distinction by the Reverend Theodosius, and were immediately accommodated with seats, in a place of honor, with his own worshipful self.

The portly figure of Sir Richard Graham, and his pompous demeanor, naturally made him the centre of this eminent group. Profound observers would perhaps have found more subject for interesting analysis in the crafty, humble-seeming physiognomy of one of his retinue. Mr. Blackader was, as usual, at his patron's elbow. The latter's solicitor, an enlightened and honorable practitioner—as practitioners go—probably despising them both in his heart,

yet stood ready to lend the aid of his laboriously-acquired science to the furtherance of what he knew to be their any thing but just and honest purposes.

Reuben Shanks hovered as it were on the verge of this party, evidently regarded in a confidential and favorable light.

It may be thought two hours spent in the society of Mrs. Pophly and of this low spiteful fellow, had primed Sir Richard with every possible invention and scandal to the disadvantage of his unfortunate grandson.

Augustus Pophly stood with folded arms, looking excessively pale, behind the coroner's chair, where there was a large window. He did not wish to face the light.

The jury proceeded to view the body.

On their return they found the company further increased by the arrival of Mrs. Pophly, and of Caroline Sidney with her cousin. Finding it impossible to prevent the young lady from appearing to repeat her evidence in Frederick's favor, Mrs. Pophly thought it best to feign a kind desire on her own part to countenance her niece in the public assembly she must face, by her presence.

Caroline's entry excited a murmur of sympathy and interest.

Never, even in her brightest bloom of loveliness, had she stirred so deep a feeling of admiration and respect as now in her desolation—pallid as death! People said she looked like a youthful martyr about to enter the howling arena! A glory of high and noble feeling encircled her virgin brows, triumphant over the anguish and suffering of mind was visibly expressed in every feature.

The formal proceedings commenced immediately.

The clerk of the magistrates, a pettifogging attorney of a neighboring town, who owed his appointment to Mrs. Pophly's patronage, had arranged the order of the evidence. He announced himself as appearing on the part of the relatives of the deceased; which was false, for James Brice had left none in that part of the country.

The first witness examined was the medical one, Dr. Chambers, now a very old man—the same who had attended on Frederick's mother when she gave him existence and relinquished her own.

He described the appearance of the body minutely, and with great clearness, noticing the probable use of a knife and a bludgeon in the murder.

Augustus trembled and shut his eyes while the description of this deed was given. But he mustered sufficient resolution to address the coroner, in quivering tones at the conclusion.

"Will you permit me, sir," he said, "to make a few remarks on the evidence, as it proceeds? I request it of you as an act of justice to one of the accused parties—I mean to the accused party—who was my dearest friend, and who has no one else to represent him present. Who still is my dear friend, and shall continue so until he is proved guilty of this atrocious charge!"

"I will hear with pleasure whatever you can allege on your friend's behalf, Mr. Pophly, and I must say, it does the highest credit to your heart, and I hope it will be found to your understanding also, to stand forth in so generous a manner on behalf of this person, whose conduct to your family in general, I have not heard very highly commended;" said the coroner, happy to have an opportunity of paying a compliment to the son of a wealthy country family.

"You are mistaken, sir, if Mr. Frederick Graham is the party against whom suspicions have been so unjustly raised, as I have been informed," said Walter Graham, stepping forward; "I am the young man's uncle, and I cannot suffer it to be supposed, that while I am present, he is destitute of whatever assistance it is both the right and bounden duty of his relations to offer!"

"We shall not interfere with one another, I trust, sir! Perhaps you are a lawyer, and the few points I think I can adduce in favor of my unfortunate schoolfellow and friend, are not at all of a technical nature;" said Augustus, shrinking from the honest eyes that were fixed in doubt and scrutiny upon his visage.

"We may admit the young gentleman as *amicus curia*, without placing more importance upon his observations than they shall seem to deserve," said the coroner; adding after a slight pause of suspicious inner reference also. "I really cannot see what motive the young gentleman can have but to serve the person accused? At all events I am here to elicit the truth from whatever source it may be drawn, the clearest and least defiled by personal feelings and animosities. These young men, it appears, were schoolfellows together, and up to the time of the disastrous occurrence occupied seats in the same counting-house. Pray make what obser-



JULIA INTERRUPTING THE PRIVATE CONVERSATION OF AUGUSTUS POPHLY AND LEPPARD.

vations, Mr. Pophly, you think most likely to throw light on the subject! I will judge of their propriety when they are offered. Have you any question to put to the medical witness?"

"No; I have this to say, sir," replied Augustus, more firmly, "it is notorious to all the people about here, that Frederick Graham never carried a stick of any sort, unless it was a light riding-switch; and he never had a knife of the kind described to have inflicted the mortal wound. I can witness it, who have been his constant companion—and play-fellow, until very late times, I may say—he never had any such weapon in his possession. But there is a man who may be much more reasonably suspected than Frederick Price, and who, all our mill-people will tell you, hardly ever stirred out of his house without a great knotted stick in his hand. A fellow of violent and ruffianly manners, a drunkard, and already suspected of several minor delinquencies in the way of petty pilferings and peculations, in his office, as one of the overseers of the works in this manufactory. And I can produce the evidence of half-a-dozen of our workpeople to prove that the man of whom I do speak was in possession of a clasp-knife, with a curved point, like that described by Dr. Chambers! I have myself ascertained that this man, whose name is Patrick Rourke, and who had been discharged from his office for gross misconduct, has absconded from his home! Why may not suspicion be much more reasonably entertained against Patrick Rourke? But I have other and almost irresistible proofs, that fix it upon him!"

There was a movement of joyful surprise among a portion of the auditors—of amazement and vexation with others.

"Bless me! Mrs. Pophly told me that her son shared her dislike of that impostor fellow, who had successfully rivalled him in the affections of her niece!" muttered Sir Richard, to the Reverend Theodosius, who sat by his side.

"I can't tell what possesses him; I never knew him as romantically generous either before! His mother will be dreadfully vexed at this, and angry with us all!" murmured the rector, in alarmed response.

Mrs. Pophly, indeed, primed herself up into an expression of very great wonder and indignation at the folly of her son.

But a beautiful roseate color revisited the marble cheeks of Miss Sidney; her eyes brightened, her whole figure reanimated, and she almost involuntarily raised her arms as if to embrace some angel of hope descending on the scene! Augustus nigh

became transfigured into some such bright illusion as he spoke these words.

Walter Graham crossed the chamber, extended his hand, and shook that of Augustus heartily in both his own. "Forgive me, sir," he said, "I doubted you shared the sentiments of your family, and wished my poor boy ill!"

The clerk of the peace looked in surprised query towards Mrs. Pophly. She shook her head.

As to the stick, several of the men declared they should hardly know the overseer without his bludgeon, so habitually was it part of his equipment.

The evidence about the knife was also conclusive. One of the witnesses had good occasion to remember that Patrick Rourke possessed just such a one as the doctor considered must have been used in giving Brice his mortal wound.

The workmen gave this evidence with visible alacrity. Frederick was universally beloved—the turbulent overseer as universally detested.

"I can witness, sir," said Julia Rushton, modestly rising, "that as late as twelve o'clock last night Patrick Rourke still had a stick exactly answering the description of the witness. I saw him in the Wood Croft with it at that hour."

"Indeed! This man ought to have been in custody before me, Mr. Jollie. I do not admire your way of doing business!" said the coroner, speaking angrily to the village constable.

"We had no warrant against him, sir; the magistrates only named Frederick Price, or Graham, for he has an alias!" replied the official. "Nevertheless, at Mr. Purday's desire, I accompanied him last night to a place in this neighborhood where it was said Rourke was harbored, intending to arrest him on suspicion; but either he was not there, or he gave us all the slip. I am happy, however, to be able to assure your honor that I have now a clue by which I shall be enabled to lay my hand on either of the parties accused, or on both, very soon after I am furnished with a proper authority for the purpose. But we have a good deal more evidence, sir, to produce, implicating both parties."

Caroline shuddered back in her chair, from her erect and hopeful attitude.

"Very well, Mr. Jollie; I am aware that you are an efficient officer," observed the coroner.

Mr. Purday's housekeeper was called upon to prove that Frederick came to her after hours, and borrowed the key of the counting-house, under pretence, as she declared herself now distinctly to remember, of rectifying some error in his accounts. The poor woman, who was very fond of Frederick, thought this would do him good, as a set-off against

the fact that he had not entered the stolen notes in the proper book.

This was the point next proved.

John Purday, very much against his will, was compelled to admit that Frederick had neglected this important part of his duty on the occasion.

Certainly a very suspicious circumstance!

Nor did Mr. Purday's earnest attempts to exculpate the accused on the score of the agitation of his mind on that day, produce much effect. But Caroline's whole frame quivered when the good old man produced as proofs, fragments of a torn cheque, where the words "Pay to Caroline," instead of "Messrs. Sidney and Purday," which he had corrected him for writing, were distinctly to be read.

"It is unnecessary for me to add, gentlemen, since its is so generally known, that throughout the last day of his officiating in my counting-house, the young man's mind was distracted with the painful circumstances attendant on a love-affair, which had ended in the overthrow of his best hopes!" said the kind-hearted man.

Mr. Worsey smiled incredulously—Sir Richard Graham bitterly.

"People may be agitated on other scores than love!—as, for example, when they meditate the commission of a great crime?" said the former gentleman.

"But, sir," said Augustus,—curiously enough, all who wished Frederick well in the assemblage, had learned to look with hope and confidence towards him who spoke—"But, sir! if it is proved that Frederick gained admittance to the counting-house, in this quiet and customary manner, where was the use or the necessity of his killing James Brice, to effect his object, supposing it even to have been the plundering of the valuable contents of the safe?"

"He may have been detected in the act of forcing open the fastenings, and have murdered the poor old man to secure himself against the consequences!"

"Very true: extremely likely!" was the coroner's comment.

"Nay, your honor!" returned the improvised advocate, warmly, "for the murder did not take place in the counting-house! It is very evident from the traces of struggle near the place where the body was found in the clump of trees outside!"

"The assassin may have found that the old watchman was observing him through the windows!" retorted Mr. Chizzlewit, astonished at this unexpected kind of interference on the part of his patroness's son.

"Not so! for the iron shutters were closed, and

found properly barred as usual in the morning!" returned the zealous friend.

"Is it not far more likely," he continued, in a raised and excited tone; "is it not in reality almost what one may call self-evident, that my poor friend, desirous and intending, in consequence of the unhappy discovery of his intrigue with a poor girl of the village—I did not mean to say that!—Perhaps in consequence of his dismissal from the favor of a lady who had hitherto been induced to regard him with partiality—purposing to leave Brook without exciting observation or remonstrance, gave the keys of the counting-house into the charge of the unfortunate watchman after he had executed his business in it? That the act was observed by some lurking ruffian, who possessed himself of them in turn, by brutal violence, and proceeded to ransack the safe at his leisure? In short, there can be no doubt that Patrick Rourke is the real offender! I will place a convincing proof before your eyes!"

He threw three pieces of gold—two of which were marked—on the table before the coroner as he spoke.

"Williamson," he added, "come forward, and prove how and where this money was found by me."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

So law is wrested from its righteous ends
And forced to serve the rogue it should convict;
Justifies her weight to the wrong balance lends,
And her decrees with her own self conflict!
But cheated by the solemn scales and hood,
The multitude applaud, and call it—Good!

CHARTERIS.

THE old cottager who kept the house in which Patrick Rourke and his family lodged, was the witness who answered the appeal of our hero's volunteer advocate.

Williamson proved the fact of the finding of the coins in Rourke's apartment, after his own and his daughter's disappearance. He mentioned that his wife declared she heard gravel thrown at the lattice, which was their lodger's usual signal to obtain admittance, at about midnight on the previous one. And this tallied very well with Julia Rushton's evidence.

"I must still say, sir, that you prove nothing by this statement in favor of your client," observed Chizzlewit to young Pophly,—"your friend, perhaps, I should say more correctly! But that's neither here nor there! The ends of justice must be answered whosever's friend a violator of the law may be! But I confess you go far to prove what I have all along myself suspected—the complicity of two parties in the affair! This young fellow, gentlemen of the jury, is known to have been very disgracefully connected with the person now brought into question. Mr. Pophly himself—so I am instructed—must witness that he traced Patrick Rourke, on the night after the murder—last night, in fact—to some haunt in this neighborhood, where young Price met him, and they had a long consultation together, ending in a quarrel! Very likely, on some point connected with the division of the spoil!"

Augustus looked as if taken by surprise, and directed a sorrowful and apologizing glance from Caroline to his mother.

"Tell the coroner and jury all you know, Augustus!—I command you!" said Mr. Pophly, senior, in an angry tone—anxious to let his wife see he had nothing to do with his son's strange conduct.

"Well, sir! But I considered, and do so still, that the occasion of their meeting, and the discussion between them, was about this girl," replied Augustus, meekly. "I am pretty certain I heard her name mentioned once or twice in the conversation, when they raised their voices in anger."

"But here's a witness says, and is ready to make oath, that the person who met Frederick Rourke at the Black Mill was not Frederick Graham, whom you call Price, at all!" said Walter, determined, in spite of all grateful sentiments towards Augustus, that so important a fact should be placed on record. "Nay, Mr. Pophly! the witness persists in his statement, that this person was yourself!"

"So I did, sir!—so I did do, sir!" said Brin, with an energetic burst of voice that startled all present.

"I could have no motive to deny it, if such was the case!" said Augustus, wiping his forehead, on which a cold clammy perspiration poured. "But I can readily account for the mistake. It was a dark night. I followed Patrick almost to the enclosure of the mill, where I crouched down among the tall grass and weeds. Frederick was hidden somewhere about the mill, and when he joined Rourke, under its ruinous timbers, this good fellow might easily

enough imagine I had crept over the broken wall, and so identified me with one of the parties in conversation."

Brin listened with his mouth wide open. But he was far from being so comfortably convinced as the coroner and a large number of the auditors evidently were by the explanation.

"It was your voice, Mr. Gustus, and nobody else's! Why, I know one horse's neigh from another—why shouldn't I know the difference between two gentlemen's? And Mr. Frederick never did use to speak any way loike you—so mamby pamby, soft loike, as if you were a-reasoning the skin off a body's back, loike!" he grumbled.

"This good fellow, gentlemen—and it does him honor—is devotedly attached to his master's adopted son, and we must excuse him if he does not take the wisest course to serve him!" said Augustus, addressing the jury in mild and benign accents.

Mr. Dillnott, on behalf of the jurors generally, evidently, nodded.

"Well, but come, Master Pophly, sir! I never said as much before, for I hate making mischief," spoke up Mrs. Price, at this juncture; "but I must say, sir, and you know it very well, you are far more like Mary Rourke's sweetheart than my poor boy! I know he had set his thoughts far above such poor trumpery as she, though I don't wish to say any thing against the poor creature either! She has her punishment sharp enough! But I bear witness I have seen you and Mary Rourke often enough kissing and toying together in the school-house, when you thought no one could see you.—But I could from my house, gentlemen, which is right opposite! And I am sure you remember the night, Master Augustus, when I met you at the Witch Elm together, as I was going quite unexpectedly that way, to help Goody Larkspur in her trouble."

"This is rather too bad, gentlemen, on the part of my friend's foster-mother!" said the young hypocrite with well-acted indignation. "But I need only appeal to the experience of my character possessed by most of my hearers, to refute these imputations, the purpose of which, I really cannot imagine."

"Nor I either; what have we to do with these foolish village scandals? This is not a case of jealousy, or anything of that sort, I suppose where one foolish fellow kills another for the sake of a pair of black eyes!" said the coroner, facetiously. "Let us proceed with something more germane to the matter. We have not done about this money yet! Does any one know whether Patrick Rourke was a likely man to have so much coin about him, that he amused himself with kicking sovereigns over the floor?"

"He has been in our debt, sir, for weeks, and when I asked him for a few shillings only the morning before the murder, to feed his own half-starving children with—Mary durstn't ask him, he was in such a brutal rage with her for her misfortune, she was afraid he would strike her—he vowed that he hadn't eightpence in the world!" said Mrs. Williamson.

"And besides," resumed Augustus, "I can prove that these sovereigns—two of them at least—are a portion of the stolen property! Mr. Purday will remember that I marked two sovereigns, by rubbing off the dragon's tail in the St. George, with the purpose of leaving them in the counting-house, to discover who among those having access to it, pilfered divers little sums we had missed. But he did not like throwing temptation, as he said, before needy people, and he locked the marked coins—which are there before us—up with the rest of the cash in the strong box."

"Is this the case, Mr. Purday?" said the foreman of the jury.

The coins were handed to John Purday, who, after looking at them, admitted, with some appearance of hesitation in his matter, that he identified them.

"But you are quite certain, good woman," said Chizzlewit, to the landlady of Rourke's cottage, "that it was your lodger coming home who threw the gravel at the window? Might it not have been somebody else?"

"I don't know who it was, sir. It was Mr. Rourke's usual way," replied the witness.

"It appears to me Mr. Pophly has raised a very ingenious point in his friend's favor," said Mr. Dillnott. "Up to this time I confess I could not but construe the flight of the accused party unfavorably towards him. But if he had arranged for the abduction of this young woman, it is possible his conduct admits of an interpretation consistent with innocence of the more atrocious crime laid to his charge!"

What poisoned balm was this to throw into poor Caroline's wounds! Nevertheless, she listened with

an expression of hopefulness. So unselfish is real love!

"Still, if he was in the neighborhood so late as last night, Frederick Price must have heard of the dreadful accusation against him, and ought to have come forward at every risk, to clear himself," said the coroner.

"Consider, sir! Perhaps he might know it would be impossible to do so without bringing conviction against the father of the woman he has chosen, doubtless, to unite his destiny with. They are of the rank in society, and if report is to be credited, she is about to make him a father!" interceded Augustus.

"The young profligate!" exclaimed the coroner, taking a long pinch of snuff. "Well, I don't suppose he will carry his devotion towards his intended father-in-law so far as to hang for him!"

"It seems to me, sir, and I trust it does so also to the gentlemen of the jury thus far, that the whole tendency of the evidence is against Patrick Rourke only," said the earnest young advocate.

Mr. Dillnott, feeling rather puzzled, glanced among his fellow-jurors, who looked very much the same.

"But he hasn't gone off with Mary Rourke, nor on account of the murder at all. He knew nothing about it. He has run away to go to sea with a gentleman of the name of Claridge, who was always trying to put him up to it!" said Matthew Price, raising his hollow and shaking voice into a sort of cracked treble that confessed at once his age and his agitation.

"Claridge! Claridge! Is not that said to be one of the aliases of the noted smuggler, Jerrold, against whom the information was sworn last week at the quarter sessions?" said Mr. Dillnott.

"It was, sir; most decidedly it was!" replied the clerk of the peace eagerly; "I have the minute with me now! Really, Mr. Price, you are doing the young man more harm than good, by proving him the associate of smugglers and ruffians of that sort!"

"A smuggler, too, indeed!—a precious prize this young gentleman would have proved, no doubt, as the representative of my house!" muttered Sir Richard to the Reverend Theodosius.

"Oh, he has long been considered one of the worst young fellows in the neighborhood!—a regular pest, sir!" returned the charitable parson.

"Pray, sir—Mr. Dillnott," said Caroline, in a modest but resolved and firm tone. "Be so good as to remind the jury that I informed you of a probable reason for Mr. Frederick Graham's departure from the village. Here is the letter again, in which he declares his intention of leaving England immediately—for ever!"

Her sweet voice sank as she uttered the last word.

Augustus pushed officiously forward, and conveyed the letter to the jury, in which Frederick took his heartbroken farewell.

It was read in a delicate undertone to the tribunal, by Mr. Dillnott, and evidently produced a reaction in favor of the accused.

"After all, nothing appears to me more likely than that the young man may have gone off in a lover's huff—and perhaps have revenged himself for his rejection by taking a pretty girl with him—while he is quite innocent of the criminal charge against him;" said Colonel Foot—himself not suspected of being very tight-laced in matters relating to woman.

Augustus looked uneasy. Perhaps he was afraid he had proved too much. His glance latterly often wandered furtively to the door, as if he expected some assistance, in his embarrassing position, to arrive.

"And, gentlemen," continued the firm and gentle voice; "I trust that I have also satisfactorily explained the reason that induced Frederick—Mr. Frederick Graham—to borrow the keys of the counting-house on the night of the murder!"

It was observable that Caroline always now spoke of Frederick by his proper name.

"But why could he not have taken out the letters during the proper business hours?" said Mr. Dillnott.

"I had not demanded them until—after!" said Caroline, faintly.

"And how could Frederick tell but that Mr. Purday would be at home, and would accompany him into the counting-house?" said Augustus.

"Yes; he knew I was in the habit of spending my evenings at his adopted father's," said John Purday, with honest openness. "But he knew, at the same time, I would have trusted him with the keys of the counting-house, as soon as myself, and should never have thought of exercising any surveillance over him."

"I think you were just as well in the parlor of the Warden's Arms as with this desperate young fellow in your counting-house," said Mr. Chizzlewit.

"I saw him there within an hour and a half afterwards, gentlemen," said Mr. Purday. "I was coming out of the Warden's Arms as he was coming in, and we wished one another the kindest good night possible."

"And he was with me, sir, ten minutes afore, to give me the packy of letters, and the note to young madam lady, here!" said Brin.

"What o'clock might it have been, Mr. Purday?" said the coroner.

"Eleven, or thereabouts."

"The moon was just coming over our stacks when he was with me, and she always takes two hours to get as far as that in the summer season, after her's rise," said honest Brin.

"That gives him about two hours at the mill, and he had to write this affecting letter!" resumed Augustus. "Aye, and half-a-dozen others that he tore up!"

"How do you know that, sir?" said the foreman, turning in surprise to Augustus.

"I don't know it, sir!" he replied, becoming deadly pale, and speaking in great confusion. "But I think it most probable! Lovers always do that sort of thing when they are writing such letters as these!"

"You are an observer of human nature in general, I find, but we want eye-witnesses in this case," said Mr. Dilnott, coldly, though concluding only that Augustus's zeal was inducing him to overstep the proper bounds.

"He had plenty of time to write a letter—and commit a murder also—in two hours!" said Mr. Worseley. "If you can prove that James Brice was alive and well at the time when Frederick Price left Charlton Mill—and that he did not again return that night—you have proved something. If not, nothing."

"No jury will convict him on such trifles of circumstantial evidence only as are brought against him!" said Augustus, with pretended warmth.

"Our duty does not extend so far; we have merely to ascertain probabilities, and bring in our verdict accordingly," resumed Mr. Worseley. "Pray, Mr. Purday, did you take any particular notice of the young man when you saw him at eleven. Did he seem agitated? Was his dress as usual?"

"His tone in addressing me, I thought, was unusually kind and affectionate—that is all. His dress was quite as usual, whereas, it is evident, from the state of the grass, that a violent struggle took place between the murderer and his victim?" was John Purday's reply.

"That is little to the question. For my own part, gentlemen, I have all along been of opinion—at least, since young Mr. Poply has kindly pointed out to us the array of proof—that the youth himself is only to be regarded as an accomplice of Patrick Rourke, who is, in all probability, the actual perpetrator of the deed!" said the coroner. "But it is unnecessary for me to add," he added, "that, in cases of felony of this description, the law makes no distinction between the doer of the act and the aiders and abettors of the same."

"It certainly looks very suspicious, I imagine," said the Reverend Theodosius. "that, as was proved before us yesterday, the accused party, whose duty it was, had not entered the notes in the proper book, as if purposely to prevent their identification!"

"And I imagine, Mr. Poply," replied John Purday, with warmth, "though I am now an oldish man, and have been a bachelor all my days, that the circumstance of having to part for ever with a young and beautiful creature, on whom one has set one's heart for years, may well account for a little distraction of mind."

Mrs. Poply could not hold her peace on this.

"Mr. Purday, be so good as not to forget that the unpleasant explanation you allude to did not take place till after office hours. And a young man who could behave himself as Frederick Price has behaved, and go off the same night, as it appears, with a girl like Mary Rourke, was not likely to be so terribly put about as you seem to imagine your favorite was on the occasion!"

"There had been a coldness, a degree of repulse on my cousin's part previously, owing to the reports that had reached her," said Julia Rushton.

"Have you the numbers of the notes yourself, Mr. Purday? The thieves will, no doubt, endeavor to pass them, under the expectation that you have not, and the circumstance may lead to their detection," said Mr. Worseley, on whom this last point had made considerable impression.

"I have," reluctantly admitted Mr. Purday. "I observed Frederick's inattention, and took a private memorandum, intending to give him a little scolding for it afterwards. But no; it is impossible he can have anything to do with this robbery," he con-

tinued, joyfully, "for I used almost always to send him to the bank when we paid in money; and now I remember, I told him I should like him to ride over to Canterbury on the following day, with all but the gold. He could have ridden off with the notes easily enough."

"But detection would have been certain and immediate," replied Mr. Worseley. "So, there are the numbers? Jollie, we must have them in the *Hue and Cry* to-night, and an advertisement in the newspaper would not be amiss. Only one One Hundred Pound note, I see, Mr. Purday?"

"The rest are all under fifty, I believe, or fifties," replied Mr. Purday, surprised to see Augustus start.

"Do you think, sir—are you quite certain—there was a One Hundred Pound note? I don't think there was!" he ejaculated.

"I am certain there was," replied Mr. Purday; "I never make a mistake in business. But we can refer the number to the Bank of England authorities. They will confirm what I say."

"Has the place been searched where the accomplices met last night?" said Mr. Worseley. "They are not at all unlikely to have hidden their plunder for awhile in some out of the way place."

"I myself thoroughly searched the Black Mill last night," returned Mr. Purday. "The only trace we found was this extraordinary crowquill pen, dipped in some kind of red fluid, which Dr. Chambers identifies as human blood! excepting indeed, some sort of a vagrant sailor, who appeared to have taken up his residence in the old mill, and who must have heard if anything like this quarrel and conversation described by Mr. Augustus took place!"

"Brin witnesses to the same, though mistaken in one of the persons," said Augustus.

"There was a scrimmage, gem'men, and a cry of murder," said Brin. "But afore I could get up, they were all gone in a winky—Mr. Gustus and Rourke, as it seemed to me, in a whirlwind together!"

"I suppose you have rather strong ale at the Warden's Arms, my good fellow?" said Mr. Worseley, smiling complacently at his own wit.

"Ay, that it bin, sir; the best in the whole county," said honest Brin, not comprehending the innuendo.

"Why was not this sailor, or whatever he is, brought before us? He might throw some light on the subject," said Mr. Dilnott.

"We expect him every moment, sir; he has sent in word that he has information of great importance to offer. And I alluded to his evidence as being forthcoming a short time ago," said Mr. Chizzlewit.

There was a stir and flutter in the inquest-room—what our Gallic allies call a sensation.

"Meanwhile, Mr. Coroner, and gentlemen of the jury," said John Purday, rising, with evident emotion, "I desire to bear testimony to the general integrity and honorable character of the young man accused. All that has been said to prejudice you against him is false! He is the finest-hearted and most noble-minded young fellow I have ever known in all my experience, and quite incapable of the crimes laid to his charge! I am the sufferer chiefly, in a pecuniary sense, and I declare that I believe him perfectly innocent!"

John Purday was never known to make so long a speech on one occasion before.

"Really, Mr. Purday, I confess this is beyond me!" said the Reverend Theodosius. "I cannot imagine what ground you take for these eulogiums! A fellow who carried on a low intrigue with a wretched girl, while he laid himself out by all possible means to entrap an unsuspecting young lady—an heiress, your ward, too, sir! But, thank heaven, and the good advice she received, she had sense to see through his villainy! But what could one expect from a lad brought up in a pot-house, and himself an illegitimate outcast on the charity of strangers!"

"Gentlemen, I protest against this statement—it is not true!" interposed Walter Graham, rising. "Frederick Graham is the legitimate son of my brother, Captain Frederick Graham, and heir to a title and large fortune! He is the grandson of Sir Richard Graham, baronet, who is present at these proceedings, and who has received ample proof of what I allege."

"I am here for no other purpose than to deny the allegation!" exclaimed Sir Richard Graham, in tones that shook with passion. "I know nothing of this person or of his pretensions—and I believe him to be an imposter, and to the last hour of my life, and last penny of my fortune, I will maintain and prove him to be one!"

This concussion of statements produced great and visible excitement.

The mystery attending Frederick's birth was gene-

rally known, and Walter's announcement produced all the effect of a skilful *coup de theatre*. But Sir Richard's point blank contradiction immediately turned the scales.

"I have abundant proof!" said Walter greatly agitated.

"I do not see what bearing it can have on the present inquiry, even if you have sir," said the coroner.

"Only, if Frederick knew he was entitled to a large property, and the reversion of an hereditary rank, the probabilities increase that he cannot have committed this cruel burglary," said Augustus.

"Did he know it, sir? Oh! did he, did he?" exclaimed poor Caroline, clasping her hands in an agony of excited hope.

If Frederick believed himself heir to wealth and honors, he stood acquitted of the mercenary designs imputed to him, in his address to her.

"He did not, Miss Sidney. If there is any imposition, Frederick has no share in it!" Mr. Graham was obliged to admit.

The poor girl sunk from her excited attitude with a deep sigh.

"I will satisfy any of the jury who may wish it of the truth of my assertions!" exclaimed Walter, vehemently.

He could not bear to be thus publicly denounced as the abettor, and perhaps contriver, of a false claim.

"Mr. Walter will try and make you an object of public reprobation, sir, pretending that your tyranny is at the root of all these sad results," muttered Mr. Blackader to Sir Richard. "Good heavens! to have your own probable legitimate heir ousted for the sake of a felon burglar! But I suppose his uncle will get him to make his will before he is convicted!"

"And to testify to the truth of my refutation," said Sir Richard, pale with rage, "I hereby publicly offer a reward of two hundred pounds for the apprehension and conviction of this assassin, who is falsely said to be my grandson!"

There was a moment's dead silence.

"Then, Sir Richard, I must do my duty to society, however it goes against grain in the flesh, gentlemen!" snivelled Shanks. "I claim the reward; and I say you will find the young fellow at Dover, hidden in a fisherman's hut, or on board the Osprey, lying in the roads!"

"And I say you won't; and I reckon I've the latest telegraph!" said a stranger voice, now joining in the proceedings, and Lazarus Leppard strode boldly into the inquest-room.

People made way for him on all sides. This was evidently the long-announced witness.

The fellow did not stop until he stood face to face, and even disrespectfully close, to the coroner.

"Who is this man?" said Mr. Worseley, with evident distaste.

"Nobody knows better than myself, as I suppose, in these parts, and I'll answer the question," said the sailor; and turning abruptly round on John Purday. "You, old gentleman," he continued, "will remember seeing me last night at that there old broken-down place in the hop-garden yonder."

"Yes, and to-day, too. But I know nothing of you," said Mr. Purday, struck by these conjoint recollections.

"I did not say you did. It isn't a case of my identity, you know," replied the man. "Here, take down my name, any one that likes! My name's Lazarus Leppard—I don't care who knows it—and here goes for the rest of it!"

"What is the meaning of this man's strange observations?" said the coroner, much surprised.

"Just you give me time—I can answer for all about me on my own hook!" returned Lazarus, turning his quid in his cheek. "What I can say is, if you don't hear me, you'll miss a great light on this murder affair! I'm not particular about communicating. If you don't want to hear, I don't want to say. It's no business of mine."

"Speak, sir; every attention shall be paid to you," said Mr. Worseley.

There was an universal movement of curiosity.

Julia stole a glance at her friend. She looked like marble—but marble hewn into a statue of attention.

"Well, gentlemen, I have this to say," pursued the new witness. "I am mate of a ship, on leave of absence awhile, to see if I could make out some relations I have heard my father say his father told him we had, once upon a time, hereabouts. So I got completely benighted in that maze of hop-grounds out yonder, and just thought I'd make myself comfortable till daylight in an old crazy ruin I came upon."

"Well! as I said I took to fixing me up a roost in the old mill out yonder, making a fire of part of

it, and a shake down of the floor. And so I fixed all snug for the night, and sat looking at the fire, and thinking of nothing, only wondering if I should see anything of the old ghost they say haunts the place—when of a sudden I hear a whistling-like! As if a blackbird were piping for his sweetheart, like; only it was a reg'lar tune—and that I knew they seldom come, out of cages."

"Well, Mr. Leppard, if that is your name? Pray get on!" said Walter Graham, with nervous anxiety.

"I heard this whistle, as I said, and at first I wouldn't believe my own ears, But I heard it again—Lo! says I, this is something more than common, and I'd better make sure its no worse than a bird-catcher out; though maybe's its a Christian who can direct me to some better shelter for the night. For I felt uncommon queer and lonesome like, I must confess, in that old rat-trap."

"No doubt?" exclaimed Mr. Worsley, also with impatience.

"So I opens an old wooden shutter I had noticed before sitting down for the night, and looked out. It was a very dark night, but I see two people making for under the mill, in a queer like way, as if they were about no good. And there they fell a-talking. I have a curiosity of my own, gentlemen, so I thought I'd try and find out what it all meant. So I slides down the steps to the room below, and puts my ear to the cracked flooring; and there I hears what made my blood run cold!"

"I could make a sort of guess what they were like. But I should know them best again by their voices," resumed the true descendant of the Leppards of the black Mill. "One seemed to be a young man, and had a remarkable musical sort of a tune to his jaw. The other, as clear as buttermilk, was an Irishman!"

"What did they say?"

"The talk at first was about a young woman called Mary. The Irishman seemed to be her father, and there was a good deal of spluttering about her between them. From what I could fix of their sayings, the younger one had been making over free in that quarter—more free than welcome—at least in the old one's opinion! And it seemed he insisted the young one should do what he could to make an honest woman of her again, and marry her!"

"No, dear; I shall not faint! Let me hear it out!" whispered Caroline, breathlessly, in reply to the affectionate fear in Julia Rushton's glance.

"Well, the young one didn't make so much of a difficulty about that as one would have expected, for paying the reckoning is not the best part of the feast, you know, gentlemen! And though he said, too, it would spoil him for a much better chance with a rich young lady in these parts! However, he owned he loved his Mary better than any other woman on the earth, and said he had been scurvily pitched off by the other one, and owed her a mortification! So it was agreed the young folks should make off together that night from the village, and hold away for Liverpool, where they could be married, and embark at once for the States."

"To Liverpool?" said the village constable, making a formal note in his pocket-book.

"Oh, yes! but I'll warrant you'll have to track them to New York before you bag 'em, friend!" said Lazarus.

"Proceed, sir!" said Mr. Chizzlewit, eagerly.

"The old 'un wanted to go with them, and see that all was done to contract, but the young 'un wouldn't hear of it. They were sure to be pursued, he said, and if they went together, they would be found as easy as asking. So it was agreed at last the Irish rogue should make for his own country, and lie hidden awhile among the bogs till something blew over that warn't a cloud either, but something like the last with its long, flimsy arms and legs! The gallows, I reckon!"

"But was not Rourke to go to Liverpool too, to get to Ireland?" said Constable Jollie, ready to make another memorandum.

"No; he was to give the law a dodge, by going to London and shipping for Cork there," replied the sailor.

The memorandum was made.

"What followed?" pursued the coroner.

"Why, then they began to speak in a lower tone, and I missed a good deal!" replied the witness. "But they grew angry with one another, and began to talk louder, and by-and-by I could make out that there was a dispute between them about the division of some property. I thought at first it was the girl's fortin; but I soon heard what set me on another thinking. Item, you may be sure of that when I heard it at last arranged that the young man was to have all the notes, in consideration of the danger in having them changed! *Although he had taken care*

not to enter them in his master's note-book, as he ought to, he owned!"

The sensation produced by these words was of the most marked character. A shriek burst, in spite of all her efforts to suppress it, from the very heart of Caroline Sidney. But the witness appeared to attach no particular importance to the statement.

"Had you not better retire, sweet?—Indeed you are overcome!" said Mrs. Pophly to her niece, in honied accents.

"No, aunt. I will hear all, if it kills me!"

"I guessed from that the young 'un was some sort of a clerk, consarned in a robbery with the old 'un. But anyhow they agreed at last to divide, as I have said, the notes going to the young thief, and the chief part of the money to the old villain! They had again some dispute about a silver watch, but it was compromised in a friendly manner, at last, though I can't say which of them got it. That's all I know, gentlemen."

"And plenty, too!—plenty to hang a dozen such ruffians!" exclaimed Mr. Worsley. "I should think, gentlemen, you need not hesitate on your verdict."

"I have still one protest to make—hear me!" said Caroline, in a tone of energy that attracted immediate attention. "This fellow is one of the most ruffianly manners—a prowling, wolf-like fellow! Had not Mr. Purday come unexpectedly to my assistance when I happened to be at the mill last night, he would have offered the grossest insults possible to two unprotected women!"

"How was I to know you were a lady, ma'am, abroad at that hour, in such a place? But you came to see your sweetheart, I calculate, which makes it certain the young man I heard chattering was the party accused, I guess."

"Why did you say nothing of all this, man, when I came upon you last night?" said John Purday.

"Out of pity to the young lady. I'm a man of my word, and I'd promised her to let him have a run for it!" returned the impudent rascal.

"What amazing infatuation!" ejaculated Sir Richard.

"Could you recognize the younger speaker by anything beside his voice?" said John Purday, much staggered. Look around this chamber, sir, and answer me, on your oath, if you see any one that bears any resemblance present?"

Lazarus Leppard deliberately surveyed person after person of all the excited and breathless groups around him.

Augustus Pophly, in spite of their secret understanding, trembled and shrunk away.

"I should say the party was a year or two older than the young gent there, and his hair was likely of a darker color, for he seemed all black but the face! I couldn't well see his features, in course; but if anything, I should say he was rather like that gentleman there," pointing to Walter.

"Is there any necessity for me, gentlemen, to read my notes to you?" said Mr. Worsley, turning to the jury.

They unanimously replied in the negative.

"But, gentlemen, still I implore you to consider you have only circumstantial evidence before you!" exclaimed Walter Graham; but he, too, despaired of producing any impression.

"It is most astonishing!" said John Purday. "I will never trust in mortal looks again! But yet Miss Sidney justly observes—and none of you Leppards have a very good character in this part of the world," he continued, with a gleam of suspicion crossing his mind. "Well, sir," he added, "can you explain to me how this pen came to be in the mill-yard, and how was it used to make it this color?"

He extended the stained crowquill as he spoke. The sailor looked puzzled.

Augustus turned various hues, but did not dare to glance at him, for he felt that John Purday's eyes were fixed upon them both.

"Oh, yes, I remember!" said Leppard, at last. "Rourke wouldn't be satisfied till the young man gave him a written promise of marriage with Mary. The pen was plucked out of a dead crow's wing, and he pricked his arm for the ink!"

"Had they paper and desk equally convenient, and was the bond written in the dark?" said Purday.

"They wrote it on a bank-note—I distinctly heard them say so."

Purday had nothing more to say. Augustus also seemed to have resigned his friend's cause in despair.

The coroner began briefly to sum up the evidence; but the foreman of the jury, politely interrupting him, announced that they had agreed on their verdict.

Wilful murder against Frederick Price, alias Graham, and Patrick Rourke!

Caroline uttered a shriek, and was borne out insensible.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region's round:
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies,
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea!

BARRY CORNWALL.

LET us now return to our hero, whom we have been obliged to leave for a time in order to put in clear lights the perils and calumnies gathering, like beasts impatient to devour, around him. We parted from him in the friendly pedler's van at the conclusion of Captain Avery's sketch of his own career, and the legend of his remarkable ancestor.

Dazzled as Frederick doubtless was by the splendid prospects of adventure and wealth opening before him, there was something in the narrative that struck him still more forcibly.

"Ellen!" he repeated, dwelling on the name of Avery's unfortunate love. "Ellen! it was my mother's name! I have never known her by any other; doubtless by the command of those who, with no acknowledged right, have taken upon themselves to control my destiny from its earliest commencement!"

"It is a sweet-sounding name," observed the captain, in a moved tone.

"It sounds to me like a knell, sir. It is associated in my mind with a grave decked with a few wild flowers and roses, which Caroline planted on it when she was a child, because she heard it was my mother's! I never knew my mother, and she knew me only for a moment. How strange that Ellen should have been so luckless a name in both instances!"

"Does it strike you as strange?"

"And then, I have always heard it said my mother's friends—those who attended her to her last obscure resting-place—were military men. The man who won your Ellen from you was an officer, was he not?"

"I have told you."

"And so, coupling these facts with your long-continued and otherwise undeserved interest in me," exclaimed Frederick, with rising emotion, "Oh, Mr. Avery! am I not the son of that unhappy Ellen whom you loved?"

"You have her winning eyes—some of her matchless features! the raven locks are your unworthy father's!"

"You admit the fact, then?"

"You have wrung it from me, boy!" replied Avery, with much emotion. "You see," he added, after a pause, in a more sprightly tone, "you are entitled to a full share in the treasures of our common ancestor, for your mother was an Avery, too! She was my near relation, and we two were the last of the race!"

"A child of shame—of dishonor!" ejaculated Frederick.

"It is shared!" replied the smuggler captain, with compassionate and sympathizing feeling in his every tone.

"No, it is not shared! I inherit the load of infamy alone!" said Frederick. "Oh, it is no wonder that the pure and stainless Caroline spurned me so disdainfully from her affections! And I was led to believe, up to the last moment that, sprung from however lowly a source I might be, the channel of my blood was clear and unchecked by so foul a bar on its way!"

"Who told you so?" inquired Avery, with vivid interest.

"A person who presented himself always before me as the guardian and protector of my youth—who seemed admitted on all hands to be the depository of the secret of my birth, and who assured me, with solemnity, that it was as legitimate as his own!"

"Who was he? what was he? That might only be an equivocation."

"He was called Mr. Walter when he visited Brook, which he appeared to do at appointed periods. That is the only name by which I knew him," replied the young man.

"Walter! Well, that don't seem much of a surname," said Avery. "It should have been Walters, unless he too—It might be his way of telling you an unpleasant truth. Did old Price know the secret, do you think?"

"I cannot tell; he gave me his own name, and declared to every one he had adopted me as a son!—yet he always said this strange gentleman was familiar with all the facts of my history, and would

reveal them to me at a proper season. But I need not trouble either of them for a communication henceforth since you, Captain Avery, are aware of the name and rank of my mother's—seducer, must I call him!"

"But I swore to your mother never to reveal the name of that man so long as the smallest danger to him, or his, could arise from the revelation!" replied Avery.

"Well!—what can? He and my mother are both in their graves!"

"I know not—I can but idly guess!—But from the precautions taken to conceal it from you, my dear Frederick, I cannot but think—if these persons meant you well—that I should do harm to you by revealing it at present!" returned Avery, musingly.

"But Mr. Walter himself promised to reveal everything to me on the day when I reached the age of twenty-one!"

"How old are you?"

"Past twenty, I know."

"Ay, but how many months? What is your birthday?"

"I do not know," replied Frederick, with an ingenuous blush, "it was never kept at our house—and it used to make me wonder, I remember, when other children's were in their homes! When the day came I was to be told of it, and not till then."

"In tracking your father's proceedings, I clearly ascertained he was married just twenty-one years ago, on the first of January next ensuing, to the Lady Sybella!" observed Avery, profoundly musing.

"In five months then!" said Frederick, in a tone of bitter sadness.

"Ellen had left Mrs. Pritchard's protection only three months when I made my enquiries: your father had been dead a fortnight—married about a month previously!—Don't you see it is also impossible!" said Avery, sadly.

"No, no, do not say so!" responded the youth with eagerness. "Did you not mention that my father's father was a harsh and greedy man—a disciple of Mammon? This Lady Sybella—who was she!—Rich perhaps—of high rank, certainly!—My father may have inherited the cold, calculating blood of his own—and when my mother perished, have effected his reconciliation with his harsh senior by concealing his first marriage, and my birth, and uniting himself with the person chosen for him for having those advantages my poor mother lacked!"

"Oh, if I could think so, what a load of sorrow and regret would it take from my heart!—And Ellen was always purity and virtue itself, save on that one lapse!" exclaimed Avery.

"It must be so—I will believe so to my dying hour!" said Frederick.

"Then this Walter—and old Price himself—must be all in a conspiracy to cheat you of your just rights and inheritance!" exclaimed the captain, vehemently.

"No: that also is impossible! Such a good—such a perfectly gentlemanly man as he seemed!—And his sweet wife who made so much of me when I was a child! And the kind old Prices who loved me so well!" said Frederick; puzzled, as well he might be, with the extraordinary nature of the mystery enveloping his advent into the world.

"Strange, too, that they should be so particular about keeping you in obscurity until your twenty-first birthday!" continued Avery. "I cannot in the least make it out! Property can hardly be concerned in the matter; for if your father was an honest man and married to your mother, he spoke truth when he alleged himself to be utterly dependent on his father!"

"What need we with churlish old miser's stores, anyhow, who have the treasures of Sultan Avery awaiting our grasp?" returned Frederick, with revived animation. "By heavens! if I were a beggar, I would not touch a coin belonging to the old curmudgeon, whose heartless tyranny drove my mother to despair and an untimely grave. But let us achieve the object of our great enterprise, and I will compel him to do justice to her memory if it costs me all my share in our seven millions and a half—was not that the sum, Captain Avery!—to bring him to book!—name—birth—everything else are useless to me unless I can obtain the means to convince my Caroline of her unkind error."

Avery smiled, rather sadly—remembering doubtless his own impetuous youth, and all its wasted passion.

"At all events," he said, with affectionate earnestness, "I acknowledge you as my only blood-relation on the wide earth, equally entitled with himself to all we can wrench from the custody of old ocean, of our ancestor's inheritance. But now rest awhile; we will be early on the move!"

"The dialogue had been interspersed with needful

refreshments. Excitement is seldom hungry—often enough thirsty. Frederick sipped, but did not eat. He now began to feel drowsy, and gladly availed himself of his friend's recommendation.

He had a heavy, uncomfortable sleep, haunted by miserable dreams. One in particular, though he started awake twice with the agitation it caused, was as constantly renewed. He dreamed that he saw Caroline on the other side of a monstrous iron bar, which, as often as he attempted to cross it—whether by leaping, creeping, or sheer pressure against it—was successfully opposed to him—by Augustus Popply!

It was part of the torment of this dream that Frederick was conscious of a sentiment of contempt and loathing for his dexterous antagonist, recent events had doubtlessly developed in his heart, but which rendered such a baffling still more annoying to his imagination.

He awoke finally with a beam of light streaming on his face, through a tatter in the tarpaulin roof. Looking up he perceived Avery sitting on a bale, and gazing at him with fixed and profoundly thoughtful attention.

Frederick felt that he was tracing the resemblance between him and his long-lost love, his own mother! A deep sentiment of sympathy and tenderness flooded his heart, and the mystery of kindred blood was for the first time revealed to one who had so long deemed himself a solitary orphan on the earth.

"How glad I am that I have met with you, Captain Avery! What ever should I have done—how should I have felt—without a guide or friend in the world?"

"I have found a son in Ellen's son," replied Avery, affectionately, but rousing himself from his reverie—a melancholy one, no doubt! Who that has endeavored to revive some vanished ideal, whether in the flesh or the spirit, will deem it could be otherwise?

"You have not slept comfortably—and yet methought I saw an angel sitting by your side!" he added, with a smile. "But our golden dreams are still to be realized! Those at least seldom flit into nothingness before an adventurous, eager pursuit!"

"But is wealth happiness?"

"To you Frederick, mine shall be," observed Avery. "But let us break our fast. I have arranged a plan a little differing from my previous views. Othello shall go on with the van to its destination, and I will convey you on board my sail-winged Osprey! We have nearly completed our unlading this trip, and it has been a very successful one. We will set about making things in readiness for our grand voyage without delay."

A capital breakfast, considering the kind of locomotive hotel in which it was served, was speedily consumed by the captain and his newly-acknowledged relation.

Avery next removed his sooty curls, for which he was indebted to the wig-maker, and proceeded to remodel his toilette in general on a new principle.

Frederick meanwhile took a bath in a clear pool which he discovered very near at hand.

When he returned he found the captain in the full costume of his profession, rigged out as the master of a trader indeed, but with smart anchor buttons on his blue jacket, and a naval officer's gold band round his cap.

He seemed to challenge, not to wish to shun observation.

Avery was still a handsome, athletic man, though his face exhibited the anxious lines worn into it by the perils and cares incidental to his way of life. He was bronzed and weather-beaten also, and the grey, "somewhat mingled" with the natural brown of his fine and curling hair. But he looked a gentleman as well as a seaman; the beau ideal of an old Elizabethan admiral—as elegant courtiers by land as they were fearless mariners and warriors on the wave.

Othello had meanwhile harnessed the horse into the shafts of the van, and made all ready for departure.

"Good bye, old fellow!" said Avery, descending by the chain steps as he saw Frederick return. "Good bye, old hundred years! You know what you have to do? You will call at the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier's, as you pass through Brook, and she will select from the parcels whatever she thinks most likely to suit—the market. The rest you will take, as usual, to Cant's, the Methodist draper, in Canterbury."

The negro bowed his patient old head, but made no reply.

"One would almost say that poor old black could not speak," said Frederick, as soon as they were at a short distance from the van.

"And one would be quite right in saying so," replied Avery. "It is a sad story. I told you how my father took him out of a slave, on one of his African cruises. He was a native of Madagascar, and had learned both French and English from some of the colonists there. So to prevent his telling the tale of the horrible treachery used to inveigle himself and his fellow captives on board, the wretches slit his tongue, so that he can only make a noise like a macaw now when he speaks! But I understand him in a measure. Only he never speaks when he can help it, or before strangers."

"Hark!—the dog is howling!" interrupted Frederick. "He don't like to be left behind."

"He don't like, but he is quite aware of the necessity of the case. I explained it all to him while you were away, and took a formal and affectionate farewell of him," said Avery, smiling. "No," he headed in a graver tone, "it is Othello calling to me. He has something private, as he thinks, I suppose, to say to me."

The captain retraced his steps.

This painful and inarticulate speech from human organs struck Frederick with a sensation of dismay and sorrow. And he associated the thought of this poor, maimed fellow-creature, in some inexplicable manner, in his reflections, with the idea of Avery's mate. "I shall hate the fellow!" he muttered to himself.

Frederick was right. He was destined to hate Mr. Lazarus Leppard—but not without a cause. Not on mere association with a painful but remote fact like this.

Avery speedily returned.

"He had forgotten the password with Mrs. Bouchier. I usually wait on her myself, being a lady of distinction!" he observed with a smile.

"Do you mean to say she is—in league with you, sir?" exclaimed Frederick.

"And has been for years. She is very well connected among the nobility and gentry—and gets rid of all my fine laces and cambrics for me," replied the smuggler-captain, laughing at the astounded look of his companion. "Of course I can trust you with a secret. Years ago I met her going home in a little rickety phaeton, drawn by a pony, and proposed how she might ride in a good carriage, and sport a pair. She is a sensible lady: you can't tell how speedily we understood each other."

It was a splendid morning. The tempest of the previous night had freshened the air, and brightened the whole landscape with the revived colors of vegetation.

It was Sunday, and a Sabbath stillness reigned over the expanse. Nature, herself, seemed to observe the law.

Frederick's spirits were calmed at once, and re-animating with the peaceful aspect of the scenes they traversed, and the bright cheerfulness of the day. Hope began to revive in his young heart, and the enthusiastic convictions of his companion, so fervidly expressed, found an unquestioning disciple in him.

When they arrived in sight of the sea—which they did from an eminence that overlooks the valley in which Dover is situated—his only observation to Captain Avery was the word "Madagascar!"

"It shall be our watchword henceforth until we anchor on the treasure-reef!" returned Avery. "Then it shall be Caroline!" and he waved his cap aloft.

A blush of pleasure suffused our hero's cheeks; but he was too much moved to speak.

They continued their route through Dover without stopping, passed under the colossal cliffs of the castle, and proceeding along the shingly shore a few hundred yards beyond, reached the hut of Simon Neil.

The old fisherman was keeping the Sabbath, too, in his way. He was sitting at the door of his hut on the keel of his boat, which was turned up to dry, smoking a pipe, and contemplating the monotonous roll of the tide on the shore: probably without an idea of any sort but a vague sense of rest and lull in his aged framework.

"Ahoy, brother; you seem to be taking it pretty easy there?" said Avery, approaching.

The fisherman started, looked up, and a glad expression awakened all the quiescent wrinkles in his visage, as light shining on the bark of an ancient tree.

"Lord love you, sir! Is it your own self, so soon back?" said the fisherman, with a mixture of respect and familiarity, which Frederick thought very pleasing.

"I have sent Othello on with the stuff. I have business more important on hand, and want to clear out as speedily as possible. How's the old woman?"

"She's away to meeting, sir; she has taken quite

reg'lar to it now, and I can't get her to understand that business is one thing and religion's another; and she sells more of the tobacco at these prayer-goes than anywhere else, I do think," said the old man, screwing his hard visage into a smile.

"Do you remember this younker, Neil?" said Avery, turning to his companion.

Neil looked at Frederick, shading his eyes with his hands from the slanting rays of the setting sun, the former standing between them and him.

No, sir—he's a likely-looking young chap, but I don't bring to mind to have seen him before," replied the old man, scratching his grizzled hair, and then with a usual seaman's action when embarrassed, taking a spotted handkerchief from his glazed hat and wiping his forehead.

"He will not know me unless there is a moon to-night, which will be the better for those who have to travel!" said Frederick, repeating the mystic words he had formerly exchanged with the old smuggler, when sent on his warning message by the *ci-devant* Mr. Claridge.

"The very same! the very same fine young lad that came with the message on Starlight years ago!" exclaimed Neil, joyfully. "So, sir, you have hooked him at last? What a hankering you have had after him, almost as long as I can remember your coming about our coast!"

"True," said Avery, rather drily. "Have you seen Mr. Leppard lately? Did he come ashore on Friday?"

"Yes, sir; and a proper day for him! I don't see any particular luck as he is likely to bring ashore with him!—nor, for that matter, afloat either!"

"He is a prying, cunning fellow—and has wormed out all my stowage secrets—I dursn't discharge him on this coast," said the captain. "And then, when we are on the American one, where I make some of my best runs—he is invaluable from his knowledge of the country, and his acquaintance with the planters and growers of the produce I chiefly like to deal in. We must take the good with the bad in men as well as in events! Come, Neil, strip off your Sunday coat, and let you and I shove this boat down. I want to be on board the Osprey, and Old Nick himself couldn't hail her from this distance."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

These are the spiders of society:
They weave their petty webs of lies and sneers,
And lie themselves in ambush for the spoil.
The web seems fair, and glitters in the sun,
And the poor victim winds him in the toil
Before he dreams of danger, or of death. L. E. L.

SIR RICHARD GRAHAM was almost the only person in the inquest-room who saw Miss Sidney borne out, in the arms of Julia and one or two of the spectators, without a feeling of compassion.

Strange as it may appear, the hard-hearted millionaire disliked her for presuming to love the relative he persecuted, and was at the same time indignant that she should have dared to repulse his address! In his secret convictions, Sir Richard could not refrain from acknowledging Frederick as the son of his favorite boy. And such are the anomalies of human nature, that it seemed an affront offered to his own greatness, to refuse the grandson, he himself rejected from his kinship!

The assemblage broke up. Its principal personages, including Mr. and Mrs. Pophly, Augustus, the coroner, and some of the gentlemen of the jury, gathered in conversation around the baronet.

He had become a central figure in the drama.

The clerk of the peace meanwhile busied himself in binding over the witnesses to appear when called upon against the accused persons.

"You must be sharp about it then—I'm another man's man, and I can't afford to lose my bread in your pottage, gentlemen," said Lazarus Leppard. "When are your assizes on?"

"In less than six weeks," said Mr. Chizzlewit.

"Well, I shall expect all my expenses to be paid."

"Have no apprehension on that score, my good fellow," said the baronet, interrupting himself in speaking to Mr. Dilnott. "I will guarantee them to you."

"Thankee, sir, I am only a poor, though an honest man; or perhaps I should say, in consequence," responded this quaint personage, not very politely, considering he addressed one of the wealthiest men in wealthy England. But Sir Richard took no notice of the covert sneer.

"Yes, sir, it is decidedly my opinion," resumed Mr. Worseley. "The young clerk probably intended only to rob the counting-house; but he associated too ruffianly a colleague in the nefarious plan, and in consequence is very properly included in our verdict of wilful murder."

"How do you know, sir, which of them was the actual perpetrator? The evidence is quite as circumstantial against this young impostor as the Irishman! Neither of the weapons has been found, or clearly traced to the assassin's hand!" said Sir Richard, warmly.

"What a strange oversight!" observed the coroner. "Chizzlewit, ask yon yellow fellow if he did not say he heard some talk between the men as to the disposal of the weapons used in the murder!"

John Purday was leaving the inquest-room, but he paused as he heard this question repeated.

"I can't remember exactly what I said on that subject," replied the sailor, appealed to. "The noise and talk has put almost everything out of my head! But I'll try and fix my ideas in an hour or two, or send word if I can concatenate them as described!"

And without waiting farther parley he set his long legs in motion after Mr. Purday who had left the room.

"Let me hope, Sir Richard," said Mrs. Pophly, joining in the conversation, "for the honor of your company to join our little family party at dinner. I trust you take no offence—no notice, I should say—of the extremely foolish behavior of my niece. But she has been brought up in the most inconceivable manner, and is merely a silly girl who has escaped a terrible peril, and has not yet the sense to be grateful to her preservers!"

"Too often the case; children are almost always ungrateful to their friends and natural controllers! I shall be most happy to accept your kind invitation, though I must return to town immediately after dinner. My wife," Sir Richard added, with an air of pomp, "is in a very interesting condition, and I must not give her a moment's anxiety I can spare her."

Mrs. Pophly curtsied, as if she thought in reality honor was done to her by the acceptance of her invitation. With feminine tact she had already detected the great man's master foible. But he seemed to the artful woman likely to prove a most useful ally in her schemes.

She gave much of a similar invitation to the coroner, and others of the gentlemen of the jury, to whom such a mark of attention could scarcely be refused. But the offer was made without any wish for its acceptance. Neither was Mrs. Pophly very popular amongst her neighbors of station. All declined; Mr. Worseley had another inquest to attend at a distance; and, after the usual compliments, hastened to remount his gig.

"Dinner will be ready in an hour, and meanwhile I leave you, Sir Richard, to the attendance of my son," said Mrs. Pophly, who thought she could depend upon her darling's prudence, in such an office, in spite of his recent unaccountable behavior, and desired to make some suitable display before the great London banker. "My dear," she continued, not having the same confidence in her spouse, "will you lend me your arm, for I really am quite exhausted with this protracted scene!"

The Rev. Theodosius knew better than to disobey, though he felt no great inclination to a *tête-à-tête* with his imperious consort.

Husband and wife paused, however, on the threshold of the apartment from a feeling of curiosity, hearing Sir Richard address his son in a manner which their position towards each other made remarkable:—

"Well, Mr. Walter Graham!" said his father, in tones of undisguised triumph, "I hope you see reason to be satisfied with the results of your education? So much superior to any I could have adopted! Your *protégé* is, it appears, a seducer, a smuggler, a burglar, an unfaithful servant, and a murderer! My system at least produced captains in the Guards and directors of joint-stock banks!"

Walter started from a most painful reverie. Hope had almost given way to despair in face of all the mass of evidence that asserted his nephew's depravity. The sight of Caroline, and of her evident affection for one so ungrateful, added to his grief.

"But, at least, he has not courted her for her gold, certainly! that baseness he cannot have included among his offences! Who can see this sweet girl, and not love and cherish her for her own sake?" was his thought.

His father's words grated on his inmost soul.

"I am still of opinion, sir," he said, rallying, "these accusations will be found groundless. But, surely, you should be the last to rejoice in their seeming possibility! It cannot be that you pretend any longer reasonably to deny that the youth is the son of your son! Of my brother, whom at least you once seemed to love!"

"Pray, produce the young gentleman and allow me to kiss hands on my promotion to his grand-

fathership!" replied Sir Richard. "You have brought him up, I must say, to be an ornament to any station in life; preserving his principles from my contamination in a country pot-house!"

Matthew Price, who was slowly tottering out of the room, leaning on his wife's arm and that of the faithful Brin, turned in a full tide of indignation to repel this classification of his hostel. But, suddenly recollections thronged upon him, and he became speechless, and almost powerless, and was so supported out.

"I will do all I can to produce the young gentleman, Sir Richard! And I am satisfied that when I do so he will repel these clouds on his fair fame with a breath!" replied Walter Graham.

"I shall do my best to render you assistance, and will send down one of the most experienced Bow-street officers on my return to town!" retorted the heartless old man. A long course of prosperity had hardened him wonderfully. It had become a crime with him to resist his will: he was a Czar of Russia on a small scale!

"Let me implore of you, sir, do not bring upon yourself the hatred and contempt of civilized men, by such an unnatural course of conduct!" ejaculated Walter.

"You should not interpose! I shall be acting doubtless to your advantage!" said Sir Richard, continuing in his tone of bitter and unmoved irony. "Persons in this young heir's unhappy condition can dispose of their property before conviction! And I can tell you, the Berkshire entail and the savings of so long a minority will be worth your acceptance, Mr. Walter! What shall you do with the quarter of a million of accumulations, think you? Withdraw it from my plethoric circulation to fill the veins of your own drooping and powerless concern?"

"For heaven's sake—for decency's sake!"

"You were quite right, I admit; for rest assured, by my gift or acquiescence, never shall one penny of mine pass into your coffers! I trust that I shall live yet to have children who will not pray hourly for my decease! But if not so, depend upon it, I shall take care your friend, Mr. Charles Belton, never becomes a partner in the firm of Graham, Holtwhistle and Co.!"

"Sir, I don't understand you!" exclaimed Walter Graham.

But the poor fellow did, too well. Too well he perceived how his father's mind was poisoned against him.

"You are quite as difficult to understand as I am, Mr. Walter Graham. I suppose it runs in the family!" resumed the rancorous old man. "Or, pray, did you imagine, by keeping this fellow in ignorance of his pretended birth and parentage, to succeed to my title and property yourself, in person? It is the only intelligible view I can take of your proceedings."

"You know, sir, how you have treated me—how you treated my unfortunate brother! Would you have had another victim? Well then, learn, Sir Richard, that I only fulfilled the dying behest of your favorite son, in what I have done!" said Walter, much excited.

"Oh, indeed after all I did for that ungrateful fellow, too!" said Sir Richard, and hard as he was, he seemed visibly affected. Frederick *had* been his favorite son—his pride and hope! And now it seemed as if this son also struck at him from the grave itself!

"Very well," he added, with calm, hard malice in his look and heart. "You have brought up the young gentleman according to his father's wish, and I recommend you to match him now with your eldest daughter, since you take so much satisfaction in the result!"

Walter was galled in a tender part—he almost idolized his beautiful young Fanny, her mother's image. He replied too hastily.

"From what I hear of your own matrimonial arrangements, sir, I should not feel in the least disposed to apply to you for advice on such a subject!" he exclaimed, while Sir Richard turned quite pale with rage.

"What have you got to say, sir, against the lady who is my wife? What, sir! what?"

And the old man actually clenched his fist, as if meditating a personal onslaught!

Walter's effervescence had calmed.

"Nothing, sir, but that she is likely to prove a very unhappy woman!" he said, adding, with solemnity, "Or, you a very unhappy man! I wish neither to happen; but if the latter, whenever you want a son you will find one yet in me!"

And he left the room.

"Pray, sir, do not put yourself in such a state of excitement; it might be dangerous," Blackader now

interposed; continuing mentally, "until you have made your will in your charming lady's favor."

"Don't presume, sir, to tell me! to admonish me!" ejaculated Sir Richard, turning his wrath on his dependent. "Good heavens! are my very menials to take it upon them to govern me at last?"

Blackader writhed like an insect on a pin as he heard the words. But he took patience. The hour of vengeance he intended should arrive at last.

"Come, Mr. Pophly, I am at your service now. Let us go and see this dead body," said Sir Richard—with singularly bad taste, it must be admitted.

Augustus shuddered.

"Really, Sir Richard, it is a very shocking sight, and—"

"I have a curiosity on the subject," interrupted the baronet, haughtily; and Augustus, afraid to seem personally reluctant, signified his compliance.

Blackader, whose trade was craft and not violence, had also no great inclination for the sight. But he was compelled to follow in the train of his master.

The body of poor Brice was still stretched on the writing-table in the sol-room; but it was about to be placed in a coffin: an undertaker and his man sat beside it, with a neat black cloth one, placed on tressels, awaiting the result of the coroner's inquest. Mr. Purday had just arrived with a proper warrant for the interment of the body; and treading in his footsteps came the sailor.

This man and Purday had already had a brief and not very amicable confabulation.

The sailor followed him out of the inquest-room. Sir Richard arrived at this juncture with his retinue.

"Is this, the unfortunate man?" he demanded, as if there could be any doubt on the subject.

"He will answer for himself, Sir Richard, by his silence!" replied Mr. Purday, with emotion.

"But we must answer for ourselves, with our tongues! There's this old gentlemen raving on that we are all in a conspiracy to hang his young friend, that has robbed him of nigh two thousand pounds?" said the sailor.

"We, sir," interrupted Sir Richard, drawing himself up in all his majesty.

"We, sir!—What's your objection to the pronoun?" replied the unruffled sailor.

"Peace, fellow!—my own name on your lips is hateful to me!" said that gentleman. "But, look here!" he continued, with some agitation, "if the old superstition had any reliable foundation, one would almost say the real murderer is present. Look! I say, how the body bleeds at the nose and ears, which was not so a minute or two ago!"

"Mr. Purday's gaze was fastened with suspicion on Lazarus Leppard, as he spoke. He had begun to suspect this fluent witness himself. The idea of Augustus Pophly's guilt had not occurred to him, so improbable was it in any sense upon which people could as yet conjecture. But John Purday, himself, was powerfully struck with the fact—that while Leppard met his gaze with perfect unconcern, Augustus became suddenly, excessively perturbed.

"Horrible, horrible!" he muttered. "The blood is also welling from the wound! I must go into the air!" and he staggered dizzily out of the chamber.

It certainly was rather a remarkable fact, that the body began to exude its dark fluids, loosened by corruption, at this precise moment. Perhaps the undertakers had disturbed it, in the gratification of a vulgar curiosity, and set the chemical agencies of decomposition into activity.

Sir Richard had also quite enough of the dismal spectacle. Pride and worldly supremacies do not like to be brought face to face with the universal leveller.

He retired; and now, in his turn, followed by the obtrusive sailor.

"Ay, that's what I call a great fact, sir; if there's nothing else true on this hypocritical globe!" was his moralisation to the banker.

"I am not desirous of your society! Pray, keep your distance, man!" said Sir Richard, haughtily.

"Well now, governor," said he to the banker,

"I have something to say to you worth your hearing—as it is to your own advantage. But I don't want anybody else's long ears over the hedge!"

This observation glanced at Blackader, who recovering a little from his late snubbing, drew nigh his patron, and seemed to lend an attentive consideration to all the banker said.

These two crafty villains comprehended each other by the freemasonry of their kindred civil natures.

"Say what you will—leave us for a moment, Mr.

Blackader," said Sir Richard, glad to add another rebuke to his minister's forwardness.

"Well, sir?" he resumed, when the command was obeyed—which it was instantly. An appeal to his self-interest was never lost on Sir Edward Graham.

"Sir Richard, as I was saying—I don't suppose you really do want your grandson and heir apparent hanged?"

Sir Richard Graham started. He had perhaps, in his passion, hardly yet formed a definite notion to himself on the subject thus plainly thrust on his consideration.

"Hanged, sir! I do not acknowledge him as either grandson or heir, and never will!" he replied, after a pause.

"But other people do, and will! and you can't help it, besides, to your own mind!" said Lazarus Leppard.

Sir Richard thought of his unborn, but certainly expected heir, and concluded it would not be a credit to him.

"N'ther to yourself!" continued the reasoner, observing his countenance. "It would be no credit to you Sir Edward Graham, on 'Change, I maintain, to have it said, 'There goes the grandfather of the young murderer that was hanged the day before yesterday, and who did his best, the old unnatural brute, to bring him to it!'"

"Sir, you are very plain spoken!" exclaimed Sir Richard, indignantly, but very much struck.

"And then," pursued Leppard, winding up with a fine appeal to the affections; "you cannot deny in your own heart that this boy is the son of your son—and one you were partial to, they say! And it's an ill bird that fouls its own nest, Sir Richard!"

"What is the drift of these observations, sir? I cannot prevent the law from taking its course, and you are yourself the principal evidence against the impostor!" said Sir Richard, drawing up in surprise, and confronting the speaker, who had hitherto followed on his heels, without being honored with any approach to a direct conference.

"Money will buy most things," replied Leppard, serenely encountering this august affrontation.

"Speak plainly, sir?"

"Well, what'll you give if I can bring the principal and actual murderer—as it seems pretty clear—of this murder, Patrick Rourke, to the gallows, contriving it so that the other shall escape, but never dare to set foot in England, to disturb you?" replied the sailor, obeying the direction, certainly.

Sir Richard mused for some minutes, looking at the speaker with anxiety, but with symptoms of approval.

"I cannot compound a felony, sir," he said, at last; "it is against the law, of course! But I will promise to pay you three hundred pounds on the day when Patrick Rourke is hanged, if he hangs alone! and the other party, banished by his own crimes, has satisfactorily fled the country for ever!"

It is thus we disguise the true nature of our deeds from ourselves.

"A bargain! Will you favor me with a line or two to the effect?" said the cautious dealer in human blood.

"No, man!" returned Sir Richard, sternly. "My word is my bond: do as you have said, and you shall have no reason to complain that our compact is unfulfilled on my part!"

Sir Richard by this time had come pretty well to the conclusion that Leppard was an accomplice who had turned approver against his associates, rather than the disinterested witness he had hitherto represented himself to be. But that was of no consequence to him.

"Well, I'll trust you, sir, since I can't help myself: but I own I'm partial, in all money matters, to black and white," mumbled the fellow, partly to himself.

At this moment Augustus came up.

He apologized to Sir Richard for leaving him.

"I was really seriously indisposed! I have known the poor old man such a long time—quite from a child, and he was always so kind to me!"

This was scarcely true. James Brice had never evinced or felt much affection for young Pophly. His was not the kind of nature likely to warm the sluggish tenderness of age towards it.

A gong at this moment sounded from the mansion.

"You will have a quarter of an hour to dress in, Sir Richard, if you please," resumed the young man, anxious to get a little breathing time to himself in which to rally his thoughts.

"Very well, Mr. Pophly; I am indeed in no condition to appear before your kind mother and the young ladies, without some attention to my toilette," said Sir Richard, methodically examin-

ing his watch. Then, with a glance of dismissal at Lazarus Leppard, he strolled back with his hostess's son towards the house.

But Lazarus Leppard would not be dismissed. He followed also, and when Sir Richard had been ceremoniously consigned to the care of a servant in the hall, and Augustus was about to proceed upstairs to his own apartment, he felt his sleeve plucked. He turned, and Lazarus was there.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir, but I'm uncommon hungry—real clammed in the stomach, sir, and it's of no use going to the inn in the village either, since that's kept by the other faction," said the sailor, looking around as he spoke, to observe if there were any hearers besides the person he addressed. "Now, pray, should I be taking a liberty if I asked you to give a poor dog, a bone, in some quiet corner?"

"You heard what that old grumbler said!—about a conspiracy!" replied Augustus.

"You can defy him to prove it; so let him grumble till doomsday—so long as I am true steel!" returned the fellow, with an emphasis on the last words that alarmed Augustus's ever-ready fears. "There's something savory cooking here, I'll be bound, for the London epicures!—Harkye, sir," he continued, in an undertone, "another thing I want, is to know where the knife is?"

"Come in here! into the parlor—there is no one in—Some refreshment—There are decanters ready!" stammered Augustus, pushing the sailor before him into the room, and closing the door.

"The constable thinks that I ought to know—and it is all that is wanting to bring the thing home to Rourke!" whispered Leppard.

"I threw it away in my alarm—up into the branches of the oak, that hangs over the place!—It is a hollow one, so it may easily have fallen into the old trunk!"

"That is to say you have hidden it there! You might trust me, Mr. Augustus!" said the sailor, apparently moved at such an unkind lack of confidence.

"Trust you!" replied the young villain, angrily; "Trust you!—Why did you tell anything at all about the bank note, or the promise of marriage written on it?"

"Why did'ee?" replied Lazarus, calmly. "Fust place, I was obliged to make an answer—you can't deny that, can you? And nextwise, Mr. Augustus Pophly, to be concise with you, I know you to be a slippery sort of a customer, and I wanted to provide myself with some security you would keep your word with me! When I have the post-obit on your respected mother's life, I shall feel more easy-like, and do everything you wish!"

"I don't know how to write one—and we have no lawyer about here who can be trusted in such a transaction!" shirked Augustus.

"Oh, but we have!" replied Lazarus. "Come; we'll have none of that, if you please. I've put the officers on wrong scents, but I can quite as easily put them on right ones! I must have the post-obit for five thousand pounds on your good mother's life before I stir a step after Rourke—and that's all about it!"

"Draw it up yourself then, if you know how!" said Augustus, hoping an unpractised hand would leave flaws sufficient to invalidate such a document.

"Here's the little document, sir!" said the sailor, at the same time producing, as if by a conjurer's trick, a parchment bond, very neatly engrossed, and pen and ink, from his wallet.

"You pledge yourself to hang Patrick Rourke—to get back my promise of marriage to his daughter, and manage so that Frederick shall never dare to come back—in consideration of this sum?" said Augustus—taking the pen, but rather irresolutely. He had been kept very strictly in pecuniary means all his life by his mother, one of whose principal passions was avarice—and five thousand pounds was certainly a large slice from his inheritance.

"I'll get back the paper, hang Rourke at the next assizes, and have both Frederick and his protectors off from England in a couple of days!" said the sailor. "You can't tell how neatly it all dovetails in—or tiger-claws, I should perhaps say more properly!—Make haste, sir; I think I hear steps!—Why, what's five thousand pounds to such a rich young gentleman as you'll be some day, if you live—and get well over this?"

Augustus signed.

"And if you marry the heiress," pursued Leppard, carefully examining the affix, "I hope you will make it something handsomer to me still!"

"Say no more on this subject—I am sick of these dreadful things!" he said, "Let us make an end of it. You promise to secure everything that

can possibly be used in evidence against me, before Rourke is given into the hands of justice? Above all, the promise on the note!"

"Here's my bond for it!" said the sailor, tapping his victim's signature, as he put the document into his wallet again.

"You must be sure he don't guess I have any concern in the matter, or in his rage he may turn upon me, and betray everything!" said Augustus, cowardly as usual.

"For his own sake he'll say nothing till after the trial—and then we must find some way of soothing him until he's fairly in the noose," said Leppard, smiling; "only you keep a hard shell outward, yourself! By the by, talking of shells, hadn't you better give me *that* coat to take out of the way?"

"How can I?"

"Where's the plate-room?"

"Next my mother's dressing-room!"

"Well, tell her you want some silver thing out of it, and bring me the coat!"

Augustus looked at the man, and hesitated. The coat, he felt, in its present situation, and he did not dare to attempt to destroy it, was a great danger to him. Still it would prove a damning piece of evidence against him, in any but the right hands.

Yet, was not Leppard entirely compromised on his side of the question? Did not his chances of wealth depend on his safety?

"I will bring it to you," he said, after a pause, and left the apartment.

In a short time he returned with a brown paper parcel. "Put it into your knapsack!" he said, hurriedly. "What will you do with it?"

"Throw it into the deep sea some midnight when I am on the watch, in the midst of the Atlantic!" replied the sailor.

As he spoke, and was shoving the parcel into the receptacle indicated, with some difficulty, Julia Rushton opened the door.

"Good heaven! this man here!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"No, sir; I must tell the truth. My conscience won't suffer me to disguise or soften anything! Frederick Price was the man!" Leppard said, pretending to be so absorbed in conversation as not to observe the interruption.

"Hush!—Dear Julia, what do you want? Is my sweet cousin worse?" said Augustus, readily taking up the meaning of his crafty colleague's wink.

"She is very ill. She sends me to say positively

that she cannot—that she will not—dine with Sir Richard Graham!" replied Julia.

"Well, think of what I have said—and go into the kitchen and refresh yourself awhile," said Augustus; and Mr. Leppard, nodding condescendingly rather than otherwise, withdrew to the locality indicated.

It may be thought that a principal witness in so interesting a case was an important and welcome personage there. The sailor was well feasted, though he was almost overwhelmed by the multitude of questions put to him.

Orlando had arrived from the village, and whatever information was elicited from Leppard, he took very good care the servants of both the Pophlys and Sir Richard should amply return him his outlay in intelligence.

He thus acquired a good deal of information, or which should eventually prove so to him. It was with Lazarus Leppard a good deal as is said to be the case with certain tribes of Asiatic monkeys. You pelt them with stones, and they retaliate with cocoa-nuts.

"This is likely to prove quite an uncommon spec!" mused the politic sailor. "Rich on all sides! I shall be able to claw Jerrold by the nose some morning, and wish him a good day for the rest of it!"

This agreeable reverie was further exhilarated by the arrival of a note, which was placed in Leppard's hands on the sly, by a young woman, Miss Sidney's maid, who was for some time watching her opportunity to effect the purpose unobserved. The keenest looker-on, Orlando, had been summoned to attend upon his master, who now prepared to take his departure from Charlton.

The letter contained another, directed to Mr. Frederick Graham; and these delightful words, addressed to the sailor's own worthy self:

"I am informed that you have some power to warn—to save, perhaps—the individual called Frederick Graham. Do these friendly acts—deliver the enclosed note to him, if you know where or how. Let me but know for certainty that he is safe, and I promise, on the day that I attain my twenty-first year (and I was eighteen in August last) to pay you, Lazarus Leppard, the sum of twice the value of the bank-notes stolen from my father's and Mr. Purday's manufactory—namely, three thousand pounds!"

"CAROLINE SIDNEY,
"Heiress of Charlton."

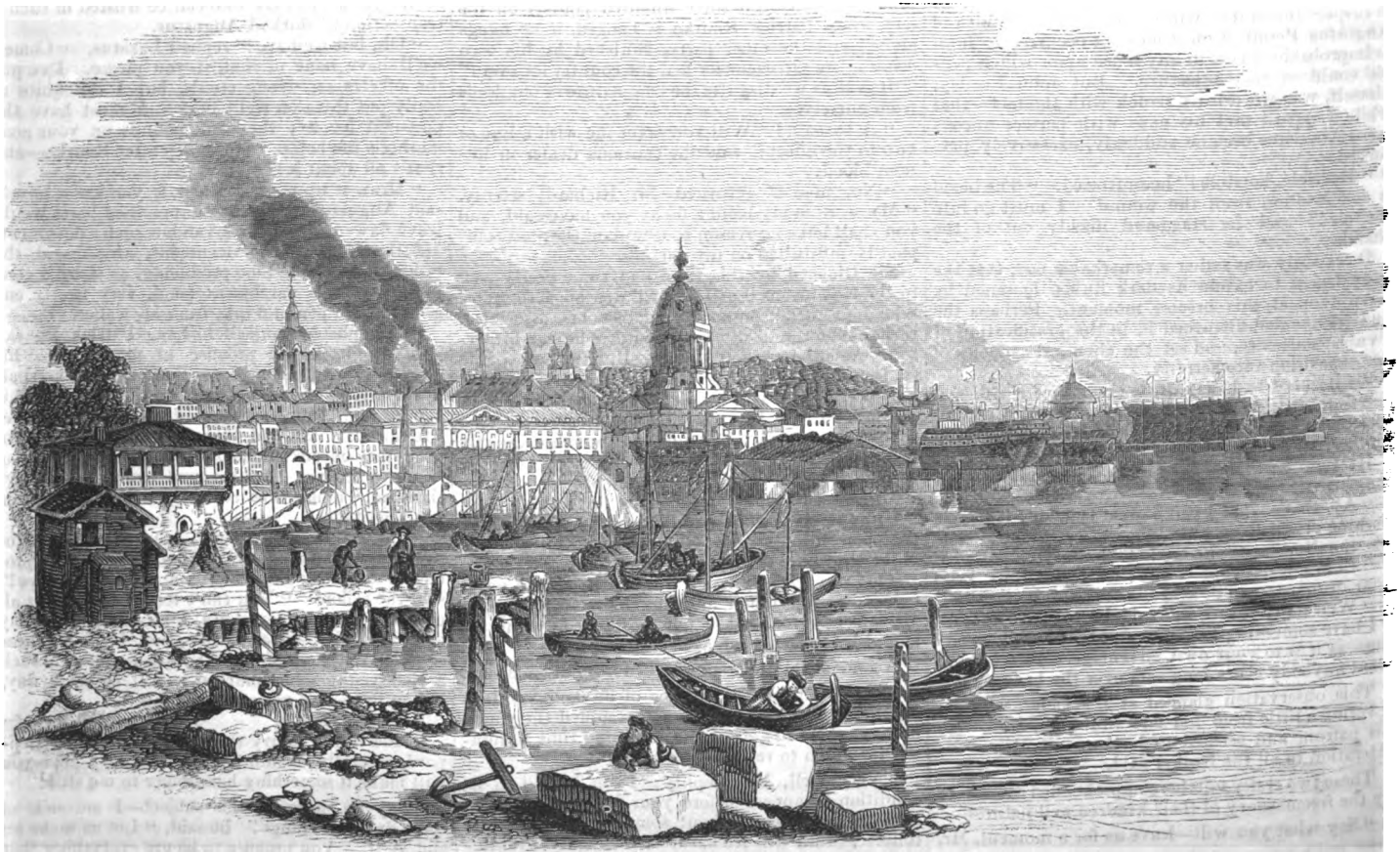
(To be continued.)

Kherson.

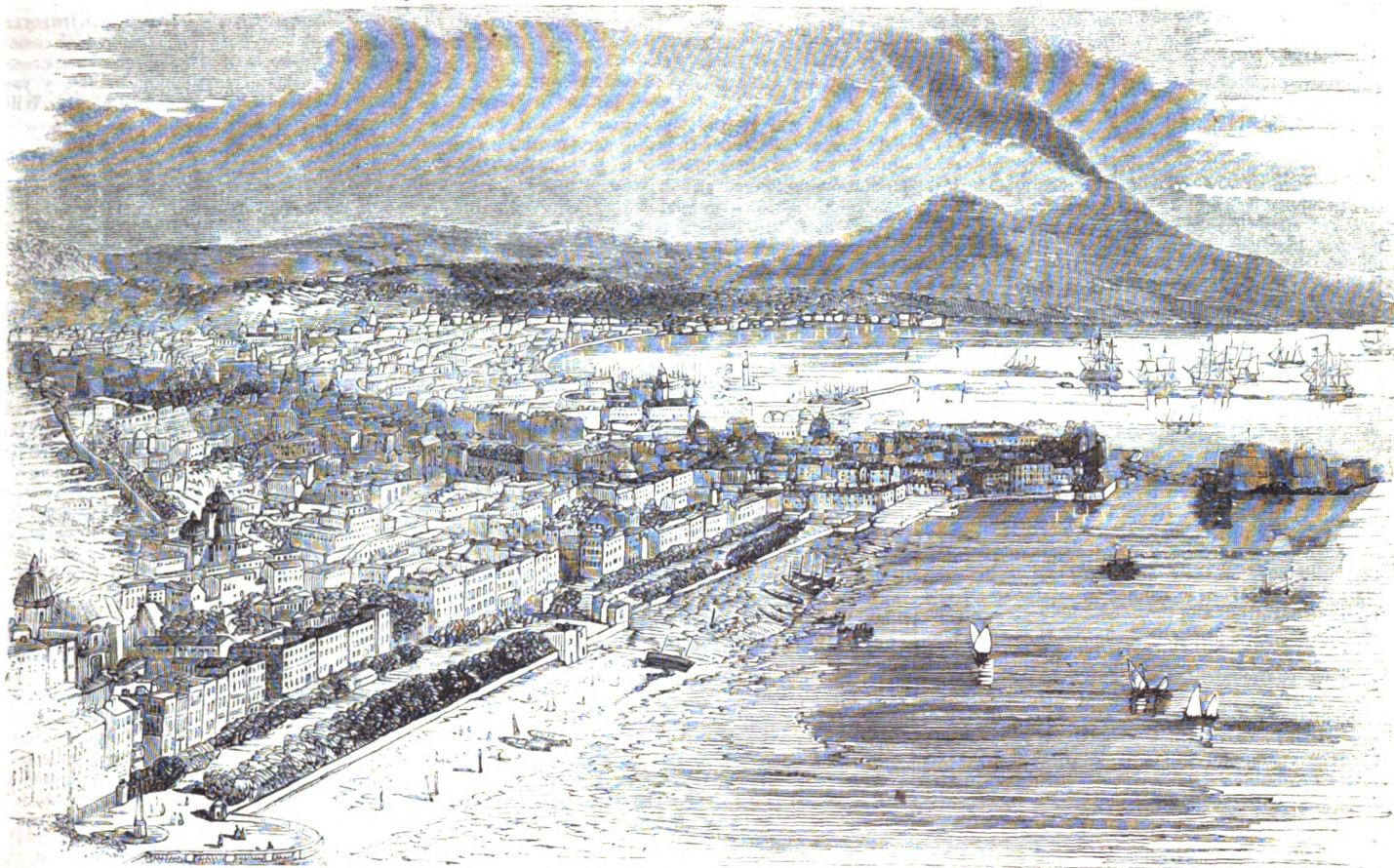
THE town of Kherson, of which we give an accompanying engraving, is situated on the north bank of the Dnieper, which here expands itself into a wide kind of lagoon, eleven miles in breadth. It was founded in 1788, by Catherine II., and was the first commercial port which the Russians established on the Black Sea. This was four years after the treaty of Kainardji, by which the Black Sea was opened for the first time to any European nation, after having been shut against all foreign ingress for 300 years by the jealous policy of the Sultans of Constantinople. About 1801, the English, French, Dutch, and Prussians also obtained permission for their mercantile navy to pass the Bosphorus.

The town is divided into four quarters—the fortress, the Admiralty, the Greek suburb, and the suburb for sailors. The fortress, which is surrounded by fosses and ramparts, comprises the arsenal, a large and fine building, the tribunals, the houses of the military and civil governors, the prison, barracks, &c. In this division also is the church, in which reposes the ashes of Prince Potemkin. In the second quarter of the town—the Admiralty, which serves as a citadel to the fortress—are docks for constructing men-of-war and merchant ships, of less importance now since the transfer of the building establishment to Nicholasieff. It is worthy of observation that it is only during the spring flood of the Dnieper that vessels can be transported hence upon camels, and that too only when there was a high flood—so that vessels have been kept here for a year or more till the state of the river admitted of their being forwarded to their destination. By the Dnieper all the timber for ship-building arrives at Kherson, both for its own supply and that of Nicholasieff and Odessa. Much of the produce of the interior is also brought hither and taken to the last-mentioned town in lighters. Hence, though Kherson is never likely to be a naval or a commercial port, from its situation on the Dnieper it serves as an emporium for the equipment and armament of the Black Sea fleet, and as a depot for the produce of the neighboring provinces of the Russian empire.

Kherson continued to increase till the foundation of Odessa, eighteen years afterwards, but it now retains few relics of its ancient opulence, or of the importance it derived scarcely fifty years ago, from its commerce, its port, and its admiralty. It exhibits, indeed, the melancholy spectacle of a town entirely ruined, and its population does not exceed six or eight thousand souls. Odessa and Nicholasieff have dealt it mortal blows, and it now subsists only



THE TOWN AND SHIP-BUILDING DOCKS OF KHERSON.



THE CITY AND BAY OF NAPLES.

by its entrepôt for the various productions of the empire, which are conveyed to it by the Dnieper, and forwarded by lighters to Odessa. It has even lost its custom-house for imports, retaining only the privilege of exporting; and besides this, the vessels which take in cargo at Kherson must first perform quarantine at Odessa.

But while the aspect of Kherson is dismal, and nothing to be seen but dilapidated houses and abandoned sites, which impart to it the appearance of a city devastated by war, viewed from a distance as it rises in an amphitheatre on the banks of the Dnieper, with its numerous belfries, its barracks, and its gardens, one would be far from suspecting the sort of spectacle its interior presents.

The population of Kherson, like all the other towns of Southern Russia, is a medley of Jews, Armenians, Russians, Greeks, and Italians. A few French have also settled there, and have acquired some wealth. Some deal in wool, and others are at the head of large wool-washing establishments, which employ hundreds of hands, and are the only remaining source of prosperity to the place. The *lavoirs* of one house alone give daily employment to more than six hundred men.

The retail trade of the city is almost entirely monopolised by the Jews. "Nothing," says Hommaire de Hell, "can be more hideous than the appearance of these Russian Jews. Dressed in a uniform garb, consisting of a long robe of black calico, fastened with a woollen girdle, canvas drawers, and a broad-brimmed hat, they all present so degraded a type of humanity, that the eye turns from them with deep disgust. Their filthiness is indescribable. The entrance of a single Jew into an apartment is enough suddenly to vitiate the atmosphere."

It was in the government of Kherson that the plan of forming Jewish colonies was first tried. Several were established in the districts of Kherson and Bohrinetz, and in 1824 these contained nine villages, with a population of 8,000 souls, and settled on 110,700 acres of land. All the new colonists are exempt from taxation for ten years; but after the lapse of that time, they are placed on the same footing as the other crown peasants, except that they remain free from military service for fifty years. "I have not," says Hommaire de Hell, speaking of these colonies, "the least idea of the object for which the government founded them, which, as far as agriculture is concerned, can be of no use to the country. Was its motive one of a philanthropic kind? I do not think so. I should rather suspect that the prospective advantages, in a military point of view, may have been the inducement—an opinion

which seems justified by the fact, that the Russian government has found it necessary, for some years past, to enrol the Jews by force in the naval service. These unfortunate men are chiefly employed as workmen, and I have seen great numbers of them in the arsenals of Sebastopol and Nicholaieff." If such has been the inducement, we fear the results of the present war will have little effect in ameliorating their condition.

Naples.

The origin of Naples is lost in the fables of antiquity. Its first name was Parthenope, and its foundation is generally ascribed to a Greek colony. At various periods of its history it has been a great sufferer, not only from the devastations of war, but from the shock of earthquakes and the fires of Mount Vesuvius. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, it is still a rich and highly-populated city, even though the tyrannical freaks of his present Majesty are filling it with terror and suspicion.

To enter into an *examen* of the history of Naples would lead us into the detail of a great many memorable events. A few of these, however, will show that it has from an early age played a prominent part in the political wars of Europe. In 536 Belisarius, the Roman general, laid siege to it, and after a severe struggle got possession of it. Six years afterwards General Totila reduced it by famine. In 818 Sicon IV., Prince of Benevento, took it, and in 1258 the Emperor Conrad forced it to capitulate. Alphonso, King of Arragon, carried it by assault in 1442; and in 1503 Gonzalvo, acting on the orders of Ferdinand, King of Castile and Arragon, became its master, after having mined it and blown up its two castles, into which all the garrison had retired to defend themselves to the last. In January, 1799, Naples was, for the first time, occupied by the French. In the June following, however, they evacuated it, when the government was assumed by its own sovereigns until the outbreak of the coalition of 1805, in which unfortunately it had taken a part. It was soon destined again to be occupied by the French. This took place in 1806. Shortly afterwards Joseph Bonaparte was proclaimed king; but he, having in 1808, ascended the throne of Spain, the Neapolitan crown was conferred on Joachim Murat. After the defeat of the Neapolitans in 1815, Naples was occupied by the English, and on the 17th of June of the same year, and after an absence of nine years, King Ferdinand re-entered his capital amid the joyful acclamations of his people.

Naples being the capital of the kingdom of the two Sicilies, it is necessarily popular as a place of residence. The softness of its climate, the beauty of its situation, the fertility of its surrounding country, the gaiety of its people, the magnificence of its nobles, altogether contribute to attract towards it from all parts numerous strangers. One can imagine nothing finer than the *coup d'œil* of this city. From every side the most superb views are obtained. Lying at the bottom of the large bay and apparently almost enclosed by the island of Capri on the south, it bursts upon us as we approach from the sea, like a scene of enchantment. All around the bay is dotted with numerous villages and country houses, basking in the dazzling splendor of an Italian sky.

Burning Vesuvius, with the sites of Herculaneum and Pompeii appearing close by, renders this spectacle more imposing. On the west we behold a series of comfortable houses, and in their vicinity recall the ancient *Phlegræi Campi* (now Solfaterra), where Jupiter is fabled to have overcome the giants. On the north, we see ascending to the skies a series of mountains, which, whilst they impart a sublime grandeur to the aspect of the scene, at the same time form a natural boundary to those fertile fields which the Romans felicitously termed the "Happy Country."

The most beautiful, the healthiest, and the most agreeably situated part of Naples is that of Saint Lucie, which is chiefly inhabited by the nobility and ambassadors of foreign courts. The principal street is the Toledo, which is about a mile in length, very wide, and adorned with superb edifices. Besides this, there is another which leads to the *Capo di Monte*, and with which a bridge of wonderful construction is connected. In the more central and ancient portions of the city, the streets are narrow, and from the height of the houses are, even by day, invested with shadow. They are generally paved with the black lava which has been gathered from the eruptions of Vesuvius. The squares are usually small and irregularly built, with the exception of one, the Palace Royal, which is spacious, and in other respect enjoys an enviable superiority.

Although Naples is defended by fortifications, still these are not such as would, in their present state, offer a great resistance to an enemy. On the side of the sea they are most formidable. On the west stands the Castle of *Ceuf*, and on the east are several batteries, the bastions of the arsenal and another castle; whilst at the extreme east of the city, the large tower, *Torriane del Camino*, occupies a prominent situation. Besides these defences,

there is the fort of St. Elme, which commands the city, but is intended rather to serve as a shelter for the inhabitants than to offer resistance to an enemy.

The chief manufactures in Naples consist of gold and silver stuffs, taffetas, knitted silk stockings, silk handkerchiefs, violin strings, porcelain, wax candles, essences, artificial flowers, and no end of macaroni. A convent, too, enjoys considerable celebrity for its manufacture of certain delicious scents, pomades, and perfumed soaps.

There is, perhaps no city in Europe where the number of artisans, manufactures, and actively employed citizens, is so small in proportion to its population as is the case in Naples. It is estimated that there are from fifty to sixty thousand *lazzaroni* who are entirely without a home, and the greater number of whom during the rainy season, find a refuge at the *Capo di Monte*. Happily, however, for the Neapolitan government, and the almost universal sobriety of the people, the idleness of so great a number of the poor, produces much less trouble and disorder than might be imagined. This, however, may in some degree be attributable to their devotional feelings, or more properly, to the superstition with which they are swayed. The nobility, in general, exhibit great magnificence, which is daily to be witnessed on the principal promenade, where the brilliancy of their equipages astonishes the stranger. The females cannot generally be classed with the beautiful, and those who have some claims to this attraction, usually disfigure themselves by the grotesque character of their dress, of which they are passionately fond, although now less so than formerly.

Such is a brief sketch of the characteristics of this ancient city, of which we give an accompanying engraving, and which is at present suffering under the influence of a species of despotism, to none more dangerous than to he who is its cause.

The Shark.

A DREADFUL and distressing circumstance occurred while we lay becalmed in the tropics. The vessel lay motionless and still, while not a breath of air so much as ruffled the glassy smoothness of the water: at the same time, the heat was so intense, that it was particularly painful to walk the deck in thin slippers that are usually worn on board. The paint all rose in blisters, and it was deemed necessary to keep the men constantly employed in laving the sides and deck with water to prevent the tar and pitch from oozing away from between the planks. Three days had we remained almost stationary—a slight difference in the inclination of the vessel's head alone showed that the ship had moved. Fears began already to be entertained that, should the calm continue, our supply of water would be insufficient. A thick scum or film had, within the last two days, been collecting on the surface of the water, which was only disturbed by the buckets of the sailors, or the long fins and tails of the numerous sharks which were skimming and hovering about within cable's length, awaiting, as the sailors superstitiously affirmed, the carcass of some one of their unlucky crew. Two albatrosses, which had been floating at an immense height, almost perpendicularly over the ship, and which had been discovered at the first dawn of day, were adduced as corroborative evidence that some ill was portended either to the ship or crew.

A young, thoughtless, good-tempered fellow, one of the cabin passengers, who, having finished his education in England, was returning to his friends at Calcutta, was supposed by our bigots on board to be the Jonah on whose account we were to be visited—from having, some three or four days before, shot a petrel, either to show his dexterity as a marksman, or to add to the collection of curiosities he was forming—which, in the eyes of the sailors, was a greater crime than any sacrilege whatever.

Several attempts had been made, without success, to catch one of the sharks that swam around the ship; at length a sailor, who had been leaning over the taffrail, watching the motions and movements of the long-finned monsters, hastily cried out that a shark was approaching the bait,—a piece of pork, which the above-mentioned Mr. Willis had begged of the captain, and which was floating some twenty or thirty yards from the stern, on the starboard quarter. Hearing a commotion overhead, I hastened up the companion ladder, and joined the crowd who were thronging the bulwarks and the main and mizen channels, intently awaiting the approaching capture of the victim, who seemed somewhat aware that there was "more than met the eye," from his not immediately doing as "sharks are wont to do."

Nothing could be seen of the rascal but a long, black, slender, and a pointed tail, which rose almost upright from the water, about three feet in height, and occasionally his nose, as he neared the bait. It was really beautiful to observe with what swiftness and grace he performed his evolutions round the focus of attraction—leaving behind a wake which was the more distinctly traced, owing to the scum alluded to. At length, he could withstand the temptation no longer, and having at last made up his mind, dashed with astonishing velocity to the devoted piece, first upturning himself, as he neared, upon his side, and showing for the first time his grey belly, and the most tremendous mouth that can be conceived. His upper jaw and nose projecting considerably beyond his lower, is the reason assigned for the singular manner in which all sharks take their prey. The shark having, in rising, shown almost his whole body, immediately after sunk, but in a few seconds rose, evidently smarting from the hook. No time was lost in attempting to haul him in, which, however, required great caution in the execution, for fear the line, which was not a stout one, should fail, or the hook might slip, which sometimes happens, for the shark makes most desperate plunges in his efforts to escape, and which required some score fathoms of additional line to be given out.

We could now better calculate his size, for having weakened and exhausted himself by his exertions, his evolutions were less rapid, and he showed himself more frequently above the surface. He was of the largest size, certainly not less than fifteen or eighteen feet, and of a species remarkable for their great voracity. It was at this period that the romantic and restless Willis, anxious to finish the adventure, insisted upon giving the *coup-de-grace* with the harpoon, after the manner of the Greenland fishers. The captain and others most strenuously opposed the mad scheme so fraught with danger, and failing by argument to convince, was obliged to refuse him the boat. Foiled in his designs he stationed himself on the mizen channels, armed with a harpoon, and there, with uplifted arms, awaited the next appearance of his opponent. The shark neared him—he gathered himself up, and with desperate force sent the harpoon whizzing from his hand.

A lurch which the shark made at the moment prevented it from taking effect, and it (the shark) remained unhurt, saving the hook, which must have annoyed him. A far more dreadful and certain fate awaited the hapless Willis; the effort had been made with such energy that he lost his equilibrium: he tottered some time in vain endeavoring to regain it, and without being able to snatch hold of its shrouds or ratlings behind him, was precipitated into the sea, within a few yards of the infuriated monster. A loud and piercing shriek from the unhappy wretch was responded by most of the spectators on board. A rope was thrown hastily over, to which the poor sufferer endeavored to cling: the jolly-boat, too, was instantly manned, and was being lowered from the davits, when another dreadful shriek announced that the shark was preparing for attack. The poor, ill-fated wretch had seized the rope; the splash of water told that the boat was already on its way to the rescue; already the hurrah of the crew anticipated success,—when, horrible to relate, the shark, who, on the first dash of the poor youth into the water, had retired some distance, no sooner saw the cause than he wore round, remained a few minutes stationary, and then, alike regardless of the noise occasioned by the men—the splash of the boat as it touched the water—and its contiguity to the ship—impelled by that insatiable voracity which so peculiarly distinguishes sharks, he neared his victim, who was now hanging suspended some feet above the water, when, at this awful and peculiarly painful moment a tremendous splash of the water was heard, and at the same time time the huge monster, throwing itself entirely out of the water apparently with as much ease as a salmon or dolphin, seized its devoted victim,—and when, with a dreadful plunge, it returned to its native element, the legs of poor Willis were missing, from above the knees. The thighs, dreadfully lacerated, streamed with blood; but for a few seconds did he maintain his hold—pale and apparently convulsed, one long shriek was all he uttered before relaxing his hold, he fell into the sea—when he immediately disappeared. A slight gurgling of the water, succeeded by a splash, gave evidence that he sunk not alone.

Whether in the excusable flurry of the moment, the coil of line to which the shark was attached had been dropped overboard, or whether the shark in his last retreat, had silently drawn it away, was never ascertained—for certain, it was never more

seen. A few minutes afterwards, a commotion in the water, being observed some hundred yards ahead, the boat rowed to the spot—which commotion ceased as soon as the boat arrived near:—and there, on the surface, surrounded for many yards by blood, floated all that remained of poor Willis, a portion of his entrails.

The Jealous Dog.

THE following singular story is related by Judge Halliburton, in his recent work entitled "Nature and Human Nature." We cannot readily question the credibility of a story thus authenticated:—

"Last summer my duties led me to George's Island. I take it for granted you know it. It is a small island situated in the centre of the harbor of Halifax, has a powerful battery on it, and barracks for the accommodation of troops. There was a company of my regiment stationed there at the time. I took this Newfoundland dog and a small terrier, called Tilt, in the boat with me. The latter was a very active little fellow that the General had given me a few weeks before. He was such an amusing creature, that he soon became a universal favorite, and was suffered to come into the house, a privilege which was never granted to this gentleman, who paid no regard to the appearance of his coat, which was often wet and dirty, and who was therefore excluded.

"The consequence was, Thunder was jealous, and would not associate with him, and if ever he took any liberty, he turned on him and punished him severely. This, however, he never presumed to do in my presence, as he knew I would not suffer it, and, therefore, when they both accompanied me in my walks, the big dog contented himself with treating the other with perfect indifference and contempt. Upon this occasion Thunder lay down in the boat and composed himself to sleep, while the little fellow, who was full of life and animation, and appeared as if he did not know what it was to close his eyes, sat up, looked over the gunwale, and seemed to enjoy the thing uncommonly. He watched the motions of the men, as if he understood what was required of them, and was anxious they should acquit themselves properly."

"He knew," said I, "it was what the sailors call the dog watch."

"Very good," said he, but looking all the time as if he thought the interruption very bad.

"After having made my inspection, I returned to the boat, for the purpose of recrossing to the town, when I missed the terrier. Thunder was close at my heels, and when I whistled for the other, wagged his tail and looked up in my face, as if he would say never mind that foolish dog, I am here, and that is enough, or is there anything you want me to do?"

"After calling in vain, I went back to the barracks, and inquired of the men for Tilt, but no one appeared to have seen him or noticed his motions."

"After perambulating the little island in vain, I happened to ask the sentry if he knew where he was."

"Yes sir," said he, "he is buried in the beach."

"Buried in the beach," said I, with great anger, "who dared to kill him? Tell me, sir, immediately."

"That large dog did it, sir. He enticed him down to the shore, by playing with him, pretending to crouch, and then run after him; and then retreating, and coaxing him to chase him; and when he got near to the beach he throttled him in an instant, and then scratched a hole in the shingle and buried him, covering him up with the gravel. After that he went into the water, and with his paws washed his head and face, shook himself, and went up to the barracks. You will find the terrier just down there, sir."

"And sure enough there was the poor little fellow, quite dead, and yet warm."

"In the meantime, Thunder, who had watched our proceedings from a distance, as soon as he saw the body exhumed, felt as if there was a court-martial holding over himself, plunged into the harbor, and swam across to the town, and hid himself for several days, until he thought the affair had blown over; and then approached me anxiously and cautiously, lest he should be apprehended, and condemned. As I was unwilling to lose both my dogs, I was obliged to overlook it, and take him back to my confidence."

A LATE writer says that every created thing has a brain, has a memory, has a past, and applies its experience for the benefit of its future happiness. An old dog in a bear-hunt is as cautious of Bruin's teeth as an old broker is of suspicious stocks, and both act on the same principle—the recollection of being bitten "in a previous transaction."

Microscopic Drawing and Engraving.

CHAPTER III.—(continued from page 374, vol. II.)
 DOCTOR GORING has also left two very beautiful engravings of the larva and the pupa of the gnat, taken from a specimen of the species called *tipula crystallina* of De Geer, the *chironomus plumicornis* of Fabricius, and the *corethra plumicornis*, of Stephens. I have reproduced these beautiful objects from Dr. Goring's engravings, the larva being represented in fig. 1, the pupa in fig. 2, and a plan or bird's-eye view of the larva, in its natural size, in fig. 3.

The gnat, of which these are the previous forms, is represented in fig. 36, the drawing having been taken while the creature was in the act of laying the cluster of eggs figured on the right side. The short line between the figures gives the real length of the body of the insect. The length of the eggs varies from the 40th to the 50th of an inch.

In the larva (fig. 1) the obvious and curious parts are the kidney-shaped bodies, *b* and *d*, two of which are situated near the head, and the other two in the third division from the lower extremity. The first pair are inclined towards each other, while the others lie in parallel planes, as represented in the plan, or bird's-eye view, drawn in the natural size in fig. 3. Physiologists have not ascertained what may be the functions performed by these singular organs: it is worthy of remark, however, that a similar structure is observable in the tadpole, and figured in Sir Everard Home's Lectures on Comparative Anatomy. The other parts of its structure, which appear equally singular and curious, are a number of globules, *a*, which are situated near the first pair of bodies, *b*. These globules have a slight oscillatory motion in different directions, and, like the reniform bodies, seem to have a metallic lustre, but are not opaque. From the exquisite polish of these globules, they reflect the forms of surrounding objects, as window-bars, which are indicated in the drawing by small squares, resembling the images formed by convex mirrors.

When the larva, as shown of the full size in fig. 3, is examined from above, it exhibits the position and decussation of the various muscles lying along the back, which are observed to cross at the joints, and at points situate midway between them.

The alimentary canal appears to contain some particles of a pinkish coloured matter: but every part of the object, as seen beneath the microscope, is so accurately noted in the drawing, that a more minute description must be deemed superfluous.

If the insect have a sufficient supply of food, it only continues for a few weeks in the larva state, when it rapidly changes to the pupa, shown in the drawing (fig. 2). When it is desirable to preserve it for the microscope, this change may be retarded by keeping it in clear spring or river water. The former seldom offers sustenance to animalcules, and, therefore, effects this object, which is often very desirable, on account of the scarcity of this species.

The transformation of this animal from the larva to the pupa is one of the most singular and wonderful changes that can be conceived; and, under the microscope, presents to the admirer of nature a most curious and interesting spectacle. Although the whole operation be under the immediate inspection of the observer, yet so complete is the change, that its former organisation can scarcely be recognised in its new state of existence.

If we now compare the different parts of the larva with the pupa, we remark a very striking change in the tail, which, in the previous state of being, was composed of twenty-two beautifully plumed branches, while, in the latter, it is converted into two fine membranous tissues, ramified with numerous vessels. This change appears the more remarkable, as not the slightest resemblance can be discovered between them, nor are the vestiges of the former tail readily found in the water. The partial disappearance of the shell-like or reniform bodies is another curious circumstance. The lower two, it may be conjectured, go to form the new tail; for, if the number of joints be counted from the head, the new tail will be found appended to that joint which was nearest to them in the larva state, as referred to by the dotted line *d*, connecting figs. 1 and 2. The two small horns, *c*, which form the white-plumed antennae of this species of gnat, when in its perfect state, are discernible in the larva, folded up under the skin near the head at *c*, in fig. 1. The alimentary canal appears nearly to vanish in the pupa, as in that state there is no necessity for it, the insect then entirely abstaining from food; while, near this canal, the two intertwined vessels, seen in the larva, have now become more distinct, and are supplied anastomosing branches.

During the latter part of the day on which the drawing (fig. 2) was taken, the rudiments of the legs of the perfect insect might be seen, folded within

that part which appears to be the head of the pupa, and several of the globules had vanished, those remaining longest that were situated near the head. It may be necessary to observe, that the head of the pupa floats just under the surface of the water; and the insect, in this state, is nearly upright in that fluid, while the larva swims with its body in a horizontal position, or rests on its belly or sides, at the bottom of the pond or vessel in which it is kept, the fringed tail being downwards.

The color of the larva when young is a faint and scarcely perceptible yellow; but as it approaches the change, it assumes a richer and deeper coloring, and all its internal parts acquire their definite forms and tints, as exhibited in the drawing.

A curious circumstance attends the observation of this insect; so rapid is its locomotion, that it torments the eye while attempting to delineate it, presenting alternately its head and tail to the observer. This it effects by bending itself laterally into a circular form, and suddenly whisking round in the opposite direction to that in which it had just bent itself.

Many species of this genus of insects are, in their perfect state, possessed of a sheathed proboscis, containing instruments with which they are enabled to pierce the skin of men and cattle, injecting at the same time an acrimonious fluid into the wound. The species we are now describing, however, has not been examined minutely enough to determine the form of these organs. It is of a light straw color, and has two beautiful antennae, or feelers.

The wings also of this gnat are of a delicate straw color, and make very beautiful objects when mounted under thin glass in sliders. Some species have wings margined, and covered with fine scales. These, as well as the feathers on the edges, are good objects for the microscope, and exhibit five or six longitudinal lines on each, which are so strongly marked as to be seen with any kind of light, and do not require superior penetration in the instrument to show them.

These insects generate while hovering in the air, and the female lays her eggs in the water, selecting an unfrequented spot, where she may deposit them free from danger. This is probably the cause why this larva is discovered with so much difficulty; the collector being seldom able to procure it two seasons consecutively in the same place.

The method of executing these drawings, practised by Dr. Goring, differed in nothing from that by which an artist makes a portrait, the eye guiding the pencil, and the accuracy of the resemblance depending altogether upon the skill of the artist.

Dr. Goring considered that in such cases the great security for precision offered by the camera-lucida, was not available, owing to the constant mobility of the object delineated; this objection, however, is only applicable to living objects, and that admirable instrument is accordingly used to a great extent in the production of microscopic drawings. As we shall describe it in a future tract, and explain its mode of application to the microscope, it will not be necessary here to give that exposition. It will be sufficient to observe that a practised draughtsman is capable of giving, not only the general outline, but most of the less minute details of a microscopic object, by a process precisely similar to, and susceptible of, as much accuracy as that by which a drawing is reproduced on tracing paper. It must be observed, however, that in the finishing touches, and the most minute details, the pencil of the draughtsman must after all be guided by his artistic skill. To what extent this is true, is proved by the fact, that two drawings of the same object, viewed in the same microscope, and what with the same camera, by artists of different skill, will be different.

We shall here, as in the former case, present the reader with some examples of microscopic drawings made by the aid of the camera.

In fig. 41 is a magnified section of the human skin, cut inwards at right angles to its surface, to the depth of about the sixth of an inch. The following is the succession of organised parts included within that depth:—*a* the sudoriferous gland; *b* *c* the sudoriferous duct, leading to the surface of the skin; *d* the subcutaneous cellular and adipose tissue; *e* the derma or true skin; *f* the papillae; *g* mucous tissue or interior epidermis; *h* the epidermis or superficial skin.

It is now admitted, though the fact was long doubted, that the malady called the itch in the human body, and that called the mange in the horse, are produced by an insect hatched under the cuticle of the skin; the insect which produces the itch, called the *acarus-scabiei*, is represented, highly magnified, in fig. 42. To extract this insect, the operator must, says Mr. Quekett, examine carefully the parts surrounding each pustule, and he will generally find,

in the early stage of the disease, a red spot or line communicating with it; this part, and not the pustule, must be probed with a pointed instrument, and the insect, if present, turned out of its lurking-place. The operator must not be disappointed by repeated failures, as in the best marked cases, it is often difficult to detect the haunts of the creature.

That the itch is occasioned by such an insect is by no means a modern doctrine. Kirby mentions a Moorish physician, who, in the twelfth century, affirmed that the malady was produced by little mites or lice that creep under the skin of the hands, legs, and feet, producing pustules full of matter; he quotes also "Joubert," another ancient physician, who describes the itch insects under the name of "sirones," and says they are always concealed beneath the epidermis, under which they creep like moles, gnawing it, and producing a most troublesome itching. It was supposed by some that they were identical with lice; but Dr. Adams showed that this could not be the case, since they live under the cuticle; he speaks of them as living in burrows which they have excavated in the skin, near a lake of water, from which if they be extracted with a needle, and put upon the nail, they show in the sun their red heads and the feet with which they walk; they have been extracted and delineated with the aid of the microscope by many modern observers. The individual delineated in fig. 42, was drawn by my friend of Dr. Mandl, well known for his great work on microscopic anatomy.

Curiosities of Respiration.

The quantity of air received into human lungs at an ordinary inspiration, without any effort, and when the body and mind are tranquil, is, according to Dr. Southwood Smith, about *one pint*. Considering eighteen respirations to take place in one minute, about eighteen pints of pure air are necessary for sustaining healthful life during that short period. The quantity requisite for an hour of health will thus be 1080 pints. And, to continue the calculation, during one day's healthful existence, 25,920 pints, or *no less than 60 hogshhead* of pure atmosphere must enter the lungs—and this is allowing but one pint for each inspiration, and but eighteen inspirations for each minute; though it must be clear to all, that during active exercise, it frequently happens that in one minute of time more than twice eighteen inspirations take place, and considerably more than a pint of air enters the lungs at a single inspiration.

The changes wrought during respiration are wonderful. The immense volume of air which we inspire is on purpose to give life to the liquid essence of our food—life to the *dead blood*. Until acted upon by the atmosphere, the fluid which is traversing the lungs is, to all intents and purposes, *dead*; and, consequently, totally incapable of repairing worn structures, of carrying on functions, or of maintaining any vitality in the system: nay, it even contains in its elements a considerable quantity of pernicious poison, brought to the lungs to be given out in the act of breathing, lest it should kill the human fabric. The poison alluded to is carbonic acid. To breathe in an atmosphere of carbonic acid is *death*, as rapid as it is certain. The pure air inspired by the lungs contains 79 parts of nitrogen to 21 of oxygen; but the air expired is found, on being analyzed, to have lost about 5 out of the twenty-one parts of oxygen, or about a *fourth* of its oxygen—its place being supplied by an equal volume of carbonic acid. The other constituent, nitrogen, is scarcely altered. It should, then, be noted, that with every effort of the lungs, a large proportion of the oxygen inhaled is taken up by the system. It is this element of the atmosphere which kindles the fire of being. It is this which is momentarily busy within the breasts of us all, working out the great human miracle. The instant the dark, rank, poisonous fluid, which is circulating in the lungs, receives within itself this vital air, swift as a flash it leaps instinct with life, as if touched by the spirit of the great Creator. Such is Nature's law. So wonderful are all the laws ordained to govern being. And well were it for man's happiness, could he but be made to feel that *when he breaks a law of Nature, he breaks a law of God*.

An acute but severe judge once remarked to a jury, "The counsel has said, I think this, and I believe that. A counsel has no right to say what he thinks, or what he believes; but since he has told you, gentlemen, his belief, I will tell you mine: That were you to believe him, and acquit his client, he would be the very first man in the world to laugh at you." Hope is the prophet of youth—young eyes will always look forward.



BOMBAY.

Route of the Overland Mail to India.

THE East India Company's frigates, that convey the mid-monthly mail from Aden to Bombay, afford good accommodation to those parties who wish to proceed there. The run is only one of ten days' endurance.

Not long after the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb has been passed, the vessel comes to Socotra. Lieutenant Wellsted relates a very interesting anecdote connected with this island. "I visited," says he, "the shiek, Omar Ibn Tuari, in order to make arrangements respecting a sum of money our government had resolved to offer him for ceding to us the island of Socotra. Although possessing scarcely a shadow of authority, or even the means of procuring a scanty subsistence, the old chief manifested a greatness of soul worthy an emperor. Perfectly blind from extreme age, he was led into the room by a little boy. After listening to my proposals with affected composure, when I had concluded he sprang on his feet, and exclaimed, with bitter energy:

"Your government wish to purchase Socotra, do they? Socotra! which for so many ages has been the heritage of my fathers! Never! Were they to heap this room with gold, they should not obtain a space equal to its floor's breadth."

We may now suppose the vessel arrived at Bombay, aptly termed the "landing place of India."

Bombay is an island on the western coast of Hindoestan, lying off the shore of the Concan, in the province of Bejapore. When it was taken possession of by the English, in the time of Charles II., the population consisted of about fifteen thousand of the native outcasts of India, a lawless and impoverished community; they were the first of the eastern race that acknowledged allegiance to Great Britain. Four years after its having been occupied, and seven after its having been ceded to England, Bombay was transferred to the East India Company by letters patent, on payment to the crown of the annual rent of ten pounds sterling. The company saw the mutual advantages of the place as an *entrepot* for the barter of produce and goods; the former from the gulfs of Persia, Arabia, and Cambay, also from Bengal and China; the latter chiefly from Great Britain. After Bombay was transferred to the company its rise was rapid; and on this small island, with an area of only nineteen square miles, which did not at one time yield one week's consumption of corn to the inhabitants, there are now upwards of sixteen thousand houses, valued at three millions and a half sterling, with a population of more than 250,000 souls.

The prosperity of Bombay is not more attributable to the energy of the English character than to the early settlement on the island of the forefathers of the numerous Parsee families, who, born under the British flag, are the most industrious and intelligent of her children in the East. The European merchant of British India realises an independence or a fortune, and he retires to Europe to enjoy it among his relatives and friends, and thus his capital is withdrawn from the place where it was accumulated. But it is not so with the Parsee merchant: the place where he carries on his business is his home, and the accumulations of his talent and industry are invested on the spot; hence, to some extent, the prosperity of Bombay.

Bombay is a noted ship-building place. Vessels of from four hundred and fifty to twelve hundred tons

are constructed by Parsee artificers; for strength equal at least to any vessels in the world, and sailed and found in a manner seldom to be surpassed. The *Minden*, a seventy-four gun ship, which was launched at Bombay in 1810, was, we believe, the first vessel of the size that was constructed entirely by the Parsees, without any assistance from Europeans. At this present date Bombay has a mercantile fleet of about fifty vessels, averaging four hundred and fifty tons each, or an aggregate burden of nearly twenty-three thousand tons. Her export and import trade with Great Britain is about two millions annually.

There is one singular mode of employment at Bombay, which may be worth while to notice—we allude to "shark fishing," which is carried to a very considerable extent on the western shores of the peninsula of India. The results of the fishery are transmitted from the various places where it is pursued to Bombay, where they are sold for shipment to China and other parts.

The Indian shark-fishery furnishes the chief means of support to at least three thousand fishermen, or, including their families, to probably not less than fifteen thousand human beings. The principal place where it is carried on is at Kurrachee, where there are twelve large boats with crews of twelve men each, constantly employed. One boat will occasionally capture at a draught nearly one hundred sharks of different sizes; sometimes they are a week or two without securing a single fish. The great basking shark (*mohr*) is always harpooned. It is found floating, or asleep, near the surface of the water, and is then struck with a harpoon eight feet long. The fish once struck, is allowed to run till tired, and is then pulled in and beaten with clubs till it is stunned. A large hook is now placed through its eyes and nostrils, or wherever it can be most easily attached, and by this the shark is towed ashore. The *mohr* is often forty feet in length, and the mouth is sometimes more than three feet wide. All other varieties of shark are taken in nets, in something like the way in which herrings are caught in England. The net is made of strong whipcord, with a mesh of about six inches. They are generally about six feet wide, and from six to eight hundred fathoms, or from three quarters to nearly a mile in length. On the one side are floats of wood, about four feet in length, at intervals of six feet; on the other, pieces of stone. The nets are sunk in deep water, from eighty to one hundred and fifty feet, well out to sea; being put in one day and taken out the next. The lesser sharks are occasionally found dead—the larger ones much exhausted. On being taken home by the fishermen, the fins are cut off and dried on the sands in the sun, after which the flesh is cut up in long stripes, and salted for food, while the liver is taken out and crushed down for oil. The head, backbone, and entrails are left on the shore to rot, or thrown into the sea, where numberless little sharks are often on the watch to eat up the remains of their kindred.

The value of the fins sent to Bombay varies from 13,000 to 18,000 rupees per annum. Shark-fins sell in China at about \$30 per cwt. In the market of Macassar, the ordinary price is from \$12 to \$15 a hundred-weight. It is a singular fact, that this curious branch of trade should afford, on some occasions, to Bombay alone—taking fish-maws and shark-fins together—as much as four lacs of rupees, or \$200,000.

Bombay is intersected in every part with excel-

lent roads, macadamised with the stone that abounds so conveniently for the purpose. These roads are sometimes skirted by walls of dark stone, which harmonise well with the trees, that never fail to spread their shade above; at others, with beautiful hedges; while across the flats, and along the esplanade, a water-course or a paling forms the enclosures. The multitude of large houses, each situated in the midst of gardens or ornamented grounds, gives a very cheerful appearance to these roads.

The whole of Bombay abounds with landscapes of the most enchanting description. The distinguishing feature is perhaps the palm tree. It is impossible to imagine the luxuriance and elegance of this truly regal family, as it grows in Bombay; each separate stage—from the first appearance of the different species, tufting the earth with those stately crowns which afterwards shoot up so grandly—being marked with beauty. The variety of the foliage of the cocoa-nut, the brab, and others, the manner of their growth, differing according to the different directions taken, and the exquisite grouping which continually occurs, prevent the monotony which their profusion might otherwise create, the general effect being, under all circumstances, absolutely perfect. Though the principal, the palm is far from being the only tree, and while frequently forming whole groves, it is as frequently blended with two species of cypress, the peepul, mango, banian, wild cinnamon, and several others. In addition to this splendor arising from the wood, Bombay is embellished by fragments of dark rock, which force themselves through the soil, roughening the sides of the hills, and giving beauty to the precipitous height and shelving beach. Though the island is comparatively small, extensively cultivated, and thickly inhabited, it possesses its wild and solitary places, its ruins deeply seated in thick forests, and its lovely hills covered with rock, and thinly wooded by the eternal palm tree; hills which, in consequence of the broken nature of the ground, and their cavernous recesses, are difficult of access. It is in these fastnesses, that the tigers, hyenas, and other wild beasts, secure retreats, and the Parsees construct their "towers of silence."

If we turn our eyes towards the sea, we are presented with a fine hard beach, running on to the high and romantic spot called Malabar Point, which promontory is studded with neat villas; while the city and fort are seen in the back-ground, with the ships securely at anchor in the harbor. Nor must we forget the isthmus called Colaba, running for about two miles in a straight line from Bombay, from which it is separated at high water. On this small island, which scarcely exceeds a quarter of a mile in breadth, are several good houses and a range of barracks. At its farthest or western end stands a noble signal or light-house, from the top of which is a very fine view of the island and adjacent country.

Many of the residences in Bombay are constructed of wood, with trellis-work of bamboo, and surrounded with canvas. They are thatched over with *catjans*, or the leaves of the palmyra tree, and lined inside with curtains, or ornamented colored cloth. These are chiefly occupied by the highest class of military officers and civil servants of the government. There is a large encampment for officers temporarily residing in Bombay, and occupying tents. The *bungalows* are surrounded by ornamental railings, covered with the passion flower and other rapidly growing creeping plants, and are generally furnished with flower

or vegetable gardens. These structures are not only far too slight to withstand the winds and rains of the south-west monsoon, but the garrison regulations require that they shall be removed once a year. Up to the middle of May, then, there is a line of beautiful rustic villas, which, together with the officers' tents at its extremity, extends nearly a mile along the sea-shore. All at once, as if some panic had made its appearance, or a plague broken out, the bungalows and tents of the esplanade begin to be deserted and instantly demolished, and the materials of which they were constructed removed. In the course of a fortnight, not a vestige is to be seen of the lately populous suburbs. A week more, and the first fall of rain covers everything with grass, as close and continuous as that on which the deer of some ancient manor in England have browsed for centuries. The re-appearance of these temporary habitations is nearly as magical as their vanishment. The middle of September sees the esplanade a verdant lawn; October witnesses the suburb formerly described.

The south-west monsoon endures for nearly four months in all; during this period, about eighty inches of rain customarily fall, or about three times the average of the year in England. There are often entire days without rain; while there are, as frequently, days without an interval of fair weather. When the rain does fall, it pours in downright torrents, as if the very windows of heaven were opened. The first fall of rain commonly begins over-night, and endures for thirty or forty hours; and not only are the contents of spouts from the house-eaves rushing in absolute cataracts, but every water channel is filled with a torrent. The streets and level grounds are flooded with sheets of water. It is difficult for one accustomed to the roads, bridges, and thoroughfares of all sorts, together with the moderate weather which generally prevails in Europe, to conceive the interruption which the rains occasion to general intercourse throughout India for three months in the year.

The dry season extends from October to June. The sky having cleared up about the 10th or 15th of October—sometimes earlier, rarely later—a month of hot, sickly, unpleasant weather ensues. The sun's rays are at this season very powerful, the thermometer ranging from eighty-two to eighty-eight degrees; the earth is saturated with moisture, and the rank and decaying vegetation causes it to steam forth with all kinds of noxious gases. A disagreeable easterly land-wind, besides, blows over the greater part of the evening and morning, and the dews of night and sudden alternations of temperature are very trying to European constitutions. By and by the heat moderates, and the air becomes dry, and the sky cloudless and clear.

Early in November the cold season sets in. This endures till the beginning of March, the thermometer rarely rising above eighty-three degrees throughout the day, and occasionally sinking as low as sixty-five degrees over-night. The mornings are chill and bracing in December and January, and the ordinary sleeping gear of muslin drawers, and a cotton sheet to lie under, receive the addition of a comfortable English blanket. Gentlemen dismiss the wear of cotton jackets, and put on woollen coats. The sun sets at half-past five, and rises at half-past six. The evenings at this period are singularly beautiful, especially during the moonlight, and the feeling of the atmosphere is delightful in the extreme.

In March the heat gets strong again, and in April and May the air feels extremely sultry. A single sheet is now more than sufficient to sleep under; throughout the day the "punkah" is kept unceasingly in motion. This fanning machine, so to speak, consists of a frame about three feet broad from top to bottom, and varying in length, according to the dimensions of the room, from ten to thirty feet; it is covered over with painted cotton cloth, surrounded by an ornamental fringe or fringe, and suspended from the roofs by cords, so as to depend within seven feet of the floor. A string is attached to it near the centre, by whose means a "harnaul"—or house-servant—swings it to and fro, to produce a current, and to cool the air. Every house, from the church to the counting-room, is furnished with "punkahs." The effect of these machines, in a large and handsome place of worship, appears very singular to a stranger. A continuous line of them from end to end is hung along the nave of the church, and other two parallel lines occupy the space between the columns of the side aisles. The whole are kept in motion throughout the service by natives, who pull the ends of the ropes outside the church.

Punkah is the Indian name for fan; and before the Europeans invented this machine, people had to be fanned by their attendants, as most of the natives

are still. The air of rooms during the hot season becomes insupportable, unless it be kept continually in motion.

By the month of May all verdure has disappeared from the earth, and the surface of the ground, where greensward abounded during the rains, and for a month afterwards, is brown and dusty. By the third week in May the uniform brightness of the sky begins to be interrupted; large masses of cloud through the day sail along the horizon, and towards the evening ascend half way up to the zenith. By-and-by lightning makes its appearance, at first in the distance, in frequent but feeble flashes, which, night after night, become more near and brilliant, till the whole sky is light up with them. Next comes the thunder, at first feeble and distant, but soon roaring in one incessant series of peals, many of them so near as to be almost simultaneous with the flash, and to resemble in sound the bursting of a piece of ordnance, or blasting of a rock by gunpowder. The rain, in general, makes its appearance before the thunder—first, in a gentle shower falling over-night in big bright drops, which the thirsty earth drinks up as soon as they fall. These showers are the sure harbingers of the south-west monsoon.

The effect which the south-west monsoon produces at sea is very striking. Corals, molluscos, animals, sea-snakes, and fish of the strangest forms, together with the Portuguese man-of-war, with its transparent air-float and bright blue gauzy drapery, and flower-like animals, found throughout the year far out at sea, are dashed upon the beach. Frightful shipwrecks occur even on the safest parts of the coast. In 1840, two fine vessels were lost at the mouth of Bombay harbor, when 150 human beings perished in the course of a couple of days and nights. The Red Sea steamers cannot, at this time, face the storm; and instead of making a straight run for Aden, and accomplishing this part of their voyage in eight or nine days, they stretch south twelve degrees towards the line, and start ten or twelve days sooner, to enable their despatches, which take thus much longer on their way, to reach England in time.

Among the celebrated men who have resided at Bombay are the Duke of Wellington and the late Sir James Mackintosh. The duke is said to have looked back to the days of his sojourn there with pleasure. Here he reposed after those battles in which he laid the foundation of his future glory, and to which, after long experience, and so many subsequent triumphs as almost to eclipse their splendor, he recurred with peculiar satisfaction. On account of his Indian campaigns, Napoleon called him "the Sepoy General."

Sir James Mackintosh seems to have considered his residence in India as a kind of exile, where he found nothing to compensate for the loss of literary society and the learned idling away of time, from which so much was expected, and which produced so little.

There is a great variety of religions extant in Bombay. Each of them is distinguished by numerous festivals, all celebrated in the same manner—that is, by noise and illuminations. Every week brings round the anniversary of some day of rejoicing of the Mohamedans, Hindoos, Parsees, Jews, Roman Catholics, or Armenians; and Bombay may therefore be said to present one universal holiday.

Miss Emma Roberts thus writes of the festival of the Duwallee:—"Upon the eve of the new year, while driving through the bazaar, we saw preparations for the approaching festival; many of the houses were well garnished with lamps, the shops were swept and put into order, and the horns of the bullocks were garlanded with flowers, while fireworks and squibs and crackers were going off in all directions.

"On the following evening I went with a party of friends, by invitation, to the house of a native gentleman, a Parsee merchant of old family and great respectability; and as we reached the steps of his door, a party of men came up with sticks in their hands, answering to the old English morrice-dancers. These men were well clad in white dresses, with flowers stuck in their turbans; they formed a circle somewhat resembling the figure of *moulinet*, but without joining hands, the inner party striking their sticks as they danced round against those on the outer ring, and all joining in a rude but not unmusical chorus. The gestures of these men, though wild, were neither awkward or uncouth, the sticks keeping excellent time with the song and with the action of their feet. After performing sundry evolutions, and becoming nearly out of breath, they desisted, and called upon the spectators to reward their exertions. Having received a present, they went into the court yard of the next mansion, and then renewed their dance."

"We found in the drawing-room of our host's

house a large company assembled. The upper end was covered with a white cloth, and all round, seated on the floor against the walls, were grave-looking Parsees, many being of advanced years. They had their books and ledgers open before them, the ceremony about to be commenced consisting of the blessing or consecration of the account-books, in order to secure prosperity for the ensuing year. The officiating priests were Brahmins, the custom of the festival—of which Lacshmee, the goddess of wealth, is the patroness—being purely Hindoo."

"The Parsees of India, sole remnant of the ancient fire-worshippers, have sadly degenerated from that pure faith held by their forefathers, and for which they became fugitives and exiles. What persecution failed to accomplish, kindness has effected; and their religion has been corrupted by the taint of Hindooism, in consequence of their long and friendly intercourse with the people, who permitted them to dwell in their land, and to take their daughters in marriage."

"Incense was burning on a tripod placed upon the floor, and the priests muttering prayers, which sounded very like incantations, ever and anon threw some new perfume upon the charcoal, which produced what our friend Donsterswivel would call a 'suffumigation.' These preliminaries over, they caused each person to write a few words in the open book before him, and then threw upon the leaves a portion of grain. After this had been distributed, they made the circle again, and threw gold leaf upon the volumes; then came spices and betel-nut, cut in small pieces, and lastly flowers, and a profusion of the red powder (*abeer*) so lavishly employed in Hindoo festivals. More incense was burned, and the ceremony concluded, the merchants rising and congratulating each other. Formerly, when our host was a more wealthy man than, in consequence of sundry misfortunes he is at present, he was in the habit of disbursing ten thousand rupees in gifts upon this day; every body that came to the house receiving something."

Tigers were, at the commencement of the present century, numerous in the island. They were in the habit of swimming over from the continent; twenty-seven were destroyed in less than three months. Various modes were adopted for destroying these formidable and ravenous animals. Sometimes cages were used for decoying them. These cages were on small wheels, for the purpose of being more easily transported from place to place, and were formed of two apartments, one larger than the other, and divided by strong wooden railings; in the smaller apartment was placed some unfortunate pariah dog, or worn-out milch goat, &c. The bleating of the animal was sure to bring the tiger. Finding he could not get at his prey, he entered the door of the larger apartment, which the "cunning workman" had made so as to fall down the moment the beast entered.

When the tiger found he could neither get at his victim nor retreat from his narrow confinement, his bellowings and roarings were terrific; the midnight forest echoed and shook with his lamentations and fury. "I have seen," says Captain Seely, "a tiger just caught in one of these cages, and nothing could equal his fury and fierceness. After various violent efforts at escape, grinding his teeth, his eyes flashing fire, and lashing his sides with his tail, he would sit down, as the feline race do in watching a mouse, looking calmly, but sulkily, at those near the cage; he would then almost playfully extend his fore-foot and crouch his head, as if intending to sleep. This is the moment to see the real nature of the brute in perfection. Let the observer pretend to approach the cage (but he must be a little careful how he does it,) and then the enormous paw is expanded to the size of a common dinner-plate, the claws protruded, and he simultaneously gathers his whole body with a force and energy only found in ferocious and powerful animals when exasperated by confinement and disappointed of their prey; and it requires no common nerve to play with or annoy the prisoner. If it be a female who has thus been (while searching for food) separated from her cubs, and she hears their cry, her fury is such, that it is expedient at once to kill her. Sometimes, however, she is kept in this state, in the hopes of drawing the male or the cubs to the same place, where preparations have been previously made for their undergoing the same fate."

The cages were usually nine feet high and about nine feet square. The decoy animal in the cage, occasioned by fear, was generally found dead.

Never shrink from doing anything which your business calls you to. The man who is above his business, may one day find his business is above him.

On some Points connected with Agricultural Chemistry.

BY J. B. LAWES, F.R.S., AND DR. J. H. GILBERT, F.C.S.

J. B. LAWES, Esq., has called attention to the analysis of three actual rotations, the course in each case being turnips, barley, clover, wheat. In one instance the rotation commencing without manure, in the second with super-phosphate of lime alone, and in the third with a mixed and pretty full manuring. It appeared that in each case the clover growing between the barley and the wheat (the intervention of which, instead of the immediate succession of the wheat, would greatly increase the produce of the latter) removed, from the land very much more of phosphoric acid, of potash, of lime, and of magnesia—in fact, of every important mineral constituent except silica—than either the preceding barley or the succeeding wheat. Hence it was maintained that the effect of this leguminous crop, in a rotation as a preparation for wheat, could not be, according to the theory of Baron Liebig, to increase the available supply of, or to converse within the soil, the important mineral constituents of the crop. Unless, indeed, in the case of silica, which, however, Baron Liebig had himself maintained, would never be wanting in sufficient quantity in any soil, provided there were a sufficiency of available alkalies present. Taking these facts, together with those indicating the most important manuring for the cereals, as well as with others relating to the composition and known circumstances of growth of the leguminous crops, it could only be concluded that the clover had accumulated from the atmosphere within the soil a supply of available nitrogen to a great extent exhausted by the growth of the previous cereal—barley, and so essential for the succeeding cereal—wheat.

Finally, attention was called to the fact, that but a comparatively small proportion of the nitrogen supplied in manure for the growth of the cereals was recovered in the increase produced. They showed, by a table, that the loss of nitrogen was greater or less, according to the amount of it supplied in manure, and to the conditions favorable or otherwise as to mineral supply, character of the season, &c. Under the most favorable supplied conditions—that is, with a full supply of minerals and a limited supply of nitrogen—they had only recovered in the increase about half the nitrogen contained in the manure; but when nitrogen was supplied in quantity sufficient to yield a full crop for any given seasons, they had obtained little more than one-third of the supplied nitrogen in the increase; and inasmuch as when the amount of nitrogen employed was not very great, the one-half or two-thirds which was not recovered in the increase obtained in the year of the application of the manure, had little or no effect on the next crop, it could not be supposed that the bulk of this excess of nitrogen still remained within the soil. It was worthy of remark, that vegetable physiologists had frequently observed the evolution of nitrogen from the leaves of plants during their growth, beyond that which was due to the atmosphere with which they had been supplied. But as it had not yet been satisfactorily demonstrated that the cereals gave off more nitrogen in this way than the leguminous crops of rotation, further experiment was needed before the loss in question, and consequently the varying characters in this respect of the different plants in rotation, could, with full confidence, be explained by reference to the functional action in question. The only explanation which had been suggested as special to the cereals was that proposed by Mr. Way—viz., that the silica required by these plants is taken up as a silicate, of which ammonia is a base, and that this alkali or its constituents is evolved upon the fixation of the silica within the plant. It was, however, to say the least, not very favorable to this view, that the authors had found that water containing salts of ammonia dissolved less silica than pure water when percolated through a given bulk of soil. It must be admitted, however, that although the explanation of this loss of nitrogen with the cereals might require further investigation, which the authors had hoped to devote to it; yet, as in the case of other crops, they had recovered, in a series of years, a much larger proportion of the supplied nitrogen, they considered that the loss in question could not be wholly due either to drainage of absolute, or the evaporation of volatile compounds of nitrogen. But, that the fact of a considerable loss in the production of a full crop of the cereal grains must be looked upon as an important and fundamental item in studying the *rationale* of agricultural practices.

Upon the whole, they concluded:—

1. That the manure indicated by the resultant requirements of British agriculture has no direct connection with the composition of the mineral sub-

stances collectively found in the ashes of the produce grown on, or exported from, the farm, and that the direct mineral manures which are required are not advantageously applied for the direct reproduction of the exportable corn; but should be used for the green or fallow crops, the office of which it is to collect from the atmosphere, or to conserve on the farm, nitrogen for the increased growth of the saleable cereal grains.

2. That the nitrogen required to be provided within the soil for this purpose is far greater than that contained in the increase of produce obtained by it.

3. That the effects of fallow in increasing the growth of the saleable cereal grains (so far as they are chemical), are not measurable by the amount of the additional mineral food of plants liberated thereby, these being, under ordinary cultivation, in excess of the assimilable nitrogen existing in, or condensed within the soil in the same period of time, the amount of which latter; therefore—the available nitrogen—is the measure of the increased produce of corn which will be obtained.

4. That the beneficial effects of rotation in increasing the production of saleable produce (so far as they are chemical), are not dependent on the fact of one plant taking from the soil more of the different mineral constituents than another, but on the property of the so-called green or fallow crops bringing on or conserving upon the farm more nitrogen than is yielded to them in manure, whilst the crops to which they are subservient are both largely exported from the farm, and yield in their increase considerably less of nitrogen than is given to them in manure.

5. In a word, that in the existing condition of British agriculture a full production of the saleable cereal grains, with at the same time other exportable produce, is only attained, whether by manures, fallow, or rotation, by an accumulation of available nitrogen (normally, an atmospheric constituent) within the soil itself.

Frederick the Great.

ONE of the most remarkable examples of the possibility of combining the habits of a military life, with the love and pursuits of literature, is to be found in Frederick II., of Prussia, called Frederick the Great, on account of the worst parts of his character and conduct. The principal part of the life of this monarch was spent in the camp, in a constant struggle with a host of enemies. Yet even then, when the busy day scarcely afforded a vacant moment, that moment, if it came, was sure to be given to study. Frederick had very early formed an attachment to reading, which neither the opposition of his father, who thought that the scholar would spoil the soldier, nor the schemes of ambition and conquest, which occupied him so much in after life, were able to destroy or weaken. When at last, therefore, he felt himself at liberty, or compelled, to sheathe his sword, he gave himself up to the cultivation and patronage of literature and the arts of peace, as eagerly as he had ever done to the pursuit of military renown. His life, from his earliest years, had been one of great and regular activity. Even before his accession to the throne, and while still young, he had established in his residence at Rheimsberg nearly the same system of studious application and economy in the management of his time, to which he ever afterwards continued to adhere. His relaxations, even then, were almost entirely of an intellectual character; and he had collected around him a circle of literary associates, with whom it was his highest enjoyment to spend his hours in philosophic conversation, or in amusements not unfitted to adorn a life of philosophy. In a letter written at this time to one of those friends, he says, "I become every day more covetous of my time; I render an account of it to myself; and I lose none of it but with regret. My mind is entirely turned toward philosophy; it has rendered me admirable services, and I am greatly indebted to it. I find myself happy, abundantly more tranquil than formerly; my soul is less subject to violent agitations; and I do nothing till I have fully considered what course of action I ought to adopt." A notion will be obtained of the management by which he contrived to make so much use of his time, from the following interesting account of his daily occupations, which Dr. Towers, who has written a history of his reign, has collected from a variety of authorities:—

"It was his general custom to rise at five o'clock in the morning, and sometimes earlier. He commonly dressed himself, and seldom employed more than two minutes for that purpose. His boots were put on at his bed-side, for he scarcely ever wore

shoes. After he was dressed, the adjutant of the first battalion of his guard brought him a list of all the persons that were arrived at Potsdam, or departed from thence, and an account of whatever had occurred in the garrison. When he had delivered his orders to this officer, he retired into an inner cabinet, where he employed himself in private until seven o'clock. He then went into another apartment, where he drank coffee or chocolate; and here he found upon the table all the letters addressed to him from Potsdam, Berlin, or any other parts of his dominions. Foreign letters were placed upon a separate table. After reading all these letters, he wrote hints or notes in the margin of those which his secretaries were to answer; and then returning into the inner cabinet, carried with him such as he meant to write or dictate an answer to himself. Here he employed himself till nine o'clock with one of his private secretaries. He then returned back again into his former apartment, where he was attended by three secretaries, each of whom gave him an account of what he had done; after which the king delivered his orders to them, with the letters they were to answer. None of these answers, however, were sent off till they had been read, and many of them signed by the king. At ten o'clock the generals who were about his person, whom he was accustomed to send for in their turn, attended him to his closet, where he conversed with them on the news of the day, politics, tactics, and other subjects; and at this time he also gave audience to such persons as had received previous notice to attend. At eleven he mounted his horse, and rode to the parade, where he reviewed and exercised his regiment of guards; and 'at the same hour,' says Voltaire, 'all the colonels did the same throughout the provinces.' He afterwards walked for some time in the garden, with his generals and the rest of the company whom he had invited to dine with him. At one o'clock he sat down to dinner, and his company generally consisted of the princes his brothers, some of his general officers, some of the officers of his regiment of Guards, and one or two of his chamberlains. He had no carver, but did the honors of the table himself, like a private gentleman. His table generally consisted of twenty-four covers; and his dinner-time did not much exceed an hour. After dinner he generally conversed with some of his guests for about a quarter of an hour, walking about the room. He then retired into his private apartment, making low bows to his company. He remained in private till five o'clock, when his reader waited on him. His reading lasted about two hours, and this was succeeded by a concert, in which he himself was a performer upon the flute, and which lasted till nine. When the concert was over, he was attended by Voltaire, Algarotti, Maupertuis, or some other wits or favorites whom he had invited. With these he supped at half an hour after nine, and his company seldom consisted of more than eight persons, the king himself included. At twelve the king went to bed."

The literary works of Frederick will be at least allowed to show some industry, when it is stated that they extend, in the most complete edition, to no fewer than twenty-five octavo volumes—quite a wonderful amount of authorship, certainly, for one who led so busy a life; and strikingly illustrative of what may be done by the economical employment even of the mere odds and ends of time; for compared to the leisure which many a student enjoys, such must be considered the very few hours every day which were the utmost Frederick could by possibility have given to study. But these works by no means require any apology for their quality on the score of their quantity. They consist of historical, poetical, and philosophical compositions—generally of respectable ability, and several of considerable merit. His poem, entitled, "The Art of War," his "History of his own Times," that of the "Seven Years' War," and his "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg," may be especially mentioned as works received into European literature.

We read of men of genius; but could we trace the source from whence their genius emanated, we would find it to be the heart of woman! for in her heart dwell, for the most part, the charity, the virtue, the moral soundness of communities, aye, nations. Her character and condition are the character and condition of the society of which she is a component part; and, consequently, her issue must bear the same relation, for "good tree bringeth forth good fruit."

WHAMPOA, a Chinese tea merchant, has sent his son, youth of sixteen, to England, to be educated. He is to remain five years, and then his father is to come over for him.

The Will-o'-the-Wisp.

A SENECA LEGEND.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind.

A SHORT distance below the Indian village of Cold Spring, in the county of Cattaraugus, in the State of New York, and about a mile from the Alleghany River, there is a small lake or pond, formed of the waters of an extensive marsh. The lake is filled with decaying vegetable matter, and, having no outlet, its waters become stagnant and discolored. Their sombre hue impresses one with the idea that they are almost or quite fathomless. At times strange lights may be seen floating above the surface, and gliding about in various directions. Though easily accounted for upon scientific principles, they have ever been regarded by the unlettered red-man with feelings of superstitious dread. The aborigines have a curious legend concerning this strange "will-o'-the-wisp," which was once related to me by an old copper-colored friend, as we were seated upon a little knoll at the southern extremity of the lake. Years have passed since its narration, but if my memory serves me correctly, its substance was as follows:

Many hundreds of moons since, long before the pale-faces were known to the red-man, a small tribe of Indians dwelt upon the beautiful savannah at Brady's Bend, about seventy miles above the present city of Pittsburgh. They were peaceable, industrious, and subsisted by agriculture, and the simple arts of peace, and not, like many of their neighbors, by the shedding of blood in hunting and war. They delighted in athletic sports, and games of various kinds, and were noted for their skill in the feats of dexterity customary among the Indians. They frequently invited the members of other tribes to compete with them at their festive gatherings. On one of these occasions a sad accident occurred, by which a Seneca warrior lost his life. Though purely an accident, this affair exasperated his friends, who determined to wreak a fearful revenge upon their peaceful neighbors.

Accordingly, a band of Senecas armed themselves for the war-path, and floating down the majestic Alleghany to the ill-fated village, attacked it with unrelenting fury. An indiscriminate slaughter of old and young, male and female, ensued. Only one of the tribe, a dark-eyed, beautiful maiden, was saved from the general destruction. She had been seen and admired on a previous occasion by a young Seneca brave, who successfully exerted himself to bear her away unhurt from the scene of slaughter.

When the marauding party returned, the Indian girl, sorrowful and weeping, was carried to the northern home of her captor. In a few days she found herself among his friends at *Che-au-shung-gau-tau* (Cold-spring), who sought by every means in their power to dispel the clouds which enveloped her brow. But their efforts were of no avail. Though she had previously admired her captor, and had longed to share his fortunes, she now, as the slayer of her kindred and the desolator of her home, conceived for him the most intense hatred and disgust. She earnestly desired to return to her home, though she knew that nought but desolation and loneliness would meet her sight—and mingle her tears with the ashes of her loved and lost ones. She was closely watched, however, and for a time it was futile to entertain any idea of attempting to escape.

But at length, to her great delight, a seemingly favorable opportunity presented itself. The family in which she lived became engaged in making sugar, the spring after her capture, on the bank of the little lake. Her captor, who intended soon to claim her for his wife, had built a light birchen canoe to float upon its placid waters, and they were in the habit of riding in this fairy vessel during the calm evenings of the early spring. A torch-light at the prow of the boat made every object visible for many a rod around them. These little excursions, had her heart been there, would have been delightful and romantic indeed; but she cherished a burning desire for revenge, which she determined to gratify at the first opportunity.

One murky evening, while they were gliding over the lake, and he was using every artifice to win her affections and dispel the gloomy feelings which he knew were making her unhappy, she conceived the idea of murdering him, escaping to the opposite shore, and making her way home as best she could. When his back was turned in paddling the boat, she raised a stone-hatchet which lay at her feet, and striking him a severe blow upon his temple, he fell, with a dull, heavy sound, into the yielding waters, and sank to rise no more. No sooner had she begun to congratulate herself upon her prospect of escape, than a gurgling sound at the bottom of the boat

aroused her to the fact that it was filling with water. In falling over-board, the body of the murdered Indian, by its weight, had in some manner broken a hole through the bottom of the frail structure, through which the waters poured with fearful rapidity. She shrieked for help, and endeavored to stay the rushing waters with her garments, but in vain. The boat sunk, the light was extinguished, and the unfortunate maiden and her lover slept side by side beneath the darksome waters of the Indian lake.

Many of the old Indians aver, that frequently in the calm, still evenings of the warmer portions of the year, the ghosts of the unfortunate maiden and her lover revisit the lonely tarn where this dreadful tragedy occurred, and that the scene of their departure to the spirit-land is re-enacted with graphic fidelity. Upon such occasions they are seen gliding along in a phantom canoe, with a torch at the prow. They near the centre of the blackened waters; a scene of apparent confusion ensues; splashing sounds are heard, and shrieks, like those which come from the drowning. Soon the light sinks beneath the surface, and silence and darkness resume their reign over "the misty mid-region."

An Unexpected Arrest.

THE late Emperor Nicholas was fond of walking alone in the streets of St. Petersburg. The Perspective of Newsky, and the English Quay, were the places he preferred. But the passengers were prohibited to accost him, to present petitions, or to address him in any manner: the order was general and peremptory. Otherwise he would not have been able to have taken a step without being annoyed with requests. An occurrence happened a few years since which was related by the hero of the anecdote himself.

The Emperor often attended the Theatre Français, which he preferred. Among the actors there was one whom he particularly admired. It was the celebrated Vernet.

One day the Czar was walking in the Perspective of Newsky. The crowd arranged themselves beside his path, and saluted him as usual. His Majesty perceived Vernet, who was standing aside with the rest, and approached him. It was an honor of which many were jealous, and which much embarrassed the modest actor.

"Shall I see you this evening, Vernet?" asked the Emperor.

"Yes, Sire, I shall have the honor to play before your Majesty the *Père de la Debutante*."

"I am very glad; you are perfect in that rôle, and I shall applaud you with pleasure."

"Your Majesty is too indulgent."

The Emperor addressed to him some other compliments, and went on his way. But a *nadziratel* (police officer), had been an eye-witness of this interview and conversation, and, after the Emperor had left, approached the artist.

"You have accosted the Emperor, sir, you must follow me."

"But," replied the latter, in imperfect Russian, which the officer did not clearly understand, "on the contrary, it was his Majesty who did me the honor to approach me."

"What does he say?" asked the officer of a spectator whom he thought might understand the Frenchman.

"He says that the Emperor accosted him."

"Him! come along, sir, follow me."

"But I repeat to you, if there is any one to blame, it is the Emperor. I am Vernet, of the Theatre Français; do you not understand that the Emperor knows me?"

All that the police officer could understand was that the actor resisted him. A crowd had collected. The *nadziratel* began to grow angry, and suddenly seizing Vernet by the arm, declared that if he would not accompany him willingly, he would call assistance.

The artist was compelled to yield. The police officer conducted him to the nearest station, where he left him, postponing his report to the close of the day.

Evening arrived, and soon after the hour for the performance at the theatre. Vernet had not arrived. He was sent for, but it was found that he had not been at his lodgings since morning. The manager was obliged to change the play.

Meanwhile the Emperor had come to occupy his box, as he had promised the actor, and was greatly disappointed at not seeing represented the *Père de la Debutante*; he was still more so not to see Vernet in any of the pieces inscribed on a bill hastily written. He wished to know the reason, and addressed himself to the manager, who announced the disappearance of the artist. As he saw dissatisfac-

tion expressed on the countenance of the sovereign, he hastened to say—

"Sire, I was not informed of this until just before the rising of the curtain; but I immediately gave orders that Vernet should be found without delay."

The Emperor remained pensive. Suddenly he put his hand to his forehead—

"It is I who am the cause of all this," said he; "this morning I met Vernet and conversed with him a moment. The poor fellow must have been arrested. Let him be immediately set at liberty."

At this moment, the report of the police officer touching the comedian, was handed to the manager.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, Vernet was free, and entered the box of the Emperor, who had summoned him.

"I am sorry, my dear Vernet," said the Emperor, smilingly, "for the misadventure which has happened to you on my account. Forget it, I pray you, and ask of me any favor you please."

"Since your Majesty wishes me to request a favor," replied the artist, "it is that you will not again do me the honor to accost me when you meet me in the street."

The Emperor smiled at the repartee, and affectionately dismissed Vernet, who had no reason to regret his adventure.

A PRACTICAL JOKE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—A

GENTLEMAN of intelligence had been a frequent visitor in a foreign family of some distinction, and the subject of apparitions had often been discussed. The heads of the family contended for the occasional appearance of ghosts, and the visitor, correctly we should say, opposed that opinion. The butler, who assisted at table, had repeatedly heard these discussions, and a drama was got up by the family to test the firmness of their friend's opinions. On going to the house on the last occasion, the gentleman observed that the porter, who opened the door, was in mourning. He inquired for whom he was thus clad, and was informed that the butler, who had long been a faithful servant, had died, and that the family had shown their respect for him by going into mourning. The visitor had received many attentions from the butler, and sympathized in the loss the family appeared to have suffered. The particulars of the man's illness and decease were detailed, and everything was so conducted as to prevent the least suspicion of fraud. When dinner was announced, the party descended to the dining-room, and immediately on entering the large apartment the visitor observed the figure of the butler, deadly pale, standing in a corner near the side-board. Remembering how stoutly he had denied that apparitions could appear, and not for a moment questioning the narrative he had heard, he had not sufficient magnanimity to avow that he saw the butler's ghost, which no one else appeared to discover. During the time of dinner many allusions were made to the deplorable event, and the servants moved about without any indication of embarrassment from their observing the apparition. The figure of the butler remained motionless until the hour for retirement to rest arrived, when the visitor was being conducted to his chamber; he then saw the figure of the butler standing in one corner of the spacious landing-place. By a little artifice the visitor's attention was drawn to some paintings, during which the butler vanished; and when the visitor entered his bed-chamber, he perceived the pallid, corpse-like image of the butler standing in one corner. The door was closed. During the evening the gentleman had been suffering intensely. His previously strong convictions and expressions seemed to undergo refutation by an awful and most unseasonable fact. He had not candor enough to acknowledge his perturbation, difficult and dangerous as the concealment was—he betrayed them not, though he could not suppress his inward struggles; and it would appear that he was not so thoroughly persuaded of the non-appearance of apparitions as he had thought himself, or he would have boldly approached the deceiver, and been almost ready, under indignation, to send him into that world from which he pretended to have come. No sooner had his chamber-door closed upon him, with that which he evidently believed to be a ghost, than the fear which had tormented him all the evening attained its climax, and he fell down: the butler, now alarmed, called for assistance, but life was extinct.

THE VALUE OF FREEDOM.—John Adams concludes a letter of April 26th, 1777, thus:—"Posterity! you will never know how much it has cost the present generation to preserve your freedom! I hope you will make good use of it. If you do not, I shall repent in heaven that I have ever taken half the pains to procure it."

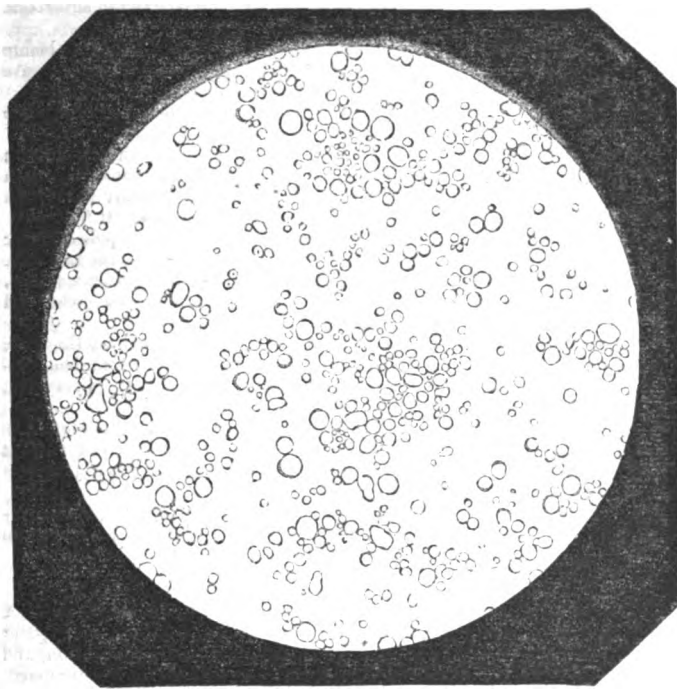


Fig. 41.—THIN DISC OF COW'S MILK. THE 120TH OF AN INCH IN DIAMETER, MAGNIFIED 400 TIMES IN ITS LINEAR, AND 160,000 TIMES IN ITS SUPERFICIAL DIMENSIONS.

Microscopic Drawing and Engraving. CHAPTER IV.

DR. BONONIO, having directed his researches to the itch insect, found that it was very nimble in its motions, covered with short hairs, and furnished with a formidable head, from which a pair of strong mandibles projected.

At the extremities of its four pairs of legs, there are feet of remarkable form, each of which is provided with a sucker. by means of which he inferred that it sucks or draws its way under the skin, having first excavated a space for itself with its mandibles. The insects form their nests there, deposit their eggs, and multiply rapidly.

More recently, Dr. Bourguignon has studied the habits of this insect by means of a microscope specially adapted to the purpose, and has confirmed the discoveries of Bononio. He found that the insect fastens itself in the furrows of the skin by means of the suckers of its feet, aided by small bristles, being likewise covered with similar bristles in various parts of its body, by which it fixes itself more firmly, while it works its way with its mandibles; it is not furnished with eyes, but in a moment of danger it quickly draws in its head and feet, this motion and that of its gait resembling those of a tortoise. It usually lays sixteen eggs, which it deposits, ranged in pairs, in the furrows under the skin, where they are hatched in about ten days.

The insect which produces or accompanies the mange in horses, and which is called the *acarus-exulcerans*, is represented in fig. 37, p. 220, vol. II, magnified in its linear dimensions one hundred and fifty times.

This animalcule is larger and more easily obtained than the former; it is found under the whitish scales which are detached from the skin of the horse, and if several individuals be taken, they will be found to be in different states of development, having four pairs of legs when full grown; the two foremost pairs are terminated in a strong and sharp claw, and their general form is like that of the legs of a flea, consisting of five joints or segments.

The head consists of nothing but a mouth, in which the organs of mastication are seen, consisting of very fine and sharp mandibles terminated by two teeth, the form of the entire organ being that of a pincers. The skin, which is of a tough leathery texture, is elegantly marked by sinuous and parallel tracings, bearing some resemblance to engine-turning. Wrinkles are in some places seen upon it, as if it were divided into separate segments, united edge to edge, like the bones composing the human skull; upon the legs, the skin is finely granulated and not striated, as upon the body; several long hairs issuing from the legs are seen in the figure.

Although the general fidelity of microscopic drawings made with a camera may be relied upon, yet, as has been already observed, the more minute details are executed by the artist in the same manner as that in which a portrait-painter produces his effects, and in whatever degree the artistic skill of the draughtsman may be manifested in such parts of

the drawing, the rigorous fidelity demanded by science, even in the minutest arts, cannot be claimed for them.

Under these circumstances other means, ensuring more rigorous accuracy, and rendering the drawing independent altogether of those impulses which imagination and taste never fail to impart to the pencil even of the most conscientious artist, have been eagerly sought by naturalists, and have been happily supplied by photography. The magnified image of the object under examination, produced by a solar microscope, is received upon a prepared daguerreotype-plate, or a leaf of photographic paper, and there the optical image delineates itself with the most unerring fidelity and rigorous accuracy.

This felicitous application of the photographic art, to the promotion of natural science, after some experimental essays, more or less successful, was first carried out, so as to be available for the practical purposes of science, by Dr. Donné, assisted by M. Leon Foucault, in 1845. In that year Dr. Donné published an atlas to illustrate his course on microscopic anatomy and physiology, which had appeared in the previous year, consisting of twenty plates, on each of which were four microscopic engravings, made from daguerreotype plates which had been produced in the manner above described. I avail myself gladly of the kind permission of the authors of this work, and of Mr. Baillière, its publisher, to reproduce four of these engravings upon the scale on which they are given by the authors.

The blood of animals is not, as it seems at first view to be, a homogeneous liquid holding in complete solution certain substances, and destitute of all solid and concrete matter; if it were so, we could not follow its course through the vessels in which it moves, as we do so easily and distinctly with the microscope. The motion of an homogeneous liquid in tubes completely filled with it could not be made sensible to the sight; but on the other hand, that of a liquid containing solid particles suspended in it, continually entering into collision with and displacing each other, would be perfectly visible.

The blood therefore contains certain solid particles floating in and circulating with it, to which moreover are due several of its most important properties; these particles exist in countless numbers, and of minuteness so extreme, that a single drop of blood, no larger than might be suspended from the point of a needle, contains myriads of them. Until recently, observers recognised only one species of the corpuscles, such being the only ones perceivable by the ordinary methods of observation, and being incomparably more numerous than the others, which, besides being more rare, are generally hidden by the former, which completely fill the field of the microscope.

These sanguineous corpuscles are distinguished by regular and constant forms, by a complex composition and a determinate structure. They possess a real organisation, and pass through a regular succession of phases, having a beginning, a development, and an end.

They consist of three species: first, red corpuscles; secondly, white globular; and thirdly, white granular particles, much

smaller, to which observers have applied the name "globulines."

Nothing can be more simple or more facile than the method of observing the first class of these corpuscles. Take a sharp needle and prick with it slightly the end of the finger, so as to draw the smallest drop of blood; having previously rendered a small slip of glass perfectly clean and dry, touch it with the blood, a small portion of which will adhere to it, and upon this lay a thin film of glass, such as are prepared by the opticians for microscopic use, so as to flatten between the two glasses the small drop of blood. Let the glass thus carrying the blood be placed under a microscope having a magnifying power of about 400; a multitude of the red corpuscles will then be immediately visible, distributed irregularly over the field of view of the instrument.

Fig. 38, p. 81, vol II, has been reproduced from one of Dr. Donné's engravings; it represents a thin disc of human blood, having a diameter equal to the 120th part of an English inch, included between the two glasses.

The red corpuscles alone are here visible; their form is that of flat discs a little concave in the middle, swelling upwards towards the edges, which are slightly rounded. Some of them, such as *a a a*, are presented with their flat sides to the line of sight, so as to show very distinctly their form; such as *b b*, are seen edgewise, and others at all degrees of obliquity; some are scattered separately, but others are grouped together in piles, with their edges presented to the eye, having the appearance of rouleaux of coin lying on their sides on a table, the faces of the coins being more or less inclined to the surface of the table.

The flat disc-shape form of the corpuscles was not recognised by the earlier observers, who took them to be red spherules. The cause of this error was not any defect of their observation, but arose from their having previously washed the blood with water, being ignorant that the immediate effect of the contact of water with human blood is to change the form of the flat corpuscles into that of little globes.

The magnitude of these corpuscles, since the recent improvements of the microscope, has been very exactly measured. Their diameters are found to vary from the 3125th to the 3000th of an inch: this small variation being due to their different states of development, as will be presently explained.

The blood consists of a transparent, limpid, and colorless fluid, in which the solid particles already mentioned float, and the redness of which arises altogether from the color of the corpuscles here described. A person, who may observe for the first time these corpuscles with the microscope, is generally surprised and disappointed to find that they are not red, but rather of a yellowish color, having a very faint reddish tint. This circumstance, however, is an optical effect of a very general class, which has been explained more than once. When any colored medium is submitted to the eye, the

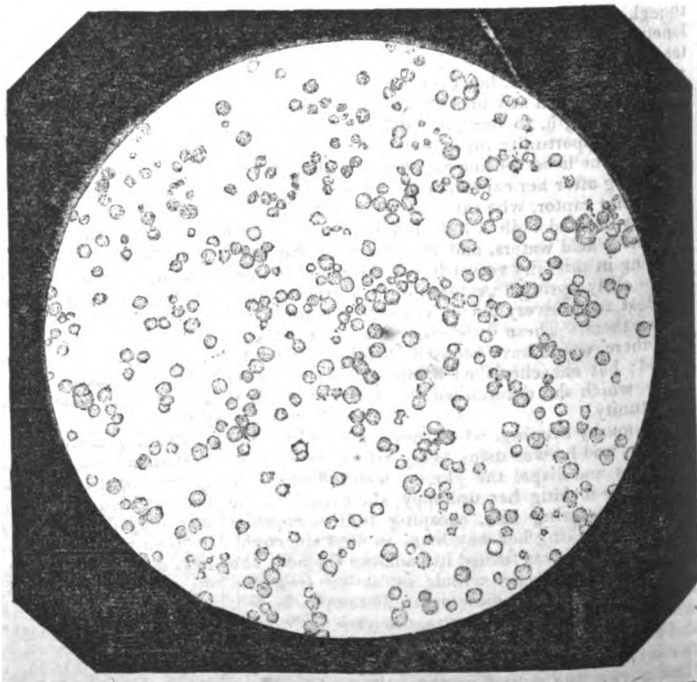


Fig. 43.—THIN DISC OF WOMAN'S MILK, 120TH OF AN INCH IN DIAMETER MAGNIFIED 400 TIMES IN ITS LINEAR, AND 160,000 IN ITS SUPERFICIAL DIMENSIONS.

depth of its tint will always be diminished with the thickness of the medium, which may be reduced to such a degree of tenuity as to render its peculiar color altogether imperceptible. We mentioned formerly, as an example of this, the case of colored wine, such as sherry, viewed through a tapering Champagne glass. At the upper part, where the eye looks through a greater thickness of the liquid, the peculiar gold color is strongly pronounced; but in going downwards to the point of the cone, the color becomes paler and paler, and at the very point is scarcely perceptible. It is the same with the red corpuscles of the blood. When they are seen singly through their very minute thickness, they appear of the faintest reddish yellow; seen in rouleaux edgewise, they are redder; but it is only when amassed together, in a stratum of blood of some thickness, that they impart to the liquid the red color so characteristic of the blood.

The disc-shaped form which thus characterises human blood, is common to all species of animals which suckle their young, with the single exception, so far as is known at present, of the camel species. It appears, from some recent observations of Dr. Mandl, that the blood of this species presents an anomalous exception, the red corpuscles being elliptical in their form, but still flat and concave at their sides.

In comparing the red corpuscles of the blood of different species of mammalia, or sucking animals, one with another, they are found to vary in their diameters, being greater or less in different species, but the variation in each species being confined within narrow limits, as in man.

The corpuscles of the blood of birds, fishes, and reptiles, are all like those of the exceptional case of the camel, oval discs of various magnitudes, somewhat concave in their centres, like the blood of mammalia.

The discovery of the white globules is entirely due to recent observers, and particularly to Professor Müller, Dr. Mandl, and Dr. Donné.

The white globules have nothing in common with the red corpuscles, either as to color, form, or composition. Unlike the latter, they are spherical, their contour is slightly fringed, and not well defined like that of the red corpuscles; their surface is granulated and their diameter is a little greater, varying from the 2,500th to the 3,000th of an inch. They appear to consist of a thin vesicle, or envelope, the interior of which is filled with solid granulated matter, consisting usually of three or four grains, while the red corpuscles are filled with an homogeneous and semi-fluid matter in the case of mammalia, and a single solid kernel in the case of other vertebrated animals.

The white globules also have chemical properties totally different from those of the red corpuscles.

In fine, the third class of solid particles which float in the blood cannot be properly denominated globules, being only very minute granulations, which are continually supplied by the chyle to the sanguineous fluid; they appear in the microscope as minute roundish grains, isolated, or irregularly agglomerated, and having a diameter not exceeding the 8000th of an inch: they have however, a physiological importance of the first order, since they are the primary elements of the blood, and therefore of all the other organised parts of the body.

It appears to follow from the observations, researches, experiments, and reasoning of Dr. Donné, that these granular particles form themselves into the white globules by grouping themselves together and investing themselves with an albuminous envelope. By a subsequent process, the white globules are converted gradually into the red corpuscles, the place where this change is produced being supposed by Dr. Donné to be the spleen.

In fine, the red corpuscles, after having been fully developed in the circulation, are dissolved, and being converted into the fibrinous fluid, pass into the other parts of the organisation, so as to form the different organs of the system.

Next to the constitution of the blood, no subject connected with it is more interesting and important than its circulation, and we know no spectacle presented by any of the scientific artifices, by which the secret operations of nature are disclosed to our view, which excites more astonishment and admiration than the circulation of the blood, as rendered visible with the microscope.

Let any one imagine an animal organ, full of every variety of fine-vessels of the most complex structure, into the composition of which enter every form of organ: arteries, veins, capillaries, muscles, nerves, glands, and membranes: representing in short a microcosm of the whole animal organisation; and let us suppose this brought within the field of the microscope, so as to display, before the wondering view of the observer, all the complicated motions

and operations of which it is the theatre. Such a spectacle is presented by the tongue of the frog, an object first submitted to this species of experiment by Dr. Donné, at the suggestion of a young Englishman, a Mr., since Dr., Waller, who was in attendance upon his course. The method of accomplishing this, with some modifications, as described in the *Physiological Journal*, is as follows:—"A piece of cork, from two to three inches in breadth, and six to eight inches in length, is to be procured, in which is to be bored, a hole of about half an inch in diameter midway between the sides, and about an inch and a half to two inches from one of its ends. In this part the piece of cork should be of double thickness, which is effected by joining, by means of marine glue, a small piece of cork upon the first piece. Upon this is laid the frog, previously enveloped in a linen band, or fixed to the cork by pins thrust through the four extremities, so as to prevent any great movements of the body or its feet; it is placed upon the back, the end of the nose abutting on the border of the hole. The tongue, the free end of which is directed backwards, is then to be drawn out of the mouth gently with a forceps, and slightly stretched and elongated until it reaches a little beyond the opposite edge of the hole, where it is to be fastened by two pins; the sides are to be fastened over the hole in a similar way. In this state, the tongue presents the appearance of a semi-transparent membrane, which permits us to see through its substance; and when placed between the light and the object-glass of the microscope, offers one of the most beautiful and marvellous spectacles which can possibly be witnessed. It will be found most convenient to view it, first, with a simple magnifying-glass, having a power of 15 to 20, so as to obtain a general view of the vessels and of the circulation; even with this small power the observer will be filled with astonishment at the magnificence of the spectacle, especially if a strong light is thrown upon the lower side of the tongue. To imagine a geographical map to become suddenly animated, by their proper motions being imparted to all the rivers delineated upon it, with their tributaries and affluents, from their fountains to their embouchures, would afford a most imperfect idea of this object, in which is rendered plainly visible, not only the motion of the blood through the great arterial trunks, and thence through all their branches and ramifications to the capillaries, but also its complicated vorticular motions in the glands, its return through the smaller ramifications of the veins to the larger trunk veins, and its departure thence en route for the heart. Such is the astonishing spectacle, circumscribed within a circle having the diameter of 120th of an inch, magnified, however, 400 times in its linear, and therefore 160,000 times in its superficial dimensions, which has been daguerreotyped by Messrs. Donné and Foucault, and which is reproduced on the same scale in fig. 39.

The arteries are distinguishable from the veins very readily, by observing the direction in which the blood flows, its velocity, and their comparative calibre. In the arteries the blood flows from the trunk to the branches, its course is marked by the arrows in fig. 39, where *t* is a trunk artery entering near the lowest point of the field of view; the arrows show the course of the blood passing into the principal branches, 1, 2, and 3, from which it flows into all the smaller arterial ramifications. The course of the blood in the veins, on the contrary, is from the branches to the trunk, from whence it finds its way back to the heart. The arteries, moreover, are of less calibre than the veins, and consequently the blood flows in them with greater velocity. The greater arteries are accompanied by a greyish flexible cord, which can be perceived, but not without some attention; it passes along the sides of the artery: this cord is only a nerve.

As the ramifications of the arteries are multiplied they are diminished in calibre, and merge at length in the capillaries, from which they are scarcely distinguishable, the latter being equally indistinguishable from the smaller veins. As these conduits of the blood diminish in diameter, the red corpuscles at length so completely fill them, that they can only move in them one by one, and they can be thus seen following one another at perceptible intervals. If the microscope be directed to that part of the edge of the tongue, which is within the limits of the hole made in the cork, the blood can be traced in its course to the extreme arteries, and thence from the smaller to the larger veins on its return to the heart.

The vascular system of the tongue appears traced upon a greyish semi-transparent brown, on which a multitude of fine fibres, *v v*, are seen extended in different directions; these existing at different depths within the thickness of the tongue, appear superposed and interlaced; these fibres belong to the muscle of organ, and their characteristic action is

rendered evident in the microscope, by their alternate contraction and extension. A number of greyish spots, somewhat round in their outline and a little more opaque than the neighboring parts, appear scattered through the tongue; these spots belong to the mucous-membrane, and are in fact parts of the glands in which saliva is secreted. They are the theatres of a surprisingly complicated and active blood-motion. The sanguine fluid enters them at one side, generally by a single small artery, it pursues a nodulated path, resembling the form of a bow of ribbon, or the figure 8, and issues from them at a point opposite to that it entered. The organ of which we speak, says Dr. Donné, having a certain thickness, we cannot always see at once the entrance and departure of the blood, the point of its departure being often in a plane inferior or superior to that of its entrance, and the two points not being, therefore, at the same time in focus. But in any case, nothing can be more curious or more profoundly interesting than the vortices of rapid circulation, thus exhibited, in a space so circumscribed and within the limits of an organ, which is evidently one of secretion.

These greyish spots in short, in which the circulation proves to be so active, are nothing but the mucous-follicles of the tongue, the little glands in which is secreted the viscous humor which coats in such abundance the tongue of the frog, and we accordingly find that if it be wiped off, it will be almost immediately reproduced.

The milk of mammalia being the first nourishment taken by their young, and their only nourishment until a certain epoch of their growth, it might naturally be expected that that fluid would have a close analogy to the blood. The examination of milk accordingly, whether with the microscope or by means of chemical analysis, proves such an anticipation to be well-founded. If a small drop of milk be laid upon a clean slip of glass, and covered by a thin film of glass, so that a thin stratum of the fluid shall be included between them, it is found on submitting it to the microscope, in the same manner as has already been described in the case of the blood, that very similar appearances are presented. A multitude of minute pearly spherules with the most perfect outline, reflecting light brilliantly from their centre and varying in magnitude from the 12,500th to the 3,000th part of an inch in diameter, and even larger still, are seen floating in the fluid.

The general magnitude and number of these globules vary much, not only in the case of one species of animal compared with another, but with different individuals of the same species, and even with the same individual under different circumstances.

In fig. 40, p. 84, we have given the appearance presented by a thin disc, the 120th of an inch in diameter, of common cow's milk magnified 400 times in its linear, and therefore 160,000 times, its superficial dimensions, engraved from a daguerreotype by MM. Donné and Foucault.

It appears from the researches of physiologists on this subject that the pearl-like globules, which thus float in such multitudes in milk are the constituents out of which butter is formed. The serous fluid in which they float is composed of the constituent out of which cheese is formed, combined with another substance called sugar-of-milk, and water, the last constituting from 80 to 90 per cent. of the whole, so that, in fine, milk in general may be regarded as water holding in solution the substances called sugar-of-milk and caseine, the name given to the cheesy principle, with the globules of butter already described floating in it.

The proportion in which these constituents enter into the composition of milk varies, the richness always depending on the proportion of globules of butter contained in it.

The following is an analysis of the milk of the woman, the cow, the goat, and the ass, according to Meggenhofen, Van Striptrian, Liuscus, Bonpt, and Pélilot:—

	Woman.	Cow.	Goat.	Ass
Butter	8.97	2.68	4.56	1.29
Sugar-of-Milk	1.20	5.68	9.12	6.29
Cheesy matter	1.93	8.95	4.38	1.95
Water	87.90	82.69	81.94	90.47
	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00

From this and similar analyses it appears that woman's milk is by far the richest of the mammalia, containing generally little short of 10 per cent. of butter, while the milk of other species contains no more than from 1 to 4 per cent. of that principle.

It must, however, be observed that these are average proportions, and that the richness of the milk differs considerably in different individuals. It is found that in all cases the milk is sufficiently rich in the cheesy principle, the constituent in which it

fails being the butter, which is the most important in respect to nutriment.

The butter globules of woman's milk, though much greater in quantity, as appears above, than those in the milk of inferior animals, appear from the observations of Dr. Donné to be smaller in magnitude. We have given in fig. 43, the appearance of a disc of ordinary woman's milk, magnified similarly to fig. 40. The difference between the magnitude of the globules is apparent.

The analogy of milk to blood manifested in a manner so striking by the microscope, was still farther investigated in a series of highly interesting experiments made by Dr. Donné. That eminent physiologist transfused milk into the blood vessels of various animals, with all the precautions necessary to prevent the admission of air. It was found generally that the vital functions of the animal, were neither interrupted nor disturbed; the milk mingled with the blood and circulated with it through the system, its presence being detected in all the vessels. But the most interesting and important result of these researches, was, that the butter globules of the milk were found to assimilate themselves to, and play the same part with, the white globules of the blood, and like them were gradually converted into red corpuscles, and it appeared that the place where this change was elaborated was, as in the case of the white corpuscles of the blood, the spleen.

These researches and their results, however, being recent and novel, must be received with that caution which is always necessary in physical researches, until they are repeated and like results reproduced by other observers.

The question of the quality of milk in respect to its richness, has high sanitary and economic importance, and yet it is one which hitherto does not appear to have received the attention which it merits. We hear on all hands the adulteration of milk complained of, and the frauds of the milkman reprehended; but we seldom hear of any practical methods applied for the purpose of detecting and checking this abuse. It will perhaps not be out of place here, to say a few words in illustration of this question.

The richness of milk, as has been just observed, depends on the proportion of butter globules which it contains; these globules being lighter, bulk for bulk, than the liquid in which they float, have a tendency to rise to the surface, and when milk is allowed to stand still they do rise to the surface, where, mixed with a certain portion of the cheesy principle and sugar-of-milk, they form cream. Now it follows, that being thus lighter, bulk for bulk, than the fluid in which they float, they have a tendency, when mixed with that fluid, as they are when the milk is in its natural state, to render the milk lighter, and the larger the proportion is in which these butter globules are mixed with the milk, the lighter will be the milk. It was therefore inferred, that the lightness of the milk might be taken as a test of its richness, and M. Quévenne invented a species of hydrometer, which he proposed to apply to test the richness of milk, in the same manner as the ordinary hydrometer is applied to test the strength of spirits. But the indications of this instrument, ingenious as it is, are fallacious.

Let us suppose that the fraudulent milkman allowing the milk he proposes to sell, to stand until the richer portion forms a creamy stratum at its surface, then skims off this stratum which he sells at a high price, as cream. The remainder and impoverished portion of the milk is then undoubtedly heavier than before it was deprived of the cream, and its poverty would be detected by Quévenne's hydrometer: but the crafty milkman, aware of this, has the adroitness, not only to correct the too great weight of the fluid, but to do so to his own increased profit. He knows that the addition of water will diminish the specific gravity of his skimmed milk, and he accordingly mixes with it just so much of that cheap liquid as will reduce its weight to that of milk of the proper richness.

This manoeuvre is attended also with another deceptive effect; it is found that the mixture of water with milk facilitates the disengagement of cream, and expedites its collection at the surface. Whatever creamy particles, therefore, may remain in the milk thus impoverished and adulterated, will rise quickly to the surface, and collecting there, will deceive the consumer, producing the impression that the milk on which cream so quickly collects, must necessarily be rich.

The great importance of discovering such an easy and practicable test of the quality of an element so important to the sanitary condition of the people, as milk, ought, one should have supposed, to stimulate scientific men to such an invention. The frauds practised so extensively by the vendors of milk on

great public establishments, such as hospitals and schools, are notorious. An eminent medical practitioner says, that in conversing with one of the great milk contractors of the public establishments in Paris, during a season in which forage had risen to a very high price, the milkman observed frankly, and with a smile, "in common seasons, we do put a little water to the milk, but at present we are obliged to put milk to the water."

Dr. Donné has invented an instrument to ascertain the richness of milk, which he calls a *lactoscope*, which was presented to the Academy of Sciences, and favorably reported upon by a committee consisting of MM. Thénard, Chevreul, Boussingault, Regnault et Séguier, who experimented with it and verified its results. This instrument is based upon the fact, that while the butter globules, which float in milk, are opaque, the liquid which surrounds them is nearly transparent. It follows from this, that the transparency of milk will diminish as its richness increases, and *vice versa*.

The lactoscope consists of two plates of glass, set parallel to each other, so as to form a cell in the end of a tube, like an opera-glass, the cell being at the wide end of a tube. A screw-adjustment is provided, by which the distance between the plates of glass may be varied within certain limits, so that by turning the screw in one way, the plates may be brought into absolute contact, and by turning it the other way, they may be separated by any desired interval. Over this cell, is provided a small cup, with a hole in its bottom, by means of which the cell may be filled with milk. Let us now suppose this cup to be filled with the milk to be tested, the screw having been previously turned until the plates of glass composing the cell are in contact. The milk in that case, will not pass between them, but will remain in the cup. Let the observer, applying his eye to the small end of the instrument, look through the cell at the flame of a candle, placed at about three feet distance from it, and let him at the same time slowly turn the screw, so as to let the milk flow into the cell; at first the candle will be seen dimly through the milk, but when the plates have been separated by the screw to a certain distance, the flame will be no longer visible, being intercepted by the multitude of butter globules in the milk.

Now it will be found, as may be expected from what has been explained, that the poorer the milk is, the greater will be the distance to which the glasses must be separated in order to intercept the flame, and the richer it is, on the other hand, the less will be the distance which will suffice to produce that effect.

These instruments are made and sold by the Paris opticians.

It may be objected that the certainty of this instrument depends upon the fact that the milk is impoverished either by skimming it or by mixing it with water, but that if it be adulterated by any substance which will promote its opacity, the indications of the instrument must fail. The answer to this objection is, that such a mode of adulteration is impracticable; the substance used for such a fraudulent purpose must in the first place be one, which, when mixed with the milk, will not sensibly alter its conspicuous and well-known properties, such as its color, taste, odour, and general consistency. It must moreover, be soluble in the milk, and not merely mixed with it, since if so, it would either sink to the bottom, forming a sediment, or rise to the top, as oil would in water, and in either case, would be immediately detected. It must also be such as will not be disengaged by heat, and thereby be betrayed in boiling the milk: in fine, it must obviously be a substance cheaper than milk, and the process of combination must be so simple as to be inexpensive and to admit of a certain secrecy; now it is quite apparent, that there is one substance only which will fulfil all these conditions, and that substance is water.

The frauds practised by the vendors of milk do not always consist in adulteration; we have already mentioned the case of skimming the milk, and selling the richer and poorer portions at different prices; this cannot be characterised as fraud, so long as the difference of the quality is admitted, but yet it has the effect of fraud upon the consumer of the skimmed portion, for the milk he obtains is precisely the same in quality as he would obtain if the milkman instead of skimming the milk had left it in its natural state, but watered it, so as to reduce it to the poverty of skimmed milk.

There is another expedient, commonly enough practised, which is attended with similar effect, when the milk is allowed to accumulate in the breast or dugs of the animal until they become filled and distended, the first portion drawn from them will be poor, and the milk will become richer and richer until

the vessels are emptied. This physiological fact is quite familiar to dairymen, who divide the milking of the cow into two parts, the fore-milk and after-milk; the latter being sometimes called *strippings*. Now this richer portion of the milk is often reserved for cream, the fore-milk only being sold to the consumer. In accordance with the same principles it will be easily understood, that the more frequently the animal is milked, the more uniformly rich will be the fluid.

All the circumstances here explained, and the tests provided, to ascertain the quality of the milk of inferior animals, are equally applicable to human milk. Wet-nurses differ one from another evidently enough in the abundance of their milk, and this is a point which, accordingly, is never overlooked in the selection of nurses. The quality of the milk, however, being much less obvious, is rarely attended to. Yet it is even more important than the mere question of quantity. The physical researches of some of the French physiologists have shown that cases frequently occur in which there is a superabundance of milk; and where, though the woman presents the aspect of health and vigor, the milk is poor in butter, the globules being small either in magnitude or number, or both; they are sometimes observed to be ill-formed, to float in a liquid of little density, and sometimes to be mixed with corpuscles of mucus and of a granular substance. These are characters incompatible with the healthiness of the milk, yet they are such as can only be detected by the microscope. Nevertheless, it is rare indeed that the medical practitioner ever thinks of instituting such inquiries, much less of resorting to the microscope or any other lactoscopic test.

We have now indicated, so far as we are informed, all the methods by which the representations of microscopic objects are obtained, and of these that which gives the strongest guarantee of accuracy and fidelity is the photographic method. It must, however, be observed, that even in this method, as it was practised in the production of the Microscopic Atlas of Messrs. Donné and Foucault, there is still a possible source of inaccuracy remaining, the engraver having to reproduce the photographic picture upon his plate, and for the fidelity of this process, there is no other guarantee than the general accuracy of the engraver's art.

Measures are, however, now being taken, with a fair prospect of success, by which an optical picture being projected upon a plate, will engrave itself—an approach to this has indeed been made; the photographic picture being projected upon a surface of wood, properly prepared and being there delineated by its own light, as it would be on a daguerreotype plate. The engraver after this has nothing to do but to follow the lines of the picture with his graving tool.

Attempts, however, are being made to cause the light itself to engrave the plate, and I have seen microscopic pictures of the blood corpuscles thus self engraved, which, if not completely satisfactory as works of art, have been sufficient to impress me with the conviction, that we are not far from the attainment of a measure of such high scientific importance as that of making natural objects engrave themselves.

THE natives of Australia are a simple race. Their superstitions are curious. They believe that after death they return as white men. One of them, hanged at Melbourne, said, "Never mind, I jump up white fellow, with plenty of sixpence."

WALPOLE was fond of playing at billiards, at which his friend, Dr. Monsey, excelled him. "How happens it, Monsey," said Sir Robert, "that nobody beats me at billiards, or contradicts me, but you?" "The solution is easy," answered Monsey: "I want neither places nor money from you:—perhaps, if I did, I should be as great a bungler at billiards as you are."

TIM BOBBIN'S GRAVE.—It is not generally known that the following is inscribed on the stone covering Tim Bobbin's grave, in the parish churchyard at Rochdale, Lancashire:—

"Here lies John and with him Mary,
Cheek by jowl and never vary;
No wonder they so well agree:
Tim wants no punch and Moll no tea."

THE GOOD MAN seems to find an especial happiness in loving and being loved by young children. In truth, the man without such love is as much behind humanity as that other individual whom the poet has stigmatized as being less than man, for no other reason than that he has not music in his soul. Indeed, it may be said that there is no music like the voice of a happy, and no beauty like that in the face of an intelligent child.

The Maiden of Snow.

THERE was once a maiden that had not been engendered of father and mother; but the fairies had formed her out of snow which they had drawn up in midsummer, on St. Elias' day, out of a bottomless defile. The wind had quickened her, and the dew had nurtured her: the wood had clothed her with its leaves, and the meadow had adorned her with its fairest flowers. She was whiter than snow, rosier than the rosebuds, more radiant than the sun; so beautiful, that no maiden like her hath ever come into the world, nor will any one like her ever be born upon it.

This damsel now caused proclamation to be made throughout the world, that on such and such a day, at such and such a place, a race should be run, and that she would belong to whatsoever youth should overtake her on horseback in the running. In a few days these tidings were noised abroad over the whole world, and thousands of woosers straightway came together, all riding horses so splendid, that you could never have said that one was better than another. The emperor's son himself came upon the race-course. The woosers now stationed themselves on horseback, one after another, in due order: the damsel, however, took her place in the midst, upon her own feet, without a horse, and then she said to them—"There, at the winning-post, I have fixed a golden apple; whichever of you getteth there first and taketh it, to him will I belong; but if I reach the goal before you, and take the apple, know that ye shall all fall dead upon the earth."

The riders, however, were as if dazzled, each of them hoping in his heart to win the maiden; and they said to one another—"We are well assured, beforehand, that the maiden on foot can never outrun any of us; but one from among us, he in sooth to whom God and fortune wish well to-day, shall take her home as his bride." Then the maiden clapped her hands, and they all sprang away along the race-course. When they had gone half the way the maiden had sped before them, for under her shoulders she had unfolded little wings. Then did one rider reproach the other, and they spurred and lashed their horses, and came up with the maiden; she perceiving this, quickly plucked a hair from the crown of her head, and flung it from her, and suddenly arose a mighty forest, so that the woosers knew not whither they were going nor how to get out. At last, wandering here and there, they came upon her track. The maiden soon again was far in advance; but the riders spurred and lashed their horses, so that they overtook her a second time. And when the maiden saw herself pressed still more closely, she let fall a tear, which soon turned into roaring torrents, wherein all were well-nigh drowned: the emperor's son alone, swimming with his horse, followed the maiden. But when he saw that the maiden had far outstripped him, he adjured her thrice in the name of God to stand still. Then she remained standing on the place where she was. So he took her, and lifted her up on his horse behind him, and swam back to the dry land, and wended homewards through a chain of mountains. But when he reached the highest peak he turned round—and the maiden had disappeared.

A Contradictory Couple!

MARRIED life is happy or unhappy just as people make it: and if there be one thing more than another which turns Elysium into Tophet it is Mutual Contradiction. The wife likes to live in town and the husband in the country; she likes the thermometer at seventy-five degrees and he at forty-two; she likes music which he hates, and hates dancing which he loves; and so a very cat and dog life they lead. Here is a sketch of a nice couple inimitably told.

"I do believe," he says, taking the spoon out of his glass, and tossing it on the table, "that of all the obstinate, positive, wrong-headed creatures that ever were born, you are the most so, Charlotte." "Certainly, certainly, have it your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you," rejoins the lady. "Of course, you didn't contradict me at dinner-time—oh no, not you!" says the gentleman. "Yes, I did," says the lady. "Oh you did!" cries the gentleman; "you admit that?" "If you call that contradiction I do," the lady answers; "and I say again, Edward, that when I know you are wrong, I will contradict you. I am not your slave." "Not my slave!" repeats the gentleman, bitterly; "and you still mean to say that in the Blackburns' new house there are not more than fourteen doors, including the door of the wine-cellar!" "I mean to say," retorts the lady, beating

time with her hair-brush on the palm of her hand, "that in that house there are fourteen doors, and no more." "Well, then," cries the gentleman, rising in despair, and pacing the room with rapid strides, "this is enough to destroy a man's intellect, and drive him mad!" By and by the gentleman comes to a little, and passing his hand gloomily across his forehead, reseats himself in his former chair. There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins. "I appealed to Mr. Jenkins, who sat next to me on the sofa in the drawing-room during tea." "Morgan, you surely mean," interrupts the gentleman. "I do not mean anything of the kind," answered the lady. "Now by all that is aggravating and impossible to bear," cries the gentleman, clenching his hand and looking upwards in agony, "she is going to insist that Morgan is Jenkins!" "Do you take me for a perfect fool?" exclaimed the lady; "do you suppose I don't know the one from the other? Do you suppose I don't know that the man in the blue coat was Mr. Jenkins?" "Jenkins in a blue coat!" cries the gentleman with a groan; "Jenkins in a blue coat!—a man who would suffer death rather than wear anything but brown!" "Do you dare to charge me with telling an untruth?" demands the lady, bursting into tears. "I charge you, ma'am," retorts the gentleman, starting up, "with being a monster of contradiction, a monster of aggravation, a—a—Jenkins in a blue coat!—what have I done that I should be doomed to hear such statements!"

A HUMAN BEING WITH NOTHING TO DO.—Most miserable, worthy of most profound pity is such a being. The most insignificant object in nature becomes a source of envy. The birds warble on every spray in ecstasy of joy; the tiny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends forth its fragrance of full happiness; the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkle and murmur of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonic work. Oh, plant! Oh, stream! Worthy of admiration, of worship, to the wretched idler! Here are powers ye never dreamed of—faculties divine, eternal; a head to think—but nothing to concentrate the thoughts; a heart to love—but no object to bathe with the living tide of affection; a hand to do—but no work to be done; talents unexercised, capacities undeveloped, a human life thrown away—wasted as water poured forth in the desert. Birds and flowers, ye are gods to such a mockery of life! Who can describe the fearful void of such an existence, the yearning for an object, the self-reproach for wasted powers, the weariness of daily life, the loathing of pleasure, of frivolity, and the fearful consciousness of deadening life—of a spiritual paralysis, which hinders all response to human interests—when enthusiasm ceases to arouse, and noble deeds no longer call forth the tear of joy; when the world becomes a blank, humanity a far-off sound, and no life is left but the heavy, benumbing weight of personal hopelessness and desolation. Happier far is the toiling drudge who coins body and soul into the few poor shillings that can only keep his family in a long starvation. He has a hope unceasingly to light him, a duty to perform, a spark of love within that cannot die; and wretched, weary, unhuman as his life may be, it is of royal worth—it is separated by the immeasurable distance of life and death from the poor, perhaps pampered wretch who is cursed for having nothing to do.

THE DISCONTENTED HORSE-SHOE.—A FABLE.—A well-shaped horse-shoe, as it hung against the wall in a blacksmith's shop, bitterly complained of the ill-usage to which it had been subjected. "No one," said the shoe, in a whining tone, "has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed, without any respite being allowed me. The hard-hearted sledge-hammer and anvil were my enemies, and between the two I was cruelly treated and found no pity. I was beaten by them unmercifully, and the blows I received at their hands would have killed an ox; as I said before, no one has endured the fiery trials through which I have passed." "Hold your foolish tongue," said a ploughshare, which had been to be repaired, "unless you talk more wisely. Both you and I have been greatly benefited by the ordeal through which we have passed, and are valued highly by those who might have once despised us. Once we were useless pieces of iron, but now you are a useful horse-shoe, and I a respectable ploughshare." Thus seasonably admonished, the horse-shoe became silent, and was never afterwards heard to complain. We seldom commit a greater error than that of repining at our trials and afflictions; for our Heavenly Father often renders these the medium of His greatest mercies.

SUGGESTIVE SYMPTOMS.—Symptom 1. When you meet a friend about five o'clock near his own house, and he stands gossiping with you at the street door without knocking, take it as a symptom you are not wanted to dinner. 2. When you drop in for half an hour's chat at a friend's house in the evening, and your friend looks at his watch after you have been there two hours, while his wife packs up her needlework with a yawn, observing, "Well, I think it is time to give over for to night," it is an infallible symptom you are a bore, and that the sooner you export yourself the better. 3. If at an evening party you are selected to make one at a rubber at whist, it is a symptom there are younger persons in the room whom the ladies cannot spare so well as yourself. 4. When a Jew boy importunately offers to sell you a pair of spectacles as a bargain, you may conclude it is a symptom there is something in your appearance which denotes the father of a family, in spite of whatever the tailor may have done to dress you like your youngest son. 5. If you meet a gentleman and lady, the gentleman looking vacantly serious, as if thinking of nothing—the lady placidly careless, as if perfectly satisfied—depend upon it these are symptoms of their being man and wife, and that the husband has consented to a walk, though he would rather leave it alone, while the wife is pleased to find he is as attentive as ever. But when you meet a lady and gentleman in very earnest discourse, the gentleman talking much, the lady listening with downcast eyes, it is a symptom of an affair in progress which will probably end in going to church.

BEING A GENTLEMAN.—One very frequently hears the remark made, that such, and such, and such a man "can be a gentleman when he pleases." Now when our reader next hears this expression made use of, let him call to mind the following: "He who 'can be a gentleman when he pleases,' never pleases to be anything else. Circumstances may and do, every day in life, throw men of cultivated minds and refined habits into the society of their inferiors; but while, with the tact and readiness that is their especial prerogative, they make themselves welcome among those with whom they have few if any sympathies in common, yet never by any accident do they derogate from that high standard which makes them gentlemen. So, on the other hand, the man of vulgar tastes and coarse propensities may stimulate, if he be able, the outward habitudes of society, speaking with practised intonation, and bowing with well-studied grace; yet he is no more a gentleman in his thought and feeling than is the tinselled actor who struts the boards the monarch his costume would bespeak him. This being the 'gentleman when he likes,' is but the mere performance of the character. It has all the swell of the stage and foot-lights about it, and never can for a moment be mistaken by one who knows the world. A cloak too large cannot be gracefully worn by a small man."

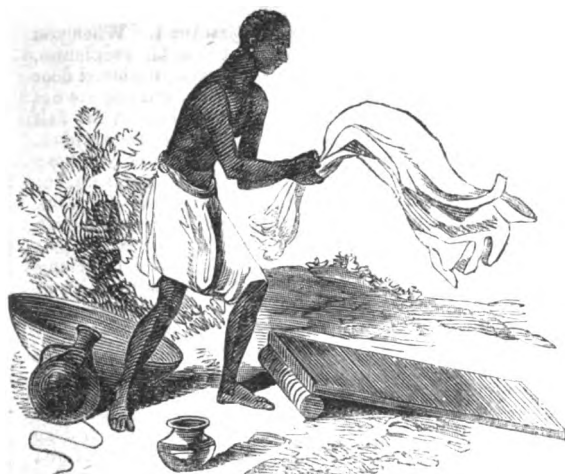
LIVING FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world; and none were blessed by them, none could point to them as the instruments of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of heaven.

It is very foolish to tell all you know, to hear all that others are willing to tell, to believe all you hear, to live beyond your income, to run needless risks, to speak evil of an absent person, and to live without a good object always before you.

A SINGULAR MUSICAL FACT.—Every orchestra contains at least two musicians with moustaches, one with spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who, from force of circumstances, you will observe, plays on a brass instrument.

A HINT.—Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

The history of most lives may be briefly comprehended under three heads—our follies, our faults, and our misfortunes.



WASHING.

Indian Cotton.—The Webs of Dacca.

In our last issue we gave an account of the preparation and weaving of, perhaps, the most remarkable production of Hindoo industry—the web-like cambrics of India. We now proceed to describe the bleaching, dressing, and packing; premising that we shall be largely indebted (as we were in our former article) to the descriptive account of the Cotton Manufacture of Dacca, by Mr. Taylor, a work that has furnished the data for nearly all that has been written upon this subject.

The water used in washing cloths at Naraindeah, is taken from wells on the bleaching ground. In the rainy season, when the rivers are high or full, it percolates through the intervening fine strata of sand, and rises in the wells to within four or five feet from the surface of the ground; but in the dry season, when the former are low, it sinks to a depth of about eighteen feet, and is frequently thick and muddy, and unfit for washing. Cloths are first steeped in large semi-circular earthen vessels (*gum-las*), answering the purpose of tubs in this country, and are then beaten in their wet state upon a board, the surface of which is generally cut into transverse parallel furrows. Fine muslins, however, are not subjected to this rough process, but are merely steeped in water. All sorts of cloths, of whatever texture they may be, are next immersed for some hours in an alkaline ley, composed of soap* and *sajes matees* (impure carbonate of soda). They are then spread over the grass and occasionally sprinkled with water, and when half dried are removed to the boiling-house in order to be steamed. The boiler used for this purpose is an earthen vessel, having a very wide mouth, and of a size capable of containing about eight or ten gallons of water. It is placed over a small excavation in the ground, and built up with clay, so as to form a broad flat surface around its neck, having at one part a slanting opening or

passage leading to the excavation below. A hollow bamboo, or reed, fitted with a cup or funnel made of cocoa-nut shell, serves as a tube through which the water is poured into the vessel. The cloths are twisted into the form of loose bundles, and placed upon the broad clay platform, on a level with the neck of the boiler. They are arranged in circular layers, one above the other, around the bamboo tube which is kept in an upright position by means of the transverse supporters projecting from it, the whole forming a conical pile that rises to a height of five or six feet above the boiler. The fire is kindled in the excavation

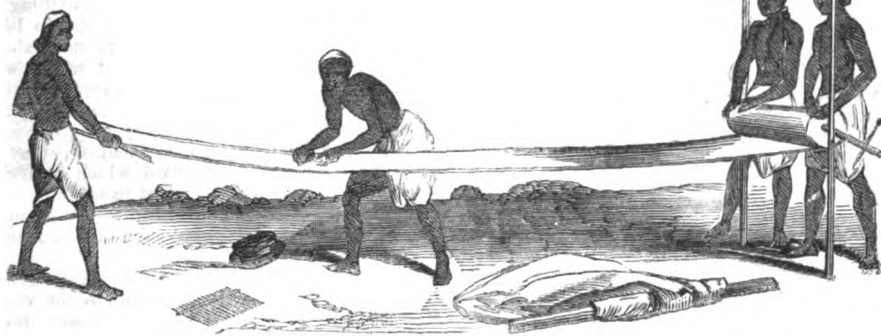


STEAMING.

below, and as the ebullition of the water proceeds, the steam rises through the wide mouth of the vessel, and diffuses itself through the mass of cloths above, swelling by its high temperature the threads of the latter, and allowing the alkali still adhering to them to penetrate more completely into their fibres, and seize on the coloring matter of the cotton. The operation of steaming is commenced in the evening, and continued all night till the following morning. The cloths are then removed from the boiler, steeped in alkaline ley, and spread

pure, and gales or gusts of wind carrying dust seldom occur to interfere with the drying of the cloths on the grass. Fine thin fabrics exposed to a strong sun at this season of the year are dried in three-quarters of an hour; cloths of a medium texture, in an hour and a half; and stout fabrics, in three hours.

The bleachers are all Hindoos of the caste *dhobes* (washerwomen). The more wealthy individuals of the class are generally either the proprietors or the renters of the bleach-grounds, and employ a considerable number of washerwomen, chiefly from Junglebarree, during the bleaching season. The boilers are erected under thatched sheds on the bleaching-field, and there are commonly five or six of them under one roof. Spreading the cloths over the grass or upon bamboo rails was formerly done by a set of workmen called *contadars*, whose business it was also to keep the bleach-ground clean, and free of weeds, prickly grass, and whatever tended to injure the cloths. The cost of bleaching depends upon the number of times the cloths are steamed. Including the expense of dressing them,



ARRANGING THE DISPLACED THREADS.

over the grass as on the preceding day, and again steamed at night. These alternate processes of *bucking* and *crofting*, as they are technically called, during the day, and of steaming at night, are repeated for ten or twelve days until the cloths are perfectly bleached. After the last steaming, they

it varies from 30 to 160 rupees (\$15 to \$80) per 100 pieces.

The cloths having been bleached are dressed by workmen, who practice the several arts included under the head of bleaching as distinct trades.

Nurdeahs arrange the threads of cloths that hap-



BEETLING THE MUSLINS.

are steeped in clear filtered water, acidulated with lime-juice in the proportion generally of one large lime to each piece of cloth. Lime-juice has long been used in bleaching in all parts of India.

The best season for bleaching is from July to November. At this time the weather is clear and

pen to be displaced during bleaching. They work in the manner shown in the engraving. The cloth wound upon a roller (*nurd*) is placed between two posts on the bleaching-ground, and is unrolled and carefully examined. The damaged portion of it is then stretched out, and being wetted with water, an instrument like a comb, formed of the spines of the nagphune plant (*Cactus Indicus*) is drawn lightly along the surface of the displaced threads, in order to bring them into their proper places.

Rafu gars are darners, who repair cloths that have been damaged during bleaching. They join broken threads, remove knots from threads, &c.

Dagh-dhobes are washerwomen, who remove spots and stains from muslin. They use the juice of the amroola plant (*Ozalis corniculata*), which is described as yielding an acid like that of sorrel, to take out iron marks; and a composition of ghee, lime, and mineral alkali to efface stains and discolorations such as are produced by decayed leaves and the plants called *neelbundee* and *cuchu*.

Koondegurs are workmen who beetle cloths. Mus-

* Soap appears to have been introduced into India by the Mohamedans, who are still the principal, if not the sole, manufacturers of it in Bengal. The Hindoos formerly used, as they still do, a lxxivium formed from the ashes of different plants, particularly the plantain-tree, in washing clothes. The Indian name of soap—*saboon*—is an Arabic word, and appears to be the origin of *sabun*, which, according to Dr. Clarke, is the name given to soap in the Crimea; and of *sarum*, which the same writer also states is applied to it at Genoa.



FOLDING.

lins are beaten with smooth chank shells (*Uolula gratis*; Lin.); and cloths of a stout texture with a mallet upon a block of tamarind wood, rice-water being sprinkled over them during the operation.

Introsallaks iron cloths. The very fine plain and flowered assortments of fabrics are ironed between sheets of paper. This work is done only by Mohammedans, and appears to have been introduced into India by them.

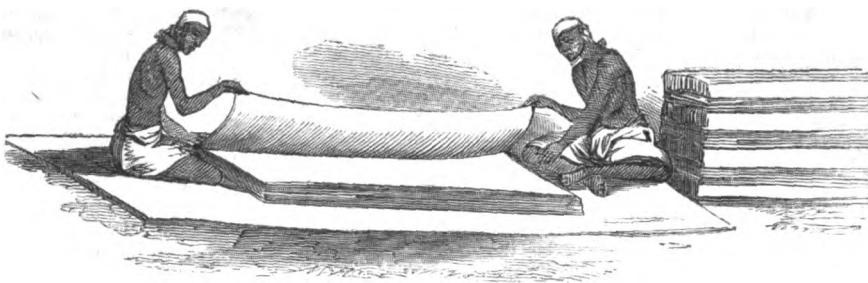
The cloths are folded by the *murdoahs*, and then piled up and formed into bales which are compressed by workmen called *bustabunds*. This is done by placing them between flat boards tied together by strong ropes and rightly twisting the latter with pieces of stick. The ancient mode of packing fine muslin was to inclose them in the hollow joints of bamboo, one of which, forming a tube about eighteen inches in length and one inch in diameter, was suf-

ness to the cloths washed in it. This water is found between Naraindeah and Tezong, a distance of about four miles; and here are to be found the principal bleaching-grounds. Formerly the French had extensive bleaching establishments at Tezong, but the place is now to a great extent overrun with jungle.

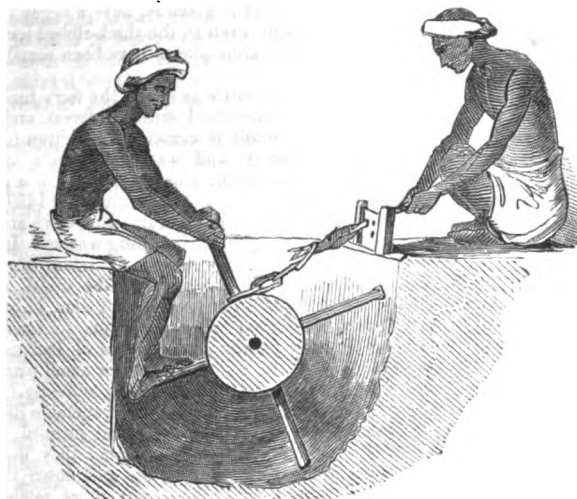
The Cotton manufacture of Dacca was formerly of considerable value, but its decline may be dated from 1793, about six years after the introduction of mule-twists into England; and since the commencement of the present century its decay has been more rapid. The wonderful mechanical inventions of Great Britain now applied to the manufacture of cotton, have by their cheapness of production rendered competition by hand labor impossible; and since 1817, the products of Bengal have been virtually excluded from the market. Nevertheless, the Dacca manufactures continue to produce some exquisite specimens of textile fabrics; and Dr. Ure says (Ure's "Cotton Manufactures of Great Britain," vol. 1., p. 54)—"Yarn continues to be spun and muslins manufactured in Dacca to which European ingenuity can afford no parallel; such, indeed, as has led a competent judge to say it is beyond his conception how this yarn, greatly finer than the highest number made

wiredrawer's house there is a small pit, about two feet and a half in depth, containing a rude horizontal cylinder of wood, which turns on pivots at both ends. In this cylinder are inserted four handspikes; to one of these is attached a chain by a ring; at the other end also is a ring, through which is passed a strong pair of pincers. One end of the bar having been forced through a steel plate, the pincers are attached to it, and, as the cylinder is turned, the strain on the chain causes the jaws of the pincers to grip the bar firmly: the hold is increased by placing a small piece of mica between its jaws and the rod, and the friction is lessened by rubbing the bar with wax. The cylinder is turned by both hands and feet, and the wire as it lengthens winds upon

made thinner than the rest, that when they overlap each other the thickness may be uniform. The bar is heated in a pan of charcoal till it becomes red hot; it is then hammered and rubbed with a piece of wood, after which it is ready for being drawn into wire; the silver-gilt rod at this time is about the thickness of a man's thumb, and about six or eight inches in length. In the



PACKING.



WIREDRAWING.

ficiently large to contain a piece of muslin twenty-two English yards long and one broad. The cylindrical cases of this kind in which the *mu boos khas* muslins were sent to Delhi were lacquered and gilded; and when brought into Dacca from the government weaving establishments at the *aurungs*, were paraded in great state (as was the case with all articles intended as offerings to the emperor), through the streets of the town to the residence of

in England, can be spun by distaff or woven afterwards by any machinery."

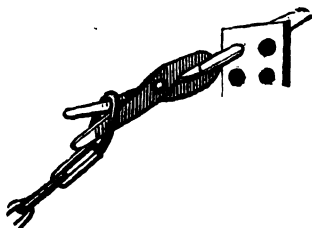
Indian Tissue—The city of Pactun, situated on the river Godavery, is famed for its manufactures in gold and silver tissue, viz.—jingrees or turbans; dooputtas, or long shawls; and sarees, or women's robes. The best of these are sent to the Courts of Gwalior, Barodi, and Hyderabad; the long shawls, which are thrown over the shoulders

by the native princes on state occasions, sometimes cost as much as 3000rs. each. The woof is composed of very fine cotton thread generally scarlet or green, the warp of silk of a similar color; the shawls are made sometimes in long stripes, alternate scarlet and gold, each stripe about an inch in width; the ends are cloth of gold, nearly a yard in depth; the whole shawl is surrounded by a rich border of flowers or birds, in variegated silks, woven on a gold ground. Some of the sarees are made of thick shot-silk, in narrow stripes, finished in a similar manner; others, of the same texture as the dooputtas, are flowered, spotted, or striped with gold, and are about nine yards in length; they present a most gorgeous appearance, being in texture like fine gauze or the muslin of ladies' dresses. Some which were made to order for his Highness the Guicowar's Court were valued at 225rs., or about \$100 each. The gold thread used in these articles is thus made:—A rod of silver weighing twenty-two rupees, after having been roughened with a file, is covered with a leaf of the best gold weighing one rupee. The method by which the leaf is made to adhere to the silver is very simple. The rod having been wetted, the leaf of gold is pressed upon it with the fingers and then rubbed smartly on the thigh; the small portion of the gold which overlaps is then cut off; the edges of the gold-leaf where they meet are purposely



FLATTENING THE WIRE.

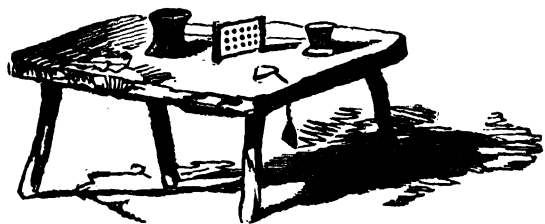
it. Having been passed through three different holes in the plate, it is coiled up and re-heated, and the process is repeated till it is the size of a common whipcord. It now passes into other hands. The workmen by whom the wire is drawn out sit at a small bench. On this bench are wheels, and, the wire being wound on the smaller, one end of it is passed through a hole in a steel plate, something like those used for making screws,



WIREDRAWING APPARATUS.

the Nawaub, prior to their dispatch to Court. This mode of presenting muslins to persons of distinction is somewhat similar to that mentioned by Tavernier, who states that Mahomed Ali Beg, on returning to Persia from India, where he had been an ambassador, presented to the king a cocoon of silk, about the size of an ostrich egg, studded with pearls, and that, on opening it, it was found to contain a turban of Indian muslin, sixty cubit long.

The water found in the neighborhood of Dacca is said to possess properties which give peculiar white-



WIREDRAWER'S BENCH.



WINDING THE WIRE.

and is then fastened to the larger, which, being worked by the hand, winds the wire off the smaller. When all is wound off, the end is rubbed fine between two small pieces of porcelain (shown in the figure), one piece hanging from the bench by a small chain; it is then passed through a smaller hole in the plate, and wound from the larger on to the smaller reel: both reels being kept in motion by the hand. This operation is continued till the wire is as fine as the finest hair. This hair-like thread has next to be flattened, which is done by beating it on a highly polished anvil, with as highly a polished hammer. Eight or ten threads being wound on small reels fastened in two rows on a board; their ends are passed through very fine holes, pierced in a piece of thick fish skin, attached to the anvil with bees-wax. By this means the gold threads are brought separately on the anvil, and are at the same time flattened with one stroke, the workman drawing them slowly with his left hand. The wire as it now is would be too fine and brittle to work into the fabrics in which it is used, it is therefore wound upon orange-colored silk in the following manner: the silk thread is wound round two spindles, and, being passed through a glass ring attached to the ceiling of the room, both are brought to an equal height from the ground. They are then set in rapid motion in opposite directions by being rubbed sharply along the thigh, and the velocity with which they spin round is perfectly astonishing. As they turn, the gilt wire, which is quite flat, is wound on the thread—the art being to wind it on so evenly that the silk may not appear. That which strikes the spectator most is the extreme simplicity, even rudeness, of the implements used, and the beauty of the articles manufactured. Very probably no improvements have been made since the manufacture was first commenced. The greater portion of the inhabitants of Pactus are engaged in the different branches of these manufactures.

A Chat about Plants.

(Concluded from page 23, vol. III.)

There is high life and low life among plants, as among men. The stately palm raises its high, unbroken pillar, crowned with sculptured verdures, only in the hot vapors of Brazilian forests and tropical climes, and like a true "king of the grasses," as the ancient Indians called the noble tree, it must needs fare sumptuously and upon the richest of earth's gifts, before it justifies the prophet's saying, that "the righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree." How humble by its side, the lowly moss, barely visible to the naked eye, clad in most modest garb, and yet faithfully covering with its warm mantle the dreary, weatherbeaten boulders of northern granite, or carpeting our damp grottos, and making them resplendent with its phosphorescent verdure! The brilliant flower of Queen Victoria's namesake, the most superb cradle in which child was ever rocked, must needs float its rosy leaves on the warm bosom of the silent lakes of Guiana; and the Aristolochia of South America, whose flowers are large enough to serve Indian boys as hats or helmets, deigns not to live, unless it can bathe its delicate roots in the shady waters of the Magdalen River—theirs is the warm golden light of the sun, theirs the richest of soils, the purest of waters, an everlasting summer, an unbroken enjoyment. And yet, are they really more beautiful and graceful than the humble houseleek, which flourishes under circumstances that would be fatal to almost all other plants? In the very driest places, where not a blade, not a spire of moss can grow, on naked rocks, old crumbling walls, or sandy, scorched plains, these step-children of nature are seen to prosper and to thrive. Alternately exposed to the heaviest dew at night, and the fiercest rays of the noonday sun, they withstand all, and live upon so small a particle of soil, that it seems to them more a means of keeping them stationary, than a source of nutriment. Rock-roses bear that name, because they will only flourish in dry, rocky places, where other plants would never find a due supply of moisture. These rocks they are industriously engaged in ornamenting with a profusion of brilliantly colored flowers, for nature loves to combine everywhere the beautiful with the useful. Still, their beauty is but short-lived; their blossoms usually expand at night, and after a few hours' exposure to the sun, they perish. But their long, evergreen branches, trail year after year, with great beauty, over the rough banks and rocky cliffs that give them a shelter and a home. The very sand of the sea, dry, and drifting at the mercy of the waves, fickle and false to a proverb, is, not too poor for a most useful plant, the so-called sand-reed. It

has no beauty of form to please the eye, no delicacy of structure to engage our attention, the cattle themselves will not touch it. But when planted by the hand of man, to give firmness to dikes and embankments, it pierces them with an entangled web of living structure, which offers a resistance stronger than that of the gigantic walls of fabled Cyclops, and is but rarely overcome by the violence of the storm and the fury of the waves. The loose sand of South American deserts still harbors little cacti, so small, and so slightly rooted in their unstable home, that they get between the toes of the Indians—and even the fearful deserts of Africa, those huge seas of sand without a shadow, are at least surrounded by forest shores, clothed in verdure; even there a few solitary palm trees, sighing in loneliness for the sweet rivulets of the oasis, are scattered over the awful solitude, and wherever a tiny thread of water passes half concealed through the endless waves of sand, a line of luxuriant green marks it to the exhausted traveller, and reminds him of the green pastures and still waters of holy writ.

Nor are plants dwellers upon land only; the waters also teem with vegetable life, and the bed of the mighty ocean is planted with immense submarine forests, and a thousand varied herbs, from the gigantic fucus, which grows to the length of many hundred feet, and far exceeds the height of the tallest tree known, to the little yellow blossom of the duckweed on our ponds. Every river has its own reed; some, covered with snow for part of the year, hardly rise above the sluggish, silent waters of the Irts in cold Siberia; others form ever murmuring forests of graceful bamboo on the banks of the Ganges. For the earth opposes everywhere to the encroaching tides of the ocean, another sea of restless vegetation, yielding constantly, and never giving way; with its green waves, so delicate, fragile, and airy, and yet as strong in their very weakness as the deep-blue waves of the ocean. Further out at sea enormous sponges fill vast spaces of the watery realm, and when mature break loose from their safe anchorage, to float in countless myriads through the surrounding sea; for here also nature pours out, with a lavish hand, living food, storing even the waves with nutriment for their gigantic denizens, and literally casting bread upon the waters for the living world of the ocean. In other zones, immense and permanent banks of verdure are met with, by far exceeding the largest prairies on land, true oceanic meadows. For twenty-three long days did Columbus sail through one of these marvels of western waters, covering an area like that of all France; and yet, there it is, even now, as large and as luxuriant as it was more than three centuries ago.

Trees and shrubs still gather around the desolate North Cape in spite of eternal winter, and relentless storms. Ice-clad Spitzbergen even boasts still of a willow, the giant of these Arctic forests, the woody stems of which, it is true, creep so close on the ground and conceal themselves so anxiously in the turf bogs that the small leaves, never rising more than an inch or two, are hardly discoverable amid the thick moss. The plains bordering on the icy Sea, are full of cryptogamous plants, and show even, here and there, patches of green turf, a most glad-some sight to the weary traveller. The swampy districts, also, which there extend further than eye can reach, are covered with a closely woven carpet of mosses, minute in size, and yet so abundant, that they support immense herds of reindeer for a whole, dreary season. Even the perpetual snow of the polar regions is often adorned with beautiful forests of diminutive plants, and extensive fields of bright scarlet are seen, consisting of myriads of minute fungi and microscopic mushrooms, which form the so-called "gory dew," beheld by early navigators with a wonder nearly akin to awe. Captain Richardson found the ground near the Arctic circle, though it remains frozen throughout the whole year to a depth of twenty inches, covered with bright flowering plants; and the great Humboldt saw at a height of more than 18,000 feet, on the uncovered rocks of the Chimborazo, traces of vegetation piercing through the eternal snow of those inhospitable regions. So far from ice and snow being hostile to plants, it has even been observed that some of the most beautiful flowers on earth grow in the very highest and bleakest parts of the Alps. There the snow has hardly melted, and lies still close at hand, when these Alpine roses unfold their brilliant flowers, with a haste, as if they knew how costly were the moments of their short summer-time. They seem to devote their whole strength to the development of their flowers, and as their stems are but short and partially buried in the ground, their bright blossoms often appear to spring imme-

diately from the unsightly drift and gravel, in which they live. Thus bare steep cliffs, vast dazzling snow fields, and dark-blue glaciers, are seen in immediate contact with graceful little plants, decked with a profusion of flowers of the purest and brightest colors. The tiny forget-me-not of the Alps blossoms by the side of huge boulders of rock, and sweet roses unfold their rich crowns at the foot of massive blocks of ice, exhibiting a beautiful picture of loveliness mated with grandeur.

The vegetable kingdom extends its colonies even into the bowels of the earth—the so-called subterranean flora is large and beautiful. Wherever rain or surface water can percolate, either through natural cavities or openings made by the hand of man, there plants will appear, and busily hide the nakedness of the rock. Far below the soil on which we tread, plants thrive and adorn our globe. When the miner first opens his shaft, or the curious traveller discovers a new cave—everywhere they find the new rock and the snow-white stalactite covered with a delicate, graceful network of an usnea, or, as in the coal-mines near Dresden, a luminous fungus shines brightly, and turns these regions of darkness into the semblance of a bejewelled and illuminated enchanter's palace. The narrow, deep crevices of the glaciers, have a vegetation of their own, and even in the thick-ribbed ice of the Antarctic sea, marine plants have been found floating.

Heat deters plants as little as cold; the fiery furnaces of volcanoes is tapestried with conifers, and hot springs, whose breath is certain destruction to animal life, feed plants, and water the roots of others, which bear beautiful blossoms. There are springs in Louisiana, whose temperature is 1468, and yet not only mosses, but shrubs and trees are seen to bathe their roots in their boiling waters. In the Fumarole, or the fairy island of Ishia, near Naples, a sedge and a fern grow in the midst of ascending vapors, and in a soil so hot that it instantly burns the hand which attempts to touch their roots! Nay, in the very geysers of Iceland, which boil an egg in a few minutes, a small plant grows, blossoms, and re-produces itself annually.

If land and water abound thus with vegetable life, the realms of the air are not less well peopled, at least with germs and seeds of plants; they float upon every breeze, are wafted up and down the heavens, and round and about our great mother earth. Nothing is more startling, more wonderful, than the almost omnipresence of fungus germs in the atmosphere. A morsel of ripe fruit, a little water spilt on a crumb of bread, a drop of stale ink, a neglected bottle of medicine, afford at once ample evidence of this teeming, living world around us. In a very short time, a delicate, velvet-like covering, envelopes the decomposing mass, and presently acquires the utmost luxuriance of growth. And a wonderful race are these fungi, the earth's vegetable scavengers; called upon by the mysterious distribution of duties in nature, to destroy all decaying matter, and to absorb noisome exhalations, they grow with a rapidity that outstrips decay itself. A very common kind of puff-ball swells, in one night, from a minute speck to the size of a gourd, and there is a fungus on the continent of Europe, which has been known to increase from a point invisible to the naked eye, to a weight of more than a hundred pounds! Or take the simple mould of every day's life. Arm your eye, and you will behold myriads of delicate forms, standing up in jaunty attitudes, and rearing their tender filaments over the decaying mass, in which they are living in luxurious plenty. They lengthen, they swell, they burst, and again scatter their light and invisible germs, like a cloud of smoke, into the air. There they float around us, like motes in the sunbeam; there we breathe them, for they have been found in the membranes of the lungs of living men. Our common house-fly may be seen in fall, glued by cold and inertia to the window-pane, and at once covered with its own appropriate mould; in the West Indies, wasps have been observed flying about with plants of their own length hanging down from behind their heads. It is a fungus, the germ of which was introduced through the breathing pores into the body of the poor victim, where it takes root, and feeding upon the living substance, develops its luxuriant vegetation.

Heat and moisture are the two great requisites of plants: without them no vegetation is possible—heat, especially, is of all their necessities of life the most important: it is the iron sceptre which rules the vegetable kingdom, whether the plant hangs in the air, is half buried in the ground, or for a lifetime covered with water. The same degree of heat produces every where the same union of kindred

plants; hence the arrangement of all vegetables according to zones on our globe. The Arctic, nearest to the poles where the lichens still support the reindeer, and cheerful mosses cover the bare rock, is destitute of trees,—but it has dwarfish perennial plants, with large flowers of beautiful colors; it has its gentle smiling meadows and green pastures, which we miss so sadly in the sunny south. More varied and of higher order is the flora of the temperate zone, though not approaching in luxurious abundance and gorgeous brilliancy the splendor of the torrid zone. But what can compensate for the periodical, anxiously awaited, re-awakening of nature, at the first breath of the mild air of spring? What is more beautiful than the fresh evergreen foliage of firs and cypresses, so rare in the tropics, which cheer up the desolate winter landscape, and loudly tell the nations of the north, that, though snow and ice cover the earth, the inward life of plants is never extinguished, and that spring will come after winter as surely as eternity comes after death? The great leading features of the temperate zone are its vast plains and steppes, which the eye of man cannot compass, and where he feels himself, as on the high sea, face to face with his Maker. These large prairies, or savannas, are covered with luxuriant, waving grass, expressive of all that is cheerful in their airy grace and tremulous lightness. In other regions, strange, fantastic looking soda plants, succulent and evergreen, strike the eye and dazzle it with their brilliant snow-white crystals—or, as on Russian steppes, plants of all kinds are so densely crowded on the unmeasured plain, that the wheels of the travellers carriage can but with difficulty crush them, and he himself is half buried in the close, high forest of grapes, too tall to allow him to look around.

In the torrid zone all vegetable life attains the highest development, from the exclusive and constant union of a high temperature with abundant moisture. Here we find the greatest size combined with the greatest variety, the most graceful proportions by the side of the most grotesque forms, decked with every possible combination of brilliant coloring. Here also—and here alone—are found truly primeval forests, impenetrable to man and beast, from the luxuriance of thickly interwoven creepers above and the density of a ligneous undergrowth, through which not a ray of light can penetrate.

As the distribution of plants in zones depends almost exclusively on the amount of heat which they require for their development, we find that the succession of plants from the foot of mountains upwards to their summit, is nearly the same as that from the middle latitudes to the poles. For heat decreases in the same proportion by height above the level of the sea as by latitude; and the horizontal zones on a mountain's side present the same variety of plants as the great zones mentioned, only in a much smaller space; as we feel the temperature of the atmosphere diminish more rapidly in ascending a lofty mountain, than in travelling from the tropics to the poles. Hence the same peculiar plants are found in the arctic zone, and on the highest mountains which reach the line of perpetual snow: the same humble but no less beautiful flowers blossom in Spitzbergen and on the icy shores of Victoria Land, as on the desolate cliffs of the Andes, the Alps, and the snow-covered heights of the Himalaya. Even under the tropics, the evergreens of the North appear again: the most elevated regions of Peru, and the lofty plains of Asiatic mountains are covered with superb forests of that noble tree of which the poet says:—

"Where summer smiles with verdure crown'd,
Where winter flings his 'torments, the pine is found:
With heaven aspiring head it grows
'Mid burning sun, and everlasting snows."

On the highlands of Mexico, and the mountains of Java, the traveller from the cold North meets with surprise the chestnut and the noble oak of his own distant home. It is one of the most interesting enjoyments offered to the layman as well as to the botanist, thus to pass from zone to zone in the course of a few hours or days at most. Rising, for instance, from the blue water of the Mediterranean, his eye dwells at first with wondering delight on perfumed orange gardens and dusky olive-trees, "fair and goodly fruit;" he passes through thickets of fragrant myrtle, laurel, and evergreen oaks, above which tower the stone-pines of the South, and here and there an isolated date-palm, lifting up its gently waving crown. A few steps further, and the aspect changes; he has left the evergreens of the milder climate behind him, and stepping out of the glowing, fiery sunshine, he delights in the cool, refreshing gloom of the wide branches of lofty chestnuts, and proud oaks, the very kings of the forest. Revived by their luxuriant foliage, "at dewy eve distilling

odours," he gazes upwards, where their branches interlace and form grand cathedral aisles, and bows down in awe and reverence in this fit temple of the Most High. As he ascends he meets yet with the maple, spreading out its broad dome of dark green leaves in masses so thick, that beneath it he fears not the passing shower, and the beech, which shows its dappled bark and bright green foliage. The silvery trunk of some white birch, with "bough so pendulous and fair"—begins already to gleam among the underwood, when he leaves behind him the aspen with its ever-quivering leaves, which almost shed a sense of breezy coolness through the sultry day.

His next step leads him into the dark woods of truly northern trees: pines, firs, and larches. Their dense shade fills his soul with sombre thoughts; the gentle murmuring of their boughs sounds to his ear like low complaint, and even the sweet aroma that perfumes the air, brings with it—he knows not why—feelings of vague grief and sorrow. He gazes up with amusement at the tallest of the tall, worthy,

—"Hewn on Norwegian hills,
To be the mast of some tall admiral!"

Now, as he mounts still higher, trees grow fewer and fewer; low bushes stand scattered about, forlorn outposts of their happier brethren below; they also soon venture higher, and low but fragrant herbs alone remain to greet his eye and cheer him on his way upward. At last he reaches the eternal snow, that knows no season and no change, and stands in unsullied purity, dazzling white, high in the clear blue ether. All traces of life are left behind—he stands there alone in the awful, silent solitude, alone in the presence of his Maker.—Thus he has seen in rapid succession, and in a few short hours, what it would have cost him months to behold, had he travelled from the same Mediterranean northward to the frozen ocean.

Scene in a Country Churchyard a Hundred and Fifty Years since.

CHRISTOPHER HART was a farmer belonging to that body of religionists, in the times to which the date of this story refers, called Puritans, and bitterly denounced and persecuted as schismatics. On the day set apart by the Church of England to commemorate the beheading of King Charles the First, this then prosperous and well-to-do Yeoman, by some unrecorded accident or sudden freak of fancy, was—oh, woe the day for him—seated in one of the pews of his own parish church. He appeared not to take the slightest notice of the allusions in the service to the defunct king and royal martyr, till it so fell out that the officiating minister, in the height of his exordium from the pulpit, thought fit to exclaim, "And never since, on this day, has the sun been known to shine." As the words passed his lips, the sun, which had before been slightly overcast, through the church windows with such a flood of dazzling brightness that the small eyes of the old vicar blinked again in the sudden blaze of golden light, which, after playing coquettishly with his own round cheeks and ruby nose, proceeded to illuminate the monument of a knight who had fought in the wars of the roses, and nobody could tell how many wars besides, whose fierce visage seemed to frown more darkly still, whilst the clasped stony hands appeared as if raised in solemn deprecation of the monstrous fable to which priestly tongue had given utterance; but at this very moment there was a living face which looked nearly as stern and forbidding in real flesh and blood as did the grim old warrior in stone; for Master Christopher Hart had risen to his feet, and, with a voice that made the aisles resound again, shouted forth—

"By thy own red nose, thou speakest false: the sun *not* shine on this day more than any other! Why, man, he is now shining straight in thy very face to confound thee!"

The parson dropped his book; the squire started up in his pew with an oath, whilst his lady spread her sun-fan, lest her eyes should be extinguished by glancing towards such a monster; and even the curls on the periwig of their little wide-skirted, buff-breached, boy heir apparent, as well as those lovelier ones on the head of his pretty, long-bodied sister, in apron, cap, and ruffles of the finest Flanders, seemed to rise and stand on end with horror at such a sacrilegious outrage. What followed may not easily be imagined.

Christopher had walked into that church a wealthy, thriving man, he was dragged out as a felon, an object of ecclesiastical vengeance, and in those days the church had a fearful power. He was persecuted with the most merciless severity for presuming within sacred precincts to become a fearless

witness in the cause of truth. He had "brawled" in the church, they said; and he was fined so heavily that his wife and children were made homeless, and himself imprisoned; but the captive's spirits, nevertheless, were wonderfully kept up; like another illustrious sufferer for conscience' sake, whose name, Time on his forehead wears, he managed to pursue some handicraft in prison, which, with the aid rendered by a few kind Christian souls, whose timid natures blamed his more intrepid one for being so deficient in all worldly prudence, he and his family were kept from starvation; it must be borne in mind that most of those who secretly sympathized with, and pitied his misfortunes, whilst ministering to his necessities, had also certain rankling venoms in their own hearts, of perhaps a grandfather nailed to the pillory, an uncle branded on the cheek, or a first cousin minus both his ears. Christopher Hart did not die in prison, though several of the best years of his life were spent there; neither were his children permitted to beg their bread. Some of them went to America, and there became founders of another branch of the Hart family—not unworthy of the parent stem.

Reasoning in Birds.

THE following illustrative anecdote of the reasoning powers in birds is related by credible authority:—A gentleman had a goldfinch, which was chained to a perch, instead of being kept in a cage. Its food was put into a box, resembling a water-fountain used for cages; and the little opening at which the bird was fed had a cover loaded with lead to make it fall down. The bird raised this by pushing down a lever or handle with its bill, which raised the lid of the box; after which, by placing its foot on the lever, it could feed at leisure. He had also a redpole chained on nearly a similar perch; this bird fed from an open box, without the trouble of having recourse to the lifting power, like his neighbor the goldfinch. But though the redpole could have known nothing of the use of the handle from his own experience, as his food was to be got at without such trouble, yet it seems he must have taken notice of it, and seen that, by touching this handle, he could get at the goldfinch's food, were he within reach; and this he kept in mind for the day of need; for, one morning when loose, and his own seed box empty, he flew at once to the perch of his friend, raised the lid of the seed box with his bill, and then, laying hold of it with one foot, kept it open till he had made a good breakfast. This apparently trifling circumstance clearly shows that birds can and do take notice of some things, and collect information which may be useful when needed. In this case, it required some time and attention to teach the goldfinch the use of the handle for holding up the lid of the box; but the redpole had watched the operation, and learned by observation how to do it as well as his friend. The following is another instance of sagacity in a pair of goldfinches: These little birds had built their nest on a small branch of an olive-tree; after hatching their brood the parents perceived that the weight of the growing family would soon be too great for the strength of the branch which supported the nest; in fact, it was beginning to give way. Something was to be done, or the nest would fall; this was evident to beholders, and equally so to the goldfinches; accordingly, they were observed to fasten, by a small string they had picked up, the bending twig to a stronger and higher branch of the tree, and thus their nest was saved.

CORNISH MINERS.—You will see, as you saw in the market-place at Truro, a marked difference between miners and field laborers. The intelligence gleaming in their eyes, and the general expression, denote a habit of thinking for themselves, as you will find by their shrewd remarks, if you get into talk with them. In daily conflict with rude circumstances, their native resources are developed and multiplied. Their ingenuity is manifest in the numerous improvements they have made in their tools and machinery. They will pierce a shaft in two or three different divisions—one party working from the surface, another from one of the uppermost galleries, and a third from the deeper workings; and when complete the several portions of the shaft shall all meet in a true perpendicular. Their risks are great. According to Dr. Barham, one-half of the miners die of consumption between the ages of thirty-five and fifty. Some are killed every year by falling from the ladders in their ascent or descent, and numbers maimed by the daily blastings, in which the county explodes three hundred pounds of gunpowder annually. In Gwennup the deaths by violence are one in five.

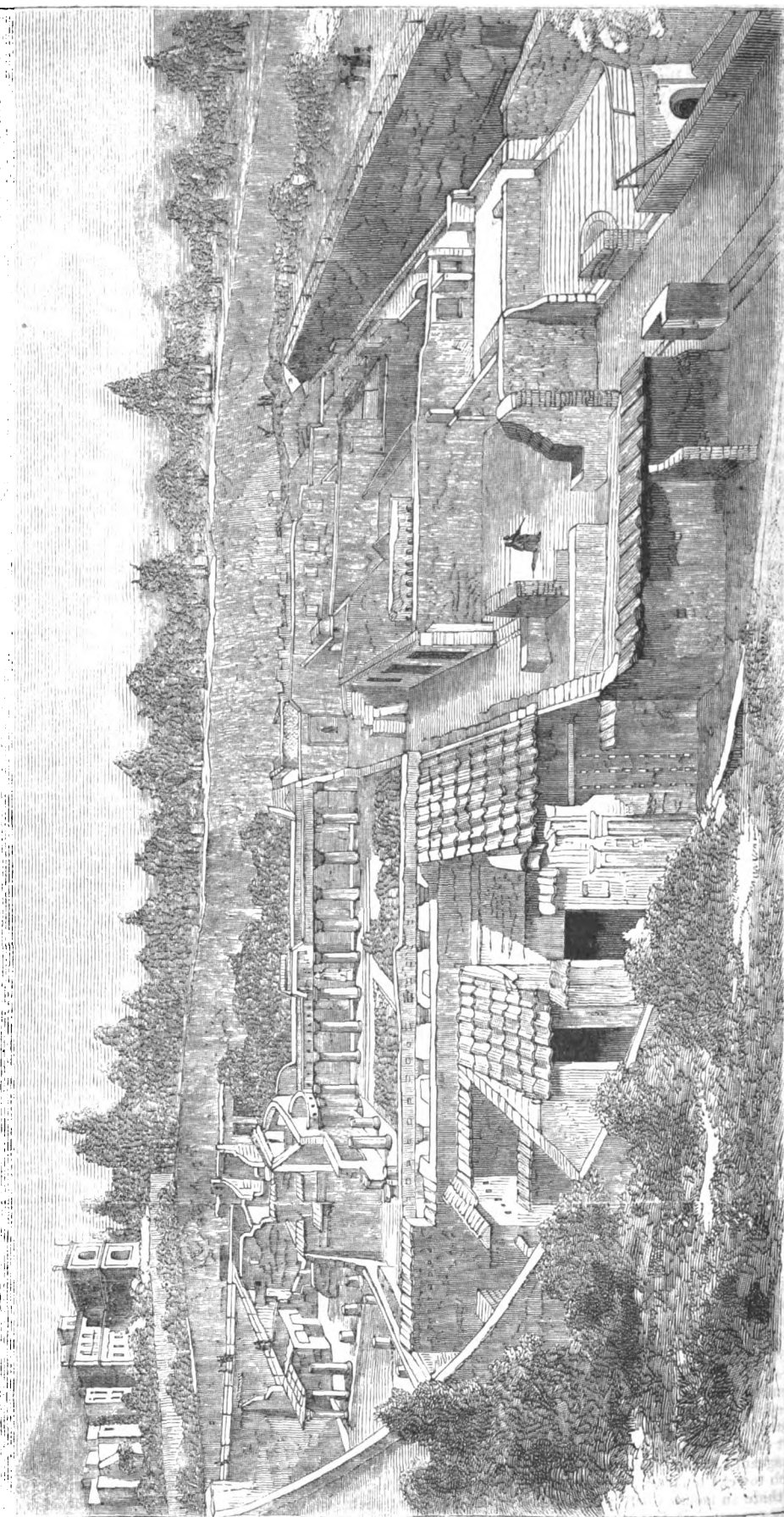
Herculaneum.

THE view presented of Herculaneum is taken from an entirely new point, and was suggested by Cav. Bonucci, the director of the excavations in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. Vesuvius, which is visible in the distance, was then just beginning to pour forth its liquid fire, and report threatened these ruins, so lately disinterred, with a second entombment. Yet nearer, we see some portion of the modern city, which is erected on the ashes and lava of the mountain, and effectually prevents all further excavation towards the north. Happily for modern taste and refinement, there was no superstructure to the south and west of this point, and to this fact we are indebted for those wonders of art which, within the last century, have created a revolution in the domestic habits and tastes of the world. The height of the modern above the old Roman city is well marked by the houses on the left, and also by the cutting in the soil around; and nothing shows more clearly the oblivion which awaits human grandeur than the fact that a city which abounded in the richest works of art should have slumbered unnoticed for so many centuries under so thin a crust of soil. On the right of the picture the excavations have been terminated. No other ruins are found in this direction, as, at the time of the great catastrophe, the sea came up to this point; and the ground on which those gaily-festooned vines appear (purchased for the purpose of excavation) is about to be exchanged for the yet untried ground in front. Here, it is anticipated, that treasures of art will be found; for beyond those colonnades, and underneath the soil, lies the Forum. Close to this site was discovered the celebrated equestrian statue of Balbus, and here, said an *employé*, we hope to find enough wherewith to fit up another museum. The hopes of the antiquary, therefore, in Naples, are much excited as regards the future of Herculaneum. The point from which the sketch is taken is highly interesting, not merely as presenting a new and entire view of the city, but as embracing distant objects of picturesque and historical celebrity. Beginning with the modern city, the eye sweeps round the horizon, taking in, one after the other, Vesuvius, Sorrento, and finally Capri—"crouching," as it has been well described, "like a lion at the entrance of the Bay of Naples." Its irregular outline can be just seen above the surface of the blue and sparkling waters.

EATING A BULL.—There are examples enough of ambassadors having been very roughly handled. A

Papal legate, who brought a bull which the Pope had fulminated against Visconti, tyrant of Milan, was made to eat that document. Visconti marched the legate gravely to the Naviglio bridge, and then he said to him abruptly, "Choose whether you will rather have something to eat or something to drink,

would be bundled at once into the river, he gasped out that his choice was made; he would "eat!" "Do so, then," sneered Visconti, grimly; "swallow this piece of lead and the silken fastening to your bull." The legate at once saw that remonstrance would be useless, even a wry face might be dangerous; so he



HERCULANEUM.

in memory of your mission; for one of the two you shall surely have before you depart." The holy man turned a miserable and imploring look on his persecutor, and then an anxious glance on the deep stream which roared below. The latter determined him! and fearing that if he decided on drinking, he

munched the lead and silk in rueful silence. When he had eaten it Visconti complimented him on his digestion, and sent him about his business. It is needless to say that the reverend gentleman never looked behind him. BRAVRY is the flower of virtue.



INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE GOVERNOR OF CHERITZ KHAN AND THE DYING MURDERER ISHMAEL, IN THE CHAMBER OF THE PRISON.

THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE:

A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STANFIELD HALL," "MINNIE GREY," ETC.

Continued from Vol. III., page 41.

CHAPTER LIV.

Thus even-handed justice doth commend
The ingredients of the poisoned chalice
To our own lips.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE Princess Troubets-koi was probably the only person in the government of Chertiz Khan who could treat, with a shadow of independence, the authority of its chief. Having accompanied her husband voluntarily into exile, she was exempt from many of the regulations and petty annoyances to which those who had been condemned for offences, real or imaginary, were subjected. Added to which, the facts of her receiving annually from St. Petersburg, a pittance from her vast fortune, and the interest which the empress was supposed to take in her sufferings, were not without their weight.

But all these considerations might have proved ineffectual with the governor, but for the diamonds of Charles Vavasour, and the disappointment he had experienced in his search after the money buried by Ishmael. His first impression was that the assassin had deceived him; the second, that his conversation with the Jew had been overheard by one of his own officers, and his errand forestalled.

It was on his return from the search that he encountered the princess in the streets of the city. For many reasons the lady permitted him to believe that the gems whose brightness caused his eyes to sparkle with cupidity, were her own property—the wreck of her former state. The principal one was, that had he known them to belong to our hero, he could, without hesitation, have confiscated them to his own use. An exile in Siberia has no property—he does not even belong to himself; life, limb,

heart—all but the soul, which no tyranny can reach, are at the disposal of his cruel taskmaster.

"It certainly is a great thing you demand," observed the functionary, willing to give to his extortion an appearance of yielding to her entreaties, rather than the magnificent bribe she offered him; "but, as you say, this Ishmael was undoubtedly the assassin of your son—"

"And of the Hebrew girl, Sarah."

"True. But—"

The "but" implied a certain amount of irresolution, and the lady glanced at the diamonds which she held in the open palm of her hand. The mute appeal was not without its effect, for the speaker immediately added, "that much was to be allowed for the natural desire of the brother and friends of Oscar to avenge his death."

"It is a compact, then?" said the princess.

"Certainly. I cannot resist the pleadings of a mother"—of such diamonds, he should have said. "I begin to feel that this Ishmael is an unprincipled villain. That I have been deceived by his misrepresentations of the affair. In short, madam, I promise you not only justice for the murder of your son, but the safety of his friends."

"All?" demanded his visitor.

"All," repeated the governor, with marked emphasis. He would willingly have excepted the Pole, whose calm, dignified manner had piqued him. But the luxury of gratifying the natural malice of his disposition was not to be indulged in at the price of a single gem more than the whole; for the lady refused to treat on any terms than the liberation of the entire party.

Still to a mind like his, a victim was necessary, and it was not long before he found one.

After giving orders to one of his officers to proceed to the prison, and bring the exiles to the government house, he requested his visitor to excuse his absence for a time, adding that he would be back within the hour.

Ishmael, who had been counting every moment of the governor's absence, fearful lest the hand of

death, which he already felt, was upon him, should close its icy grasp before he had gratified his vengeance by witnessing the execution of Julian, smiled faintly when he saw him enter the chamber, where he still lay powerless and mangled like a crippled serpent.

"At last!" he murmured.

"Yes," replied the great man, "I have returned at last."

"You found the money?"

"You have deceived me. I searched the spot you indicated—the earth certainly had the appearance of having been recently disturbed, but not a ruble—not a copeck, could I discover."

The Jew regarded him with a glance of impotent fury; he did not believe one word of the assertion, but considered it a mere pretext to extort from him the imaginary sum which he had boasted of possessing, or an excuse to avoid the fulfilment of his promise.

"You must, therefore," continued the speaker, "point out the spot where the rest of the sum agreed upon is concealed. I am not to be trifled with."

"Villain," muttered the Hebrew, writhing with mental agony, "you have been bribed by my enemies. Fool—idiot that I was to part with a coin before our compact was fulfilled."

"Insolent! this to me!" exclaimed the governor of Chertiz Khan, "the representative of the Czar!"

"Fulfill your pledge."

"Fulfill yours," retorted his visitor, "or dread the punishment due to your crimes. The death of Oscar Troubets-koi and the girl you murdered may yet have to be accounted for. As for the money you pretend to have concealed at the foot of the fir-tree, I believe it to have been as false as the rest of your statements. Your whole life," he added, "has been an incarnate lie."

"And what has yours been?" demanded the dying man, stung almost to madness by the disappointment of his vindictive passions. "Is there an oath, a duty, that you have not violated? Justice has been sold by you, grain by grain."

The countenance of the governor became very red. He was unused to hear so much truth, which was doubly galling because uttered in the presence of two of his officers.

"Are you mad!" he exclaimed. "Tell me where the money is concealed, or—"

"Nazarene, not a copeck shall you touch. Robber, I will disappoint your avarice. Tyrant, I scorn and spit at you!"

The action accompanied the words; for the state of excitement to which the wretched man had worked himself, deprived him of all remaining prudence.

The two officers who were present drew their swords as if to avenge the outrage offered to the representative of the Czar.

"Hold!" said their chief, with desperate calmness; "the swords of brave men must not be disgraced by the blood of a murderer: leave that task to the executioner."

At the name of the executioner, Ishmael's momentary courage abandoned him, and he sank back half fainting with terror on the rough couch on which he had been lying.

The governor coolly wiped his face, and whispered a few words in the ear of one of his subordinates, who instantly left the room, and returned accompanied by half a dozen Cossacks; another followed—a tall, rough, savage-looking being—whose terrible office was denoted by the weapon he carried in his girdle—a species of whip with a very long lash, having at the end a knot, something in the shape of a heart, made of hardened leather.

It was the knout!

The men instantly seized the wounded man, and were preparing to carry him into the court-yard, when the voice of their commander restrained them.

"Not there," he said, with fiend-like mercy; "it might exhaust him."

It was impossible for Ishmael, who was already more than half dead, to offer the least resistance. His tormentors, who perfectly understood the spirit in which the orders were given, raised him from the couch as gently as they would have removed a child from the cradle in which it slept; and, after stripping the upper part of his person, placed him on the back of the tallest of his guards, who held him by the hands, which were brought in front of his breast.

The executioner, after drawing the lash of the knout several times between his fingers, looked at the governor to receive his last directions.

"Avoid his wounds," said the latter, "and prolong the villain's torments as much as possible. Woe to you if you rob me of a single groan."

The man nodded, as much as to say that he understood him.

The speaker raised his cane, and the lash fell; it was followed by a shriek of agony, which rang through the apartment.

The tyrant smiled.

We will not harrow the feelings of our readers by describing the horrible details of such a scene. The punishment of the knout is, perhaps, the most cruel of all modes of execution invented by the ingenuity of despotism. The executioner, who is always a criminal pardoned on condition of accepting his disgusting office, can either inflict death by a single stroke, which cuts to the intestines, or prolong the sufferings of the victim by rending the flesh from his body piecemeal. With devilish cunning, the wretch who had this horrible office contrived to protract the agony of Ishmael, whose convulsions and screams sounded like music in the ears of the governor, and when all present thought that death had ensued, a lash, scientifically applied to some part in which sensibility still lingered, seemed to recall the fleeting spirit.

The cries ceased at last, and a slight quivering of the lacerated muscles was all the ruffian could produce by the utmost exertion of his skill.

"Finish him!" exclaimed the governor in a tone of indifference, for even his vengeance had been fully gratified with the display.

The man raised his arm, and the lash, after revolving several times round his head, then descended on the loins, cutting to the back bone—a convulsive movement followed, and Ishmael was a corpse. His spirit stood before that judgment-seat at which the souls of his victims, Oscar and Sarah, had already arraigned him.

"There!" exclaimed the governor, throwing the executioner a ruble; "you have done your duty, and I am quite satisfied."

The fellow stooped to raise the coin with a grin of delight upon his hideous features. The recompense and the assurance were equally gratifying to him: for in Russia even the executioner has a sort of professional pride and dignity to maintain. He is the

last link in the vast system of despotism which commences with the sceptre and ends with the knout.

Satisfied with having tortured a fellow-creature to death. Satisfied with having glutted his vengeance on a wretch whose moments were already numbered! For, let it be remembered, that the dying Ishmael was punished not for the crimes he had committed, but for the insult offered to a being whose avarice he failed to gratify—whose passions were as degraded as his own.

Philosophy has frequently debated the question, whether man has the right to wrest from Deity its most awful prerogative, and shed the blood of a criminal; and much has been advanced both for and against the act; men's minds are divided on the subject. One thing at least is clear, that if humanity, acting in self-defence, really possesses this fearful privilege, it ought to be exercised calmly, dispassionately, and without cruelty. Every unnecessary pang is a crime; every insult a degradation offered to our common nature.

It is beneath the dignity and purity of justice to avenge: she should only punish.

The governor returned once more to his residence, where the prisoners who had been released from prison by his directions, had already arrived. He entered the cabinet in which they were assembled with a countenance as unruffled as though nothing unusual had occurred; on the contrary, there was a complacent smile upon his lips. The human tiger had had its feast of blood.

"Madam," he said, bowing to the princess, "I am happy to inform you that justice has been done upon the assassin of your son. The villain has just expired beneath the knout."

Deeply though her heart had been lacerated by the loss of her eldest born, the heroic woman shuddered at his words. She could not but pity such a death; her own sufferings had taught her mercy. Even Julian, who had so many causes to detest the memory of the Jew, regretted that his vengeance had not been more effectual. His generous spirit revolted at the torments his enemy must have endured.

"May heaven forgive him," said the bereaved mother, "and give me strength to pardon him too."

The functionary looked surprised: was it hypocrisy, he asked himself, or insensibility? The forgiveness of injuries was not the only lesson of Christianity he could not comprehend.

"For you," he said, addressing the Pole; "at the intercession of the princess, I have resolved to look over your offence. Merit my indulgence by your future conduct. You are free."

Julian bowed to hide the smile which he could not repress. He knew the price at which the indulgence the speaker gave himself credit for had been purchased.

"Your friends," continued the great man, "will doubtless consider the lenity I have shown them. You will return at once to the station; and, if you are prudent, will all of you refrain from speaking too much on what has taken place."

This was a delicate hint that he expected a gratification from Charles and Henri, as well as an injunction to observe a strict silence; for such acts as those of the governor would not bear to be too freely canvassed.

The party took their leave, the princess being the only one to remain. The bribe had still to be paid.

"Take them," she said, placing the diamonds in his hand. "I rely upon your honor that no further proceedings shall be permitted either against my son Alexis or his friends."

The avaricious wretch promised, as he clutched them with an eager grasp. Of all that he had wrung from the unfortunate exiles during his years of office, the last extortion was by far the most valuable.

Our hero warmly expressed his thanks as the lady joined them in the sledge, which drove rapidly through the streets of Cheritz Khan.

"I was compelled to sacrifice them all," observed Madame Troubetskoi, with a sigh. "You are poor as ourselves, now."

"Rich!" exclaimed Charles, pressing the hand of Julian; "rich beyond the price of a mine of such worthless gems; yet I will not call them worthless," he added, "since they have enabled me to preserve my friend."

"Generous man," replied the Pole, "I will not thank you. It were like paying a priceless action in ignoble coin. Actions, not words, must prove my gratitude. If I live," he added, "I will not die your debtor."

"You cannot," observed our hero; "friendship like ours knows not the weight of obligation. And yet one thing I must request."

"Name it."

"That you speak of it no more."

The noble fellow perfectly comprehended the delicacy of his request, and at once changed the subject. As for Henri, he could only regret in silence that he had no diamonds to sacrifice. But he mentally resolved, if occasion served, to prove, by the loss of his life if necessary, how deeply he appreciated the virtues of his companions in exile and misfortune.

Jack Curlin had never felt so proud or so happy since he set foot in *Rooshia*, as he did when his young master explained to him the importance of the service he had rendered. First, by abstracting the money which was to have bribed the governor; secondly, by the promptitude with which he had informed the princess of their position.

But for his decision, he shuddered to reflect on what might have been the consequence to Julian.

As a recompense, he was permitted the free exercise of his tongue during the rest of the day—no small indulgence, considering that for the last three months he had been reduced to act the part of a mute.

Colonel de la Tour saw the season rapidly advancing when the project of his grandson's escape from Siberia must either be put in execution or delayed for another year. It was in vain that he urged upon Henri the uncertainty of so favorable an opportunity occurring again, and entreated him to leave him. The youth remained firm, and Charles was equally resolute not to attempt it without his friend.

"You make me feel my life a burden," exclaimed the old man, touched by the devotion of Henri, and the generous friendship of our hero. "Fly while there is yet time. Let my last moments be soothed by the sweet hope that the last of my race has regained our beloved France; that he is free from the chain of the Muscovite; from the slavery which I have so long endured."

"They shall be soothed dear grandfather, by his presence," was the reply; "I must bear a free heart with me, or remain; each breath of freedom, the sight of my native land, would be a reproach to me, were I to leave you here. Speak of it no more; I am resolved."

The soldier of Napoleon pressed him to his heart, and secretly confessed how great was the blessing which Providence had vouchsafed him in his last days. Henri was equally anxious to prevail on his companion in exile to depart at once, urging that the tie which bound him to remain, possessed no claim upon his duty.

"Not on my duty, but on my friendship," answered our hero; "and it is equally strong. No, Henri, no; whatever the destiny fate reserves for us, be it a grave in Siberia, or freedom in our own native countries, we share that fate alike."

In the midst of these contentions, so honorable to all parties, Julian, who had recovered the usual serenity of his mind, calmly pursued the preparations for flight. He knew that the hour must come, and awaited it without impatience or misgiving.

The heart of the Princess Troubetskoi had been equally agitated by these debates. The deepest sorrow she had experienced in her exile, arose from the thought of her son wasting the energies and purpose of existence in the frozen region to which the tyranny of the Czar had condemned the children as well as the parents.

"It is too horrible," she frequently murmured to herself; "what will be his fate when his friends are gone? Better he had never known the sweets of companionship—the interchange of mind—the strength which virtue imparts to virtue. He will pine, wither, and die before my eyes, and I unable to console him."

In her maternal agony, she saw but one way of rescuing him from the cruel destiny which she foresaw awaited him: it was to urge him to accompany the friends in their flight. He was her only remaining son—the sacrifice, the greatest which the heart of a mother could offer—yet she resolved to make it.

Full of this idea, she one day sought Alexis at an hour when his sisters were engaged in their household employment, and her husband absent for the chase.

"Great Heaven! what has occurred?" demanded the young man, struck by the deadly paleness of her features, and the repressed agony in her eyes, which still retained traces of weeping. "For several days, dear mother, I have observed that some secret sorrow is preying on your heart. If you have a grief, I claim the right to share it."

The princess silently embraced him.

"The death of our beloved Oscar, I know, has been a sad blow to you; but the thought that he is free from the tyranny of man, that his pure spirit

is rejoicing in a better world, I trusted, ere this, had consoled you."

"It has," replied the noble-minded woman; "my sorrow is for the living, not the dead."

"I do not understand you."

"Think you," said his mother, "I have not witnessed the struggle in your youthful heart; the suppressed desire whenever the flight of your friends has been discussed; the impatience with which you reflect on the monotony of the destiny which awaits you, the tie which binds you to it."

"It will never be broken by me," observed the young man, coloring deeply; for he trusted that he had succeeded in concealing his aspirations for liberty, and vain regrets, even from her eyes.

He had flattered himself that his vain regrets and secret aspirations for liberty had escaped the notice of his parent; that he had struggled successfully to hide from every eye the feelings which distracted heart and brain alike. He was deceived. She had watched and read his wishes as clearly as though they had been written on some page before her.

He who would veil from the affectionate solicitude of a mother the grief which drinks the blood, the despair which freezes the energies of youth and renders existence a blank, must possess more self-command of feature than Alexis could boast of. Maternal love seizes on the finest clue, and seldom rests till it has traced the hidden sorrow to its source.

"I had thought," resumed Madame Troubetskoi, "that in my voluntary banishment from the friends of my youth, the ties of kindred, the charms of civilized life, and accepting an existence in these frightful solitudes, I had made the last sacrifice to duty. I was deceived; there is one yet more painful; but Heaven is merciful, and will give me strength to support the trial."

"I do not understand you."

"Think you," said his mother, "that I have not seen the struggle between inclination and duty—that I have not read your heart? Go, my boy," she added, "accompany your friends in their search for freedom; break the ignoble bonds which fetter the soul as well as the body. The virtues and talents nature have endowed you with must not be wasted in this desert, where man is even more savage than the wolf he hunts; where the mind must perish from the worst of all diseases—apathy and inactivity."

"Mother!" exclaimed the young man, bursting into tears, and embracing her tenderly; "forgive me, I have wrung your heart, but, believe me, I did not do so willingly. Do not punish me so cruelly as to suppose that I am capable of such selfishness and ingratitude."

"I accuse you of neither," observed the princess; "why should I do so, when I know that you are incapable of both?"

Why then suppose that I would quit you?—leave you to bear the burden of your sorrows alone; leave you without any other protection than those virtues which tyranny cannot comprehend, but which heaven will one day recompense? You have read my weakness rightly," he added; "I have been haunted by a dream—tormented by a burning desire: but the voice of my mother has awakened me—her tears have calmed me; speak of it no more. No, mother, no, if your son cannot hope to equal you in devotion, self-sacrifice, and those lofty qualities—traces of Eden, which heaven in pity to our fallen state permits at intervals to appear on earth, to show mankind what humanity should be—he, at least, can imitate them as far as the imperfection of his nature will admit."

"We must speak of this, again, Alexis," said the princess, vainly attempting to restrain her tears; "I must find firmness for us both. It is man's task to act, woman's to endure; let us each fulfil our destiny; your path, my son, is with the eagle, not the worm; your sympathy is with freemen, not with slaves."

"And yet the worm, dear mother, is nearer to those sweets," observed Alexis, "which give the earth its perfume."

Day after day, whenever Madame Troubetskoi found herself alone with her son, the conversation was renewed with a fortitude of a martyr smiling amidst her sufferings. She continued to urge on him the necessity of escape; eagerly watched his features to discover, if possible, what impression her words had made. Gradually he seemed reconciled to the thought.

The heroic woman, persuaded that she had at last succeeded, set about making such preparations as circumstances permitted for his flight; but although she never uttered a word by which Alexis could judge of the anguish she endured, he observed that her eyes grew dim and her cheek became paler as the task proceeded.

CHAPTER LV.

How beautiful is death when earned by virtue.

ADDISON.

THE sables and ermines began to get scarcer in the neighborhood of the station—a sure sign that the winter was rapidly drawing to an end. Still Julian pursued the preparations for his departure. Amongst other things, he made, with infinite skill and labor, a species of sack, or tube, about fifty feet long, of coarse linen, something resembling an enormous fusee; this, after well saturating the material with pitch and oil to render it impervious to damp, he filled with the powder which from time to time they had obtained from Reuben Bight in exchange for furs.

The use which he intended to make of this contrivance will appear afterwards.

It was midnight: the friends had long since retired to rest, when Charles Vavasour was startled from his dream of love and home by the joyous barking of the hound, who, since the death of his young master, had attached himself so entirely to the Pole, that he refused to return to his former home.

He started from his bed of skins, and listened. In a few moments he recognized the voice of Alexis.

The door of the cabin was unbarred, and he discovered the brother of the murdered Oscar seated in his sledge. The increased barking of the animal, by this time, had awakened Julian, Henri de la Tour, and Jack. The latter began shouting that the *Rooshians* were come to attack them.

"Silence!" said our hero; "it is a friend."

"Friend!" repeated the lad, who was still in a half-dreamy state; "I wish he had called at a more reasonable time; the wind is enough to freeze one to a block of ice."

His master made a sign, and the speaker, with that implicit obedience which he invariably showed to his commands, resumed his character of a mute; happily to escape a reprimand for having spoken without permission.

"What has occurred?" demanded our hero.

The visitor hesitated and fixed his eyes on Henri.

"Be firm," whispered Julian, to the latter, at the same time grasping his hand in token of his sympathy; "the hour I predicted has arrived, the last link in the chain of oppression is either broken, or so strained that the spirit of the worn-out soldier is about to wing its flight."

He was right. Colonel de la Tour, Alexis had informed them, had been taken suddenly ill; the unerring signs of approaching dissolution had appeared.

"He has fallen into that dreamy, half-conscious state," said Alexis, "which precedes death; fortunately it is a death without suffering. He has twice pronounced your name, and that of his beloved France. Late as the hour was," he continued, "I started at once to bring you the mournful intelligence. We must return instantly if you wish to see him living."

Henri pressed his hand in token of gratitude, his heart was too full to speak: the idea of his grandfather dying in Siberia, deprived of the rites of his religion, the victim of Muscovite tyranny, unmanned him so much that he dared not trust himself to reply, lest manhood should give way, and tears choke his utterance.

"Poor old man," said Charles. "Heaven at least has vouchsafed him one consolation; he has embraced his grandson; he will not die without once more seeing him."

The messenger once more repeated that to avoid such a misfortune, they must set forward instantly on their return.

Both his friends insisted on accompanying him; theirs were not the hearts to permit Henri to encounter such a scene alone.

The journey was performed in silence; for there are moments when even the sympathy of the sincerest friendship is ill-timed, when the heart can only draw consolation and fortitude from solitude and reflection, when the sound of a human voice grates harshly on the ear of sorrow. His companions felt this, and forbore to interrupt his meditations.

On arriving at the cabin of the Troubetskoi, early as the hour was, they found all the family assembled, for Colonel de la Tour was so much beloved by the princess and her children, that the prospect of his death was like the loss of a parent to them.

"Does he still live?" eagerly inquired Henri, gratefully raising the hand of Madame Troubetskoi to his trembling lips.

"He does."

"And still conscious?"

"Still conscious," replied the exemplary woman, "and armed with heaven's best gifts, faith and re-

signation. It is beautiful to see death," he added; "not a fear on his unclouded mind. When I spoke to him of you, and told him that you would soon be here, he answered with a smile, 'that heaven had heard his prayer, and released him from his captivity; that the path to freedom was now open to you.'"

At the word freedom, Alexis could not repress an involuntary sigh.

On entering the inner chamber, they found the old soldier of Napoleon in a sort of lethargic slumber; the two daughters of the princess were weeping by the side of his couch. Henri advanced, and kneeling by the bedside, took the hand of the aged man in his; a tear fell upon it as he pressed it to his lips.

Colonel de la Tour opened his eyes and smiled as their glance fell upon the features, (eloquent in sorrow,) of his last descendant.

"Henri," he murmured.

"Here, dear grandfather," replied the young man, "here to receive your last blessing, to pray by you, and if grief can kill, to die with you."

"Die!" repeated the exile, "when duty and honor no longer struggle in your heart, but urge you to exertion! Die! when a life of honor and usefulness awaits you in our beloved France! Bear to her my last sigh, my last thought, save one," he added, "save one."

"And that?"

"Is for you, dear, noble, generous boy," continued the dying man. "Do not regret that heaven will not permit the sacrifice of one existence destined to nobler purposes. I have prayed for death, and my prayer has been heard. Remember that your life is your country's. France needs the strength of all her sons, for the storm is gathering, the storm which threatens Europe, civilization, art, humanity's onward progress. I can see now the future, with its dark shadows and bright gleams of sunshine, unroll before me like a picture."

He raised his hand, and moved it slowly, as if tracing the course of some imaginary events. At times his brows became contracted, then again his eyes would flash with all the brilliancy of youth and its long forgotten scenes.

"Soldier of France, martyr of loyalty and honor," exclaimed Julian, in a tone of the deepest enthusiasm, "well hast thou fought thy fight. The struggle is nearly ended, the victory won."

"Bless me, grandfather! bless me, ere you die," added Henri.

Colonel de la Tour, to the surprise of every one present, raised himself from his couch without the least assistance, and placing his hand upon his grandson's head, pronounced a solemn benediction.

"Thou hast proved a consolation to my last days," he said; "may thy age be happy. Thou hast borne adversity with firmness. May prosperity never find thee wanting. May children who resemble thee be born to honor thee, and the voice of affection cheer thy declining days. May God confirm the worn-out soldier's and the Christian's blessing."

Exhausted with the effort he sank back, and closed his eyes; and for some time, so deeply was every one present impressed with the scene, not a word was uttered in the chamber.

Colonel de la Tour drew from his bosom the Cross of the Legion of honor, gazed on it with a look of pride, pressed it to his lips, then placed it in the hands of his grandson.

"The Muscovite must not pollute it with his touch," he said, "neither must the gift of Napoleon rest in the soil of Russia. 'Tis to you and to your children I bequeath it. Keep it in memory of the soldier and exile. Farewell! Henri, your hand—my sight grows dim—France, my country, beloved France."

It was the last word his lips pronounced. With the name of his native land upon his lips, the victim of imperial tyranny expired.

All present knelt and prayed in silence. Henri was the first to rise; placing his hands upon the half-drooping eyelids of his grandfather, he gently closed them.

"May my death be as calm and peaceful as his," he murmured.

The grave of the colonel was dug beside that of Oscar; and on the third day after his death, the body was interred, followed by the Princess Troubetskoi and her daughters. Neither Henri, Julian, nor our hero would permit it to be carried by the Cossacks whom the superintendent Marlovitch had sent from the station for that purpose. With the assistance of Jack Curlin, they bore the rude coffin to its last resting-place themselves. The hands of his oppressors were not permitted to pollute it.

No white-robed priest, no funeral pomp, no

military honors marked the ceremony—the remain of the gallant soldier were committed to their parent dust, hallowed only by the virtues which had distinguished him while living, and the tears of those to whom his name was henceforth a memory and a regret.

Nothing now remained to delay the departure of the friends, and it was decided that the first storm, such as generally precedes the breaking up of the snows, should be the signal for putting their project into execution.

"You will not have long to wait," observed Alexis, mournfully; for having been born in the gloomy regions of Siberia, he was even better acquainted with the signs of the seasons than the Pole. "I shall often think of—often pray for you. My path in the forest will be desolate," he added, "for henceforth it will be trod alone."

"I thought you were to accompany us," observed Charles Vavasour.

Julian regarded him earnestly and in silence.

"It is my mother's wish," answered the young man.

"And ours," added Henri, eagerly.

"And mine," said Alexis; "but even if my own heart failed to teach me my duty, your example would instruct me in it. Fearful as my destiny is, there is a punishment yet more fearful."

All but the Pole regarded him with surprise; he appeared to comprehend him.

"The reproach of my own heart," continued the young man; "it would follow me in that world where I pine to act a part—haunt me like my shadow. The recollection of the mother I had abandoned, the sisters I had left unprotected, be ever present to me."

"Yet, if your mother wishes it," observed Henri, "surely—"

"It is her wish," interrupted the young man; "and that her wish may not become a command, for in her devotion she is capable of every sacrifice, I must lead her to imagine it is my intention to comply with it till it is too late, for I should be sure to disobey it."

"Right," exclaimed Julian, emphatically; "even the heroism of the princess might be taxed beyond its strength. The path of duty," he added, "may not always lead to happiness, but he that follows it is sure to find content."

Day after day Alexis brought to the station in the wood such articles as were necessary for his voyage, observing that although he should not require them, they would prove of service to his friends.

The Prince Troubetzkoi, although he felt that his weakness and vacillation had at last deprived him of all right to control the exemplary woman who had sacrificed so much at the shrine of conjugal fidelity, beheld these preparations with dismay, and for the first time ventured to remonstrate with her.

"How can we exist in this desert," he urged, "deprived of both our sons? This is madness—folly."

"The knowledge that my boy is happy will console me."

"But will he be happy," replied her husband, "in a world where his mother's virtues will be a reproach to him? Your fortitude will contrast with his weakness. I know his nature well. Believe me," he added, "that sad as his lot is here, it will be yet more sad when the memory of those he has abandoned, regret, and self-reproach are added to the burden. Think of our lonely days and the long nights of winter, the unprotected state which you and his sisters will be placed in should death release me from my slavery—think—"

"Peace! no more," interrupted his wife. "I have thought of all this till my heart and brain have been wrung with agony, but I cannot endure to see him pine here like an imprisoned eagle, waste the energies of his existence in the desert. No, no," she added, wringing her hands, "though I sink beneath the struggle, it shall be accomplished."

The prince urged her on the theme no more—he felt that it would be useless. His last hope was in the affection of his son, and it did not deceive him.

From the date of this explanation, a mournful sadness reigned in the cabin of the exiles. If Alexis suddenly entered the room in which his sisters were at work he found them in tears. It was in vain that they attempted to conceal them: nature was stronger than resolution. When he quitted it their glances followed him with anxious looks far more eloquent than words.

The mother alone remained firm. The strong feeling of maternal love sustained her; but still it was the calmness of despair.

"At present," she said, "your sisters only suspect your purpose; they must not know it till put in

execution. It shall be my task to console them for their loss."

"And who will console you, dear mother?" replied the young man, with a look of admiration.

"God!" answered the heroic woman, "who has hitherto sustained me in all my trials. Morning and night, my prayers will be addressed to Him for your safety."

"But should we fail," observed Alexis.

The princess turned pale at the thought—it was a danger she had not calculated on.

"And be taken," added the speaker, "my lot would be the mines, or worse—the knout."

His mother uttered a cry of anguish so piercing, so heartfelt, that her son regretted the imprudence he had committed.

"Speak not of it," she exclaimed. "I freeze with horror at the thought;—the mines—the dark—the dreary mines! Buried in the centre of the earth, associated with the vilest of the vile, the very dregs of humanity. I know it, for I have experienced the misery; your brother first drew breath there."

Doubtless our readers have not forgotten that when Madame Troubetzkoi accompanied her husband to exile she passed several years with him in the fearful locality we have named. It was only to the intercession of her family, the pity of the empress, and the admiration which her devotion and virtues excited, that the prince owed the partial mitigation of his punishment.

"Death," she added, "would be preferable."

"Why risk this danger?" urged Alexis.

"Because you are not formed to endure the life we lead," replied his parent. "Because Heaven, alone, possesses the fearful right to punish the child for the crime—the weakness I should have said—of his father. But you will not fail," she continued in a tone of excitement; "you will breathe the air of freedom, mix with the world, the young, the good, the beautiful; and far from Russia and its leaden tyranny, carve yourself a name worthy of your virtues—because it is my will, my—"

"No more," interrupted the young man, guessing that the word *command* was about to follow; "If I have hitherto performed my duty, I shall not fail it now."

"Would it were past," murmured the princess to herself; "these renewed struggles between affection and inclination will destroy us both."

She prayed that the hour might arrive, and Heaven heard her prayer. She had not long to wait.

The very next day the clouds were overcast as with a thick veil; an almost Egyptian darkness covered the face of nature. Distant peals of thunder, followed by broad flashes of lightning, vivid as those which astonish the traveller in a tropical climate, rent the atmosphere, proclaiming the departure of the winter.

A little after midday, Charles Vavasour, Julian, and Henri de la Tour, arrived at the cabin. Its mistress guessed their errand rightly—they came to take their leave.

"Good angels watch over you!" said the princess; "you leave friends behind, who, however they may regret your loss, will pray for, and rejoice in your escape; friends who will regard your sojourn in this land of misery as one of the bright spots of their existence. When do you depart?"

"At midnight," replied our hero.

"The avalanche," added the Pole, "whose fall we rely upon to conceal from Marlovitch and his myrmidons the secret of our escape, already nods upon the mountain's crest. We have removed every thing from the hut, and have but one hour to devote to gratitude and friendship. Every preparation," he added, "save the last, is already made."

"And that?"

"Must be accomplished on our return."

As our readers may suppose, the visit was a sad one. For, whether successful or not in their attempt, there was but little chance of a reunion, at least on earth. Henri thanked her for the affection and attention she had lavished on his grandfather, and expressed a hope that they might yet meet again.

"In heaven," said the princess, solemnly.

"And Alexis?" whispered the Pole.

"Goes with you. Be to him a brother, sustain him in his sorrow, support him in his trials, and receive in return all I have left to offer, a grateful mother's blessing."

She quitted the room, followed by her son. Nor was it till the moment of the departure of her visitors, that the victim of duty and affection recovered sufficient fortitude to appear again. When she did, all were struck by the sublime expression of her countenance; it resembled that of some martyr awaiting the crown of suffering and immortality.

Alexis, after receiving the blessing of both his

parents, and the heart-rending adieu of his sisters, started with his companions. As the young men turned the last point of the road, on which the cabin of the Troubetzkoi was visible, they saw the princess and her daughters kneeling at the door; they waved their hands in token of adieu.

The next minute the scene was shut from their gaze, and the heroic woman sank exhausted with the struggle in the arms of her weeping children.

CHAPTER LXI.

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime,
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began; but not to fade.
When all thy sister planets have decayed,
When wrapt in fire, the worlds of ether glow,
And heaven's own thunders shake the world below,
Thou, undimmed, shalt o'er the ruin smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

CAMPBELL.

By the time the young men reached the Cosack station in the wood, the tempest had burst forth in all its fury. The dark, thick, rolling clouds, which, like a sable veil, covered the face of the heavens from time to time, were rent asunder by the dread artillery of heaven, which belched forth all its terrors, whilst from the high-capped mountain, overhanging the cabin, vast masses of snow fell at irregular intervals.

These masses had accumulated to such an extent upon the roof of the building, and round the door, that Jack Curlin had quitted the insecure shelter, and mounted one of the granite rocks, to await the return of his master, choosing rather to expose himself to the cold and rain, than run the risk of being crushed and buried beneath their fall.

It was a scene of mingled horror and sublimity; the threatening avalanche hung, as it were, suspended by a single thread. At each fresh peal of thunder it might descend, or, as Julian observed, remain in its present position for several days. It was to accelerate its descent that, with his usual foresight, he had prepared the enormous train, charged with powder. It was the only article remaining in the hut. To place it in its position was a task of no small difficulty and danger.

"Let me undertake it," said Alexis, as the Pole appeared with it, coiled like a huge serpent round his neck and shoulders.

"You forget," answered the young man, gravely, "that you have a mother. I am alone in the world, with no ties save those of country. Friendship," he added, glancing towards our hero and Henri, "might mourn my loss, but no tear of love be shed upon my grave. Besides," he added, with a smile, "it is only just that the inventor should run the risk of executing his project."

It was in vain that our hero offered to assist him, the reply was, that it would be useless—that the sacrifice of one life would be misfortune enough, without endangering a second.

It was impossible not to admire the calm courage with which the speaker began to ascend the opposite side of the mountain, which fortunately, was sufficiently free from snow to permit the rough track made by the hunters in summer to be discernible. Yet even with this advantage, none but an experienced cragman could have accomplished the ascent, which occupied at least an hour.

Julian's last instructions to his friends were, that if within an hour after the fall of the avalanche he did not return, they should start without him; adding, that his hopes of freedom and dread of slavery by that time would be at an end.

It was in vain that they urged upon him to draw lots to decide which should undertake the perilous task. He was not to be moved.

After watching his progress as long as it was visible up the mountain, his companions retired to a considerable distance in the wood, to await the event. Few words were spoken, even Jack forgot his desire to indulge in the last moments of loquacity his master permitted him; for, once started, the order for silence was absolute.

"Noble fellow!" murmured our hero; "devoted and unselfish to the last."

It was an hour of suspense, painful and agitating to all. The moments appeared to linger with leaden wings; they could almost have counted their flight by the pulsations of their hearts—the intervals of their deep-drawn breath; and, singular to say, that although the frost was intense, and the rain driving bitterly in their faces, they never once perceived that they were cold, or that the arrowy sleet had penetrated their fleecy garments.

Hope, anxiety, and expectation, kept their blood in circulation.

Half an hour had elapsed, when a loud shout startled the ears of the anxious watchers. Charles Vavasour, deeming it a cry for assistance, started

forward with the intention of sharing the danger of his friend, when Alexis restrained him by explaining that it was merely one of those signals which the hunters were in the habit of making to inform their companions of their safety.

On hearing this, the heart of our hero beat more freely.

Let old Time linger as he will, the moment waited for is sure to arrive at last. Just as the hour had expired, an explosion, which rivalled the thunder-peal, rent the air. It was followed by a loud flash, illuminating the heavens, and the enormous mass of snow, which winter had accumulated on the head of the mountain, fell with a crash which shook the ground.

Their late habitation was completely overwhelmed by the fall.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Henri, "he has succeeded; the greatest danger is already past."

"Heaven seldom leaves half its task performed," observed Alexis, hopefully; "your flight is now assured; a month at least must elapse before the snow will be sufficiently melted to permit an examination of your late abode. Not a doubt will be entertained but you have perished in its ruins."

"And you?" said his two companions, in a tone of sorrow at the idea of parting with him.

"Tempt me no more," replied the young man, firmly; "my heart is already weak enough."

"I shall wander in these wilds where I have so often enjoyed the sweet communion of friendship like a spectre; a prey to useless vain regrets; but sad as they will prove, I prefer them to the consciousness of having like a coward abandoned my duty; for which even you, with all your inclination to judge me kindly, would despise me."

There was a terrible logic in his words, which admitted of no reply; for when the heart is in the right, the sophistry of the brain is useless.

In less than the time stipulated, Julian returned; his hands were so severely lacerated by the rugged points of the granite rocks he had climbed over, that he involuntarily drew back with pain as his friends eagerly pressed them in token of joy at his safety.

"Are you hurt?" asked Henri.

"Nothing, a mere trifle," replied the Pole, "which, in a moment like the present, scarcely merits a thought. You heard my cry to you?"

"We did."

"It was to inform you of my safety," continued Julian; "on reaching the summit of the mountain, which I gained with difficulty, for my steps were impeded by my burden, and the slippery state of my path, I discovered that a large rent had taken place in the snow, large enough to have engulfed a regiment. I dropped my fusée into the glistening fissure, applied the match, and,—but you know the rest."

It was decided that they should start at once for the spot on the steep where the speaker had discovered their cave, in which he had concealed the sledge and the necessary provisions for the journey. It was of the utmost consequence that they should reach it before day-break, lest any straggling Cossack or exile belonging to the station should meet and recognise them, in which case the fall of the avalanche on which they relied as a means of misleading the superintendent would have been achieved in vain.

Alexis, anxious to remain with his friends till the last moment, insisted on accompanying them.

On reaching the cave where Julian had stored the provisions and other articles necessary for their flight, the friends set to work, and in less than an hour the sledge was drawn from its place of concealment, put together, laden, and everything ready for their departure.

The horse—an active, strong, but wild, half-broken animal, similar to those used by the Tartar and other nomadic tribes in Russia—had been bought from the captain of the Cossack guard for the moderate sum of sixty rubles. Most probably it had been extorted from some unhappy serf who had fallen under the displeasure of his tyrants. The pretext under which they had obtained the permission of the governor of Cheritz Khan to make the purchase, was the want of some means to convey their skins to the station, and to visit the various localities in which Jack Curlin was in the habit of setting his traps.

The spirited creature snorted with pleasure as they led him forth into the keen frosty air and harnessed him to the vehicle. For several days he had remained behind in the dark recess which served him as a stable. Fortunately, the storm had ceased. Had the lightning still continued, in all probability he would have become unmanageable.

All that now remained was to pronounce that last word—farewell—a word which has sounded

the knell of so many hopes and affections; of ties that entwine themselves like ivy round the heart, striking long roots into its deepest recesses.

It is a sad word even when lightly spoken; and memory will oft reproach us in after years with the levity with which we utter it.

Farewell! it is the seal upon a tomb whose dreams are of the past.

For some moments they remained gazing on Alexis in silence. It was hard to part with one who had been to them as a brother; cheered the solitude of their exile, the dangers and excitement of the chase, and whom filial piety alone prevented from being the companion of their flight. Each felt loth to speak—to intimate that the moment had arrived to bid adieu for ever; for whether successful or not in the attempt to recover liberty, they knew the separation would be eternal.

"I must find courage for you," exclaimed young Troubetskoi, with an effort to conceal his emotion and regret, "nor permit the selfishness of my sorrow to delay your journey. God bless you," he added, "and protect you. Not a day but I shall think of the happiness I have enjoyed in your friendship, or a night that I shall not dream of you, for I owe to you the one bright page in my solitary existence."

"Alexis! dear Alexis!" murmured Charles Vavasour, "freedom itself will scarcely be a blessing unless you share it. Reflect ere it be too late; your mother wishes it, and—"

"I have reflected," answered his friend, "and decided," he added firmly.

"And rightly decided," observed the Pole, grasping his hand. "The true battle of life is where duty places us; the contest may be a hard one—victory be denied us—but those who fall in the contest, fall at least with honor. I might not love you less," he added, "were you to yield to the wishes of your parent—the natural impulse of your heart—the desire of mingling in the world—the love of liberty; but you would no longer be the Alexis I admire and esteem."

After such an opinion, pronounced by one whom all looked up to with involuntary respect, neither Henri nor our hero urged the subject further.

"I shall never have another friend," said the youth, with a bitter sigh.

The hound, who had hitherto attached himself in so remarkable a manner to Julian, quitted the side of the sledge and, looking up in the face of Alexis, began to whine piteously. The sagacious brute seemed to feel instinctively that some great calamity had befallen his former master.

"Except Urick," added the speaker, mournfully, "he will not desert me."

A tear, which he could not repress, stole down his cheek, and he turned aside to conceal it.

By this time it was broad daylight, and each moment's delay endangered the success of their escape.

"Farewell," continued Alexis, embracing them each in turn; "do not let my name be a regret, but a pleasing memory to you. My heart must be cold as the snows of Siberia ere I forget you."

Without waiting a reply he turned round and walked at a swift pace from the spot, as if fearful to trust his resolution further. The parting with such friends was one of those struggles which occur but once in life—a second would destroy it.

The dog remained for a few moments as if irresolute whether to remain with the Pole or follow his old master. He appeared to know that the moment had arrived when he must make his choice between them: suddenly he uttered a low howl, and bounded off in the same direction which the speaker had taken.

"A lesson and a moral," observed Julian musingly. "To the brute is given instinct, to man reason as a guide; the latter fails us only when passion mars the designs of Heaven."

Once on the vast steppe which extends for several hundred versts beyond the Obi, all danger of recognition by any straggler from the station would cease. This Julian, who had meditated every contingency attending their flight, was perfectly aware of; and he felt anxious to place the river between themselves and pursuit.

Urging his companions to take their seat in the sledge, he seized the reins and drove to the nearest point of the bank; on reaching which he found the ice, which for several days had given signs of breaking up, rent into vast fissures. It was almost impossible for the heavily laden vehicle to pass.

Twice did the horse refuse to set foot upon the ice; and when urged by the lash, the half savage animal became restive.

His companions regarded the Pole in silence; neither knew what to suggest. Jack Curlin, whom nothing escaped, made signs to his master that he

wanted to speak. Our hero looked at him doubtfully; he had not intended to indulge him unless on any urgent occasion.

The sign was repeated more earnestly than before.

"Speak," said Charles.

"The horse won't take the ice," observed Jack.

"True."

"I can make him."

"How?"

"Leave that to me, Master Charley," replied the lad. "I wasn't brought up in the stables at Vavasour Manor for nothing. He be a mettlesome brute," he added, alluding to the horse, "but I know a trick to make him as gentle as a child in five minutes."

Charles translated this speech to Julian; who had too frequently noticed the poor fellow's readiness on certain occasions not to listen to him in the present difficulty.

Accordingly Jack descended, and borrowing a coarse linen handkerchief of the Pole—it was long since he had possessed such an article of luxury himself—he bound it tightly over the eyes of the horse, which, after a few seconds, stood perfectly still.

He next placed his mouth close to the nostrils, and breathed into them repeatedly. The experiment was completely successful. The animal no longer refused to proceed.

Jack's master recollected, having heard of similar means being employed in England; but it was the first time he had seen it put in execution.

"Many a peasant in the Ukraine," observed the Pole, "would give the best steed of his herd in exchange for such a secret."

"Notwithstanding that the horse was reduced to comparative docility, the progress of the sledge was attended with extreme difficulty—slow and laborious. Before reaching the middle of the river, the fugitives alighted, not only to lessen the weight, but to lift the vehicle over the inequalities and interstices of the slippery road."

The loud cracking of the ice, which was repeated at intervals, sounded like the discharge of a gun.

"The waters are rising," observed Henri, as he rested for an instant on his staff; "I can feel the undulation of the current beneath my feet."

Julian paused to ascertain whether such was really the case or not; satisfied that the speaker was in the right, he drew forth his hunting-knife.

Charles regarded him with a look of inquiry.

"To cut the traces," said his friend, "in the event of the sudden breaking up of the ice-field. Our lives depend on the preservation of the horse; a sledge might easily be constructed. Let each one," he added, "place upon his shoulders a sack of provisions, and if the danger I anticipate should arise, make to the shore."

"And you?"

The Pole pointed to the animal, as much as to say that should be his care.

The perilous enterprise was more than two-thirds accomplished, when the exiles suddenly felt the ice rise beneath their feet, as if making a violent effort to give passage to the waters, which, swollen by the melting of the snow and the vast quantity of rain so lately fallen, could no longer find room under its surface.

These shocks, which resembled those of an earthquake, suddenly ceased, and an explosion as loud as a battery of artillery followed. Fortunately for the friends, the first convulsion had taken place at a distance.

"Julian instantly cut the traces of the sledge."

"Save yourselves," he shouted.

The next moment the field of ice was rent asunder—split into a thousand blocks, which, like so many islands uprooted from their foundations in the deep, floated and dashed against each other. It was a scene of wild but perilous grandeur.

The most singular of the various phenomena which occurred, was the rapidity with which the huge blocks became piled by the repressing of the waters one over the other till they formed icebergs, some of them twenty or thirty feet high.

Jack Curlin, who could not swim, stuck to the sledge. His companions soon disappeared. The last he saw of Charles and Henri, was the former leaping from block to block with the agility of a rein-deer, and the latter calmly floating towards the shore on an enormous fragment of ice which he contrived to keep clear from the rest by means of his hunting pole.

Our hero was the first to reach the bank of the river in safety; after breathing a hasty prayer of thanksgiving for his deliverance, he looked around him and perceived that he was alone.

It was one of those moments of suspense and agony which seem to embody an age of suffering.

At last Julian, whose efforts had been encumbered by the charge of the horse, his hands severely cut by buffeting with the ice, gained the shore, and both began shouting as loud as their strength would permit, to encourage Henri and Jack. The last was in a situation of extreme peril, for had not the sledge, to which he pertinaciously clung, been constructed with the great strength, it must have been crushed by the concussions to which it was exposed.

"I cannot see him perish before my eyes," said Charles.

"He is in the hand of Heaven," observed the Pole; "all human aid would be useless."

Despite this opinion his master would have again braved the danger from which he had so recently escaped, and returned to the assistance of his humble but faithful follower, had not the enormous mass of drifting ice which threatened the poor lad's destruction shut him from his view.

Julian uttered a loud shout.

It was replied to.

"He has escaped it," said the Pole.

Both rushed towards the bank, and in a few minutes had the pleasure not only of assisting Henri from his floating island, as the latter gaily designated it, but of dragging Jack and the sledge from the fragments of ice upon the shore.

"Thank Heaven," exclaimed our hero, wringing a hand of each, "you are saved."

"And our flight assured," observed their companion, pointing to the steed; "for were it now to be discovered, pursuit has become impossible. A week at least must elapse before any but a madman would attempt to cross the river."

The party at once set about making a fire, for which there was ample fuel in the dry wood scattered on the banks, and after refreshing themselves, set about repairing the damage done to the sledge; that done, they commenced their journey through the steppe with no other guide than hope.

Hope, which receives us willingly on our entrance to the world, illumines the path of life, and resigns us only to the guidance of its sister angel Faith, as we approach the grave.

CHAPTER LVII.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

SHAKESPEARE.

Who has not heard the chords of the lute, strung to their utmost tension, suddenly give way? or seen the heart, nerved to endurance, yield the instant the painful sacrifice of honor or duty was accomplished.

So it was with the Princess Troubetskoi; the martyr's strength endures not beyond its task.

The blood will follow where the knife is riven,
The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear;
And signs and groans by nature grow on pain.

No sooner had the turn of the road concealed from her anxious sight the form of her son, as she believed, for ever, than the fortitude which had hitherto sustained her courage, and restrained her tears, abandoned her. And she wept as Rachel wept, for her lost children. She was no longer the heroine, but the mother.

"Gone! gone!" she murmured; "and I shall see him no more."

At this confirmation of their suspicion, her two daughters, into whose arms she sank, gave way to anguish and the sense of desolation which oppressed them. Since the death of Oscar, Alexis had been their only stay and protector. Should death deprive them of their parents, whom could they look up to for assistance. To them the picture was indeed dark and cheerless.

Notwithstanding their own sorrow, they endeavored to calm the despair of the parent whom they so tenderly loved; but the suffering woman refused to be comforted. The magnitude of the sacrifice she had made was felt when too late to be recalled; and long before daybreak she was attacked by a fever so violent that reason and life hung trembling in the balance.

In her delirium, she pronounced the name of both her sons, Oscar and Alexis, and demanded impatiently why they did not reply to her.

The assurance which her terrified daughters gave that they would soon return, soothed her for awhile; then the question was repeated, if possible, with greater vehemence than before.

Misery, in its worst form, had fallen on the hearts of the exiles. The prince, overwhelmed by the prospect of losing the admirable woman, whose

resignation and fortitude had hitherto sustained him, sat gazing on the convulsed features of his wife with a look of helplessness; he did not even dare to blame the departure of his son, for his mother had commanded it; and he felt that his own weakness and irresolution at the moment of action, had been the original cause of all that they endured.

Bitterly did he regret the past,—that inexorable past, which to the feeble, the erring, and the guilty, rises like a spectre, follows them like their shadow, haunts them as a troubled dream.

The past! which, like the seed we sow, brings forth wheat or tares, fruit or ashes.

Sleep, nature's balm, Heaven's best gift, sealed at last in temporary oblivion, the sufferings of the heroic mother. Her husband still continued to watch by the couch of his devoted wife, whilst her daughters prepared in the outward room of the cabin, such simple remedies as their experience suggested.

Catherine, the eldest, had reached that interesting age when girlhood gives promise of the future woman; her sister, Alexandrina, two years her junior, in appearance, as well as thought and feeling, was still a graceful child, too young to anticipate the misery of the future in all its horrors, dangers, and privations. She grieved because she loved her brother, because the mother whom she idolised suffered, and Catherine wept.

"I am sure," she said, "that Alexis will return; he cannot have the heart to leave us; he loves us too well. What," she added, "should he do in the world alone? I am sure I would not quit our home without those who are so dear to me to be made Czarina of all Russia."

"Men are different," replied the elder sister; "they have desires and ambitions to which we are strangers."

"Ambition!" repeated Alexandrina, with a look of surprise; "was he not one of the most successful hunters on the station? And as for desire, what more can he desire than the love of his parents and sisters? He may grieve for the departure of his friends; that is but natural: I grieve for it too. Perhaps he may accompany them a day's journey on their way; but he will return."

At that instant, as if to justify her conviction in the affection of her brother, a step was heard approaching the cabin. They had listened to it too often to be deceived; it was that of Alexis.

"I told you so," exclaimed the speaker, with a triumphant smile.

Scarcely daring to trust the evidence of the sense of hearing, Catherine hastened to the door: no sooner had she unbarred it, than the hound bounded into the apartment and began a series of gyrations, and gambols, to express its joy at seeing his young mistress.

"Only Urlick," sighed the elder sister.

"But his was not the step we heard. Look forth."

Catherine did as she was directed, and uttered a cry of joy as she recognized her brother rapidly approaching the hut.

In the next minute she was in his arms.

The change from grief to happiness was not unaccompanied by tears; tears which, like the showers of spring, were broken by the sunshine of her smiles. The two girls hung upon his neck; addressed him by a hundred endearing names; and Alexis felt, as he returned their caresses, that the sacrifice he had made was in part repaid.

The first word he uttered was the name of mother.

"Sorrow at your departure," answered Catherine, "nearly caused her death, and we still tremble for her reason, if not her life. But you will remain," she added, throwing her arms around his neck; "you will not leave us to perish in this land of horrors, unaided and alone."

"Quit you!" exclaimed the young man: "never! Whatever miseries ill fortune may have in store for us, we will share them together."

"They will cease to be miseries," said both his sisters, "if you are with us."

With a step made light by caution and affection, Alexis entered the chamber of his mother, who still slept. The prince, on seeing him, uttered a half-suppressed exclamation of delight, which, fortunately, did not arouse his wife, and silently extended his hand; his son grasped it respectfully, and seated himself by the side of the bed.

Every feeling of regret at the abandonment of his project vanished as he gazed on the pale features of his parent, which, even in her sleep, bore the impress of deep suffering; the lines around the mouth were rigid, and the lips compressed, like those of a person struggling with pain.

A thousand tender recollections crowded upon his memory; her untiring love and patience in his early years; her thoughtful affection; the pains she

had taken to cultivate his mind—to save him at least from that mental slavery of ignorance to which the tyranny of the Czar, even from his birth, had doomed him. What, he asked himself, were the pleasures and ambitions of that world he pined to mix in, or even the charms of friendship, compared to the duty he owed to such a mother?

Madame Troubetskoi awoke at last from her slumber, which had been restless and broken. Without unclosing her eyes, she murmured the name of Alexis.

A gentle pressure of the hand, and the word "mother," whispered gently in her ear, caused her to start from her pillow like one who has received an electric shock; her son was by her side; with a cry of transport, uttered as it were from her very heart, she threw herself into his arms.

It was the triumph of nature over the resolution of reason.

"Mother, dear mother," said the young man, "pardon the only act of disobedience I have ever been guilty of. Disobedience to your wishes, your commands, though they doomed me to misery, I should not have dared to brave; therefore it was that I concealed my intentions till too late to change them; you will not again urge me to quit you, will not banish me from the home which, however unworthy of you, is still a home of love to me. The only one henceforward," he added, "that my heart will wish to know."

"His dreams of life, its hopes and energies, all sacrificed," murmured the princess; "and for me!"

"For myself, dear mother," replied the youth, "for true happiness is inseparable from duty; the experience of the last few hours has fully taught me that lesson. Let us speak of such dreams no more."

Although with the return of her son all danger to the princess ceased, it was long before her mind recovered its former tone, her body its wonted health. If Alexis appeared sad or thoughtful she imagined that he regretted the sacrifice he had made, and reproached herself as the cause. He soon perceived this, and struggled so successfully to repress all repinings, which now were useless, on the subject, that even the observant eye of his mother was deceived; and whilst she blessed him for his filial piety and love, she believed him reconciled to his solitary destiny.

Doubtless but, in time, he was so.

In taking our leave of this interesting family, we must once more repeat that their story as we have written it, in all its main points, is a true one; the prince conspired against Nicholas exactly in the manner we have described, and on the first outbreak of his confederates abandoned the enterprise, and betrayed everything to the Czar, who rewarded his weakness and double treason by condemning him first to the mines and then to Siberia. His wife voluntarily relinquished the enjoyments of fortune, the ties of family, and despite the entreaties of her friends accompanied him. It was in exile that her children were born to her.

Such devotion and virtue might redeem a name even more sullied than her husband's; although it has failed to move the pity of her execrable tyrant.

Nicholas seems by the sternness with which he has refused to listen to all intercessors in her favor—and it is said that the prayers of the empress have not been wanting—to place himself above humanity. Doubtless humanity will one day avenge itself.

It is well, as the poet observes, to have a giant's strength, but another thing to use it. We admire the force which rends the rock, or uproots the guarded oak; but the blow which crushes the heart of a fellow-creature, and that fellow-creature a woman, must inspire every manly heart with a feeling of disgust.

We wonder if the autocrat ever remembers that he had a mother? The deaths of Alexander and of Constantine, who resigned his throne to him, proves that he long since forgot that he was a brother; or if he did recollect it, he doubtless reflected that Cain and Abel were the first who bore the name.

He is fond of citing the Bible as an authority, when he prates to his deluded subjects about *Holy Russia*.

It is not to be supposed that a man of Sir Edward Challoner's perseverance and character would remain idle when the happiness of his only child, and the liberty, if not the life, of her affianced husband were in danger. To use his own expression, he moved heaven and earth, including, of course, the ministers at home, to use every exertion to obtain the liberation of our hero.

It was in vain that the latter personages replied to him that all diplomatic intercourse between the two countries had ceased, that they had no means of communicating with the government of Russia. He reminded them that a correspondence, semi-

official, to say the least of it, was still carried on by means of the Belgian ambassador; and the representative of Leopold might quite as well charge himself with a mission of humanity as a political one. He further added a significant hint that, if his suggestions were not complied with, he should, by means of his friends in both houses, bring the affair before the public.

These considerations, and let us trust the more manly one of doing justice to an English subject suffering from an act of unqualified tyranny, at last prevailed, and the family ambassador, as Uncle Leopold's minister at the Court of St. Petersburg was somewhat facetiously styled, received positive instructions to make a representation on the subject to the Czar himself.

The mission was a delicate one—something like calling on a tiger to give an account of a lamb missing from the flock.

Perhaps Nicholas was never more sensitive on the score of public opinion than when he so openly braved it, by putting forth his monstrous pretensions to interfere with the internal government of Turkey; when we say public opinion, of course we mean as it exists in the rest of Europe. Had such a prodigy ventured to show its head in Russia, it would have been strangled at its birth, or been sent to die a natural death in Siberia.

The publication of his conversations with Sir Hamilton Seymour, the straightforward, manly conduct of that gentleman, who so worthily upheld the character of his country for loyalty and honor, contrasting unfavorably with the perfidy and meanness of his own, had annoyed the Czar. The world knew the bribe, offered alternately to England and France, had been rejected with scorn; and he felt the bitter humiliation which a proud man feels who has been exposed in his attempt to commit a dirty action.

All these considerations rendered the task of the Belgian minister still more delicate and embarrassing, and compelled him to watch for an occasion.

It was not long before one presented itself.

The emperor had just indulged in one of his fierce tirades against the abuse, as he was pleased to term it, lavished on his august person, not only by the press of England, but in the two houses of parliament, when the diplomat humbly reminded him that public opinion was free in that country; and added that the higher order felt deeply interested by an act of severity recently offered to one of its members.

"Act of severity to one of its members," repeated the Czar; "I do not comprehend you."

The representative of Belgium bowed respectfully.

"What is it you allude to?—I know of no act of severity."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the diplomat, in a tone of well-affected surprise. "Such, however, I can assure your Imperial majesty is the general belief in England. The King, my master, has been requested by the most influential personages in the kingdom to cause a representation to be made upon the subject through my instrumentality. Respect," he added, "alone has prevented my fulfilling my instructions."

"Let it prevent you, then, no longer," replied Nicholas. "I am quite ready to hear all you are charged to urge."

"And I shall not forfeit the benevolent consideration of your Majesty, which I have hitherto had the happiness to enjoy," said the minister in a tone of deep humility.

"Certainly not."

"Thus assured," resumed the former, "I will at once proceed to lay before you, sire, a statement of the case, not one word of which, I respectfully presume to add, do I venture to guarantee. I can only add that it has obtained universal belief in England, where the impression it has created is most unfavorable."

From certain signs of impatience, the speaker judged it advisable, without further circumlocution, to read the proofs which had been forwarded to him respecting the banishment of our hero to Siberia, the connivance of the secret police, the statement of the Beachams, and a copy of Jack Curlin's letter, who, when he wrote it, little imagined that his scarcely-intelligible, mis-spelt scrawl would ever be elevated to the dignity of a state paper.

"All this," said the autocrat, "is new to me; nor do I believe a single word of it; one thing is certain, that I have issued no orders respecting the banishment of any Englishman to Siberia."

"And without your Majesty's gracious orders to such an effect," observed the ambassador, "such a punishment, I presume, could not be inflicted."

"Certainly not."

At the time the imperial monster uttered this

assurance, he well knew that hundreds were pining in that desolate region, whose names he had never heard.

"But to satisfy you upon the subject," continued the speaker, "to prove to you that the rumor which, as you say, has created so unfavorable an impression in England, is the contrivance of those revolutionary wretches who seek to disturb the peace of Europe, I will at once send for Berkendorf."

The Czar rang a small silver bell which stood upon the table near him.

It was answered by one of his aides-de-camp.

"Is Berkendorf in the palace?"

"In the ante-chamber, here," replied the officer, with a look of terror, for the name of the dreaded minister is sufficient to drive the color from the cheek of every Russian.

"Admit him."

The next instant the head of the secret police entered the cabinet where the above conversation had taken place. With a surprise which the best actor in Paris might have envied—so cleverly was it affected—he listened to the statement of the wrongs which he had perpetrated.

"Well," demanded his master, impatiently, "what reply do you make to this?"

"That it is a fable, please your majesty. John Bull is a gullible animal, and the enemies of Russia have taken advantage of his credulity."

"I told you so," said the Czar, turning to the ambassador with a smile. "Let us forget that so ridiculous a subject has been broached between us. The Chevalier Nesselrode," he added, "will transmit my reply to the last suggestions of your imperial master."

With a sort of theatrical bow, the speaker intimated that the audience was at an end, and the Belgian minister withdrew, perfectly satisfied on one point, that all further intercession and inquiries on the subject of our hero would be useless.

"Well, Berkendorf," exclaimed the emperor, "what am I to believe?"

"That in acting as I have done," replied the head of the secret police, "I consulted only the honor of your imperial family, and obeyed the commands of your august son, the Grand Duke Constantine."

"Enough," said the Czar, in a tone of dissatisfaction—for the affair annoyed him slightly. "Take care that the assurance I have given is never called in question."

Berkendorf regarded him earnestly, as if to read his meaning.

"In that case," added the speaker, "you must answer it."

Berkendorf regarded him no longer—he perfectly comprehended him.

On returning to his office, the first act of the instrument of imperial tyranny was to write a private letter to the governor of Cheritz Khan, in which he directed the utmost severity to be used to prevent the Englishmen and their companion sending any communications to St. Petersburg.

"Your term of government," he added, "will soon expire; when you return, present yourself at the palace of the Grand Duke Constantine, who is favorably inclined towards you. The best news you could bring with you would be the death of those criminals alluded to."

This infamous despatch—in which the murder of his victims was indirectly commanded—reached the governor about a week after the escape of our hero and his friends. On receiving it, the governor at once proceeded to the station, determined to find some excuse for carrying the instructions he had received into effect. On his arrival, he heard, for the first time, of the fall of the avalanche, the destruction of the cabin, and the supposed death of the inmates—whom all imagined to have been crushed beneath the ruins.

Before quitting the spot, he drew up a reply to the minister, relating what had occurred, and hinted that it was owing to his arrangements that the wish he had expressed had been accomplished.

"It will serve me, no doubt," he thought, "on my return."

CHAPTER LVIII.

Must freedom perish? shall the tyrant Czar
O'er Europe's plains roll the red tide of war?
Impose his iron sceptre on mankind?
Fetter the progress of the human mind?
Trample the crescent in his wanton pride?
And nations' laws and Heaven's alike deride?
"No!" from our sea-girl isle a voice replies,
St. George's pennon flutters to the skies!
England takes up the gauntlet proudly hurled,
And braves the despot who had braved the world.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

On the twenty-eighth of March, 1854, war was declared against Russia.

All that national honor could endure had been submitted to; all that a sincere desire for peace could suggest had been vainly tried, not only by the English government, but by that of France, to terminate the quarrel amicably: but no. The massacre of Sinope gave the final blow to these negotiations, which would have been humiliating, but for the hope which inspired them. The Czar, mad with power and ambition, sceptical as to the probability of a sincere alliance between the only two nations who could successfully oppose his designs; confident in the neutrality of his half-vassal states of Germany, and intent on the realization of the long cherished scheme of Russian aggrandisement at the expense of Turkey, turned a deaf ear to the mild but firm remonstrances of the two cabinets. War, the scourge of humanity, the fiend whose sword was to desolate the east, the red angel of destruction was unchained by the obstinacy of one man, a despot in whom passion supplied the place of reason.

No sooner was war declared, than a body of British troops, consisting of five divisions of infantry and one of cavalry, were sent to the assistance of the Turks, and landed at Gallipoli, a peninsula on the west of the Dardanelles. Ten thousand men soon afterwards arrived on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, and twenty thousand Frenchmen on the opposite shore.

As we have no intention of describing every phase of the war, we must content ourselves with showing that the success of the Turks themselves against the Russian invaders soon called the allies to a different scene of action. The defeat of General Luder by Omar Pasha, the gallant defence of Silistria, electrified all Europe, and was the first of the series of humiliations that awaited the ambition of the Czar.

On the twenty-sixth of August, a council of war was held at Varna, and the expedition to the Crimea decided on. Hitherto Sebastopol had been blockaded only by the fleet; it was now determined to assault it by land; and a sufficient number of transports to convey the army collected at Baltjik, and by the fourth of September all the troops were embarked.

On reaching the Crimea, a careful examination of the coast was made by the generals in command, and it was finally decided that the attempt to land should be made on that part of the beach which separates the sea from one of the lagunes.

A lagoon is a shallow water, or sort of salt water lake, affected by the tides of the ocean, which at times communicate with it by overflowing the intervening bank.

The sailing vessels were divided into squadrons, and to each squadron a steamship was attached to pilot it through the water.

It was a solemn sight to watch hundreds of boats laden with men full of animation and hope proceeding towards the shore, where an angel of the plague was soon to contend with the demon of war for the number of their victims.

The French were the first to land; and such was the celerity with which the debarkation was accomplished, that in half an hour they had six thousand men on the beach, who saluted with loud cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" the tri-color which the first boat's crew ran up the flag-staff they had carried with them, and planted on the sand.

In the course of a few hours the shore was covered with men, artillery, and tents—for the French, like experienced campaigners, had brought theirs with them—and all the dread material of war. The scared sea-gull screamed as it flew over the heads of the invaders, thousands of whom came to measure the only spot of earth they were ever doomed to possess—that spot which humanity, with all its injustice, selfishness, and tyranny, grants freely to the poorest wretch—the inheritance which is the seal of our common nature, a grave.

It would be a libel on the British army to suppose for an instant that either their bravery or spirits are affected by reflections similar to those which we have ventured to make. No. Its legions were faithful to the traditions of courage and honor inherited from their forefathers; true to their Saxon blood and name. Antiquity cannot boast a page in which man's powers of fortitude and endurance were more severely tasked, or more nobly sustained, than the one which records the sufferings and indomitable perseverance of their army in the Crimea. Poor fellows! how many a hero sleeps upon its shores, his name and memories embalmed only in the recollection and tears of those who loved and mourn him; to whom his loss is one of those broken ties which although time may heal it, is beyond even its healing power to renew.

Honor, then, to the worsted epaulette; to the sinew, strength, spirit of the British army. A hundred times honor to the brave soldier of the Crimea!

About two miles from the spot where the landing had been effected, is an isolated rock, rising like a pharos from the sea, its sides so precipitous and rugged that at first sight it would be imagined the wing of the seabird, hundreds of which annually built their nests upon its peaks, alone could reach its summit.

This, however, was not the case: for ten days previous to the arrival of the fleet, four human beings had made it their home: men to whom toil, hardship, and suffering had become a second nature.

Doubtless our readers guess whom we allude to. The escaped exiles of Siberia, Charles, Henry, the Pole, and poor Jack Curlin, after months of privation, danger, and half-breath escapes, many of which we shall have occasion to enumerate as we proceed, had reached that solitary spot, and concealed themselves there, in the hope that some vessel might approach sufficiently near to bear them to a land of freedom.

When we said that four men existed on that rock, we might almost have said four spectres: for misery had so worn them, the eye of affection could scarcely have recognised the idol of its memory, the mother the child she had nursed. For ten days they had had no other food than the flesh of the gull and sea-mew, which Jack Curlin contrived to take by means of snares, made from the coarse thread which he unravelled from the fragments of his shirt.

On the morning that the Allied fleet approached in sight of the shore of the Crimea, Charles Vasseur had risen before his companions. He felt feverish and restless, and determined, despite the danger and difficulty, to descend from the crest of the rock, and bathe.

All but fortitude had deserted him. The hope, if any hope remained, of revisiting his native land—of home—Beatrix—friends; of realising the dream of his boyhood—had so faded, that he deemed it almost a childish weakness to indulge in it.

Kneeling on the edge of the precipice, he repeated his matin prayer, concluding it with the words of his Divine Teacher, "not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done!"

As he rose from his knees, he fancied that he could distinguish the sails of a ship on the verge of the horizon.

"Again imagination has deceived me," he muttered; "for ten days have I watched in vain."

Still, however, he continued to gaze; his heart beating wildly. As the light increased, the doubt became certainty; and, with a joyous cry, he shouted to his companions, who were still sleeping on the mass of seaweed which they had collected in one of the fissures of the rock. In a few moments they were by his side, anxious and alarmed, for they imagined some unexpected danger had occurred.

Our hero could not speak: emotion choked his utterance. The hope so long delayed was realised at last. He pointed to the vessel.

"A ship!" exclaimed Julian. "Even from this barren rock the voice of prayer has been heard. God has not deserted us."

He sank upon his knees in thanksgiving; Henri and Jack followed his example; Charles, fixed like a statue, his arm extended towards the horizon, remained standing on the rock.

"The rumor which reached us in our wanderings," exclaimed Charles Vasseur, at the same time grasping the hand of Henri de la Tour, "was not a false one; behold the standards of England and France united; the seal of freedom and civilization to a suffering world. We may each be proud of our country."

Julian sighed. He recollected that, properly speaking, he had no country; for wronged, oppressed, unhappy Poland still groans beneath the galling yoke of Russia.

"It is indeed a sight to warm the blood," observed the young Frenchman. "And, par parenthese, mine has become half stagnant since our sojourn on this desolate rock. Honor to the tri-color and the red cross of St. George," he added, at the same time raising the remnant of his ragged sheep-skin cap, and waving it by way of salute.

"Jack, you rascal," said his master, clapping the lad familiarly on the shoulder, "look there!"

"I do look there," replied the poor fellow dolefully.

"The flag of England!" continued our hero, with increased excitement.

"I'd rather see the roast beef of England," philosophically observed the groom, "than all the flags in the world; there be something real substantial in that. I wonder if ever we shall see it again."

"See it! ay, and taste it."

Jack Curlin listened to this assurance with a grin of such intense, ferocious delight, that a cannibal might have envied it.

"I can't tell ee, Master Charley," he said, "how I dream of it; and sometimes in my sleep I hear the servants' dinner bell, just as it used to ring at the old Manor House, as plainly as ever I heard it when awake—it be a curious thing, that. I can't make it out; can you?"

His master was too much excited by the long-looked-for appearance of that meteor flag, which floats only over the free, to enter into an explanation of a phenomenon which, after all, was not very difficult to comprehend. Jack's wish was father to his dreams.

A brief consultation was held by the tenants of the lonely rock as to the means of escaping from their perilous position, and joining the allied armies. They had braved too many dangers since their escape from Siberia to know the meaning of the word fear; ordinary perils could not appal them, and famine, that most

powerful incentive, which renders even the timid brave, for days had been staring them in the face.

As for Jack Curlin, with the prospect of a dinner before him—for he had not quite lost all faith in the reality of such a meal—he would have risked his life a hundred times.

The prudent counsel of the Pole prevailed, however, over their impatience, and it was decided to wait till night before making an attempt whose failure would cost them, perhaps, their lives, or what was dearer far, their hard won liberty.

How frequently has it been observed that it is the last drop which makes the cup run over. Jack Curlin, who during their wanderings, had hitherto displayed a docility equally great as his endurance, for the first time began to murmur when he heard the decision. Neither his fortitude nor his appetite could hold out any longer. The sight of the English fleet, and the idea of the store of beef and provisions on board of it, aroused his carnivorous propensities, and it required all his young master's influence over him to bring him to reason.

"What need they care," he said, "for a dozen Rooshans, or fifty, for the matter of that; for his own part he would answer for ten of them. Such an occasion might not occur again. It was a tempting of Providence to let it slip by them."

"A few hours," observed the Pole, "cannot make much difference."

"A few hours!" repeated the poor fellow, with a groan; "you speak as if you had not been starving on this cursed rock for a week."

"It is for your safety," urged our hero, "as well as ours."

"I don't care a pin about my safety," answered Jack, doggedly, "and never did; but I can't live any longer on sea-weed, cockles, and raw birds. If we could only cook them, I should not so much mind. My poor stomach!" he added, pressing his hand over the portion of his person alluded to; "it feels as if it had nought in it but feathers and fish bones."

He pulled his cap, or rather the remains of it, resolutely over his brows, and began to prepare for descending from his perilous abode.

"If taken," observed Henri de la Tour, "it will compromise us all."

"I cannot help it," exclaimed Charles Vasseur, in a tone of despair; even his fidelity cannot resist such unheard of sufferings."

Jack Curlin, who had already commenced his descent, paused.

"And I have no longer," added the speaker, "either the power to enforce, or the right to insist, on his obedience."

So saying, he seated himself upon one of the jutting fragments of the rock, with the air of a man whose powers of endurance were worn out, and who felt that it was useless to struggle further with his destiny.

Jack sprang back, and was at his feet in an instant. He could have endured reproaches, resisted threats; but the look of hopelessness, coupled with the words of his young master, overcame him.

"Beat me! kill me, Master Charley!" he exclaimed; "spurn me like an ungrateful hound; I deserve it; but don't ee look so sad; I can't bear it, indeed I can't. It won't my poor hungry stomach spoke, and not my heart. I'll stay a month, a year here if you wish it—live with you, starve with you, die with you; only say that you forgive me."

It was the eloquence of nature—rough and untaught, but pure as the unpolished gem still buried in the mine; and the heart that could resist it must have been a harder one than our hero's, who not only forgave Jack his momentary rebellion, but what was more grateful to the faithful fellow, assured him that it had not weakened his regard.

Hunger, after all, is a severe test; like poverty, few friendships can withstand it.

"It is but the last trial," said Henri de la Tour, encouragingly; "the battle has been too stoutly fought, to be weakly lost."

"As fire purifies gold," observed Julian, who had been deeply interested in the scene, "so heaven prepares humanity by suffering for happiness: it might intoxicate the soul else, and render it insensible to the woe of others. Unlike the weak intentions of man," he added, "its designs are immutable; you will both behold once more your native land, and in the enjoyment of love and friendship, forget the pangs and trials of the past."

The allusion to the hopes which, despite all the misery they had endured, was still the one nearest to the hearts of his companions, raised a faint smile upon the care-worn features both of Charles and Henri; one thought of Beatrix, the other of Lelia, and mentally acknowledged that such a recompense would indeed atone for all they had endured—all they might yet endure.

As for Jack Curlin, if the image of the pretty Susan presented itself to his imagination, it was so mixed up with visions of beef, mutton, and other creature comforts, that it would be difficult to determine whether love or hunger had the greatest share in his reveries. Never had time appeared to drag so wearily as on the last day they were doomed to spend upon that desolate rock. Shakespeare says, that time lags most with a bride upon her wedding day; surely the immortal bard must have dined when he made the assertion, for old *edax rerum* never appears so dilatory as to a half-famished man waiting for his dinner.

No sooner had night closed in, than the fugitives descended the rock, and swimming across the narrow

estuary which isolated it from the main land, reached the shore in safety; they had still about fifteen English miles to walk through a hostile country, before arriving at the spot where the allied armies had bivouacked.

Fortunately, the Tartar population, amongst whom the Russian authorities had spread the most absurd reports respecting the ferocity of the English and French soldiers, whom they represented as something worse than cannibals, were too much occupied in providing for their own safety, to question the solitary fugitives who crossed their path, and who, despite every precaution, could not avoid occasionally stumbling upon them. One of the Tartar chiefs, who was proceeding with his family in wagons laden with furniture and provisions into the interior of the country, related to the officer who commanded the first Russian outpost he arrived at, how a wild and savage-looking creature, resembling a demon rather than a man, had suddenly dropped from a tree under which one of the vehicles passed, into the midst of his women, and seizing on the remains of a roast kid, as suddenly disappeared, uttering a loud yell.

The Russians gravely assured him that it was one of the fiends whom the English worshipped, and congratulated the terrified Tartar on his escape.

If poor Jack Curlin, whose ravenous appetite had urged him to this daring exploit, could have heard the description of his person, his fiery eyes, horns, and tremendous claws, it would have raised a smile even upon his half-famished lips.

The food produced at so much risk was too welcome to his companions, to permit even his master to blame the imprudence which might have compromised their safety; having devoured rather than ate it, they resumed their march with renewed courage and hope.

In after life, Jack frequently used to declare, that it was the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted. Most probably, Charles and Henri were of the same opinion.

When the allied army first disembarked in the Crimea, the superiority of the French commissariat and ordnance arrangements over those of the English was shown in a manner too plain to be mistaken. Every French soldier landed not only with three days' provisions in his knapsack, but each carried a portion of his tent, which, when put together, was sufficient to accommodate five men; the English tents had been left behind. The consequence of this was, that whilst our brave allies were securely sheltered from the pitiless rain and cutting wind, the English were compelled to pass the night in the open air, or with such imperfect protection as their own ingenuity could devise. Many an officer congratulated himself on obtaining possession of an empty cask, in which he slept, curled round like a squirrel in a cage, with no other covering than his cloak; the Duke of Cambridge slept under a cart-tilt. The majority of the troops contented themselves with making fires of the brushwood, which fortunately grew in abundance, especially in the neighborhood of the advanced post.

One of these, consisting of 900—we purposely conceal the real name of the regiment—had made their bivouac; the fire burnt dimly, for the rain was falling in torrents, and the wind drove the smoke in huge volumes over the ground, so that the men on the south side ran the risk of being smothered.

Although the courage of the soldiers never for an instant deserted them, it cannot be denied that a certain amount of moral as well as physical dejection ensued from so much suffering. Many a man has since declared, that he would rather encounter the risks of three battles than endure one such night again.

At a short distance from the bivouac we have described, a sergeant and several private soldiers were seated. More fortunate than the majority of their companions, they had succeeded in procuring rather an abundant supply of provisions; and one of them, the non-commissioned officer, had brought a bottle of rum with him from the ship, which he was in the act of sharing with his comrades, when the sentinel, whose post was about twenty paces in advance, gave the usual challenge.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend," was the reply.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

There was a pause; the intruder, whoever he was, appeared to hesitate.

The soldier brought his musket to his shoulder.

"I have it not," replied the former, who was no other than Charles Vasseur.

The sentinel fired in the direction from which the voice came, and the report caused the men scattered in groups around the watch-fire to stand to their arms; they listened, but not a sound was to be heard.

"Strange," muttered the sergeant. "I thought at first that it was an attack—some straggler," he added, "who has ventured to approach our lines."

"Is there an officer with you?" demanded our hero, who, when he saw the soldier raise his musket, had thrown himself upon the ground, and so avoided the ball.

"There is," replied the sergeant, advancing to the side of the sentinel.

"I am an Englishman, who has escaped from Russian tyranny: you would not murder me?"

"No, no!"

"May I advance?"

"Are you alone?"

"I have three companions with me."

"Englishmen?"

"One Englishman; the others a French gentleman and a Pole."



JACK CURLIN BRINGING GENERAL SCRATCHENOFF A PRISONER TO THE BRITISH CAMP.

"Advance singly," said the sergeant. "If your story be true, you have nothing to fear; if you think to surprise us, you will be deceived; a hundred muskets will cover you every step you take."

"You have nothing to doubt," answered our hero, stepping at once from the deep gloom which had hitherto concealed him, into the light of the watch-fire, "I am an Englishman, and unarmed."

"And what is your name?"

"Charles Vavasour."

The non-commissioned officer started as if he had received an electric shock; the next instant he was by the side of the speaker, gazing anxiously on his careworn features.

"'Tis he," he muttered, "but, oh heaven! how altered. The mother who bore him could not recognize her son; and I have caused all this misery," he added, in an under tone, "I, I."

"You seem to know me," observed our hero.

"Know, Mr. Charles! I ought to know you, for scarcely a night passes that I have not dreamt of you."

"And your name is—?"

The sergeant slowly raised the rough foraging-cap which partly concealed his face, and the worn-out fugitive recognized the countenance of Francis Bailey, the grand-son of his father's steward, the man who, when he last beheld him, boasted that he was on the high road to fortune, and spoke of realizing millions.

"You—the speculator of the exchange! the man of a thousand schemes and resources!—a private soldier!" observed Charles Vavasour.

The ex-director of the National Consolidated Manure and Fertilizing Land Company heaved a sigh, and glanced at the stripes upon his uniform.

"Not a simple private," he replied; "I have risen, but I will tell you my story another time. The report in England is, that you are dead: the Challoners believed it, your uncle believed it; my grandfather believed it; and the belief killed the poor old man."

The speaker explained to the captain of his company, who crept from his quarters cleverly arranged in a sand-pit, what had occurred, and added that he would be answerable for the stranger being an Englishman.

After the exchange of a few brief words, it was settled that the fugitives should be received and sent under escort to head-quarters in the morning; in a few minutes all four were seated by the fire of the bivouac, with the remains of Bailey's bottle of rum and supper to be shared between them.

"Saved!" exclaimed Charles, grasping the hands of his companions.

Henri and Julian warmly returned the pressure.

"What excellent rum," observed Jack Curlin.

"Do taste it, Master Charley," he added, handing him the bottle, which he had very nearly emptied, "if it be only to drink a health in. I drank Susan's half a dozen times."

Our hero did as Jack requested, and we need scarcely inform our readers that the name which rose to his lips was that of Beatrix.

He passed the liquor to Henri, who in turn drank to Leha, and then gave the bottle to Julian, who finished its contents in silence.

Poor fellow, he had only a memory to pledge to.

CHAPTER LIX.

Lastly stood War, in glittering arms yelad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued;
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilt was all with blood embued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers all.

SACKVILLE.

WE scarcely need inform our readers, that in a tale like the *SOLDIER OF FORTUNE*, it is necessary for an author to conceal not only the names of regiments, but persons, lest imagination should run riot, and fix on individuals, characters which, after all, are merely fancy portraits.

With this caution we shall pursue our tale.

At an early hour the following morning, Charles and Jack were sent under guard to the general who commanded the division, of which Sergeant Bailey's regiment formed a part. Henri and Julian, at their own request, were forwarded to the head-quarters of the French army. The Pole knew that there was not only a Foreign Legion in the service of France, in which he might engage, but trusted to find several of his countrymen holding commissions in the regular troops.

From the day of their escape from Siberia, the friends had never been separated; they had endured danger and privation together, and the separation was a painful one.

Pleasure may link men together in bonds which the world calls friendship; but such ties are seldom lasting; the friendship which really unites them has its growth more frequently in mutual endurance, fortitude, and the sterner qualities of our nature, than the eph-

meral amusements of youth and passion—seeds sown in wantonness, whose harvest is regret.

General Tawn, before whom our hero was conducted, was an officer of the old school; he had all its prejudices, merits, and defects. To do him justice, he was as brave as a lion; but truth compels us to add, obstinate as a mule, especially where discipline and routine were concerned. He had risen by a rigid adherence to both, and regarded them as the palladium of the British service.

The first severe shock his prejudices had received was when the order was issued from the Horse-Guards for abolishing pig-tails and powder in the army. Had he held a higher rank than a captain at the time, the probability is that he would have remonstrated; as it was, he endured and obeyed in silence.

Innovation had never found favor in his sight; he detested the word—and more than once during the Peninsular war, had set his face against the alterations first introduced in the service by the great Duke, whose memory, however, he held in the most profound respect.

Neither the officers nor men of any regiment relished the idea of being passed in review by General Tawn; the slightest variation from what he considered the orthodox standard, either in accoutrements or discipline, set him raving. The introduction of the Albert hat cost him a fit of the gout, and the slightest hint of an intention of abolishing the venerated bear-skins of the Grenadiers, was sufficient to cause him an indigestion.

Despite these defects, and they were serious ones, General Tawn was an excellent officer; he attended to the comforts of his men, looked sharply after the commissariat, and when employed on active service, never expected those under his command to submit to hardships which he was not willing to share.

The hardy old soldier had risen from his bed, a cloak and a truss of hay placed between a gun-carriage, and after a rough toilette, was making his breakfast off a biscuit and a glass of not very clear water, when Charles Vavasour and Jack Curlin were marched before him. From their ragged sheep-skin attire, he very naturally mistook them for Russians, and directed one of his aids-de-camp to send for an interpreter.

"There will be no need," said our hero, advancing; "I presume I have the honor of addressing General Tawn."

"Yes, sir, I am General Tawn," replied the old man, as soon as he had recovered his surprise at hearing English spoken so purely by one whom he had

looked upon as a Tartar or serf; "and who the deuce may you be?"

"I am Charles Vavasour, of Vavasour Manor, in Suffolk," answered the young man; "an English gentleman, who has had the good fortune to escape from Siberia."

Had he announced himself as an ambassador from the moon, or any other respectable planet, General Tawn could not have listened to him with greater incredulity or astonishment.

"Escaped from Siberia!" he repeated; "and do you really expect me to believe this?"

"Being the truth," said our hero, "the possibility of its being doubted never struck me."

"Well, sir," said the old man, after a pause, "although you have not the appearance, you certainly possess the language of an Englishman and a gentleman," he added, for he was struck by the simplicity and dignity of Charles Vavasour's reply; "and supposing the tale you have related to be true, what is to be done with you?"

"Done with me, General! I do not comprehend you."

"Done with you," repeated his questioner; "I believe I spoke the words plainly enough. You can't suppose that I am such an idiot as to let a fellow, who may or may not be a Russian spy, dressed up, and furnished with a well told tale to deceive us, wander about the camp at liberty?"

"I merely require the means of communicating with my friends in England," replied Charles, "shelter, and the commonest food, till I obtain means to return."

"A soldier's rations, eh?"

"Nothing more."

"You must earn it, then, young man," said General Tawn in a firm tone; "our commissariat is not over well supplied," he glanced, as he spoke, at his own rough breakfast. "It was so at first in Spain; but things will be arranged better soon! you must serve."

"As a volunteer?"

"Volunteer be hanged," exclaimed the old soldier; "no, enlist; give a proof that you are an Englishman by fighting in the cause of your country; it is the only way to eat her bread here. I can tell you, I'll have no skulkers or idlers about my division; if you prefer eating the bread of charity, you must look for it elsewhere."

"If I must eat the bread of another," replied our hero, stung to the quick by the ungracious reception, and still more by the ungenerous words, "it shall at least be that of my country. The time may come," he added, proudly, "when you will blush alike for your suspicions and conduct."

"Mutiny, by heavens!" shouted the general.

"You will please to observe," replied the young man, unmoved by his anger, "that the word mutiny as applied to me is misplaced. I am her Majesty's subject, but not her soldier yet: I am free."

"And if you are wise, Master Charley," said Jack Curlin, "you will remain so; all our countrymen can't be so hard hearted as this old man. What will the people say in Harleyford—what will Sir Edward and Miss Beatrix say, when they hear that you have turned common soldier?"

"It is that or starvation, it appears," uttered Charles Vavasour bitterly, for he scorned to address another word of supplication to the man who had treated him so harshly.

Despite the remonstrance and entreaties of his faithful companion in misfortune, who declared that he would rather endure another month's privation on the rock, than see his master submit to such a step, our hero complied with the hard conditions proposed to him, took the shilling which a sergeant who was called from the guard for the purpose of enlisting him placed in his hand, and became a private soldier.

Several of the younger officers, who were standing round, considered he had been hardly dealt with, but not one had stepped forward to offer him the only assistance which might have saved him from such a step; they stood too much in awe of their irascible general.

"Well, young man," said the latter, "you have acted prudently." The new recruit touched his cap.

"Ha! very well! very well indeed! make a capital soldier!! many a good officer has risen from the ranks. I'll keep an eye upon you, perhaps you may find a better friend in me than you imagine; only do your duty and I will not neglect mine."

Charles touched his cap again.

"Take him to his regiment," added the speaker, "and let him have his clothing as quickly as possible."

Jack Curlin no sooner saw the decided step which our hero had taken than he determined to follow his example. True, he had a horror of soldiering, but even that was better than separation from his young master.

"Hollo! sergeant," he called out, "haven't you got another shilling for me?"

Of course the sergeant had, and the two recruits were marched from the presence of the general to the body of the regiment.

"Likely fellows," muttered the old man as they disappeared; "fortunate in getting them, recruits are rare in the Crimea."

He looked towards the group of officers near him as if to receive their compliments; not one of them spoke.

"I begin to think," he added, "that they are really Englishmen."

"I feel certain of it," observed the Honourable Carrington Selle, a cornet of dragoons, "and I bitterly

regret that I did not offer them my assistance before it was too late."

"Bah!" replied the general, in a tone of contempt at what he considered the weakness of the young man; "you had better keep your money in your pocket."

This observation was made to perhaps the only officer present who dared venture to answer it, for the Hon. Carrington Selle was not only the son of a peer, but the nephew of a minister—enormous advantages under any circumstances, but which, added to his own consummate tact, made him more than a match for the speaker.

"General Tawn will permit me to observe," he said, "that as the articles of war do not prescribe the use I am to make of my fortune, having no official authority, comment is unnecessary."

"Indeed!!"

"And, but for the age of General Tawn," added the young man, "might be considered offensive. I have the honor to wish General Tawn a very good morning."

With these words he turned upon his heel, mounted his horse, and rode off to join his regiment, which, fortunately for him, did not happen to be included in the irascible old soldier's division.

At the same time that Charles Vavasour had been conducted to the quarters of the English general of division, Henri de la Tour and Julian had been sent to those of the French commander, where the reception they experienced was widely different; for scarcely had the young Frenchman declared his name, and related as briefly as possible the story of his escape, than offers of service were pressed on every side.

"De la Tour," repeated a chef de bataillon, who was present, "surely not of the La Tours of Bourgoyne?"

"Even so."

"And you are?"

"Count Henri de la Tour."

"In that case, gentlemen," said the officer, after shaking his young countryman warmly by the hand, "I claim the right of providing for the wants of my cousin, for such is the tie of blood between us."

The discovery of so near a relative, as a matter of course, rendered assistance from any other quarter unnecessary. The speaker conducted both him and Julian to his tent, before which, in less than an hour, a bonfire was made of their sheepskin rags.

An adventure so remarkable as an escape from Siberia, was sure to create a deep impression amongst a people so excitable as the French. Group after group of officers gathered round the canvass dwelling, and to each Henri was obliged to give a rough outline of his adventures. But what excited and interested them most, was the story of his grandfather, whose concealment of the cross of the legion of honour in his wound, rather than the gift of Napoleon should be profaned by the hand of the Muscovite, was pronounced sublime—*magnifique*—heroic; and many a Frenchman who panted to obtain a similar honor, entreated to be allowed to press it, as a precious relic, to his lips.

Julian, the grave, melancholy Julian, excited a deep interest amongst them. Although they do not like to confess it to foreigners, the French army have ever blamed Napoleon the First, for not having, at least, attempted the reconstruction of the Kingdom of Poland, the bravery of whose sons has created a sympathy which may one day be useful to their cause.

"Wait," they said, "till we have paid our debt to the Czar. Napoleon the Third will repair the errors of his uncle, as well as avenge his injuries. There is a hope for Poland yet."

Before the day was half over, rumors of Henri's adventure had reached the ears of the commander-in-chief of the French army, Marshal St. Arnaud, than whom a braver soldier or a better man never was entrusted with the honor of his country. The name of De la Tour appeared to affect him, and after having ascertained that the fugitive was of the same family as the Counts de la Tour of Bourgoyne, he determined to see him, and he despatched one of his aides-de-camp to seek him.

"Why, Henri," said his cousin, as he sought him in the tent, "you have become quite a personage."

"I do not understand you."

"A hero."

"You mock me," replied the young Frenchman, modestly.

"By Heavens, I do no such thing. St. Arnaud has sent for you; his aide-de-camp is without. What in Heaven's name can induce the Marshal to take such a caprice, and at such a moment?"

"Gratitude," answered Henri.

"Gratitude!"

"Yes. My father once served him on a point where a man of honor is most sensitive, and he has not forgotten it."

"Lucky fellow, to have had such a father," observed the chef de bataillon. "I wish mine had been so fortunate. But what was this service?"

"That must remain a secret—at least, so far as I am concerned," replied his cousin; "although it was much talked of at the time."

"Positively, then, I am to know no more."

"Positively."

"Well," said the officer, laughingly, "I bear you no malice; keep your secret; but if you can find an occasion to remind the Marshal that there is such a person in the world as your cousin, it may be of service to me."

Henri promised, and joined the aide-de-camp, who was waiting at the entrance of the tent.

CHAPTER LX.

Behold! where floating as in days of yore
When Cœur de Lion trod the Syrian shore,
Britain's and Gallia's ensigns side by side.
Oh! may no after rivalry divide
That strength which breaks th' oppressor's iron sword,
Back to the desert drives his Cossack horde;
Bids science flourish; barbarism cease;
Insures art's progress, and the reign of peace.

FROM THE AUTHOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

WHEN Henri de la Tour arrived at the tent of the French Marshal, he found that distinguished officer seated at a table covered with maps and papers, dictating to an aide-de-camp who was writing near him.

"In a few moments," said St. Arnaud, pointing to a case which had not been yet unpacked, "and I am at your service."

His visitor took the seat thus pointed out to him—for the only two chairs in the tent were occupied by the speaker and his secretary—and whilst the illustrious soldier concluded the dictation of his despatch, he had ample time to observe the man whose name has since become immortalized in the annals of the army of France by the glorious victory of Alma.

"I wish to hear from your own lips," said the marshal, as soon as the aide-de-camp had finished the despatch and quitted the tent, "the history of your adventures, which, from the rumors that have already reached me, are no less extraordinary than honorable. First," he added, regarding him fixedly, "is it to the son of the late Count de la Tour that I have the honor of addressing myself?"

"His only son," answered Henri, respectfully.

"Of the Bourgoyne?"

"The only family of that name in the province."

A smile of satisfaction lit for an instant the pale features of St. Arnaud: he felt as a proud and grateful man naturally feels when an opportunity is given him of paying a long-remembered debt of gratitude.

"Proceed," he said.

The young Frenchman proceeded to relate, as briefly as possible, the motives of his journey to St. Petersburg, the reception and adventures he met with there; his exile to Siberia, the meeting with his grandfather, the old soldier's death, and his own escape. The modesty with which he passed over his own devotion and sufferings confirmed the good opinion which his hearer already entertained of him.

When he related the incident of Colonel de la Tour having preserved the cross of the legion of honor from being profaned by the enemies of France, the marshal became greatly excited; it was one of those heroic actions calculated to impress an enthusiastic, generous mind.

"It is a heritage," he exclaimed, "you may well be proud of. By heaven! I would rather be descended from such a man, than have been born heir to the noblest name in France. You have preserved it!" he added.

"Am I not living?" replied Henri, with a slight blush; for the question pained him.

"Right," said the soldier, who had won his rank on many a hard-fought field; "I am answered as I deserved;—as I could have wished," he added, after a pause, "to be answered by the son of him to whom I owe more than my life, my name and honor; how can I serve you? If it is your wish to return to France, say the word, and the means are at your disposal."

"You forget, Marshal, that I am a Frenchman."

St. Arnaud smiled again.

"And in presence of the enemy of my country. A sword is all I ask, and permission to serve in the army as a volunteer."

"Granted," replied the noble-minded man, delighted at the frankness of his speech. "The very words I would have suggested, could I have dictated your answer. Fear not that the opportunity of distinguishing yourself shall be wanting. Doubtless," added the speaker, "you are aware of the circumstances which cause me to take so great an interest in your favor?"

Henri hesitated.

"Am I not understood?"

"Perfectly," replied the young man, recovering from his momentary embarrassment. "I am aware, he continued, with firmness, "of the circumstances in which my father had the happiness of rendering a service to one of the noblest soldiers of France."

"A flatterer!!" observed the marshal; "have I been deceived in you?"

"Truth is not flattery," said Henri; "your career proclaims that you merit the title; how else could a poor—"

He hesitated, fearing that his feelings had carried him too far.

"Proceed."

"Pardon me, I—"

"I, then," resumed St. Arnaud, "must finish the sentence for you: how else could a poor, unfriended actor have risen to the rank of Marshal of France. You are right; there was more weakness, perhaps, in my refusal of the compliment, than flattery in your bestowing it. Yes," he continued, with a flush of pride, "the man who has risen from the ranks to the highest grade in the armies of his country, need not suspect those of flattery who call him great."

"Right," said Henri, pleased that he was no longer suspected of a meanness his soul abhorred; "the blazon won upon the field shames the herald's vanities."

"But must not render him who bears it," observed St. Arnaud, "unmindful of the generous man to whom

he owes his fortune. I had been insulted in a circle to which I had been introduced. He who outraged me was a noble, and when I demanded satisfaction, replied by the word 'actor!' Actor was cast in my teeth as a brand of shame. I found myself dishonored without the means of wiping out the stain. In my rage, my despair, I meditated I know not what act of folly, when your father, your noble, generous father, braving the prejudice of caste—the sneers of his equals, came to my assistance. By his advice I entered the army; once entitled to wear the uniform of France, he consented to act as my friend. The coward who had availed himself of his nobility to refuse satisfaction to the actor, could not decline meeting the soldier: his was the first blood that ever dyed my sword," he added, and the Count de la Tour was my second."

"The result has done honor to you both," observed Henri.

"More," continued the narrator, "he became my friend, assisted me with his counsel in my studies, urged me to exertion, cheered me by his approval. Judge, young man, how I must feel to that Providence which now gives me an opportunity of paying my debt of gratitude to his son."

He extended his hand and warmly shook that of his visitor, as he concluded.

Before the termination of the interview, the gallant soldier, on the representation of Henri, sent for Julian, whom he attached to his staff as interpreter.

"Stay," he said, as the two friends were about to quit the tent; "I have a request to make."

Henri turned back with a look of surprise.

"Let me behold the cross," continued the speaker,

"so nobly won, so sacredly preserved."

The young Frenchman drew it from his breast, and placed it in the hand of the marshal, who raised it respectfully to his lips.

"Will you intrust me with it," he said, "for a few days?" He added, seeing that his visitor hesitated, "After our first battle, I trust I shall be enabled to restore it."

The look which accompanied the request, caused the heart of Henri de la Tour to beat with emotion, for he perfectly comprehended the hope, almost the promise which the words conveyed.

"If living, I will claim it," he answered, energetically; "if dead—"

"It shall be buried with you," said St. Arnaud, "and my own hand shall place it on your breast. Go," he added, "and remember that the eye of him your father served and saved, is watching over you."

"That man has a soul," observed the Pole to his companion, as they passed from the tent of the marshal, "stamped with the seal of the divinity in witness of its greatness: there is a nobility of thought in every word he utters. I would stake my life," he added,

"nay more, my honor, on his faith."

His friend felt too happy, too grateful at the reception the illustrious marshal had given him, not to feel equally prepossessed in his favor. Few ever possessed that soldier-like frankness of manner which wins all hearts in a more eminent degree than St. Arnaud.

From the French lines the speakers made their way to the English encampment. Both were painfully surprised at the confusion which prevailed; the men and officers equally unprovided with tents, the former cooking their food in the open air in the first contrivance that came to hand, and, let us add, bearing their privations with a gaiety and courage which nothing could damp.

After making numberless inquiries, they succeeded in finding the division of General Tawn and the regiment in which, in an ill-fated hour, Charles Vavasour and Jack Cuthbert had entered.

"Oh, Master Charley," exclaimed the latter, as he recognized Henri and Julian, who were both thoroughly well clad, "the French have behaved better to our countrymen than ours have to us."

Our hero rose from the trunk of a tree, on which he had been sitting for the last two hours, waiting for his new uniform, and forcing a smile, advanced to meet them.

"You are unhappy," said the Pole, in a tone of interest: "something has occurred to—"

"Nothing! nothing!" interrupted Charles, whose pride revolted at the humiliation of a complaint.

"Nothing!" repeated Jack; "why, they have treated us worse than dogs: that old ruffian, the general, pretended not to believe that we were Englishmen; told us that we must earn our bread; that he would have no idlers in his quarters; and so Master Charley and I have listed."

"Silence, Jack," said his master.

"I can't be silent," replied the honest lad. "Siberia was bad enough, but this is worse. There, if we were badly treated, it was by them rascally Rooshians. To be sure, we shall have a chance of paying them off now; but to be used in this fashion by our own natural-born countrymen, I can't bear it. And that's not all," he added, "Master Charley's greatest enemy, his cousin Cuthbert, is an officer in the regiment in which, like a couple of fools, we listed,—listed for bread, and even in that they cheated us, for they have only given us a hard biscuit."

"Is Cuthbert Vavasour really in your regiment?" demanded Julian.

"First lieutenant," replied our hero.

"Has he recognised you?"

"Did hatred ever fail to recognise its victim? But this despondency is unworthy of my manhood. 'Tis past. The momentary revulsion of feeling and pride is

subdued. I am calm now, and prepared for everything that may occur."

"Is it not possible," exclaimed Henri, "to deliver you from this false position? I have found not only a friend, but a protector in Marshal St. Arnaud. Think you, his intercession—"

"No," answered Charles Vavasour, firmly. "The battle will be a difficult one, but I must fight it out alone. I will not give my enemy the right to doubt my courage. It would be cowardice to retract. Besides, I owe something to my name and country."

"Right," said the Pole, approvingly.

"I owe it nought," muttered Jack Cuthbert; "unless it be three years and a half's hard thrashing at the parish school."

Here the conversation was broken off by one of the sergeants calling on the two recruits to receive their clothing, with which they retired behind a clump of firs, and, in a few minutes, reappeared each in the uniform of his regiment.

By this time several French officers had joined Henri and Julian, who presented them to Jack and his master.

The group were engaged in an animated conversation, when they were suddenly startled by a harsh voice calling out, "Now, you fellows, what are you doing here?"

They turned, and recognised in the speaker Cuthbert Vavasour.

"It is your enemy," whispered the Pole, who noticed the flush of indignation which in an instant overspread the countenance of Charles.

"Didn't you hear?" added the young ruffian, with a grin.

"Yes."

"Touch your cap, sir. Is that the way you reply to an officer?"

His cousin mechanically raised his hand to his head; although his heart was swelling with outraged pride, he resolved to push endurance to the limit of human forbearance.

"Humph! ha!" continued his tormentor: "how long have you been in the regiment?"

"A few hours only."

"Touch your cap again."

Charles obeyed.

Cuthbert grinned with the delight which a vulgar soul experiences at having it in his power to inflict a pang on the man he hated. There is no knowing how far his outrages might have been carried, if Colonel Morely, the commander of the regiment, had not at that moment rode up, attended by his adjutant and several officers. He was a soldier of the old school, been trained in the Peninsular war—a severe disciplinarian, but a man of honour and of kind feeling. He had heard something of our hero's story from General Tawn, whose manner of relating it had not impressed him too much in his favour.

"Are these the new recruits?" he asked.

Jack and his master both saluted him respectfully.

"They tell me you are an Englishman," he added.

"I am an Englishman," answered Charles, firmly.

"Your name?"

"Charles Vavasour."

The colonel looked at Cuthbert, whose countenance remained unmoved.

"Vavasour," he repeated. "The name is an unusual one for a private soldier."

"The circumstances which made me a private soldier," said the young man, "are equally unusual."

He was about to relate his exile and escape from Siberia, when the colonel stopped him.

"I have heard that tale before," he said, "from General Tawn. Scarcely a fellow enlistee but has some romantic, improbable history to relate. I am too old a soldier to listen to such follies."

"But not to listen to the truth, colonel," observed Henri de la Tour, who could no longer restrain his indignation at the treatment he saw his friend endure.

"I accompanied that gentleman from England, arrived with him at St. Petersburg—shared his exile and escape from Siberia, and vouch for the correctness of every word he has uttered."

"And whom have I the honor of addressing?" demanded Morely, somewhat surprised at the tone and language of the speaker.

"My cousin, Count Henri de la Tour," said the chef-de-bataillon; "a volunteer in the army of France."

"It is impossible," observed the colonel, saluting the officer of Chasseurs, "to doubt after such an assertion."

"And his name is Vavasour," exclaimed Jack, "and that's his cousin," he added, pointing to Cuthbert; "whose old rogue of a father robbed him of his estate. He would murder him, if he dared, to make it secure."

"Insolent!" exclaimed the lieutenant.

"He be thee cousin," repeated the lad. "Haven't I heard thee call him 'dear Charley' a hundred times? Thee were friends enough with him till he thrashed 'ee in the stables, when, like a beaten cur, thee turned tail and ran away. It would make a stone speak to hear the loikes of thee order him to touch his cap to thee!"

"Silence!" said his master.

"Ees, Master Charley, I will, if thee bids me."

At the allusion of Cuthbert's want of courage, a scarcely perceptible smile curled the lips of several of the English officers; and it was evident that the opinion which Colonel Morely had formed of his new recruits, was considerably shaken.

"Is this—this person," he said, addressing the lieutenant, "really your cousin?"

"An illegitimate one," replied the young ruffian with a sneer.

"Liar!" exclaimed Charles, bursting with indignation; "but for the uniform I wear, the slavery to which I have sold myself for bread, I would rend your heart out, for that false, ungenerous word. Colonel Morely," he added, "I appeal to you, not as a gentleman, for you may dispute my claim to the title, but as a man; you can't deny me that name. Place me, I entreat of you, in a different troop from the one in which that slanderer holds command. There is a limit to human patience; but I were indeed a degraded wretch, could I listen unmoved to an assertion which brands my mother's memory with the name of harlot. It was for the same lie," he added, "uttered on a former occasion, that I beat him like a hound."

Although the old soldier felt exceedingly shocked at hearing language which he considered as utterly subversive of all discipline; still in his secret heart he could not help approving of the feelings which gave rise to it.

"Young man," he said, "it is a fortunate circumstance for you, that you have only joined the service a few hours, else I should scarcely reconcile it with my duty to look over your intemperate expressions, which—however, let it be a caution for the future; you and your companion are both attached to Captain Craven's troop. Do your duty," he added, "and I will see that Lieutenant Vavasour does not forget his."

So saying, he touched his hat to the group of French officers, who had been spectators of the scene, and rode away.

"Cold, but just," observed Julian, thoughtfully; "if you do not find a friend, Charles, you will never meet with an enemy in Colonel Morely."

"Would to heavens!" exclaimed Henri de la Tour, grasping the hand of his friend, "that you had been a Frenchman."

"In that case," said his cousin, "the difference between you would have been settled long since; but you English are so philosophical. I dare say, now, you would not like to have the blood of that young ruffian on your conscience."

"Not unless in self-defence."

"Bah!" observed a young officer of engineers, fresh from the Ecole of St. Cyr; "it would not give me a moment's uneasiness."

"I trust, gentlemen," said our hero, slightly piqued at the remark, "that you do not doubt my courage."

All present eagerly assured him, that so far from such being the case, they held it in the highest estimation.

"It is the noblest courage of all, Charles," added Julian, in his usual grave tone,—"the courage of endurance; the quality which elevates man above all other creatures."

Before separating, Henri insisted upon his friend sharing with him the supply which his cousin had amply provided him with, and the officers who accompanied him invited him to visit their quarters whenever he could find time.

"You forget," said our hero, glancing at his uniform, "that I am a private soldier."

"And what has that to do with it?" exclaimed the Frenchmen; "we have all been private soldiers. There is no purchasing rank in our army; it must be won. A Marshal of France," they added, "would not feel dishonored by sitting at the same table with the worst epaulette, which, at the outset of his career, he had worn himself."

"And bring Jack with you," said the chef-de-bataillon, who had been delighted with the account his cousin had given him of the poor lad's fidelity to his young master, and endurance of danger; "he shall have a soldier's welcome."

To the honest fellow's astonishment and delight, the officers, on taking their leave, all insisted upon shaking hands with him; and Henri took occasion to whisper in his ear, that if any further annoyance were offered by Cuthbert to his friend, he should let him know of it.

Jack replied by an intelligent wink, and the old friends separated.

"He be in the right," he muttered, as they disappeared.

"Who is right?" inquired Charles.

"Master Henri, when he wished thee wor a Frenchman," answered the groom. "I am sure I wish I wor one, barring their lingo, which is as bad as the Rooshian; poor critters, they do seem a mighty sensible sort of folk."

"No, he is not right," exclaimed our hero; "for, with all its faults, England is the cradle of the free, the altar of liberty, the admiration of the world. The evils you complain of resemble the ivy, which has twined itself around the portico of some fair temple; it hides the proportions and beauty of the columns, without destroying their solidity."

"Maybe you are right," replied Jack, philosophically; "for, after all, I shall never feel comfortable till I get there; I have had quite enough of travelling in furrin parts."

By way of expressing his conviction, he began humming the well-known words—"Rule Britannia—Britannia rules the waves."

A sergeant of his regiment, who evidently had neither music nor poetry in his soul, called to him with an oath to leave off howling, and to fall in.

"For Britons," added Jack, with a sly look at his master, "never—never shall be slaves!"

Charles Vavasour could not refrain from a smile; he felt the force of the epigram—felt it keenly.

CHAPTER LXL

Spirit of light and life! when battle rears
Her fiery brow and her terrific spears;
When red-mouthed cannon to the clouds uproar,
And gasping thousands make their beds in gore;
While in the bellowing bosom of the air
Roll the dread notes of anguish and despair;
Unseen thou walk'st upon the smoking plain,
And hear'st each groan that gurgles from the slain.

B. MONTGOMERY.

On the 19th several skirmishes took place between the allied armies and the Russian troops, but nothing of sufficient importance to merit the name of a battle; and our brave soldiers, after a harassing and fatiguing day, bivouacked on the ground, with no other tent than the canopy of heaven. It is but justice to state that officers and men fared alike, and all endured with equal fortitude and courage. In this, as in almost every other instance, the French were much better supplied: in the first place, they had their tents; and most of the regiments had served in Africa a rude apprenticeship to the art of war; whilst our poor fellows, on the contrary, had never witnessed a battle, much less the fatigues and privations of a campaign: but, as we observed before, they bore it cheerfully, and when the *réveille* startled them from their slumbers, woke up with alacrity.

By daybreak they were in motion: the French and Turks forming the right wing, the left being composed entirely of the British.

The position of the Russians was the most favorable that could have been selected. A monarch about to do battle for his throne could not have chosen a more advantageous one; but those who were to assail it were animated by a yet nobler motive—the battle they were to fight was for the freedom of Europe and the civilisation of the world.

The Alma—a name which Englishmen must henceforth hear with pride—is a narrow winding river which has worn its bed through the steppe, but gradually becomes wider as it approaches the sea. On the opposite bank is a succession of hills and precipices, intersected by ravines, in which parties of sharpshooters and riflemen can easily be concealed.

About two miles from the sea, this chain of hills takes the form of an amphitheatre, the spot which the Russian general had selected to make his first stand against the armies of the allies; and to do Prince Mentchikoff justice, he had done all that the vast material placed at his disposal enabled him to do. To fortify his position on every point, batteries had been erected, armed with heavy artillery. A battery of field guns was placed higher up, and between it and the first defences was the Russian army, exceeding fifty thousand men.

The Russian general was equally on the alert with the commanders of the allied armies; and at an early hour he rode through the ranks, attended by a brilliant staff, to see that his troops had taken up their proper positions.

Amongst those who rode in this *cortège* was a shrewd-looking old man—General Scratchenoff—who had arrived only a few days before, bearing strong letters of recommendation from the Grand Duke Constantine. Although not entrusted with the command of a division, the prince treated him with great respect, and several times asked his opinion of his arrangements.

"Admirable! nothing can be better. This battle will add to your well-won fame: eclipse the victories of Paskiewitch, who—*par parenthèse*, prince—is looked upon with coolness since his last campaign. You will be immortalised—that is," he added, "should the French and English really be mad enough to attack you."

The prince smiled. What Russian does not when he hears the accents of flattery? and pointing to the heights of St. John, bristling with artillery, observed, that the enemy would find it no easy task to take that.

"Take it!" repeated the general; "bah! Suwarrow himself, were he living, would not be fool-hardy enough to attempt it."

"The French fight well," gravely observed the prince.

His enthusiastic admirer merely shrugged his shoulders to express his contempt.

"And the English, too," added Mentchikoff.

General Scratchenoff modestly admitted that "they certainly did one or two clever things under Wellington in the Peninsula," but added, "that their success there was entirely owing to the moral support of Russia."

Mentchikoff smiled again, and no longer wondered by what means the speaker had ingratiated himself in the favor of the Grand Duke Constantine. He was not altogether wrong, for his flatteries had aided the general in his advancement quite as much as his services, which were not of a nature to be blazoned to the world.

In order to enable the wives and daughters of the superior officers to witness the defeat so confidently predicted of the allied armies, a sort of stage had been erected on the summit of the hill of St. John, beyond the batteries. This was crowded with well-dressed females, impatient to behold the prowess of the defenders of holy Russia. Gay young aide-de-camp, in brilliant uniforms, were chatting and laughing with their fair countrywomen, and pointing out to them the slowly advancing lines of the enemy.

"They are bringing up their artillery," observed an officer to the Russian commander-in-chief, at the same time pointing to the opposite cliffs, where the English,

with their usual dogged perseverance, were dragging up their guns by main strength.

"Let them," answered the prince, with a smile of satisfaction, "our trophies will be more numerous to send to St. Petersburg."

He closed his glass and gave the signal to their batteries to open their deadly fire.

The battle commenced by the Zouaves dashing over the river, and climbing up the precipitous face of the cliffs, under a fire of musketry, which, to the surprise of the enemy, instead of making them recoil, as they anticipated, rather caused them to accelerate their pace. General Bosquet followed with his division, amid a shower of balls, which decimated his ranks; and amid the thunders of the cannon, the groans of the wounded, the yells of the dying, gained the plateau, where a deadly struggle ensued.

Mentchikoff ordered fresh columns to the defence, on seeing which, Marshal St. Arnaud sent a request to Lord Raglan to advance.

Then followed a scene worthy of the heroic ages. Never had the sons of England proved themselves more worthy of their country. The British forces marched in double columns, with a front of two divisions, the right commanded by General Evans, the left by Sir George Brown.

In front of his men, surrounded by a brilliant staff, rode the commander-in-chief. With a loud cheer, the gallant old veteran plunged his horse into the stream, and amid a shower of grape and shells, gained the opposite bank.

Resistless as the swell of the sea, the troops of England advanced—the Russians knew with whom they had to contend, and brought all their guns to bear upon the foe they most dreaded—the thirty-third regiment was half destroyed before they gained the summit of the hill. As they fell, their comrades filled up their decimated ranks with a shout of defiance, and for a time held the position they had achieved alone and unaided. But not a soldier thought of retreat; each appeared to feel and act as if the honor of his country were that day entrusted to his individual keeping; they would have perished to a man rather than have given way.

It was in this division that Charles and Jack Curlin fought, and many were the daring acts which each performed that day. Our hero had a name to vindicate; a proof to give of his claim to be considered an Englishman. As for his companion, he appeared half frantic with delight. As he picked out the Russian officers and brought them one after the other down with his deadly aim, he shouted out to them the word "Siberia."

No courage, however brilliant, could have much longer held out against the overwhelming masses of fresh troops which Mentchikoff poured down upon that gallant band. The wily Russian appeared to feel instinctively where the great danger lay.

At this critical juncture, the sound of the bagpipes was heard, and the Guards and Highlanders, under the command of the Duke of Cambridge, advanced in magnificent order. The Scotch—the willing, brave, ever ready Scotch—dashed forward, with the hereditary courage of their race. The prince, who led them, was seen in the thickest of the fray. Never did the estimation in which his Royal Highness is held by his troops, appear more conspicuous than in that memorable charge. The men fought round him with a devotion which had something in it of the sublime.

"They waver," shouted the Duke.

The Russians answered with a cry of defiance, and once more renewed the desperate encounter.

Again they were repulsed. No human power could have sustained the deadly volley and bayonet charge with which they were received. They fell back in disorderly broken masses. The entrenchment was gained.

To describe a battle is about as difficult as to paint a whirlwind. It is composed of details; episodes which form one terrific whole. One of the most critical moments of the day was when the Russian commander-in-chief ordered the enormous body of infantry, which he held in reserve, to advance and storm the English battery. Captain Dickson, by Lord Raglan's direction, brought two of his guns to bear upon the closely compacted masses.

To do the Russians justice, they sustained for several minutes the deadly fire of grape which the English showered upon them without intermission. At last there was a cry of "They waver—they fly!" followed by a loud shout of triumph, when their squares broke, and the men fled over the hills.

The day was won.

It is impossible to assign either to the English or French army the merit of that glorious day, the honors of which were equally shared by both. Our brave allies displayed all the headlong valor and impetuosity so characteristic of their nation. They scaled the sides of almost perpendicular rocks beneath the deadly fire of the sharpshooters posted to receive them. They gained their position with astonishing alacrity. The success of the battle depended upon the success of each separate attack; for if the division of General Bosquet had failed to reach the heights on our right, we must have been driven across the river; and they must have been swept into the valley, if the English had not carried the batteries.

Honor then to both armies! and may the flags united on that day in the cause of justice and civilisation, never again be opposed on the field of war; and they never will if the wishes, feelings, and interests of both nations prevail, for the baptism of victory and blood on the heights of the Alma made them brothers.

Well did our Highland troops sustain their ancient

renown. Their gallant old chief, Sir Colin Campbell, had his horse shot under him; by his advice the men reserved their fire till within a yard of the enemy; then they poured forth the deadly volley and cleared the battery at a bound—leaped it like a herd of deer. No wonder the affrighted Russians fled; they had never witnessed war on such a scale before. In their terror they pronounced them to be devils, not men.

The rout soon became general—the enemy fled; but continued to carry off their guns with them, their retreat being covered by their cavalry. Their loss could not have been less than eight thousand men.

In the battle, 120,000 men were engaged, and 200 pieces of cannon. And when we recollect that, with the exception of Lord Raglan and a few officers, scarcely one English soldier present had ever witnessed an engagement, England may well be proud of the glory of such a day.

The moral effect of the victory was great, for it achieved the triumph over prejudices which had been instilled from childhood; it taught the English and French to know and respect each other, and dug the grave of ancient enmities and centuries of heartburning and rivalry.

Not even in the first flush of success were the wounded forgotten. The soldiers of each army vied with each other in assisting them from the scene of slaughter; and many of the Russians—to the eternal disgrace of their country—received the cup of water charitably held to their lips, with one hand, and assassinated him who brought it with the other. This generous but mistaken feeling in favor of the enemy was carried so far, that many of them were cared for whilst our own brave fellows perished for want of assistance.

It is a sad scene to visit the field of battle after the victory is won; our feelings are excited, not so much for the dead as the mutilated and suffering; the groans of anguish—the entreaties for aid which at every step are heard. Victory is a glorious thing, but her statue should be eternally veiled with crape. Great as was the exultation with which the news was received in England, it was exceeded by the sympathy felt for those who had been bereaved—for it brought

Much work for tears on many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground;
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolored earth.—SHAKESPEARE.

Such were the thoughts of Charles Vavasour as, followed by his faithful companion Jack, he made his way from the scene of slaughter. The desperate courage he had displayed had attracted the attention of his officers; even the stern old General Tawn had been moved by it to something like admiration, and after watching him with a critical eye whilst he contended single-handed with a Russian officer, who had made a daring dash at the colors of his regiment, and whom he slew, the old soldier called him to his side and offered him his purse.

"Are you convinced that I am an Englishman, now?" demanded our hero with a flush of pride.

"Swear to it," replied the general, in a tone of admiration.

Instead of accepting the money offered him, Charles turned upon his heel, observing that the acknowledgment was sufficient, that he accepted no bounty but the queen's, and plunged once more into the thickest of the fight.

"Awful work, Master Charley!" said Jack as they paused upon the summit of one of the cliffs which still bore marks of the deadly struggle which had lately taken place there. "What would they say to us in Harleyford, if they could see us? Another such a battle and our debt to the Roosians will be pretty well paid."

"It is paid already," observed his master, who was vainly endeavoring to discover his regiment amidst the confusion of the scene.

"I don't think so," answered Jack, at the same time pushing our hero suddenly aside.

A ball which whistled near them explained the motive of his action. A wounded Cossack had raised himself upon his elbow and fired.

Jack very coolly bayoneted him before Charles could interfere to prevent it. As the savage expired he thrust his hand into the breast of his jacket.

"Another pistol, I suppose," exclaimed the lad. "Doubtless that was intended for me. I may as well have them both; they will look well," he added, "tied with a ribbon and hung over the chimney-piece when Susan and I are married and settled at Harleyford."

Instead of a pistol, he found that the Cossack carried in his breast a small packet sealed with a large seal, and addressed in Russian. As reading was not much in his way, he handed it to his companion, who quickly made himself master of its contents.

Charles saw at a glance that fortune had favored him with one of those rare occasions for distinguishing himself, which require equal courage and tact to embrace. If he hesitated for an instant, it was at the idea of exposing his humble friend to dangers which he was perfectly willing to encounter himself.

"Jack," he said, "there is work on hand."

"Glad to hear it, Master Charley; now my hand is in, I don't care how much. I felt mighty queer the first Roosian I brought down, but after the second I never took the trouble to count them."

"If we succeed it will bring honor to us both."

"Don't care about that."

"Then I must attempt it alone."

"That I do care about," replied the honest fellow.

"What! after having gone through so much for you, do you think I'd shrink back now? Nor for an army

of Rooshians. Master Charley," he added, "that is the first really unkind word you ever spoke to me." "It shall be the last," said Charles Vavasour, grasping his hand: "but we must be prompt and resolute. Do you see that wood?"

He pointed to an extensive tract of rocky ground in the distance, overgrown with firs and stunted oaks.

Jack nodded.

"We must gain it and conceal ourselves there till night-fall."

Jack nodded again: as he had his rations untouched in his knapsack he made no objection, and in less than an hour the two adventurers had reached the spot indicated in the despatch which our hero had just read, and mounting one of the loftiest trees, concealed themselves in the branches.

They waited in this position till sunset, when several Cossacks approached, three of whom seated themselves at the foot of the tree, and began an animated conversation, whilst their companions stood on the watch.

"Silence, Jack, for your life," whispered our hero.

"All right, Master Charley."

Fortunately the reply was not heard by those below, for at that instant a shell from a distant battery rushed whizzing through the air, and fell at a short distance from the spot, where it exploded, scattering the earth in every direction.

CHAPTER XLII

Eschew thou evil! In the glass of time
There is a grain of sand, which—soon or late—
Falls to mark the hour of retribution
Evil deeds are debts, writ in the register
Of heaven, and must be paid—'e'en to
The utmost dole.—FOOD.

From the papers he had obtained, as well as from the conversation of the Cossacks, which, as our readers are aware, our hero perfectly understood, he discovered that Prince Mentchikoff, on perceiving that the defeat of his army on the strongly entrenched position of the Alma was inevitable, had despatched one of his generals on an important mission to a solitary farm-house, situated at the head of the Lake of Sazic, about seven versts from the scene of battle.

At this farm the messenger of the Russian generalissimo was to meet two of the principal inhabitants of Eupatoria, and concert with them for the safe removal of a vast amount of treasure belonging to the government, which had hitherto escaped the search of the allies, who already occupied the town. The Cossacks had been sent to guide the general—who, it appeared, was ignorant of the country—by a circuitous route back to Sebastopol, as soon as his errand was accomplished.

For nearly an hour the two listeners were compelled to remain in their leafy concealment. Never had the moments appeared so long; they fancied them hours. At last three more Cossacks emerged from one of the narrow winding tracks—for they could scarcely be termed roads—which intersected the wood. The newcomers informed their companions that they had encountered only one of the enemy's party in the wood, a wounded officer, and concluded by displaying, with a grin of ferocious satisfaction, the epaulets, purse, and watch, which they had torn from his bleeding body, after transfusing him with their lances, which still retained traces of the unsoldier-like, inhuman deed.

When Jack saw the spoil thus triumphantly exhibited of his unfortunate countryman, he guessed what had taken place, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, would have avenged him at least upon one of his cowardly assassins, had not his companion restrained him. Charles judged, and wisely too, that the best vengeance would be to defeat the project of their commander, and obtain possession of the treasures of Eupatoria.

"The blood-thirsty villains," muttered Jack, in a tone of discontent. "It would have relieved my conscience to have had a shot at one of them."

A silent pressure of his young master's hand imposed silence.

"I find, Jack," he said, as soon as the ruffians departed, and they were preparing to descend the tree, "that I shall have to reduce you to the rank of a mute again. Had you been overheard it might have cost us both our lives."

"But only to think of the —"

The rest of the sentence was cut short by our hero's making the sign which had so frequently closed the lips of the speaker, not only in Siberia, but in the vast steppes they had crossed in their flight. Jack thought it decidedly hard, now that he was with his own natural born countrymen, to be compelled to refrain from the exercise of his powers of speech; but he obeyed, as he would a yet more difficult injunction, had Charles Vavasour made it.

Carefully avoiding the narrow tracks, or roads, the two adventurers proceeded with the utmost caution to push their way through the brushwood, each with his hand upon his weapon, ready in case of attack. Fortunately, however, they met with no worse enemy than the interlacing shrubs of stunted fir and blackthorn, whose prickly defences made sad havoc with their uniforms, which soon hung in tatters over their backs, and tore their flesh.

"Courage," whispered our hero, as they gained, after an hour's suffering and fatigue, the skirt of the wood: "the worst portion of our task is over."

Jack looked as if he wished to speak.

"Speak," said his master; "there is no danger now."

"All I wished to say is, that I am happy to hear it," replied the lad, coolly wiping the mingled stream of blood and perspiration from his face. "This is almost as bad as Siberia."

"Not so—we are free!"

His companion gave an expressive whistle—his usual mode of dissent, for he never ventured positively to contradict his master—and muttered something about an exchange with scarcely a difference.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Charles, with a sigh; "your fidelity to my fortunes has indeed cost you dear."

"I don't care a pin what it costs me," replied the lad; "it is what it costs you that galls me. To think that you should have been driven by that bitter old general's sneers and suspicions to enlist! He might have tried the game as long as he pleased on me. It's enough to drive one mad," he added, "to see your rascally cousin Cuthbert strutting about in a fine uniform and gold lace, whilst you are being shot at for thirteen pence a-day, and rations—when you can get them."

"Too late to think of it now, Jack," said our hero, kindly.

"Not think of it! I can do nothing else. Thirteen pence a-day! why I am cheap at that money—cheap as cat's meat," added the speaker, with a sigh.

On reaching the summit of one of the undulating hills which dotted the vast plain, the speakers perceived the Lake of Sazic, like a mirror in an enamelled frame of verdure, stretching out before them. At the extreme end stood a solitary farm, doubtless the place of rendezvous between the Russian general and those he was sent to meet; it was an extensive building, the sheds for the cattle and the vast granaries being all covered in by one enormous roof of boards.

Yielding to Jack's entreaties, Charles Vavasour ceded to him the post of danger; he allowed him to approach the place alone and reconnoitre, holding himself in readiness, however, to hasten to his assistance in the event of his being discovered by the enemy.

Proud of the confidence reposed in him, the lad threw himself upon the long grass and glided like a snake towards the house. So cautious were his movements, that even his companion soon lost the track he was pursuing, for the herbage scarcely moved.

Once, and once only, did our hero tremble for the safety of his humble friend; it was when he heard the neighing of the strong gray charger which stood tethered at the back of the farm—doubtless the one the messenger of Prince Mentchikoff had ridden.

In less than an hour Jack returned, his whole countenance beaming with delight and astonishment. It was evident that something very unusual had occurred.

"Well?" said his master, impatiently.

"He is alone."

"Who is alone?"

"The general, as you call him. The inhabitants of the farm have taken flight; their vicinity to the English camp is probably too near to be pleasant. Who do you think," he added, "the general turns out to be?"

"One of the Prince's aides-de-camp, most likely."

"One of Satan's," replied Jack. "I could have shot him as he sat at the table as easily as I could have knocked over a stoat on a hen-roost; and I would have done it," he added, "but for my promise to you."

"In Heaven's name, who is this man?" impatiently demanded Charles Vavasour.

"The rascally old governor of Cheritz Khan."

"Impossible!"

"True."

"You must have mistaken another for him."

"Mistaken!" repeated Jack, with a grin; "there are not two such faces in the world. Besides, I saw him too often for that. My blood boiled when I thought of the bitter cold nights I traversed the snows to set my traps and catch the sables and crmines for him. I wish I had only the price of their skins. I wonder," he added, making a mental calculation, "what his own would fetch?"

"His hearer was so astounded at the intelligence, that for several moments he could scarcely credit the assertions of the speaker."

"If this be true," he observed at last, "fortune will indeed have repaid a portion of our sufferings, by placing the wretch in our power. He is alone, you say?"

"Alone with his own bad conscience," was the reply, "for he seemed terribly nervous and frightened when his horse neighed—you might have heard it even here. He started, and tried to draw a pistol from his belt; but his hand trembled so that he could not hold it—the coward!"

"All bad men are cowards at heart," said his master. "If it be as you assert, we shall have easy work with him."

Without more delay, they hastened their steps towards the farm; but, before entering, Charles took the precaution of reconnoitring not only the out-houses and sheds, where everything appeared in confusion, but the windows of the house itself. Not a human creature was to be seen, with the exception of his former oppressor, who, seated at a table, just as Jack described, appeared to await with impatience the arrival of those he was sent to meet.

Not a moment was to be lost.

"Do not fire, unless pushed to extremity," whispered our hero to his companion.

Jack nodded, as much as to say that he would not.

"At last," murmured General Scratchenoff—for the reader's old acquaintance, the governor of Cheritz Khan, and the messenger of Prince Mentchikoff were one and the same person. "I began to grow tired of waiting for them."

He rose as he spoke to receive, as he presumed, the two individuals he had been sent to meet, but started back at the sight of the British uniform, which, from what he had just witnessed on the heights of the Alma, inspired him with almost speechless terror. Before he could recover himself, his former prisoners sprang upon him, and in an instant he stood disarmed and helpless at their mercy.

Being unable to speak French, he muttered a few words of supplication in Russian.

"Fear not for your wretched life," replied Charles, in the same language. "Little as you deserve consideration at our hands, it is safe."

On hearing himself addressed in his native tongue, the general felt bewildered; he felt assured that he heard the voice somewhere before.

"Have you forgotten me?" continued the speaker—"forgotten the victim of your imperial master's infamy and cruelty? Look at me—scan my features; then ask yourself if there is not arm stronger than that of tyranny—a Providence to baffle the despot and his designs."

"Not dead!" exclaimed the governor, recollecting him. "Who could have preserved him?"

"God," replied the young man, solemnly, "preserved me to proclaim to the world the treachery of your iniquitous government, the cowardly vengeance of the Grand Duke Constantine; and delivered you into my hands," he added, at the same time seizing him with an iron grasp, "as a witness to the truth of my assertions."

The ex-governor, overwhelmed with fear, sank upon his knees; before he arose from them again, Jack tied his hands securely behind his back, leaving a sufficient length of cord to lead or drive him before him by.

"Answer me," exclaimed Charles Vavasour, leveling a pistol at his head; "and remember that the first lie will be the signal for your death."

"I will speak the truth—by Heavens, I will!" faltered the prisoner.

"Are these you are sent to meet acquainted with your person?"

"No; they have never seen me."

"How are they to know you are the messenger of Mentchikoff," added his captor.

"You promise to spare my life?"

"Wretch!" exclaimed Charles, indignantly; "do you judge my word by your own broken faith? Speak at once," he added, sternly; "I will not give you time to invent a lie."

The general extended his hand; upon the forefinger was a magnificent brilliant, which our hero instantly recognised as having formed one of the circle of gems set in the locket containing his mother's portrait; upon the next, a plain gold signet, graven with a cipher surmounted by a coronet.

"Behold the token," he said; "the plain ring," he continued eagerly; "it is Mentchikoff's signet. The other is a family jewel—the gift of my dead mother."

Our hero regarded him for an instant with silent contempt.

"Say, rather," he replied, "one of the diamonds you extorted from the unhappy princess Troubetskoi as the price of Julian's life. It was my mother's," he added; at the same time drawing it from his finger, and thrusting it into his bosom. "I parted with the gems to save a friend whose safety was far more precious."

The ex-governor could not refrain from drawing a deep sigh as the ring disappeared from his sight, for his avarice was no less strong than his terror.

As it was possible that the party whom he had been sent to concert with might instantly arrive, it became necessary for his master and Jack to decide on disposing of their prisoner. The latter very coolly proposed hanging him in one of the out-houses, or the yet more expeditious means of blowing out his brains; but this was an extremity which in cold blood Charles Vavasour could not bring himself to consent to.

"No," answered Charles; "little as he deserves mercy at our hands, the word I have pledged must be kept. You shall guard him in one of the adjoining rooms, whilst I meet the officers of Russia."

"Meet them?" repeated Jack, with a look of astonishment; "are you dreaming? Why, I should have thought they were the very last persons whose acquaintance you would wish to make."

"It is necessary for my plans."

"But suppose the governor should give an alarm?" urged the lad.

"In that case," said his companion, "you have my free permission to treat him as you think fit. I would, if possible, willingly spare his life, and take him with us a prisoner to the camp."

"I think I could prevent his calling out," observed Jack, with a knowing look.

"Be speedy, then."

With considerable alacrity—for, to use his own words, it was a work of love—Jack hastily untwisted a piece of rope, and wound the hemp round a piece of stick about the thickness of two of his fingers, to which he had previously attached a cord at each end; this species of gag, despite the general's grimaces and look of insulted dignity, he thrust between his teeth, and tied at the back of his head.

"There," said the inventor, with a grin of satisfaction; "I think that will answer the purpose, eh, Master Charley?"

His master thought it would; and hastily enveloping his person in the huge cloth pelisse lined with Astracan lamb-skin belonging to the ex-governor, and taking from his head his military cap, which he placed upon his own, directed his companion to remove the prisoner, whilst he remained to parley with the expected visitants.

"Remember," he added, "that you answer to no voice but mine."

He gave a peculiar whistle, which, when out tracking the sables or hunting the bears and wolves in Siberia, had served as a signal between them, giving Jack to understand that was the only one he was to reply to.

"All right, Master Charley," replied the faithful fellow, who forgot the danger they ran in the delight he felt at having his old enemy in his power; "take care of yourself with those infernal Rooshians, and leave the Governor with me; I'll answer for his excellency."

Winding the end of the rope by which the prisoner's hands were tied securely round his own wrist, in order to prevent his escape by any violent or sudden movement, his guard intimidated by signs the way he was to go. The ex-governor obeyed him sullenly and slowly; but Jack soon found means to quicken his pace when out of his master's sight.

Several days must have elapsed before the messenger of Prince Mentchikoff could have seated himself on the most luxurious seat without a certain amount of pain and inconvenience; which we can only account for by stating that Jack's boots were exceedingly thick and heavy.

Charles Vavasour had not been more than half an hour attired in the dress of his former enemy before three officers, disguised as peasants, after much preliminary reconnoitring, entered the farm-house. A fourth person was with them, a Russian papa or priest.

"God and the Czar watch over us!" said the latter.

"The sun and his shadow," answered our hero, who had frequently heard this peculiar mode of salutation before, and gave them the reply that would be expected.

His accent was so perfect, that not a doubt crossed for an instant the minds of those who heard that he was other than he appeared to be true—a true Muscovite.

"Have you anything to sell?" resumed the priest.

"Faith, father, is not to be sold."

"Or to give?"

"All that I have is given to the Czar."

"You have something at least, to show us," observed one of the officers, in a tone of impatience; for he began to think that the reverend questioner, who had hitherto conducted the conversation, was taken unnecessary precautions.

The distinguished Englishman extended his hand, and displayed the signet-ring of Prince Mentchikoff. On recognizing the ring they bowed profoundly, and at once proceeded to concert with the supposed agent of their chief the means of securely transporting the treasure from Eupatoria to Sebastopol.

In the course of the conversation, Charles learnt all that he wished to know; and arranged that on the second night the attempt should be made.

"But why not to-morrow night?" demanded the papa, who felt piqued at the reproach which one of his companions had given him. "Every moment is fraught with danger. The savage infidels of France and England have possession of the town; should they discover where the treasure is concealed, not even the sanctity of the place would protect it from their rapacious grasp."

Charles mentally acknowledged that he did not think it would; but to the objections of the holy man he replied by stating that such were the commands of the prince, who doubtless had excellent reasons for the decision he had come to.

As nothing further remained to be discussed, the party took their leave; and after watching them for nearly an hour from one of the windows of the farm, our hero proceeded to release his companion; and advancing to the door which connected with the interior of the house, gave the signal agreed upon.

Presently, he heard a singular rustling and clanking in the passage, which noise very naturally put him on his guard. His fears, however, gave way to mirth, when Jack and his prisoner made their appearance. The former remembering the scanty rations, and utter want of means of cooking them, in the bivouac, had laden the illustrious general like a pack-horse. Over his shoulders, he had slung a frying-pan and an iron pot, forming a pendant with an enormous kettle and gridiron; the rest of his load was made up with a bag of biscuit, a couple of fowls which Jack had caught roosting in one of the barns, and a pig.

"What, in the name of Heaven, have you there?" demanded Charles.

"Provisions for the camp," replied Jack, with a serious face, at the same time touching his cap, as if saluting his commanding officer.

"Pass, provisions for the camp," said our hero, entering into the spirit of the jest, which after all was but a mild retaliation for the indignities and sufferings which the ex-governor of Cheritz Khan had made them endure.

The two adventurers at once started from the farm, for every moment of delay was fraught with danger;

the Cossacks might arrive, in which case they would have to exchange places with their prisoner, or sell their lives as dearly as possible. Our hero proceeded first, his hand upon his weapon, prepared against any sudden attack of the enemy; his companion followed with his charge, whose pace he occasionally accelerated by a vigorous application of the same argument by which he had led him like a lamb to a place of concealment in the offices, during the visit of the envoys from Eupatoria. Although far from being of a cruel or vindictive disposition, Jack had fully made up his mind, in the event of an attack, to disembarass himself of the general by the most expeditious method, and give himself and his young master a fair field for escape, by having one for the less to contend with.

When about half-way between Lake Sazic and the camp, they perceived at a distance a party of horsemen, whom, from their wild style of riding, dashing right and left, then wheeling in eddy-like circles, their bodies bent almost in a line with the saddle, they recognised to be Cossacks. Fortunately they made the discovery without being seen by their enemies, and instantly threw themselves in the long grass.

Their prisoner at first appeared inclined to offer some resistance, but the click of Jack's pistol, which sounded most unpleasantly in his ears, soon brought him to a wiser mode of thinking.

"It was quite as well, Master Charley," observed the lad, as they lay crouching on the ground, "that I put the curb as well as the bit on him; see how he chafes. You may drive him in a snaffle after this lesson," he added, with a chuckle.

"Silence," whispered his master, "his friends have long ears."

"His relations ought to have," observed Jack, who even in the moment of danger could not refrain from a jest, so greatly was he tickled at the idea of paying his debt to the ex-governor of Cheritz Khan.

Once or twice the Cossacks passed so near the spot where they were lying, that the fugitives scarcely ventured to draw their breath, but, thanks to the obscurity of the night, without discovering the adventurers and their prisoner.

A cry at last was heard in the wood, and the wild horsemen dashed off towards it, uttering the peculiar hurra with which they charge their enemies. Doubtless they imagined that it proceeded from some of their companions, who had been more fortunate than themselves.

"Not an instant is to be lost," observed Charles, as they disappeared; "the path is now open to us, and we must make the best use of the opportunity. I can already discern at a distance the watch-fires of the camp."

"Quite ready," exclaimed his companion, starting to his feet, and pulling his prisoner upon his legs, "man and beast."

The speakers ran rather than marched the three miles which intervened between the commencement of the steppe and the outpost of the British army. Never had the dignity of General Scratchenoff been so compromised. Forced to run like some beast of burden, to which the clattering of the pots and pans his captor had laden him with, gave more than an imaginary resemblance, he puffed and blowed like some overworked, broken-winded mule, and had not even the consolation of venting his indignation in threats or complainings, for Jack's newly invented, but at present unpatented gag, effectually put a stop to his efforts to speak.

On reaching the advanced post, which they found to consist of a party of their own regiment, under the command of Sergeant Bailey, our hero requested to be conducted at once to the quarters of General Tawn, to whom he had an important communication to make. A soldier was despatched with him as a guide, and Jack with his prisoner left to pursue his way to the bivouac, where the men of the troop were encamped.

The term is almost a misnomer, for the brave fellows had neither tents nor utensils for cooking the scanty rations dealt out to them. They had, however, made the best of their uncomfortable position by erecting temporary huts with the boughs of trees, which also served them as fire wood. One or two of the more ingenious had converted the helmet of a Russian soldier into a sort of pot, and were stirring a mess of salt beef and biscuit in it.

The appearance of their comrade, with his prisoner laden with so many useful articles and such excellent provisions, was welcomed with a loud shout of joy. They quickly assisted him to unload his *donkey*, as Jack facetiously designated the general, and whilst the more experienced cooks made preparations for a more comfortable meal, he related his adventure at the farm; carefully concealing, however, that part of it which related to the treasure concealed at Eupatoria, wisely judging that the less they knew on that subject the better.

"And what do you intend doing with your prisoner?" demanded one of the men; "he seems of some rank."

"Rank enough," replied his captor, "seeing that when last I saw him he was governor of Siberia. Many a bitter cold night have I trudged through the snows to set my traps to catch the sables and ermines for him; but, thank Heaven! that is all over now; and having unladen the brute, I may as well take the bit out of his jaws. There," he added, as he untied the cords which kept the gag in its place, "if I had done that only two hours ago, I should have been spitted by half a score Cossacks, who were riding most unpleasantly near us."

General Scratchenoff, although he did not comprehend a word of what was uttered, was sufficiently ac-

quainted with the character of the English to feel assured that once brought to one of their outposts, he was safe from any further violence on the part of his former captive, and that his rank in the Russian army secured him a certain amount of good treatment.

Several times he repeated the word "general," in the hope of making that rank understood.

"What does he say?" asked a sergeant of the party. "Say!" repeated Jack, "why he says that he is a general."

"Like enough," replied the honest fellow, in a tone of indifference.

The non-commissioned officer insisted on the hands of the prisoner being untied. He knew that such an act of degradation would not be approved of in higher quarters. As it was impossible for the prisoner to escape, his captor made no objection, but undid the bonds himself.

No sooner did the ex-governor of Cheritz Khan feel his hands at liberty than he threw open the coarse grey coat which enveloped his person, and displayed his brilliant uniform, as well as the order of St. Vladimir, which the Grand Duke Constantine had obtained for him as a recompense for his supposed services in ridding him of the two Englishmen.

Several of the British soldiers touched their caps.

"I fear," said the sergeant, "you have done wrong."

"Wrong!" repeated Jack, with a look of surprise; "wrong in taking a *Rooshian*? What are we sent here for?"

"Not in taking him, but in the way you have treated him."

"Pah," replied the lad; "how did he treat me and my dear young master, when we were his prisoners in Siberia? I owe the old rascal a heavy score on both our accounts, and it's a weight off my conscience that it is partly wiped out."

When Captain Craven, who commanded the troop, made his round, General Scratchenoff was delivered up to him. As he marched off with the British officer, with whom he exchanged all sorts of compliments in dumb show, for neither of them could understand a word spoken by the other, he cast a look of malignant hate and defiance towards his captor. The men observed it and shrugged their shoulders.

"You call him a Russian," observed the sergeant. "Of course I call him a *Rooshian*," replied Jack, with a look of surprise; "what else should I call him?"

"I hope, my poor fellow," said the questioner, whose heart had been opened by the frank, joyous humor of the new recruit, to say nothing of the welcome addition he had brought to the mess of the company, "that he may not prove a Tartar. Officers," he added, in a significant tone, "have a wonderful sympathy for each other."

The warning was thrown away upon Jack, who seated himself upon the grass and commenced a vigorous attack upon the provisions he had brought from the farm, his appetite being none the worse for the adventures he had gone through during the day.

On reaching his quarters, Captain Craven's first care was to send for an interpreter, who translated to him word for word the statement of the Russian general. He listened to it with no less astonishment than anger. As a gentleman and an officer, he felt the dignity of the British army was compromised by what he considered the unprovoked brutal treatment the general had been subjected to, and instantly gave directions for placing both Charles Vavasour and Jack Curlin under arrest.

When the guard arrived, the latter, who had just finished his meal, and was about to snatch a few hours sleep, could scarcely be convinced that the order applied to him.

"It must be a mistake," he said.

"No mistake," replied the corporal.

"I'll speak with the captain in the morning, and explain it."

"March."

Resistance was as useless as impolitic. The poor fellow, who fully expected to have been rewarded for his daring act, was compelled to accompany the file of men sent to arrest him, but even at that moment his dry humor did not desert him.

"Thank fortune," he exclaimed, as he shook hands with the sergeant and his comrades, "the affair is not so bad as it might have been."

"How not so bad?"

"Why, the fellow I took is only a general; had it been the commander-in-chief of the *Rooshians*, I suppose I should have been shot for my pains. They may take the next general they want themselves."

With this observation he fell in with the men, who had orders to conduct him to the quarters of the general of division.

(To be continued.)

EMIGRATION AND POPULATION.—Five hundred thousand persons have emigrated annually during the last five years from Europe to this country, of which three hundred thousand have come from England, and two hundred thousand from Central Europe. The population of Great Britain has increased three hundred thousand during this period, so that the entire increase of their population from natural causes has emigrated. In ten years (1844 to 1854) the immigration to the United States has been three and a half millions; and the population of this country has increased thirty-seven per cent., which is three times the rate at which the British population was increased.

THERE is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by the by—for such wisdom is wholly wasted.

Richter's Method of Study.

As the years spent with his mother in Hof were the most uninterruptedly studious of Richter's life, it seems the place to give some account of the manner in which he pursued his studies. That plan must be a good one, and of use to others, of which he could say—"Of one thing I am certain, I have made as much out of myself as could be made of the stuff, and no man should require more." First in importance he aimed, in the rules he formed for himself, at a just division of time and power, and he never permitted himself, from the first, to spend his strength upon anything useless. He so managed his capital that the future should pay him an ever-increasing interest in the present. The nourishment of his mind was drawn from three great sources—living nature, in connection with human life; the world of books, and the inner world of thought. These he considered the raw material given him to work up. We have already mentioned his manuscript library. In his 15th year, before he entered the Hof gymnasium, he had made many quarto volumes, containing hundreds of pages of closely written extracts from all the celebrated works he could borrow, and from the periodicals of the day. In this way he had formed a repertory of all the sciences, for if, in the beginning, when he thought himself destined for the church, his extracts were from philosophical theology, the second volume contained natural history, poetry, and, in succession, medicine, jurisprudence, and universal science. He had also anticipated one of the results of modern book-making. He wrote a collection of what are now called hand-books, of geography, natural history, follies, good and bad names, interesting facts, comical occurrences, touching incidents, &c. He observed nature as a great book, from which he was to make extracts, and carefully collected all the facts that bore the stamp of a contriving mind, whose adaptation he could see, or only anticipate, and formed a book which bore the simple title "Nature." When he meditated a new work, the first thing was to stitch together a blank book, in which he sketched the outlines of his characters, the principal scenes, thoughts to be worked in, &c., and called it "Quarry for Hesperus," "Quarry for Titan," &c. Richter began also in his earliest youth to form a dictionary, and continued it through the whole of his literary life. In this he wrote down synonyms, and all the shades of meaning of which a word was susceptible. For one word he had found more than two hundred (a fact which proves the extraordinary wealth of the German language). Add to this mass of writing that he copied all his letters, and it is surprising how any time remained. He made it a rule to give but one-half of the day to writing; the other remained for the invention of his various works, which he accomplished while walking in the open air.

The above offers an example of that remarkable industry and application which may be said to be characteristic of German students. We have abundant evidence of this in the mass of learning, sometimes more curious than useful, which they usually bring to bear upon any subject to which they apply themselves.

On the Effects of Lightning in France.

BY M. BOUDIN.

M. Boudin has recently published some elaborate statistical papers upon this subject, from which we may glean some interesting observations.

In 1851 there were 105 fires caused in 80 departments; 72 persons have been killed annually upon the spot. The unequal distribution of this mortality is seen from the fact, that while in the department of the Eure two were killed in the years 1835-52, there were 44 deaths in the Haute Loire, and 48 in the Huy de Dôme. Not a single person was killed in those years in the chief towns of any of the departments, large towns being much spared. Fewer women than men were struck. Among the accidents produced, the author insists particularly on the images observed on the bodies of a large number of the victims, and to which he gives the name of *Keraunographic*.

M. Boudin observes that, lightning is especially remarkable from its presenting such contrasting and Proteiform effects. In one instance it kills, and in another it cures. Here it induces the loss of sight, hearing, or the power of motion; while there it cures the paralytic, the blind, or the deaf. It may destroy all the clothing while it respects the body, or it may destroy the body leaving the clothes uninjured. At one time the victim is killed on the spot, remaining in the position when struck, whether standing upright or on horseback, while at another he may be projected more than 20 metres, and found

among the branches of a clump of trees. Sometimes the anatomical changes produced are terrible, rupture of the heart and crushing of the bones being among these, while at others the most attentive examination can detect no apparent lesion. Here we may have flaccidity of limbs, collapse of the lungs, and fluidity of the blood: while there we have dilation of the lungs, coagulated blood, rigidity of the limbs, and closure of the jaws. Sometimes the laws of decomposition seem defied, and at others the most rapid and horrible putrefaction sets in. By the side of a body burnt to ashes you may have death from congelation. The lightning that breaks the tree or a wall rarely includes mutilation of the human body. But of five instances of mutilation, resulting from the analysis of more than 1000 observations, in four there was partial or complete tearing out of the tongue.

On Wines in relation to the Amount of Phosphorus they Contain.

BY DR. KLETZINSKY.

DR. KLETZINSKY, as the result of an extensive comparative analysis of different wines, draws the following conclusions as to their phosphoric contents:—1. Phosphate of magnesia is a constant constituent part of wine, independently or locally, goodness, or age. 2. The quantity of phosphoric salts undergoes considerable variations. 3. These hold a very direct and certain relation to the goodness of the wine; so that their quantitative determination is, perhaps, a better measure of this than it is that of the alcohol or extractive. The therapeutical employment of wines has hitherto been guided by the amount of extractive, alcohol, and free acid they contain; but this additional element, owing to the agency of phosphorus in the reparation of the nervous, muscular, and osseous structures, is of no less importance in the direction of our choice. Reconvalescence in typhus, or exhausting exudative processes, so-called adynamia, and the crowd of chronic affections that, chemically speaking, depend upon a poverty of phosphorus, exhibiting themselves, sooner or later, in the form of rickets, scrofula, or neuralgia, indicate the employment of wines containing a large proportion of phosphorus. In vain do we endeavour to relieve diseases characterized by an excessive consumption of phosphorus (*Phosphorophthisis*), by the administration of calcined oyster-shell, bone-ash, the osteolithes, and phosphorites of the mineralogists, or any other combination of inorganic phosphorus with lime. They pass through the alimentary canal, unabsorbed and unassimilated, the possibility of assimilation depending upon organic combinations.

The author gives a tabular view of the results of his analyses of the several wines, exhibiting their per-centage of alcohol, extractive, and phosphates. As far as the last are concerned, we find that Tokay contains 5 per 1,000, Menes and Malaga, 4; Madeira and Sherry, 3½; Santorino, 3½; Cyprus, 3½; Cape, 2½; Chateau-Lafite, 2; Rhénish Wines, 1½; Champagne, 1½.

ADVENTURE IN ASSAM.—One incident that occurred to me will illustrate the perils to which I was constantly exposed in my tours of inspection, as principal assistant of the district of Assam. After a long day's march, on reaching my encampment close to a Thannah or police outpost, I had made myself comfortable for the night in a snug little travelling tent, about 10 p. m. A violent storm, attended with heavy rain, hail, lightning, and thunder, came on. It was a dismally cold and wet night, and I was congratulating myself on my good fortune in having brought a capital tent, when suddenly a shrill shriek from the riding and baggage elephants made me aware that they had become alarmed, and had fled to the jungle. The roar of the elements, however, was so great that no orders could be given for their capture; for every servant had taken refuge from the storm in the huts in the market or village. At this moment a sudden gust of wind blew down my tent upon my bed; I was compelled to crawl out and make the best of my way, through torrents of rain, to the police outpost or Thannah, which was close by. On entering the building I was astonished to see the whole establishment of Ticklahs, or policemen, unconcernedly sitting round a log-wood fire on the ground. I had scarcely joined this snug party, and exchanged my wet clothes for a dry sheet to wrap round me, when the building was, by a sudden gust of wind, blown to the ground; and we all escaped uninjured under the platform or chairs erected round the room as seats. Luckily the roof did not fall flat, or we should have been crushed to death. Our peril, however, was very great; we could not extricate ourselves; and there was every

prospect of the roof catching fire, and of our being burned to death. We succeeded in partly smothering the flames by scraping up the earth floor with our hands, and throwing it on the fire; still the horror of our position was dreadful; every flash of lightning showed us too vividly the danger we were in, and the darkness succeeding the lightning rendered all efforts to escape unavailing. In this interval of despair we at last discovered a small hole in the roof, by which we all effected our escape, deeply grateful for our miraculous preservation in not being crushed by the falling building, or reduced to cinders by a roaring logwood fire. The next morning the elephants were found and captured on the other side of the Boree Dulung river, having fled in the hail-storm and swum across the river, though their legs were bound with heavy chains.

ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH EMPEROR.—About this time last year a man, named Louberts, ex-chief of a principal restaurant in the Palais Royal, Paris, discovered a means of preserving meat, so as to give it fresh at the end of any number of years. We believe him to have been the first. Since then, three or four have found out something analogous, and are putting it largely in practice. This man left his place, and applied to some capitalists to help him in forming a company for the working of his discovery. Their proposals were so selfish, and offered him (the discoverer) so little advantage, that he gave the whole thing up, having only obtained leave, through some private protection, to be allowed to furnish some preserved articles for the Baltic fleet. As a last chance, however, he wrote to the Emperor, recounting the whole. No answer came, and at the end of four or five months, he left Paris for his native village in Berry, despairing of ever succeeding with his plan. In April last, came one morning a telegraphic despatch, telling this man to come to the Tuileries as fast as possible. He did so, and was next morning in Napoleon's cabinet. "I have inquired into the whole," said the Emperor; "your meat sent to the Baltic succeeded completely; but that is a partial essay. The really important thing would be to bear upon the prices of meat at home. You ought to go to South America, and from thence send home shiploads of meat, whole beasts preserved. We should then see what your method is worth." "I quite agree to that," was the reply; "but I have not a penny to do it with." The Emperor took some notes out of a drawer. "There," said he, "are 50,000 francs (\$10,000); and if your plan succeeds, I will take care of your future fortune." The man sailed for America; he is now at Buenos Ayres, and expresses the best possible hopes of his enterprise.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN PRETTILY PAINTED.—If he only knew how pretty Jane Tracy is looking while in the well-appointed bed-room in Mr. Molesworth's house, then in Bedford Row (where she has been staying on a visit to Mrs. Molesworth), she is arranging her bright hair before the glass. What a rich brown that hair is, and what a quantity she has, and yet how easily and well she manages it, laying it right and left into great shiny folds, and twisting the remainder into a mystic coronal, the secret of which is known but to herself and those giraffe hair-pins. And how fresh she looks and healthy, and English. Her figure is rather full, and if all were not so beautifully rounded (especially those arms, which you can see as Miss Tracy's hands are above her head, and the loose sleeves of the morning dress slip back) you might almost be an ungrateful wretch and think her too plump. But her hands are so white and small, and her foot—well, you cannot see that, but there stands a pair of tiny shoes on that chair; you can see them, and judge of what can be put into them. Jane is not called beautiful, though sometimes when her face lights up with merriment it is always full of kindness—and her blue eyes sparkle, and her laugh rings so pleasantly—one feels a great contempt for mere nomenclature, and if she is not to be called beautiful, you may keep your adjectives for your dolls in annuals. And did you ever see a head more gracefully put on? Look as she turns to answer Mrs. Molesworth, who is knocking at the door to ask her to come down to lunch, and hear the cheerful voice that says, "in one minute, dear." Jane Wilmslow's voice is not so cheerful now, for I have written of nearly twenty years ago. She is the mother of three daughters, whose father is that sallow ex-officer coming up from paying the washerwoman.

A GRUMBLER enumerates a long list of annoyances and grievances, and winds up as follows:—"I was vexed, too, with a painter, who had been paid in advance to paint me a sign; but he must go a-sailing in the bay on Sunday, and get drowned—just like as not on my money—anyhow, he died and made no sign."

Prince Gortschakoff.

THE Prince's very able command throughout the protracted siege of Sebastopol must be well-known to the readers of the Journal. His present position, must demand all the energies and strategic resources of this experienced commander. "If," says the *Globe* of Tuesday, "Gortschakoff leaves the north side of Sebastopol and retreats on Simpheropol, he can scarcely hope to cross the Belbec and the Alma without risking a battle; and it is probably on the wisdom of an operation of this nature that the grand council of war was held lately in the presence of the Emperor."

In personal appearance the Prince has a tall, commanding figure—thin, but strong. His head and upper part of his body incline forward, but this appears to be more from the effect of custom than old age, for though sixty-three years of age he is hale and healthy. His eyes, which in his stooping position frequently shoot over his spectacles, have a firm and scrutinising look; his voice is deep and not sonorous; and his whole appearance impresses one with that decision and energy which peculiarly belong to a good military commander.

A TOWN IN A PANIC.—

The *Opinions* of Turin quotes a letter from Ozieri, in the Island of Sardinia, giving an account of the late virulent outbreak of cholera in that town. Such was the consternation with which the inhabitants were seized, that although the municipality offered a large remuneration for the burying of the dead, not one could be found to accept the office. At length the Vice-Syndic, M. Niccolo Taras, and Councillor Ladu, nobly resolved to cure the people of their panic by setting them an example; and they publicly carried a corpse to the burying-ground with their own hands. The experiment succeeded; many people, ashamed of their cowardice, at once offered their services, and every victim from thenceforward received a decent burial. But the difficulties did not end here; the butchers closed their shops, and refused to sell their meat except at an exorbitant price. M. Taras again displayed his public spirit in this emergency; he convoked the butchers, and after using every persuasion in vain, at last threatened to send for the whole of his own cattle, and have it slaughtered and sold even below the market price, adding that he was sure all the large proprietors of the place would cheerfully do the same. This threat was sufficient; the butchers reopened their shops, and sold their meat as usual. The example of this worthy magistrate also encouraged the better class of the inhabitants to aid in alleviating the sufferings of the sick and helpless, and the scourge was at length effectually mitigated by the sanitary measures adopted.

INTEMPERANCE is to be pitied and abhorred for its own sake, much more than for its outward consequences, which owe their chief bitterness to their criminal source. We speak of the miseries which the drunkard carries into his family. But take away his own brutality, and how

lightened would be these miseries. We talk of his wife and children in rags. Let the rags continue; but suppose them to be the effects of an innocent cause. Suppose the drunkard to have been a virtuous husband and an affectionate father, and that sickness, not vice, has brought his family thus low; suppose his wife and children bound to him by a strong love, which a life of labor for their support, and of unwearied kindness has awakened; suppose them to know that his toils for their welfare had broken down his frame; suppose him able to say, "We are poor in this world's goods, but rich in affection and religious trust, I am going from you; but I leave you to the Father of the fatherless and to the widow's God." Suppose this, and how changed these rags! how changed the cold naked room! The heart's warmth can do much to withstand the winter's cold; and there is hope, there is honor in this virtuous indigence.

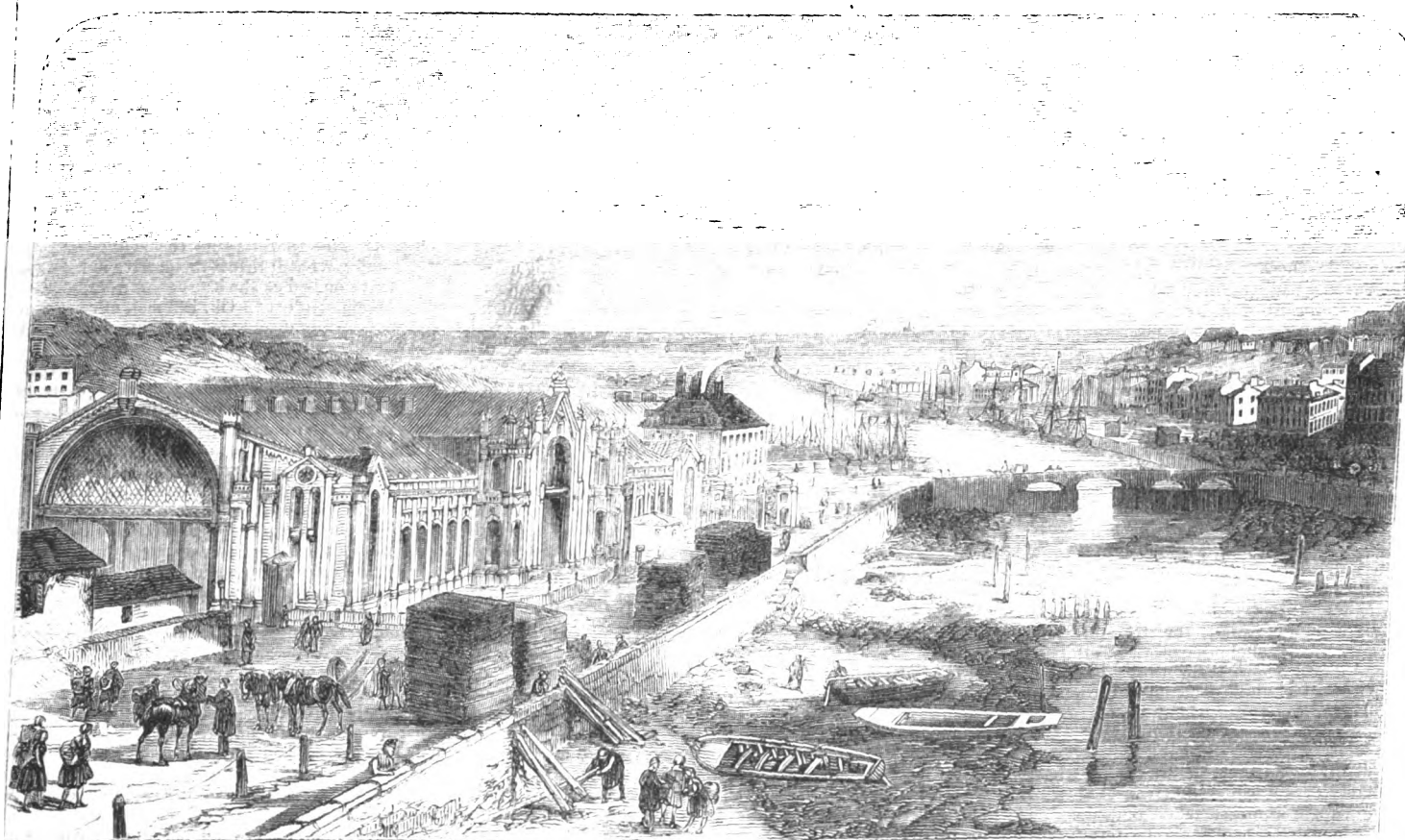
TENACITY OF VEGETABLE LIFE.—An instance was lately witnessed of the tenacity with which vegetable life is sometimes sustained, in an old burland pear-tree, growing on land in the possession of Mr.

R. Parker, of Moss. Its trunk is hollow, and sufficiently capacious to contain two men. It has a spacious door-way, and also a considerable aperture on the opposite side, and yet this apparently frail foundation supports a most luxuriant pyramidal head of foliage, loaded with pears. The situation being high, the tree might have been struck with lightning many years ago, and being thus injured have become hollow; indeed, a large elm, about a hundred yards from the pear-tree, was struck last summer, during a thunderstorm, in a very singular manner. The elm appears to have been enveloped by different streams of the electric fluid passing between the bark in places, leaving a mere cut or line, but where a knot or prominence occurred, the bark was ripped off, and then, as before, the electric fluid passed under the bark and finally entered the ground.

He that would undertake great enterprises, hath need of wisdom and courage; wisdom to contrive, and courage to execute; wisdom to guide his courage, and courage to second his wisdom; both which, if they meet with a good cause, cannot but succeed



PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.



BOULOGNE AND HARBOR.

Boulogne.

BOULOGNE is an ancient town, and prettily situated. Its features approximate to those of an English watering-place, such as Brighton or Margate, for instance, but the scenery is of a bolder description. It has some trade, that of the fisherman not being the least insignificant, but it derives the chief part of its importance from its being a favorite resort of those who seek the seaside in search of health and amusement. "Gentlemen" in difficulties in England fly to it as a friendly refuge from the pursuit of those odious creatures, sheriff's officers. But it has long been a favorite place of residence for a large number of English people, and has often been said to be in appearance and social characteristics more an English than a French town.

The society is very agreeable, and the amusements abundant, but the leading attraction at present are the camps, a short distance out of town.

There are two camps, one called the south, the other the north, and when it is considered, that between the two there are 50,000 troops, it may easily be imagined that each is in itself a town of no inconsiderable size. The huts and tents are built in rows, and form streets, in which there prevails all the bustling activity to be seen in the leading thoroughfares of a city. Music, and that too of an agreeable description, floats on the air, and many a peal of joyous laughter makes glad the heart. The French are naturally a cheerful people, and endeavor to make the best of any position in which they may happen to be placed, and in that respect our own brave soldiers would do well to copy their example; but as comparisons are odious, and dry descriptions of mere *locale* tedious, we pass on to the economical part of the subject, the utility of these camps, of these training schools of future Alma, Inkermann, and Sebastopol heroes. The awful experiences of the Crimea not only warrants their establishment, but suggests their multiplication. The drill may make the model soldier in appearance, but more is required, and that is acclimatization to out-door existence in all weathers, and at every season. The desired expertness and correctness in the use of the weapons of warfare is also another consideration.

Unknown Tongues.

(Concluded from page 47, vol. III.)

ALL language of animals must, of course, be limited in a two-fold direction. They cannot express more than they feel or think; hence their wants only, their emotions of joy and suffering, are thus communicated to others. They have language but not speech. That is man's high and heaven-born en-

dowment. Then, reptiles, birds, and mammalia, alone, have the power of vocal utterance, insects and others are mere instrumental performers. Of the vocalists again, reptiles produce sounds with the palate only, snakes excepted; mammalia with their lips, as children do when they begin to lisp; birds alone speak with their tongues also, and thus enjoying double organs of utterance, possess the most perfect of unknown tongues.

The language which animals speak, by means of friction or concussion, is, naturally, the least known of all. We see the eager ant rushing homeward to tell the news of an invasion; she meets a friend, their antennae touch and play with each other, in rapid succession. The messenger returns, the latter conveys the news by the same means to others, until the whole army is informed. Here we see not an instinctive feeling of dread, but a clear, undoubted communication of facts. So among bees: the instant the queen dies, the sad event is made known throughout the hive. No sound, perceptible to human ear, is heard, but the antennae move with surprising effect, and as the result of a clear act of volition. It is not a sensation, merely, nor an instinctive action, but it has all the signs of special purpose. How they speak we know not; this only, is certain, that their language is not like that of the deaf and dumb, with whom signs represent letters or words.

The cricket, even, is not without its note of utterance, and, although a purely mechanical sound, it has its sweetness and charm, so that Milton could speak of being—

"Far from all resort of mirth
Save the cricket on the earth."

It produces a loud, clear, sound, by a quick vibration of the elastic skin between the wings, and from the time when the Athenians wore the golden cicada in their hair, to our days, when the cricket on the hearth is the proverbial image of home comfort, its simple note has been dear to the heart of man. The true cricket, however, speaks only in the sunny time of love. The male begins, in his hermit cell, as May approaches, to produce a low, inward note of longing. As the sun rises higher, and summer advances, his shrill song becomes louder, until he finds the desired companion. Then he returns to his solitary life once more, and his voice dies away by degrees. Dean Swift has left us a humorous description of the curious note of the death-watch beetle. The little fellow, in his narrow cell, falls in love; immediately he begins to thump his head against the ground, and uses such energy in his demonstration that he leaves deep marks in the softer kinds of wood. The powerful stroke produces

a loud sound, the infallible presage of death to superstitious man, the soft music of love to the female beetle. If other males are within hearing, they all join in the concert with furious knocking, and such is their jealousy or zeal to answer, that even the ticking of an innocent watch excites their wrath and their loudest notes.

The bright troops of virgin moths and fresh-born butterflies seem to speak by the brilliancy of their colors only, and thus to appeal through the eye to the heart of their beloved. Darwin tells us, however, of some in South America, who, when a pair are chasing each other, make a clicking noise that is heard at considerable distance. That charming traveller found they had a kind of drum near the first pair of wings, by which they produced this noise to attract the female. The sphinx (*Atropas*), clad in sad colors and quaintly marked, actually utters a low whine, when caught, and thus presents the lowest voice of suffering known in the animal kingdom.

The craw-fish, also, has but a single note of pain; when drawn on shore, it utters a low, angry sound that seems to rise from the innermost parts of its curious body. Naturalists speak, besides, of a gentle, humming noise, resembling that of beetles, which it makes when enjoying the sun and its genial warmth; it ceases, however, the instant any other noise is heard, and has thus been but rarely observed.

"The voice of the turtle is heard in the land," but it has little to please the ear or to attract attention. Nor are fishes better endowed in point of language. They have a thick, immovable tongue, adhering firmly to the lower jaw. A voice would, however, be of small avail to them in an element so little sonorous as water. A German enthusiast tells us, it is true, that they speak in light, scarcely perceptible breathings; but no one else ever heard them. Still, some of them actually do utter noises of various, and seldom agreeable nature. Tenches have a croaking sound, which is heard when they are caught, and as long as they are living. The armadillo, of South America, has a harsh grating noise, which it utters even beneath the water, and others pipe and whistle or growl and grunt, as the grunter and sea-scorpion. The drum-fish has his name from the skill with which he drums on his own inflated body. It is heard best when he passes under a vessel, and poetical mariners have compared it to the bass notes of an organ, the ringing of a deep toned bell, or the melancholy sounds of an æolian harp. The dolphins, the great favorites of antiquity, were said to love music even more than human beings, and to cry in pain and anguish.

Aristotle tells us that one of this race, caught and wounded near Icaria, cried so loud and bitterly, that thousands came swimming into the quiet harbor. The fishermen gave the wounded one its liberty, and then they all left, expressing their joy in graceful gambols and endless gyrations.

Frogs are veritable artists and masters in one of the unknown tongues. They have a true voice—not the result of mere mechanical action, but proceeding from the lungs, and expressive of deep feeling. So, at least, think the Mohamedans, to whom they are sacred, because they proclaim to the world the praises of Allah—and even more so, because of their marvellous piety. For, when the Chaldeans had captured the great patriarch, and thrown him into the fire, to be burnt unto death, hosts of indignant and sympathising frogs appeared from all sides, and, pouring water on the flames, rescued the Holy Father. Horace detested them, in common with Italy's own peculiar plague; they disturbed his sleep on the famous journey to Brindisi. The peasants of France, too, pursued them, at one time, with almost intense hatred. No wonder—for they were, by law, compelled to beat, night after night, the water in moats and ditches around the nobleman's castles, that the croaking of frogs might not disturb his lordship's slumbers! Their song, we fear, is not much more appreciated in our day. In vain do we associate it with the return of spring, the sense of genial warmth and the renewal of fuller life and vigor. They have but a single sound, the U, and this they utter through the whole diapason, in all possible height and depth, from spring until autumn. They are a merry set of summer beings. Buried in deep slumber during winter, the first rays of the spring sun awake them to life. At first lazy and silent, they revive as earth and water grow warmer. Beautifully dressed in green hunter's garb, their bright, lively eyes set in golden frames, they squat gravely down on a sunny bank, and, opening wide their huge mouths, they look the very picture of homely comfort and broad humor. They have no lips, and have the appearance of being doomed to eternal silence. But they know, very soon, how to swell their wide throats, that shine in dark nights, and to puff out the huge cheeks of their enormous air-bladders inside. How lustily the males call out their classic Brekekekex, co-ax, co-ax, while the females only hum in low, humble tones. First, the leader's loud, coarse voice breaks forth in solemn intonation; then the others, sitting in a wide circle around him, follow in long responses; and at last, from far and near, from every pond and every puddle, their deep-toned voices are heard in one mighty chorus. It is the mere outbreak of joy and delight; they know neither melody nor order. Each sings as he likes best, at his own time and in his own particular key. They are, apparently, vastly amused at their own great talkative powers; for, every now and then, they break out in the happiest laughter known in animal creation. Its gusts are so sudden, its tones so boisterous and loud—as if they would burst with sheer happiness and joy. When they assemble in large numbers, as the tree-frogs love to do in Paramibo, and the countless hosts of common frogs on the banks of the Wolga and the Caspian Sea, they absolutely drown every other noise. There millions join in the fearfully monotonous concerts, until the earth trembles, and for miles no sound is heard but their own hoarse croaking. Although they all have one voice for the concert and another for family matters, their note is nearly the same all over the world—only in South America we are told, a tinier frog will sit on a blade of grass, a little above the surface of the water, and utter a pleasing chirp, which, joined by others, has the effect of a harmony of different notes. The bullfrog's deep disproportionate voice has frightened many an innocent wanderer from Europe; he seems to enjoy the sport, too, for he grows the louder the surer he is of attention. After a short, happy summer, their voices gradually weaken; they strip off their delicate dress, which is so thin that it looks upon paper like a faint pencil-drawing; they eat it with apparent delight, and soon after vanish from the sight of man. Silent and benumbed, they sink again into the ground, to pass the cold season in quiet, unbroken slumber.

Mind your own Business.

(Continued from page 26, vol. III.)

Oh! those weary tea-parties; even now I feel the creeping shudder of repugnance chill over me as I think of them, and the wretched hours I used to spend in this way at W—. One, in particular, I well remember, and from the bearing it has upon the subject, I will describe it.

It was a very hot summer evening; one of those upon which one longs, with an irresistible craving, to be out of doors and free from the pent, stifling atmosphere of a room: when the dew lies heavy upon the drooping flowers, and they send up their rich fragrance into the night, until the air becomes heavy with sweet odors; when the long shadows lay in the pale moonlight over fields and lawns and the stars gem the deep blue heavens like diamonds on the robes of a queen. Well, upon such a night as this, we went, Mrs. Beauchamp and I, to a tea-party at the house of a very stately maiden lady in the dingy College Green. It was a little house with a narrow passage, small dark sitting room, long narrow windows, in each of which was a seat, and most dismal-looking furniture, every article of which seemed precisely as if it had been made for the earliest and largest dwelling upon record; a couple of hideous blear-eyed cats, a superannuated parrot, and a footman who was the best representation of an Egyptian mummy I ever saw out of the British Museum. In the closet—front room of this suffocating house—the party was gathered; and the meagre tea, the atoms of stale cake, in the beautiful old silver basket, and the thin blue cream, in the rare Dresden jug, were set out. The chamber had that peculiar musty smell common to rooms in which the windows are seldom opened; and its effect upon poor me, coming in fresh from the balmy air outside, was really distressing. I felt as if a tight cord were suddenly passed round my head, and the power to draw a deep free breath was gone.

In time, however, I became somewhat acclimatized, and at leisure to attend to what was going on. The evening's first greetings I lost, but as I suppose they were the same as usual, the same exclamations and lamentations, the same self-pityings and inquiries. I do not imagine that my loss was very great. I was first aroused to attention as Mrs. Tollemache observed—"What a change in the weather since Sunday week—how it did rain all day."

"Yes, I didn't go to church either morning or night. I think it is no part of one's duty to get wet feet, and spoil one's clothes. I leave that for young girls like the Aylmers."

"Ay, how constant they are in their attendance at St. John's now—I see them go by every day to the early service."

"Oh, of course; they have a great object in view," sneered Miss Abigail Howard.

"Indeed!" replied a very innocent sleepy old lady; "I didn't know that, but I thought they must be very good young women."

"Oh, very," emphasised Miss Abby, dropping the corners of her mouth.

"Oh, very," repeated Miss Beauchamp; "only I'm afraid they're not very disinterested. Handsome young curates are wonderful incentives to goodness."

"Really—is it that?"

"Of course; the thing is plain enough. They never troubled daily service while Mr. Benson, with his fat wife and eight children, was curate; but now that Edward Surtees does the duty, they never miss. I wonder they're not ashamed of themselves."

"But I thought I heard Mrs. Raymond say last night that both the Miss Aylmers were engaged."

"Ah! it's all very well for Mrs. Raymond to set that about. She's their aunt, you know, and I dare say would be thankful enough if there was a prospect of getting them off, with their flirty ways and extravagant habits; but depend upon it, they're neither engaged nor likely to be; for as for their catering Edward Surtees, there's no more chance of their succeeding in that than there is of my flying."

"No; that is quite certain. They make their attack rather too openly."

"Yes, indeed. Why, it was no longer since than to-day I saw Harriet Aylmer go past three times; and as it is pretty generally known that Mr. Surtees is occupied all day every Tuesday in the vestry, I don't think it requires any supernatural intelligence to divine where she was going. Oh, these clothing clubs, and district accounts, and national schools, make capital excuses."

"Oh, dear me! how shocking! I'm sure I couldn't have thought it. Well, there is no knowing any one," ejaculated the old lady. "Such, nice, pretty, modest-looking girls, and their mother the old dean's daughter—oh, dear, dear!"

A little more of the same amiable pleasant talk, and the subject changed—at least the names did; as for the subject, that remained pretty nearly the same all the evening.

The next day we went—poor me again!—to call upon another lady. Her drawing-room was full of morning visitors, and after a while the gossip turned upon the St. John's schools; from them, in a natu-

ral diversion, it went to Mr. Edward Surtees, from him to the Miss Aylmers. I was busily engaged in tracing the quaint figures upon an old jappaned work-table, and paid no attention to the conversation, until the now familiar name of Aylmer struck my ear; then I listened and heard Mrs. Beauchamp say:

"Oh, there's no question at all about it. She was seen to go to the church three times yesterday, and of course there can be no doubt what for. It's absolutely scandalous!"

"Dreadful! I wonder Dr. Sydney does not put a stop to it. Not that I think the young man's to blame, for if girls will throw themselves in his way, what is he to do?—but she!"

"Shocking—isn't it? Oh, it'll end, of course, in Mr. Surtees being discharged, and her leaving the town."

"Horrible! And I heard she was engaged. What are her parents about? They ought to be ashamed of themselves, letting their children act in such a disgraceful manner."

"Oh, Mrs. Aylmer's a poor silly thing, and suffers the girls to do just exactly as they choose."

A few more such kindly speeches, each one adding a little to the scandal, and these minders of other people's business parted, having in two meetings accomplished a great deal—crept from surmise to assertion; first suggesting what might be the object of Miss Aylmer's walks, then declaring it, and lastly speculating upon the consequences.

Another meeting, I thought, and the mischief would surely be perfect.

It was so. On our way home we called upon Mrs. Westmacott, and there found two of the previous night's guests, occupied in telling their magnified version of the popular story. Harriet Aylmer has just passed, and her appearance had given the signal to the gossips, who were terribly busy, when we entered, in talking, as fast as they could, the poor unconscious girl's good name away.

Not to be outdone, I suppose, and having really worked herself into a belief of its truth, Mrs. Beauchamp now took up the tale, and very soon I was startled by hearing her say:

"Yes, indeed, you won't see her long. Dr. Sydney's eyes have been opened at last, and Mr. Surtees has been dismissed from his appointments, with every probability of losing his gown; while Miss Harriet, who has been spending day after day in the St. John's vestry, will be sent out of the place for a time at least; her poor mother is in a state of distraction."

"No wonder; it will be the ruin of her sisters, as well as herself. No one will ever notice them again. Well, I'm not much surprised; I always thought them sad giddy girls, and had my misgivings about these walks. I don't approve of young women trotting all over the town alone, district visiting or anything else. It was not allowed in my time, and it would be much better if it were not allowed now."

"Are you speaking of the daughters of Mrs. Aylmer, of Lea Cottage?" asked a tall, vinegary-faced lady, who seemed to be a stranger, and to have accompanied one of the last importations of visitors.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Beauchamp; "do you know them?"

"No."

"Mrs. Aylmer, perhaps?"

"No; I never saw any of the family, but I hear great deal. Pray is all this scandal true?"

"Really, madam, I have not the pleasure of knowing you, but I must say yours is a most extraordinary question!" and Mrs. Beauchamp drew up her spare figure to its utmost height.

"Oh, I had no intention of giving offence. I merely wished to learn if you had positive grounds for your statements."

"Certainly. The facts are well known in the town."

"The statements are, but I was not aware that the facts upon which they are based were, I must, therefore, take leave to repeat my question: 'Are all these shameful tales true?'"

"I scarcely know what you call such, but all you have heard respecting Miss Aylmer's conduct is."

One morning, about a week after this, just as we were sitting down to dinner, a gentleman, one of the principle lawyers in W—, was announced.

"I have called, Mrs. Beauchamp," he said, "upon a very unpleasant mission. I am instructed by my client, Mrs. Aylmer, of Lea Cottage, to commence proceedings against you for defamation. Some exceedingly scandalous reports, so seriously affecting the reputation of Miss Harriet Aylmer as to have occasioned the breaking off of her engagement with Mr. Powis, have been traced to you, and unless I can obtain the fullest and most explicit acknowledgment

ment of their falsehood, I have no alternative but to obey my instructions. Under such circumstances, I trust you see the necessity of at once consenting to make the public recantation I am empowered to require."

Poor Mrs. Beauchamp! how many hues did her pale, sallow countenance wear during this speech: meddler and mischief-maker as she was, I could not but pity her, she did look so thoroughly frightened.

At last she stammered out—

"What recantation?—who says?"

"Everybody. There has been little difficulty in tracing the report; but Mrs. William Powis, aunt to the gentleman to whom Miss Harriet Aylmer was engaged, and whose adopted son he is, is our chief authority. You made the statement complained of to her, and she refuses her sanction to her nephew's marriage until the scandal is as publicly disproved as it has been circulated."

"Mrs. William Powis! I don't know such a person I never saw her in her life."

"Pardon me; you met her"—and the careful lawyer took a memorandum book to examine and ascertain the exact date—"at Mrs. Westmacott's, last Monday, this very day week, about two o'clock. You then declared that in consequence of certain shameful discoveries, Mr. Surtees had been dismissed by Dr. Sydney, and was in danger of losing his gown; and that Miss Aylmer was to be sent out of W—; and after these public assertions, you assured Mrs. Powis, as I am instructed, that you had positive grounds for them. These grounds I am authorised to demand, and in default of them, hold you responsible for the slander, and proceed accordingly. It may, perhaps, be right to say that Mr. Surtees has also been with me upon the same business."

"This is very strange—you take me completely by surprise—at this moment I really cannot recall the precise conversation which did take place," replied the poor lady.

"I am perfectly ready to repeat it. I have the heads upon this paper; I will read them."

He did so, and during the repetition, which fairly astonished me by its correctness and exactitude, Mrs. Beauchamp had time to rally her faculties, and recover self-possession enough to see the necessity of struggling for her defence, and escape the threatened disgrace. A public apology and denial of her own words, an advertisement in the county paper, perhaps; it was too dreadful, too horrible, she could never bear it, never be able to look up after; it must be avoided at any sacrifice: but then, on the other hand, an action—a trial—going to gaol, being transported, (for never having had much experience of law or lawyers, she had the greatest and vaguest dread of their powers, exaggerating them most absurdly, and confusing civil and criminal administration and punishments in a very original and alarming fashion), that alternative was no more agreeable. Poor woman, she was utterly confounded and bewildered. The sound of her own words, which she could not avoid recognizing, made bad worse, and completed the derangement of her ideas; fain would she have stopped the relentless, monotonous voice which slowly recapitulated the evidence of her guilt, and one by one put an end to all chances of denial; but she dared not, she did not venture to hasten by a second the terrible moment of decision.

Procrastinated as it might be, it came at last, however.

The lawyer having deliberately read aloud the various sentences I remembered so well, folded up the paper, replaced it in his pocket, and turning towards Mrs. Beauchamp, continued:—

"You see, madam, we are perfectly prepared: it only remains, therefore, for me to repeat the terms of my instructions, and request you to comply with my client's demand. If you refuse it, I have, as I said before, no alternative but to proceed. Miss Aylmer's reputation must be vindicated."

A moment's hesitation, and with lips as white as ashes, Mrs. Beauchamp said,

"What is it you require?" then with an inexpressible tone of mortification she exclaimed, "I do not know why you should fix upon me; I said no more than other people; it was the general conversation."

"I know it, and therefore we must have redress."

"But why am I to be singled out, and made responsible for public talk?"

"Because you made it public. People must have some protection; or one's good name, the character upon which most of us live, would be at the mercy of every idle meddler in the town. What men say to the injury of others they must be ready to substantiate, and if they do not like the terms, they

must relinquish the indulgence, and instead of minding their neighbor's business, attend to their own."

"I suppose, sir, that you will give me time for consideration. I am quite unable at this moment to collect my thoughts sufficiently to take any steps."

"I have no authority to delay an hour; nevertheless, in the hope that you will see the propriety of preventing any painful and expensive legal proceedings, by making such an apology as will satisfy the extreme urgency of the case, I will take upon myself to wait your decision until this evening. Should I not hear from you by post time, I must then adopt the only course left open to me."

The rest of that most uncomfortable day we spent alone, orders being given by Mrs. Beauchamp to deny her to all visitors. The first hour or two she occupied in abusing the Aylmers, the lawyer, and Mrs. Powis, most unmercifully, declaring they were all in a league to patch up the reputations of the former, by making a victim of her; the next she sat silent and thoughtful, glancing up every now and then to the clock upon the chimney piece: the last, she devoted to the composition of a letter, the contents of which all the town—at least all the readers of the "*W— Herald*"—knew, upon the next Saturday morning; as under the head of "apology," it was singled out from the advertisements and read aloud at every breakfast table.

Two hours with a Buffalo.

BY MAJOR BELLASIS.

I was one of a party who had started from the Cape Colony across the border in search of large game. My own horse carried me less well than usual, and I became separated from my companions. I was unwilling, however, to turn back without some kind of sport, and therefore made for a forest which lay on my right. On reaching it I found an opening—an elephant track or something of the kind—and followed through it; but I saw nothing worth shooting before I reached the plain beyond it. Here I perceived an old bull buffalo, some three or four hundred yards ahead, quietly grazing. As soon as I hove in sight, the old gentleman raised his head and began to reconnoitre. I loosened my rifle, which was hung on my back, and made ready to attack. I then put my horse into a canter, and rode toward my enemy. To my surprise, he threw up his tail and ran at his best speed, a most unusual thing in a buffalo, who, in that respect, is more dangerous than a lion; for he always charges at you at once, and never ceases till you or he lie stretched on the plain. I spurred my horse to a gallop, and continued the chase over the open country. Suddenly the buffalo stopped, turned around, and looked at me steadily. I pulled up, for I expected him to charge. He did not do so; but again completely threw me out of calculation by quietly cropping the grass. I dismounted from my horse, and approached him on foot; for I was still too far off from him to risk a shot. He raised his head as I approached him, and began to look ugly. He presented only a full front to me, and I was anxious to see his worship's broadside. A low, short bellow, warned me of what I was soon to expect—in fact, he seemed on the point of charging; so I raised my double barrel and let it fly. As ill-luck, or my own carelessness, would have it, the ball struck only the fleshy part between the shoulders. A terrific cry of pain escaped the brute, and with head down, he charged forward. At the same moment I fired from the other barrel, and might as well have shot at a stone wall, for the ball struck on the helmet of horn which covered his skull, and rebounded without doing him injury. I returned and ran over the plain; my horse was galloping away with terror at the buffalo's roar—my own legs were my last hope, and never did they serve me better. But to what shelter could I fly? The buffalo was within fifty yards of me, and gaining on me at every stride! The forest was five or six hundred yards from me, and the plain over which I was dashing for my life contained not a tree nor a bush, save one miserable, slender, stunted thing. Nevertheless, it was to that I was speeding with the instinct of desperation. The buffalo is close to me—his terrible snorting rattles in my ears—the thunder of his hoofs is approaching nearer and nearer—the stunted bush is yet ungained—another bound and I reach it, and spring up to it with the agility of a monkey; it bends with my weight, and I fear it will break and leave me at the mercy of the monster. No, thank God, it holds; though so slender it is, that it bends several feet beneath my weight, and so low is it that I am clinging with feet and hands together, up as high as it will bear me.

The buffalo, thus balked, stopped and looked at me. He approached the bush, and still bellowing and pawing up the earth, he walked round and round it, and thrust his nose up till he could positively reach my shoes. Then the horrible idea came across me that in his rage he would charge at the bush, which would infallibly hurl me to the ground, where, in another instant, I should be trampled to death.

Then he stood still and sniffed at the blood which trickled from his flesh wound, and licked the place itself. The taste of the blood seemed to madden him. Again he bellowed fearfully, and threw his tail into the air, and galloped round the bush and pawed the ground, while his red eyes shot fire. Cramped, and holding on with the tightness of desperation, and barely out of reach of the enraged brute, I remained in the most terrible state of alarm, dreading that each moment might be my last.

The Buffalo seemed to have no thought of relinquishing the field. One might have imagined that he had determined to starve me out, if he could not reach me. What a prospect was mine! Clinging with my knees to my mouth on the top of a miserable bush, in a desert, where, for aught I knew, the foot of man had never trodden before, and none might ever come again! Miles away from my companions, and from all chances of aid from them, and with a furious monster only waiting for my descent from my place of refuge to trample me to death! I don't know how Mr. Gordon Cumming might have felt in such a predicament, but for myself, good reader, I humbly confess that I don't believe in greater horror than I then experienced.

The buffalo now continued walking slowly (and as it were, doggedly), round the path. The idea of leaving me never seemed to strike him even faintly. I was becoming so cramped and weak that it appeared to me impossible that I could hold out much longer. Nay, once or twice I almost resolved on dropping when the buffalo's back was turned, and running for my life. The thought was madness, for I doubt whether I could run at all, had I attempted. Then I began to shout at the top of my voice, in the desperate hope that some human being might pass near enough to hear and aid me. The sound of my voice first astonished, but afterwards enraged the buffalo, who bellowed while I shouted, so that we formed a very pretty duet. There was something ludicrously horrible, and horribly ludicrous in my position; though at that time I was far from taking the ludicrous view of it.

I began to get superstitious, and almost to fancy that some fiend had possession of the horrible monster, and had marked me for destruction. I almost fancied in my madness that I could trace a look of malicious triumph in the brute's eyes, which seemed to say, "You are mine sooner or later—there is no escape for you."

Then, again, fear began to yield to rage. I felt furious with the creature for thus persecuting me. My rage, too, gathered violence from its very impotence. I felt that I could have torn the buffalo limb from limb; and instead of doing so, I had to cling to a thorny bush to protect myself from death by his hoofs and horns.

I began to curse my fate and my folly that had led me into these vile deserts. My rage turned against myself.

Again I shouted till I was hoarse. The reader will perhaps ask if, amid all these various feelings, I never experienced that of resignation to my fate. I will answer him candidly. No! It is a feeling I have never yet known. I have faced death in many a form—from an enemy—from a wild beast—from shipwreck—from a bed of sickness—yet I have never known resignation! It is a radical defect in my nature, saying little in its favor; or is it, as I suspect, that we can never feel resignation until hope has deserted us?

Through the opening in the bushes whence I had first emerged, rode three of my friends. Oh, the joy that I felt at that moment! With a little pardonable exaggeration, I might parody Tom Moore's lines, and say—

"Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years—
One moment like that is worth them all."

In two minutes more the buffalo was lying dead on the plain, and your humble servant on *terra firma*, only half alive, after the ages he had spent on the bush. Ay, ages! Time is not reckoned by minutes, but by thought. I had lived a lifetime in my "two hours tête-à-tête with an angry buffalo."

AN annuity too long deferred maketh the heart sick.



THE DISCOURG.

Something about Champagne.

ABOUT eighty miles east of Paris is the department of the Marne. In a small portion of this department enclosed between the town of Rheims on the north, Chalons-sur-Marne on the east, Vertas on the south, and Epernay on the west, the champagne grapes are grown. The river Marne separates this portion of the department into two unequal parts, that on the north side being the larger. The champagne growers divide these parts into four districts. The first district, which is about eight miles long, and one and a half in width, is on the north side of the river, on an elevation called the Montagne de Rheims, and comprises the parishes of Clugny, Rilly, Verzy, Verzenay and Mally Trepail, Ambournay, and Boury. The second district, about nine miles long and one and a half wide, is on the south side of the Montagne de Rheims, and consists of the parishes of Ay, Cunniers, Hauvillers, Dizy, Mareuil, and Avenay. The third district, about ten miles in length and two in

width, is on the south side of the Marne, and includes the parishes of Epernay—where Messrs. Moët and Chaudon's establishment is situated—Chouilly, Cramont, Avize Oger, Le Mesnil, and Vistus. The fourth district, about five square miles, contains the parishes of Pierry (the birthplace of the dear departed), Moussy, and St. Martin.

The wines of those various places differ greatly in taste and character, and are the produce both of the white and black grape, principally of the latter; but those wines which have the larger admixture of the white grape are supposed to possess greater delicacy: or, as it is called by the growers "finesse." The vintage commences about the end of September, and is completed by the early part of October, the year is considered to be a good one, as the white grapes are then obtained in greater abundance. And a busy and merry time is that same vintage.

No idlers then!—Every individual man, woman, and child is called into requisition to gather the grapes, and every donkey and mule to carry them. Troups are seen in all directions ascending and descending the steep and narrow paths leading to the vineyards. In some places the grapes, after being gathered in the cool of the morning, are carried in baskets; and, which-

ever the mode of transit, are then placed in the wine-presses, the juice running into casks, where it is allowed to ferment. The grapes are not put into a mash-tub, but undergo three or four separate squeezings. In about a fortnight the casks are filled up, bunged tightly, and allowed to remain until the middle of January, when the wine is racked off and clarified.

In May the process of bottling commences, each bottle receiving a lump of sugar-candy (we suppose to keep it in good humor), and the cork is fastened with string. The bottles are then put to bed in a rack, with their necks downwards, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and from time to time shaken and placed more perpendicularly, so that the sediment may get into their throattles. This result is not arrived at under some fifty shakings, which require to be done with so much skill and care that champagne nurses are subjected to a twelve-month's practice before they are entrusted to perform this delicate operation. The nurse grasps the bottom of the bottle with his right hand, and by a sort of half twist of the wrist the sediment is made to descend into the neck. When the sediment is all deposited, the wine, as you may suppose, is ready for disgorging, which is performed by the nurse holding the bottle in a slightly inclined position, cutting the string and instantaneously elevating the bottle, when the cork is blown out, and with it all the sediment. The great art is to perform the operation without wasting the wine, and the *dégorgener* in the engraving is cutting the string and firing the cork into the *dégorgeoir* before him, which receives the cork, the sediment, and any wine which may escape. This refuse (with the exception of the corks), is made into a villainous stuff, and named brandy.

The "disgorged" bottle is then handed to the corker, who is provided with a steam apparatus which keeps the corks hot and moist. By means of a mallet and a machine called a "chantier," the bottle is recorked. A clever and strong man will manage 3000 bottles a day.

Le ficelleur, a dexterous fellow, then

fastens on the string, and passes the bottle to the next workman, *le ficelle en fer*, who wires it up securely.

The bottle may now be said to have got over its troubles, and a fair damsel tenderly encloses its head in tinfoil. After which, a respectable matron wraps it carefully up in paper, and puts it again to bed with sometimes three or four millions of brother bottles, there to remain until exported to complete its mirthful mission, like the "dead man" before us.

We are affected by the recollection of its virtues, and must ring for a *demi-bouteille*.

Anecdotes of the Goat.

GOATS have a strong attachment for each other, and the mother, especially, is remarkably fond of her young. Some peasants among the Pyrenees, while gathering wild spinach, saw a herd of goats, followed by their young. They succeeded in capturing one of the young. The rest of the herd immediately ran away; but scarcely had the captive uttered a few mournful bleatings, when they saw a goat stop to listen. This proved to be the young goat's mother. One of the women thought she would try, by means of the little kid, to capture the mother. So she climbed a steep rock, carrying her prey with her.



FASTENING THE CORK WITH STRING.

At the cry of the little one the mother approached, though with trembling. Afterward she retired, and began herself to bleat. The bleatings continued for some time from both. The mother again advanced nearer. Fear seized her afresh, and she fled again. At length, after a long struggle, she yielded to her feelings as a mother, approached the young one, and, without the least resistance, allowed herself to be bound by the woman. From this moment, although she was from a perfectly wild herd, her wildness ceased, and the woman led her wherever she pleased.

Goats seem, indeed, to have, in a greater degree than almost any other animal, a natural attachment to the human species. They are always playful and familiar; and it is highly probable that the goat was among the first animals employed by man in a domestic state. A story, affording a striking proof of the natural fondness of goats for the human race, is told by a naturalist about a wild goat of the Alps. He and his party landed on a wild and romantic spot, on the bank of the Lake of Thun, where those animals are numerous, and left comparatively in a state of nature. But he and his company had no sooner landed, than these wild goats came bleating around them, with their kids, and even jumped into the boat, and seemed determined to stay in it. They did this, too—so says the naturalist—evidently from mere attachment to the travellers, because the pasture where they were feeding was rich, and the men had nothing to tempt them with in the shape of food.

"Nothing," says an English writer, in a rather



CORKING.



FASTENING THE CORK WITH WIRE.

the brow of a hill near by, to hunt for the wanderer. They found her, after a long search. She was almost at the top of the hill, and her young kid was by her side. This faithful mother was defending the kid from the attack of a fox. The enemy was using all the cunning he was master of—and he can command a good deal of cunning, as you know—to get possession of the little fellow, while the old goat was presenting her horns in every direction, as he made his sallies. The boys shouted at the top of their voices, in order to drive the fox away. But he was too cunning. At any rate, he kept up the assault. At last, getting out of all patience with the old goat, he made a more desperate effort to get hold of the kid; and, in an instant, all three of the animals rolled off the precipice, and were almost immediately killed by the fall.

I know a little girl who has a tame goat. The goat will come when she calls him, and will follow her like a dog. She is very kind to the little goat, and feeds him quite as often as he is hungry, if not, as I guess is the case, a good deal oftener. The goat is one of the most lively and good-natured fellows you ever saw. He runs and frisks about, as if he was just as happy as he can possibly be, all the time. He can climb up the steepest

playful strain, "nothing is so hardy as the goat. Goats will eat mouldy bread and biscuit, musty hay, almost rotten straw, furze bushes—and thistles. Indeed, what will they not eat, when they will make a hearty meal on paper, brown or white, printed or not printed! They are very healthy things, into the bargain, however closely they may be confined. When they make a voyage by sea, and when the weather is so stormy that geese, ducks, hens, and almost pigs are killed, goats are well and lively. When a dog of no kind can keep the deck for a minute, on account of the rolling and pitching of the vessel, a goat will keep his balance, and skip about, as if he was on his own wild hills."

A farmer in Scotland missed one of his goats, when his flock came home at night. Being afraid the missing animal would get among the young trees in the nursery, he sent two of his boys, very warmly wrapped up in their plaid cloaks, to watch all night. In the morning, these boys climbed up

hills, and does not make anything of standing on a ledge of rocks as high as the top of a church steeple, and looking down over the edge of the precipice. This little girl, whose name is Eliza, is so fond of her pet, that she lets him go out with her sometimes when she takes a walk. I found her once, with her little goat by her side, out in the woods, where I was hunting for wild flowers. She was weaving a wreath of flowers for her little pet's neck. "Let me introduce you to my goat," said she. "Thank you, dear," I said, "I am very happy to make his acquaintance." I thought he would make a pretty picture, with his little mistress placing the wreath of flowers around his neck, and I tried hard to make a drawing of the two;

but I cannot sketch very well. I made a very rough picture, and when I got home, I found an artist who made a much better sketch.

In some parts of Switzerland and the Highlands of Scotland, the goat is the principal property of the inhabitants. On those barren mountains, where no other useful animal could find enough to keep him alive, the goat continues to gain a comfortable living, and supplies the hardy natives with what they regard as a great luxury. The people of those countries lie upon beds made of their skins, which are soft, clean, and wholesome. They live upon their milk, with oat bread. A part of the milk they make into butter, and a part into cheese; and the flesh furnishes an excellent food, if the animal is killed at the proper season, and salted.

The Legend of Mechlin.

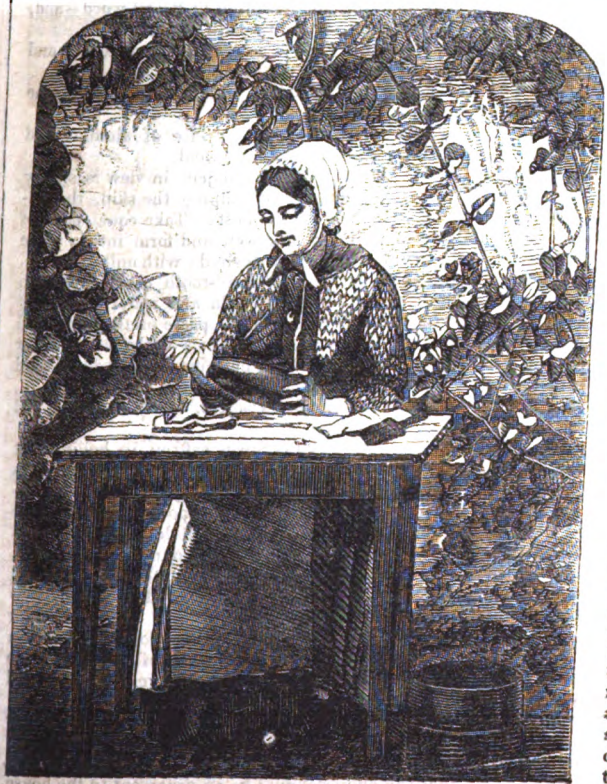
THE murderers of Thomas à Becket, says the old Flemish legend, immediately on the perpetration of their crime, were struck with loss of taste and of smell. The pope, to whom they applied for absolution, ordered them to wander throughout the world, never sleeping two succeeding nights at the same place, until their senses should be restored to them. This they did; and after many years' pilgrimage they arrived at Cologne, where, for the first time since the murder, they

tasted the wine they were drinking. It seemed to them sweeter than honey; and they exclaimed with one voice, "Oh, blessed Cologne!" From thence they passed on to Mechlin, and as they entered the town, a woman met them, carrying a basket of newly baked bread. The knights smelt the new loaves, and cried, "Oh, holy Mechlin!" The pope, when he heard what had occurred, heaped benefits on benefits on these two favored towns; and the three brothers (for such the Mechlin tradition asserts them to have been) built huts for themselves under the shadow of St. Rombald's church, where they died. Wanderers through the solitary wastes about Mechlin found that the evil things that had haunted them fled before the name of the saint. Cures innumerable were wrought before his relics; and a fox that had carried off a cock belonging to certain nuns under the especial protection of St. Rombald, was compelled to bring back his prey safe and sound, and to lay it reverently at the feet of the abbess. In the contest, moreover, which Mechlin had to sustain against the Bishop of Liege and the Duke of Brabant, St. Rombald assisted the good town nobly. On one occasion, when the walls were surrounded by a numerous host, Peter De Dondelaar, an English knight, who had taken service under the



WRAPPING THE BOTTLE IN PAPER.

Advocate of Mechlin, requested that some holy relic might be given him before he went forth to the battle. They brought him a rib of St. Rombald, which he fastened into the upper part of his shield; and as it afforded a far more powerful protection than any magical herb or enchanted sword that could be opposed to it, the knight overthrew all he met, and succeeded in dispersing the hostile army. Philip's presence fell like a blight upon the town. It had reached the height of its prosperity, and now a succession of troubles came upon it one after another. The great *Hostel de la Munition*, stored with powder and artillery, and with all the *appareil* of war, was at Mechlin. It was blown up during a terrific storm of thunder and lightning, and one-half of the town was destroyed in consequence. When the storm broke out, says the legend, all the town and neighborhood hastened to ring their bells. At Putte, one of the adjoining villages, the *Marguillier* tried to get to the steeple, but was kept back by supernatural force. "Are all the devils here?" he cried in despair, and a voice came in reply from a tree top, "No, no—the others are at Mechlin. I am alone here." Some time after a company of Friesland merchants came into Mechlin, and declared that, as they were travelling through their own country on the night of the storm, they had heard voices above in the air. One said, "Crom-been" (twisted leg), "carry off that mill."—"I am going to Mechlin," said Crom-been. "Koort-steert" (short tail) "will go down there, and take care of the mill;" and the mill disappeared accordingly.



PUTTING ON THE TINFOIL.

The Amateur and Mechanic's Friend.

(Continued from page 62.)

NO. IV. STAINING AND DYEING.

IRON.—Black, for Ships' Guns, Shot, &c. To one gallon of vinegar add a quarter of a pound of iron rust, let it stand for a week; then add a pound of dry lamp-black, and three quarters of a pound of copperas: stir it up for a couple of days. Lay five or six coats on the gun, &c., with a sponge, allowing it to dry well between each. Polish with linseed oil and soft woollen rag, and it will look like ebony.

PAPER AND PARCHMENT.—Blue. 1. Stain it green with the verdigris stain given below, and brush over with a solution of pearl-ash—two ounces to the pint—till it becomes blue. 2. Use the blue stain for wood.

Green and Red.—The same as for wood.

Orange.—Brush over with a tincture of turmeric, formed by infusing an ounce of the root in a pint of spirit of wine; let this dry, and give another coat of pearl-ash solution, made by dissolving two ounces of the salt in a quart of water.

Purple.—1. Brush over with the expressed juice of ripe privet berries. 2. The same as for wood.

Yellow.—Brush over with the tincture of turmeric. 2. Add anatto or dragon's-blood to the tincture of turmeric, and brush over as usual.

WOOD.—Black. 1. Drop a little sulphuric acid into a small quantity of water, brush over the wood and hold to the fire; it will be a fine black, and receive a good polish. 2. Take half a gallon of vinegar, an ounce of bruised nut-galls, of log-wood chips and copperas each half a pound—boil well: add half an ounce of the tincture of sesquichloride of iron, formerly called the muriated tincture, and brush on hot. 3. Use the stain given for ship's guns. 4. Take half a gallon of vinegar, half a pound of dry lamp-black, and three pounds of iron rust sifted. Mix, and let it stand for a week. Lay three coats of this on hot, then rub with linseed oil and you will have a fine deep black. 5. Add to the above stain an ounce of nut-galls, half a pound of logwood chips, and a quarter of a pound of copperas; lay on three coats, oil well, and you will have a black stain that will stand any kind of weather, and one that is well suited for ship's combings &c. 6. Take a pound of logwood chips, a quarter of a pound of Brazil wood, and boil for an hour and a half in a gallon of water. Brush the wood several times with this decoction while hot. Make a decoction of nutgalls by simmering gently for three or four days a quarter of a pound of the galls in two quarts of water; give the wood three coats of this, and while wet, lay on a solution of sulphate of iron (two ounces to a quart,) and when dry, oil or varnish. 7. Give three coats with a solution of copper filings in aquafortis, and repeatedly brush over with the logwood decoction, until the greenness of the copper is destroyed. 8. Boil half a pound of logwood chips in two quarts of water, add an ounce of pearl-ash, and apply hot with a brush. Then take two quarts of the logwood decoction, and half an ounce of verdigris, and the same of copperas; strain, and throw in half a pound of iron-rust. Brush the work well with this, and oil.

Blue.—1. Dissolve copper filings in aquafortis, brush the wood with it, and then go over the work with a hot solution of pearl-ash, (two ounces to a pint of water), till it assumes a perfectly blue color. 2. Boil a pound of indigo, two pounds of woad, and three ounces of alum in a gallon of water, brush well over until thoroughly stained.

In imitation of Botany-Bay Wood.—Boil half a pound of French berries, (the unripe berries of the *Rhamnus infectiorius*) in two quarts of water till of a deep yellow, and while boiling hot, give two or three coats to the work. If a deeper colour is desired, give a coat of logwood decoction over the yellow. When nearly dry, form the grain with No. 8, black stain, used hot, and when dry rust and varnish.

Green.—Dissolve verdigris in vinegar, and brush over with the hot solution until of a proper color.

Mahogany Colour.—Dark. 1. Boil half a pound of madder, and two ounces of logwood chips, in a gallon of water, and brush well over while hot; when dry, go over the whole with pearl-ash solution, two drachms to the quart. 2. Put two ounces of dragon's blood, bruised, into a quart of oil of turpentine; let the whole stand in a warm place, shake frequently, and when dissolved, steep the work in the mixture.

Light Red Brown.—Boil half a pound of madder, and a quarter of a pound of fustic, in a gallon of water; brush over the work when boiling hot, until properly stained. 2. The surface of the work being quite smooth, brush over with a weak solution of aquafortis, half an ounce to the pint, and then finish with the following:—Put four ounces and a half of

dragon's blood, and an ounce of soda, both well bruised, to three pints of spirit of wine, let it stand in a warm place, shake frequently, strain, and lay on with a soft brush, repeating until of a proper color; polish with linseed oil or varnish.

Purple.—Brush the work several times with the logwood decoction used for No. 6, black, and when dry, give a coat of pearl-ash solution, one drachm to a quart, taking care to lay it on evenly.

Red.—Boil a pound of Brazil wood and an ounce of pearl-ash in a gallon of water, and while hot brush over the work until of a proper colour. Dissolve two ounces of alum in a quart of water, and brush the solution over the work before it dries. 2. Take a gallon of the above stain, add two more ounces of pearl-ash, use hot, and brush often with the alum solution. 3. Use a cold infusion of archil, and brush over with the pearl-ash solution used for No. 1, dark mahogany.

In imitation of Rosewood.—1. Boil half a pound of logwood in three pints of water till it is of a very dark red, add half an ounce of salt of tartar; stain the work with the liquor while boiling hot, giving three coats; then with a painter's graining brush, form streaks with No. 8, black stain: let dry, and varnish. 2. Brush over with the logwood decoction used for No. 6, black stain, three or four times; put half a pound of iron filings into two quarts of vinegar; then with a graining brush or cane, bruised at the end, apply the iron filing solution in the form required, and polish with bees-wax and turpentine when dry or varnish.

Yellow.—1. Brush over with the tincture of turmeric. 2. Warm the work, and brush over with weak aquafortis, then hold to the fire. Varnish or oil as usual.

II. DYEING is the art of fixing certain colouring matters uniformly and permanently in the fibres of wool, silk, cotton, and other substances.

The filaments from which stuffs of all kinds are fabricated, are derived either from the animal or vegetable kingdom. We recognize the former by the property they possess of liberating ammonia on being treated with potass: while the latter afford a liquor having an acid reaction under the same treatment. The animal kingdom furnishes three varieties—silk, wool, and the furs, &c., of various animals; the vegetable kingdom also three—flax, hemp, and cotton: all of which require certain preliminary preparations to render them fit for the dyer, which do not come within our province, our space only admitting of a rapid glance at the production of the various colors.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—The various shades produced by coloring matters may be classed in one or other of the following groups:—

- | | |
|--------------------|------------|
| 1. Blues | } Simple. |
| 2. Reds | |
| 3. Yellows | |
| 4. Violets | } Binary. |
| 5. Orange colors | |
| 6. Greens | |
| 7. Compound colors | } Ternary. |
| 8. Black | |

Some colors adhere at once to the stuff, and are called *substantial colors*, while others require that the material to be dyed should undergo some previous preparation in order to render it permanent. The substances used to fix the coloring matters are called *mordants*, which should possess four qualifications:—1. They should possess an equal affinity for the fibre of the material and the coloring matter. 2. They should be incapable of injuring or destroying either by prolonged action. 3. They should form, with the color, a compound capable of resisting the action of air and water. 4. They should be capable of readily conforming to the various operations of the dyer.

THE MORDANTS.—For the reasons just given, the acetate or tartrate of iron is preferable to the sulphate; and the acetate or tartrate of alumina to alum.

For reds, yellows, greens, and pinks.—Aluminous mordants are to be used.

For blacks, browns, puce, and violets.—The acetate or tartrate of iron must be employed.

For scarlets, use a tin mordant, made by dissolving in strong nitric acid one-eighth of its weight of sal-ammoniac; then adding by degrees one-eighth of its weight of tin, and diluting the solution with one-fourth of its weight of water.

CALICO, LINEN, AND MUSLIN. Blue.—Wash well to remove dressing, and dry; then dip in a strong solution of sulphate of indigo—partly saturated with potash—and hang up. Dry a piece to see if the color is deep enough, if not, dip again.

Saxon Blue.—Boil the article in alum, and then dip in a strong solution of chemic blue.

Buff.—Boil an ounce of anatto in three quarts of

water, add two ounces of potash, stir well, and put in the calico while boiling, and stir well for five minutes; remove and plunge into cold pump water, hang up the articles without wringing, and when almost dry, fold.

Green.—Boil the article in an alum mordant, and then in a solution of indigo mixed with any of the yellow dyes, until the proper color is obtained.

Pink.—Immerse in the acetate of alumina mordant, and then in the coloring matter of a pink saucer.

Yellow.—1. Cut potato tops when in flower, and express the juice; steep articles in this for forty-eight hours. 2. Dip in a strong solution of weld after boiling in an aluminous mordant. Turmeric, fustic, anatto, &c. will answer the same as weld.

CLOTH. Black.—Impregnate the material with the acetate of iron mordant, and then boil in a decoction of madder and logwood.

Madder red.—Boil the cloth in a weak solution of pearl-ash—an ounce to a gallon of water—wash, dry, and then steep in a decoction of bruised nutgalls. After drying, it is to be steeped twice in warm alum water, then dried and boiled in a decoction made of three quarters of a pound of madder to every pound of the article. It should then be taken out, dried, and steeped in a second bath in the same manner. When dyed the article should be washed in warm soap and water, to remove a dun-colored matter given out by the madder.

Scarlet.—Three quarters of a pint of tin mordant, made by dissolving three pounds of tin in sixty pounds of hydrochloric acid, is added to every pound of lac dye, and digested for six hours. To dye twenty-five pounds of cloth, a tin boiler, of seventy-five gallons capacity should be filled nearly full with water, and a fire kindled under it. When the heat is 150 deg., Fahr., half a handful of bran and two ounces of tin mordant are to be thrown into it. The froth which arises is skimmed off, the liquor made to boil and two pounds and three quarters of lac dye, previously mixed with a pound and three quarters of the solvent, and fourteen ounces of the tin solvent, are added. Immediately afterwards two pounds and three quarters of tartar, and a pound of ground sumach, both tied up in a linen bag, are to be added and suspended in the bath for five minutes. The fire being withdrawn, five gallons of cold water, and three quarters of tin mordant being poured into the bath, the cloth is immersed in it. The fire is then replaced, and the liquid made to boil rapidly for an hour, when the cloth is removed and washed in pure water.

Yellow.—Use No. 2, for calico. Quercitron and weld produce a solid yellow; fustic, a very brilliant tint; white turmeric yields a less solid yellow.

FEATHERS. Black.—Use the same as for cloth. **Blue.**—Every shade may be given by indigo—or dip in silk dye.

Crimson.—Dip in acetate of alumina mordant, then in a boiling hot decoction of Brazil wood—and, last of all, pass through a bath of cudbear.

Pink, or Rose color, is given by safflower and lemon juice.

Deep Red.—Proceed as for crimson, omitting the cudbear bath.

Yellow.—Mordant with acetate of alumina, and dip in a bath of turmeric, or weld.

HAIR. Black.—As the object in view is simply to dye the hair without tinging the skin, the following will be found the best:—Take equal parts of litharge and lime; mix well and form into a paste with water, if a black is desired; with milk if brown. Clean the head with a small-tooth comb, and then well wash the hair with soda and water to free it from grease, then lay on the paste pretty thick, and cover the head with oilskin, or a cabbage-leaf, after which go to bed. Next morning the powder should be carefully brushed away, and the hair oiled.

LEATHER. Black.—Use No. 4, Black stain, and polish with oil.

Gloves. Nankeen.—Steep saffron in boiling hot soft water for about twelve hours; sew up the tops of the gloves, to prevent the dye staining the insides, wet them over with a sponge dipped in the liquid. A teacupful of dye will do a pair of gloves.

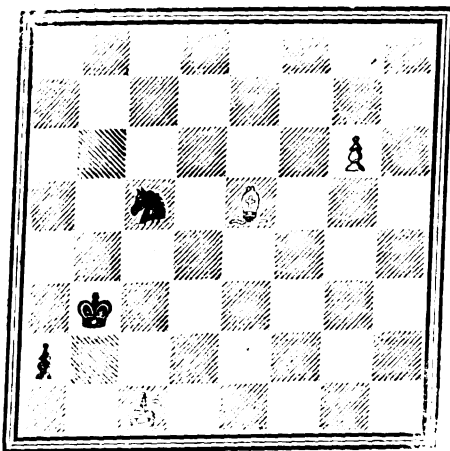
Gloves, Purple. Boil four ounces of logwood, and two ounces of roche alum, in three pints of soft water, till half wasted; strain, and let it cool. Sew up the tops, go over the outside with a brush or sponge twice; then rub off the loose dye with a coarse cloth. Beat up the white of an egg, and rub it over the leather with a sponge. Vinegar will remove the stain from the hands.

CICERO says, "My precept to all who build is, that the owner should be an ornament to the house, and not the house to the owner."

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. XIV.—By M. GROSDENMANGR.—White to move and win.

Black.



White.

GAME, No. XIV.—Played at the London Chess Club, Dec. 8th, 1849, between Mr. G. W. MEDLEY, and Mr. HARRWITZ, the latter giving the odds of Pawn and move. (Remove Black's K. B. P. from the board.)

White—Mr. G. W. Medley.

Black—Mr. Harwitz.

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 K P 2 | 1 Q P 1 |
| 2 Q P 2 | 2 K Kt to B 3 |
| 3 Q Kt to B 3 | 3 K P 2 |
| 4 Q P 1 | 4 B to K 2 |
| 5 B to Q 3 | 5 Castles |
| 6 Q Kt to K 2 | 6 Q Kt to Q 2 |
| 7 K Kt to B 3 | 7 Q Kt to B 4 |
| 8 K R P 1 (a) | 8 Q Kt takes P. |
| 9 B P 2 | 9 Kt takes K B P |
| 10 K takes P | 10 K P 1 |
| 11 Q Kt to Q 4 | 11 Q B P 2 (b) |
| 12 P takes P in passing | 12 P takes P |
| 13 K R to K sq | 13 P takes Kt |
| 14 Kt takes K B P | 14 Q to Q Kt 3 (ch) |
| 15 K to B sq | 15 K B to Q sq |
| 16 Q Kt P 1 | 16 Q to R 4 (c) |
| 17 Q B to K B 4 | 17 K B to Q B 2 |
| 18 K B to Q B 2 | 18 Q to Q B 4 |
| 19 Q to Q 2 | 19 Kt to R 4 |
| 20 Q B to K 3 | 20 Q to Q R 6 |
| 21 Q to Q 3 | 21 Q B to K B 4 |
| 22 Q to Q sq | 22 Q Kt takes R P (d) |
| 23 P takes B | 23 R takes Kt (ch) |
| 24 Q takes R | 24 K to K B sq |
| 25 K B takes B (ch) | 25 K takes B |
| 26 Q takes R | 26 Kt to B 3 |
| 27 B to Q 4 | 27 Q to Q R 4 |
| 28 Q B P 1 | 28 Q to Q 7 |
| 29 B to K 3 | 29 Q to K R 7 (e) |
| 30 Q to Q B 8 | 30 Q to R 8 (ch) |
| 31 K to K 2 | 31 Q to Kt 7 (ch) |
| 32 K to Q sq | 32 Q to B 6 (ch) |
| 33 K to Q B sq | 33 B to Q R 4 |
| 34 B to Q 2 | 34 B takes B (ch) |
| 35 K takes B | 35 Q to B 7 (ch) |
| 36 K to Q 3 | 36 Kt to Q 4 |
| 37 Q to Kt K 4 | 37 K to B 5 (ch) |
| 38 K to K 4 | 38 Q P 1 (ch) |
| 39 K to K 5 | 39 Kt to Q 6 (ch) |
| 40 K to Q 6 | 40 Q takes P (ch) |
| 41 K to Q 7 and wins | |

Solution to Problem XIII., p. 32.

WHITE.

- 1 R to K Kt 5
- 2 R to K Kt 4 (ch)
- 3 Kt P 1
- 4 R to K R 4 (ch)
- 5 P 1 checkmate

BLACK.

- 1 Q B to Kt 5 or K 5
- 2 K to R 1
- 3 Kt to K B 4
- 4 Kt takes R.

NOTES TO GAME XIV.

- (a.) An oversight, we presume; yet had he defended his K. P. by Q. Kt. to K. Kt. 3, Black would have played Q. B. to K. Kt. 5, and by taking that Kt. next move, White would have been obliged to retake with his P.
- (b.) We now certainly take Black's game for choice.
- (c.) This and the two following moves of Black are weak.
- (d.) A grave miscalculation, which loses a game; which, with ordinary care, Black must have won.
- (e.) Trying hard to draw the game by perpetual check.

FAMILY PASTIME.

Transposition.

In my first you do behold
An animal that's sometimes bold;
Reverse me, and you then will find
A substance that to wood is kind;
Transpose me, and you bring to view,
The cause of trade and commerce too.

Conundrums.

1. What is that which goes from London to Greenwich, and from London to Dover, and yet never moves?
2. Why is a lover like a bell-wire?
3. Why does a donkey like thistles better than corn?

What is that we all do at the same time?

What is it that a coach cannot go without, yet is of no use to the coach or the passengers?

When is it dangerous to walk the fields, and when by the river-side?

When is a bonnet not a bonnet?

When is a lady not a lady?

When is a lady's neck not a neck?

When is a baby not a baby?

When is a nose not a nose?

Enigmas.

Never sleeping, still awake,
At any call, I answering, speak,
Yet I seldom talk for long.
And I speak without a tongue;
Nought but one thing can confound me
Many noises jarring round me.
Now I am a dog or cow,
I can bark or I can low,
I can bleat, or I can sing
Like the warblers of the spring;
Let the love sick bard complain,
And I mourn the cruel pain;
Let the happy swain rejoice,
And I speak with cheerful voice:
Both are welcome—grief or joy—
I with either sport and toy;
But I tread a silent breath,
And a whisper is my death.

Two men with their two wives, and two sons, stand thus related to each other:—the men are each other's fathers and sons, their wives fathers and husbands, and their children's fathers and grandfathers; the women are the children's mother's and sisters; and the boys are uncles to each other. How can this be, and yet the parties be lawfully married?

Natural Novelty.

Web-weaving muse! in an auspicious hour
Provide my mind with enigmatic power,
That I may show to American maids of grace,
Through anagram, a Nature-fashion'd race;
Some whereof may spread pinions over air,
While some may love the cavern-fashion'd lair.
First, is a beauty with a pair of wings,
Loving where sun luxuriant foliage brings;
Hued like the leaves in portions of her dress,
She sports, like fairy, the surpassing tress;
Her name is singular, to wit, Quote Par,
Her years extend beneath Hygeia's star!
Second, doth also fascination lend
To vision that on her doth notice bend:
In Afric's forest, where the lion roves,
Her shining form, 'mid leaves, to screen she loves;
Attach'd to fruit, her name seems somewhat odd
—Tar Rop; with tail, 'tis seen on sailor's road,
Third, is a sort of semi-demon, who
Roves in the night shades by Oronoco!
Doubtless some tales rehearse'd of this wing'd dread
Are to exaggeration's fancies wed;
Nevertheless, Rive Map, the prowler's name,
Wins some due censure from the flights of fame.
Fourth, is a sort of semi-classic beast,
Described where Avon's star set mental feast;
He haunts Arcadian den, night-scented croft,
Is vegetarian, yet wrathful oft;
Styled Rope in Cup, he knows none of the two,
Though both are often not far from his view.
Fifth, is an aidant of a massive frame,
To whom Neat Help I give as present name;
The Afric forest harbors his stout form,
Titanic contrast to the wriggling worm;
On Asian plains the four foot giant strides,
While reason-wanting forms else he derides!
A Noon Rat our effusion its sixth calls,
Although he doth not burrow under walls;
In Orient portions of the torrid zone
He rears his rest-spot, not requiring stone;
Bold, fruits-desiring, he devises plan
To gain his ends, oft braving haughty man!
Lace Pin is useful in a lady's dress,
But is a little quaint I do confess;
Yet 'tis the name that seventh of our train,
Till quite unraveled maze is, must retain;
Attach'd to fish, her potent feather'd frame,
In Afric gains a soft maternal fame.
Her mast, dear readers, think not now of sloop
Well-rigg'd, but sporting off no proper poop,
While we declare we here produce a name
Pertaining to a sharp-tooth'd, rat-like dame;
She is gregarious, burrowing by Rhine,
On many sorts of victuals doth she dine.
So, sylphids sweet, we have herein array'd,
Eight puzzle-presents for fair Columbian maid;
May she be able quickly to unfold
The mystic mantle wherein they are roll'd.

Arithmetical Problems.

1. To fifty, add full two-thirds of a ton,
Five hundred then annex, and when 'tis done,
Add thereunto the centre of a pond;
And, as by virtue of magician's wand,
A city, vast and populous arises,
Whose name may cause, ye wits, some few surmises;
A city, to all Europe known,
Graced as the statue of a female throne!
2. To one-third of six pray add the reversion
Of half of a loaf, and to increase diversion.
Add the end of a storm, two nothing-between,
With the head of a nation, and clear will be seen
The name of a monarch, whose father when young,
Won fame by the melodies which he sweet sung.

Place nothing before fifty-four,
To which add one-third of an ell;
To these annex one nothing more,
And add the centre of a mill;
These, when arranged in line express,
What's often used our hair to dress!

To six add a cipher, and then quick annex,
Fifty-one, and what's twice seen in nine;
And plainly an instrument view, which you know
With others doth oft sweet combine.

Puzzles.

1. It is required to name the quotient of five or three lines of figures (each line consisting of five or more figures) only seeing the first line, before the other line is even put down. Any person may write down the first line of figures for you. How do you find the quotient?

2. Four people sat down one evening to play:
They played all that eve and parted next day.
Could you think, when you're told, as thus they all sat,
No other played with them, nor was there one bet:
Yet, when they rose up, each gained a guinea,
Though none of them lost to the amount of a penny!

A Puzzling Inscription.

PRSVRYPRFCTMN
VRKPTHSRCPPTSTN

The two lines above were affixed to the communion-table of a small church in Wales, and continued to puzzle the learned congregation for several centuries, but at length the inscription was decyphered. What was it?

Riddles.

1. What is that which when complete goes on the garden walk; beheaded, it goes over the borders. When entire, whether large or small, its length is a foot; beheaded, it is more than a yard!

2. What is that which, though it cannot be a cloak, may be a disguise; it is worn by old women, learned professors, and hawks; and which a nobleman thinks it no disgrace to be called?

3. My first is equality, my second is inferiority, my whole is superiority.

4. If you my letters place aright,
They'll tell the present hour:
Change them, they'll show the state of Troy,
When Greece was full in power.
Transpose again, they'll bring to view,
What, when we're wrong, we ought to do.

5. As a verb I move violently,
As a noun I stand still,
I whirl with the cascade,
Or in the race of a mill,
Or I stand in a marsh,
Or live beside a rill.

Answers to Riddles, Charades, &c.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. He has a title. 2. To day. 3. His head turns round.
4. A planter. 5. She brings repentance. 6. Plague—ague.
7. Because it is re-ordered. 8. It makes all men into T-all men. 9. In an-i-mate. 10. The hatchway. 11. A difference, between salop and slop. 12. Spin, snip, nips, pins.

ENIGMAS.

A sword. 2. Echo:

Daughter of Air surely was a dame
Divine, else errs egregiously fair Fame,

Poor Echo! Eros sent a deadly dart
To penetrate thine over-feeble heart;

Narcissus' charms by thee too strong were found,
They changed a beauty to a changeful sound.

The fair Francesca courts of fame a share,
Through tinting sketches with devoted care;

She Echo found by crag where hazels grew,
Near Rowan, Mount Ash, daunting Broom-stick crew;

In tiny dell where sombre shrubs do grow,
Echo replies with accents sweetly low.

So gentle was that voice, its owner pined,
'Tis gentle yet—in answering reined;

When chaunts Francesca, Echo's silver voice
Doth cause the lurking elf forms to rejoice;

Or the sweet sylphids, as they take repose
By the dear presence of the blushing rose.

Apt Echo tenderly replied to strains
Orlando raised through love devotion's pains;

But when he raved, obsequious Echo grew
So sternly loud, she roused the sylvan crew;

Thus, tender-toned or thunder-voiced is shade
Of one once charming as celestial maid!

3. A bed.

CHARADES.

Friend-ship.

TRANSPPOSITION.

Rat, Tar, Art.



Respectfully yours
S. S. Fitch

Samuel S. Fitch, A.M., M.D.

AMIDST the throng of public men who have chosen New York for the theatre of their labors, there is not one who has attained a wider celebrity than the original of the portrait which we present to our readers. If mankind had never sinned there would then be no necessity for the labors of the physician, for the simple reason, that there would have been no crime, and consequently, no entailment of sickness and misery upon future generations. But it was otherwise ordained; and, therefore, as there was disease, sickness, and death afflicting mankind, so the requirements of aid became evident, and from necessity arose the Science of Medicine. Oral tradition and mythological mysteries have enveloped its past history in such doubt, that we are unable to determine as to the claims of Melampus of Argos, Zoroaster or Hermes, as to the right of priority to the title of first physician; but, it is certain, that the science of medicine was the first science practised, and it would seem to be almost co-eval with the creation itself. How many bright names have ranked beneath its banners since then? How many have attained immortal fame for their beneficial discoveries? Poets have honored them in song, witness the writings of Homer and Virgil. Kings have given their daughters in marriage, as in the case of Prætus's daughter who was betrothed to Melampus of Argos. Mythology classifies Apollo, Hygeia, Æglè and Panacea among its divinities. Great schools like those of Rhodes and Cnidus were founded in honor of its members, and here flocked the young men of Greece to listen to the teachings of Pythagoras, Esculapius and Empedocles. The labors of such men have no doubt greatly added to the advancement of our day, and the writings of Galen and Hippocrates are as much text books as those of Watson and Wood. It is idle nonsense for men to condemn the utility of such a science as that of Medicine to decry its power, and scoff at the labors of its devotees. There is perhaps no profession where the obligations that rest upon its members are so sacred, no class of men that are more useful; and, we believe, that if more attention were given to their writings, and if they themselves would avoid all Latin phraseology and learned technicalities, the knowledge, health, and physical strength of mankind would be greatly increased. Byron aptly says:

"This is the way physicians mend or end us,
 Secundum artem—but although we sneer
 In health—when sick, we call them to attend us
 Without the least propensity to jeer."

And there can be no doubt that the greater our knowledge of the principle of the profession, the greater our happiness will be increased.

Among the profession of the present day, who have, by their talents and industry, contributed to the resources of the curative art, stands eminently Dr. S. S. Fitch. He was born at Plattsburg, New York. After receiving an excellent classical education, and though quite young, he repaired to Philadelphia to complete his medical profession. He graduated in medicine, obtaining the highest honors of his class. Once prepared to enter public life, few men ever gained a reputation more rapidly;—by his lectures upon "Popular Medicine;"—by his works upon the "Laws of Life;"—by his able controversies, with new theorists and by his immense and extended practice. His reputation has not, however, been the labor of a day, as will be seen, for he carried on a practice created by two generations of his ancestors.

He spent about ten years in Philadelphia, closely and carefully pursuing his studies, after which he visited the different States, spending much time with the Indian tribes. In 1836 he visited Europe, and during six years much of his time was spent in the hospitals of London, Paris and Germany. In 1842 he commenced delivering his celebrated lectures on the Causes and Cure of Consumption; on the Loss of Life, showing by obvious and easily understood rules, how human life may be extended far beyond the present average. His

lectures won all hearers by their truthfulness and common sensibility. In 1845, Dr. S. S. Fitch visited this city, and published his lecture on these subjects, which met with wonderful success. They inspired confidence, joy, hope and courage among their readers, and circulated largely both in this country and in Europe. These lectures have passed through over twenty editions, between one and two hundred thousand copies have been already sold. He has treated the immense number of forty-five thousand people, and the record of these cases fill one hundred and seventy-five large volumes. A success so immense as this can never be attained without creating envy and jealousy, and also, many imitators of his system. Perhaps no greater compliment can be paid to him, than by the numerous impostors throughout the country who represent themselves as being connected with Dr. S. S. Fitch, whether as partners, sons, nephews or students. The Dr. himself continues his practice as heretofore, and we trust that he may long continue to dispense the benefits of a judicious and successful one.

The Hunter in Australia.

PERHAPS there is no object in wild life to be seen more interesting than an Austral aborigine in search of his game. With all his natural instincts awakened, his appetites sharpened by want, and his self-esteem excited by the desire to excel, let us endeavor to reproduce him as we saw him hunting the kangaroo.

He was a young man, perhaps from twenty to twenty-five, more slender than athletic, and the muscles of his limbs as hard as India-rubber. He might be considered rather good-looking for a savage, although his qualities in that respect were still very inferior. His mode of sacrificing to the Graces was very different from that of a white man-of-fashion; pipe-clay and red ochre, or burnt clay, fulfilling all the ornamental purposes deemed requisite for the adornment of his person. Round his middle was wound in several folds a girdle of opossum-fur, of about an inch in thickness, into which were inserted his boomerang, tomahawk, and a short, heavy stick, to throw at any smaller animals which he might see perched upon the branches of the trees. In his hands were his throwing-stick, and several spears, pointed in two or three different ways, so as to be suikable either for the purposes of war, for hunting, or fishing. Over his shoulders was a kangaroo-skin cloak when he first started, but this was shortly afterwards doffed as an encumbrance.

As he started out before his wives, thus equipped, his whole frame became animated, and seemed, by

the restless elasticity of its motions, to be imbued with a new power, as compared with the dull and languid appearance by which it had hitherto been characterised. His eyes, apparently naturally heavy, became bright, and never for a single moment rested on one object. He moved with a quick, noiseless, and stealthy pace, glancing from side to side in an uneasy manner, as if his own life was encompassed with danger, rather than he wishing to compass the life of another. Nothing escaped his sight. The skies, the earth, the trees, all were embraced within the rigid scrutiny of his eye; and from circumstances to a white man the most insignificant, evident deductions were made, with a rapidity of intelligence which nothing but long habit could have produced. What he did was done mostly by the movement of his eyes, his head being held erect, whilst he proceeded with the same uncertain and stealthy pace.

At length his step is arrested. He stands as immovable as a statue, and scarcely distinguishable from the charred stumps of the trees by which he is surrounded. His eyes roll from side to side, the whites of them being recognised, at a considerable distance, in a state of rapid motion. Nothing else, however, moves—not even his wives, who, at some distance behind him, have been watching his motions, and have now fallen to the ground, as if they had been struck with a thunderbolt. Their children, like mole hillocks of brown earth, cower by them, when a low whistle from one of their number intimates the joyful intelligence that she sees a kangaroo not far from her husband. Meanwhile, the animal is standing erect upon his hind-legs, and looking watchfully around in case of any alarm; but, being re-assured, it drops upon its fore-paws, makes a leap or two, and quietly commences feeding again. All this while, the aborigine has stood as if he had been transfixed to the earth, nor does he move until the object of his chase has twice or thrice listened again, and finally abandoned itself to its provender in the perfect confidence of security. It is now the hunter's turn again; and, without moving his body, he manages to fix his spear in his wommora, and raises his arms in the position of throwing, from which he never takes them until the kangaroo dies or takes to flight.

All now being in readiness, he watches his opportunity to steal slowly upon his prey, no other parts of his body moving but his legs. The kangaroo, however, is again alarmed, and rises to look round. Behold the savage again, fixed in his position, as motionless as a stone! There he stands, no matter how long, until the animal is again assured of its safety, and once more commences to nibble the herbage. Again the wary native advances, and so on for several times, until his spear penetrates the devoted beast, when the woods reverberate the shouts of the women and children, who all join pell-mell in the destruction of the animal. This being accomplished, it is carried to some convenient resting-place, where it is cut up and enjoyed with a relish worthy of the patience, skill, and dexterity displayed in its capture and death.

Without having witnessed the above scene, it would be impossible to conceive the consummate art which the native exhibits in his cautious advances, and the perfect repose with which his whole frame is pervaded when the kangaroo evinces the slightest degree of alarm. The gracefulness of his motions, too, is unequalled by anything we have ever seen in the whole science of calisthenics; whilst the energy that concentrates itself in a position, in an instant, calls forth admiration, in spite of ourselves. The native mode of tracking a kangaroo, however, is beyond all other kinds of hunting that which rises highest in the admiration of the aborigines themselves. It is here that the greatest amount of skill, endurance, exertion, and perseverance is called into action. The feat is performed by a single native, who starts on the track of a kangaroo, which he follows until he descries the animal. It flies; he pursues until he comes upon its track again. Once more it is off, bounding away before him; and once more he follows it until nightfall, when he lights his fire and sleeps upon the tracks. With the first break of dawn the hunt is resumed, until the close of the second day, and so on to the third, when the animal, wearied out, usually becomes the victim of its pursuer.

After the animal has been taken, the cooking of it is the next process, which is very soon performed. As a preliminary to this, however, a cut is made round the root of the tail and another round the tip, when the skin is pulled off, with all the sinews attached, which are extracted and rolled round their short, thick sticks, so as to keep them from contracting, their future use being either to tie on the heads of spears, or to make cloaks and bags with. Then

comes the cooking, which is done by a hole being dug in the sand, in which the fire is kindled. When this natural oven is well heated, and supplied with a large heap of ashes collected from the burnt ember, it is scraped out, and the kangaroo, skin and all, is shoved into it. With the accumulated heap of ashes it is then covered, when, by the application of a slow fire placed over it, it is gradually baked. When sufficiently done, it is taken out and laid upon its back. It is then cut between the fore-arms to the bottom of the abdomen; then the intestines are removed, and the body divided and devoured. The gravy is looked upon as too great a delicacy to be supped by the commoners; it is therefore reserved for the most influential man present of the tribe.

All the varieties of the kangaroo are fine eating, being clear of fat except about the tail, tasting much like venison, and making most delicious stews and steaks, the favorite dish among the settlers being what is called *steamer*, composed of steaks and chopped tail (with a few slices of salt pork), stewed with a very small quantity of water for a couple of hours in a close vessel. The varieties consist of *forest kangaroo*, of a grey color, with longish fur, inhabiting the forests; the *vallaroo*, of a blackish color, with coarse shaggy fur, inhabiting the hills; and the *red kangaroo*, with smooth, short, close fur, of a reddish color (resembling considerably in fineness and texture the fur of the sea-otter), inhabiting the open forests; all these varieties attain the weight of two hundred pounds and upwards when full grown. The *vallaroo* and *paddy-malla* grow to about sixty pounds each, and inhabit the brush and broken hilly country. The *rock kangaroo* is very small, living among the rockiest portions of the mountains; while the *kangaroo rat*, or more properly *rabbit*, is about the size of the smallest of the latter kind of animal, and lodges in hollow trees, hopping along, like the other kangaroos, with great speed, and affording good sport in the chase.

The kangaroos make no use of their short fore-legs, except in grazing, when they rise upon them and their tail, bring their hind legs forward, and go nibbling upon all-fours, pulling up occasionally some favorite plant with their fore-paw, and sitting up bold and erect upon their hind houghs and tail, while they slowly bite and nibble it, shifting it from paw to paw like a boy protracting his repast on a juicy apple. When chased, they hop upon their hind-legs, bounding onwards at a most amazing rate, the tail wagging up and down as they leap, and serving them for a balance. They will bound over gullies and down declivities the distance of thirty yards, and fly right over the tops of low brush-wood, so that in such places dogs stand very little chance with them, but in a clear, open country soon tire them out. The dogs seize them generally by the hip, and throw them over; then fasten upon their throats, and finish them. But few dogs will attack a large kangaroo singly, some of the two-hundred weight size often hopping off with three or four assailants hanging about them; and we hear of one that actually carried a man to some distance. When a dog gets up close to a large kangaroo, it will often sit up on its tail and haunches, and fight the dog, turning adroitly round and round (so as always to face him), and pushing him off with the fore-paws; or it will seize and hug him like a bear, ripping him up with the long, sharp claw on its powerful hind-leg. They are constantly, indeed, cutting, and often killing dogs with this terrible weapon, which will tear out the bowels at a single kick; and a large kangaroo is on this account very dangerous even for a man to approach, when set at bay. The white kangaroo hunters immediately hamstring them when thrown, to prevent injury to themselves or the dogs; while the natives give them a heavy blow over their loins with their *uad-die* (a kind of club), which completely paralyzes their hind-legs.

The kangaroo being now much more rare than it used to be, the natives are driven to a greater dependence upon other animals for their subsistence. Amongst these, the opossum takes the most prominent place. This animal is followed either by day or during a moonlight night, when the sport is wonderfully enjoyed. The marks by which a native discerns the ascent of an opossum up a tree are too faint for the optics of the white man; but to him they at once appear, and determine his proceedings. When he approaches some massive stem which looks likely to be the haunt of the opossum, he throws his arms behind his back, and carefully scrutinizes the bark. He sees something which arrests his eye upon a single spot; then, looking up the line of tree, he discovers the marks made by the nails of the animal in its ascent. But this is not all. He has yet to determine whether these foot-

marks be new or old; and this is done by selecting one which has left a little sand behind it. This is examined, and gently blown upon, when, if the particles are too damp to fly away, he concludes that the animal has recently ascended the tree, and is still there secreted. Out, then, comes his tomahawk, with which he notches the bark about four feet from the ground, in order that he may insert his great toe and take his first step in his ascent. Into this goes the toe of his right foot, when, throwing his dexter arm round the tree, he with his left hand fixes the point-handle of his hatchet into the bark as high as he can reach, and thus gets a stay by which he drags himself up. Having made this step good, he cuts another for his left foot, and thus proceeds alternately right and left, until he gains the hole where the opossum is hid; which being speared out, or smoked out, the native dexterously catches him by the tail, and dashes him against the tree or the ground with such force as to finish its existence.

There are some species of animals which the native hunter catches by surprising them in their seats or burning the bush. When he goes a hunting, nothing escapes his sight. He discovers the kangaroo rat sitting in a bush, and walks towards it as if about to pass it carelessly; but suddenly, when on one side of it, he stamps on the bush with all his force, and crushes the animal to death. Should its celerity enable it to escape his blow, he throws his little thick stick at it, and at once brings it down; however, should he miss it, he pursues it to the hollow of some dead tree, lying on the ground, where it has taken shelter, and where, by the aid of his spear, he draws it out, and soon finishes its existence.

Another very ingenious mode of taking the smaller kangaroos, is to select a thick bushy place where there are plenty of them, and where the bushes are broken down in a circle round the spot where the hunt is intended to take place, so as to form a space of broken scrub about ten feet wide all round a thick bush. It is thus the runs of the ani-

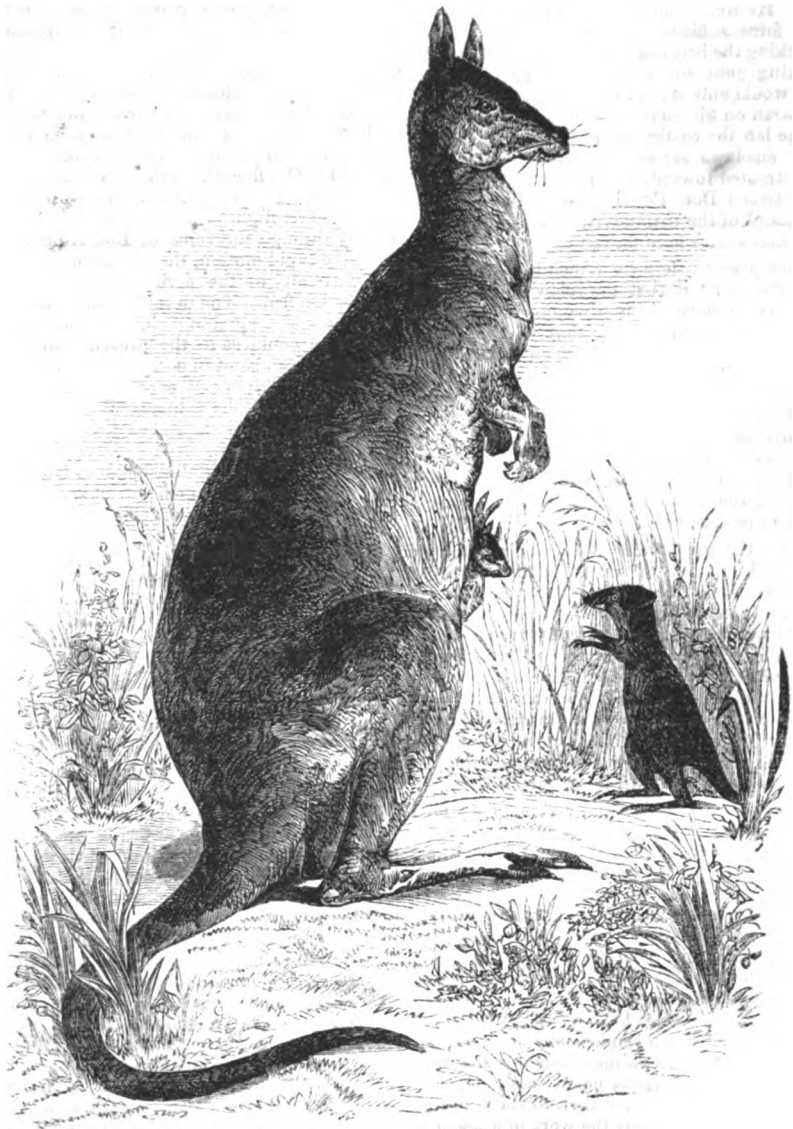
mals are destroyed, the fallen bushes forming a place which so entangles them that they find the greatest difficulty in passing it. When these preparations have been made, the natives fire the bush, and the frightened animals, finding their runs stopped, fly into the fallen branches, where every jump they take upon their hind-legs only involves them in deeper difficulties, until they become an easy prey to their pursuers.

Those animals which burrow in the earth, the natives surprise by seeking out either with their spears or digging for them; and whenever some are taken, cooking commences immediately.

A SPARE DIET.—Dr. TRONCHIN, physician to a former Duke of Orleans, was celebrated for having studied the influence of the moral upon the physical man, the necessity of managing the strength, of proportioning the resources to the means, and the advantage of combating the principle of the disease, by removing out of the way whatever might contribute to cherish and irritate it. Spare diet was almost always one of the first of his prescriptions. "Tis the best way," he said, "to cut off the enemy's provisions: that is already a great point gained."

SULPHUR AND MILDEW.—Sulphur is one of the most powerful of known agents in destroying mildew. It is to gardeners what vaccine is to surgeons. In horticulture, it has been used for many years without imparting a bad flavor to fruit or other vegetable products, though it is now asserted that the application of sulphur to the hop plants proves injurious to beer.

THE ladies among the Esquimaux make necklaces out of icicles, while their ear-drops consist of a pair of snow-balls, and a little hook made of brass wire. Cheap, and decidedly picturesque. This may get to be the fashion yet in Iowa, for a paper of that State says it is so cold there in winter, that they have to saw sweet oil, and split fourth-proof brandy with a hatchet.



KANGAROO AND KANGAROO RAT.

The Bandit's Captive.

The sun was shining brilliantly above one of the fairest landscapes of the south of Spain, as a young cavalier cantered along the undulating road leading to the castle of Don Fernando da Estrella, which stood upon an eminence overlooking the silver Guadalquivir. The cavalier was handsome as well as young, and the richness of his attire and the splendid animal which he bestrode—one of those finely-formed, slender-limbed horses, for which Andalusia was so famous—showed that he belonged to a noble family. Don Alphonso Gonzales was, in fact, the son of one of the principal grandees of Valencia, and expected soon to call Don Fernando, father, by leading to the hymeneal altar his youngest daughter. His heart beat high as the towers of the old hidalgo's castle rose before him, and in imagination he anticipated the moment when the lovely Inez would be folded in his arms.

His disappointment and grief may be imagined, when, on reaching the castle, he found Don Fernando indulging in the wildest lamentations, and the entire household in confusion, owing to the disappearance of the object of his attachment, who was believed to have been carried off by Roderigo Zurbaran, the ferocious chieftain of a band of brigands, who had long infested that part of the country, and who had lately increased in numbers and audacity, owing to the disturbed state of the country, consequent upon the war then raging between the Christian monarch of Valencia and Abdurrahman, the Moslem king of Cordova. That morning, while walking in the garden, she was seized by two of the ruthless band, and the domestics, alarmed by her cries, beheld a troop of mounted and armed men galloping southward with the speed of the wind. One of them bore before him a female, whom they recognised, by her white garments, as their young mistress.

Don Alphonso was overwhelmed with grief and dismay by this intelligence; but he was a young man of dauntless courage and irrepressible energy of character, and he soon dashed the tear-drops from his eyes, and remounted his Andalusian steed, determined to rescue his beloved Inez, or perish in the attempt. He went alone; he could not assemble a mounted force sufficiently numerous to warrant him in attacking the brigands, owing to the hidalgo's vassals having gone to the Valencian camp, and a weak force would only serve to attract attention, and place Zurbaran on his guard. The sun was declining when he left the castle, and the cork-trees threw their broad shadows across the road. The robber band had retreated towards the south, and from the distance between Don Fernando's castle and the supposed haunt of the marauders, he concluded that they must halt somewhere for the night.

At various places where he reined his steed for a few moments, he heard that the robbers had passed that way, having with them a young lady, whose description corresponded with that of the lovely Inez da Estrella. It wanted about an hour to midnight, when he learned at a roadside wine-house that they had stopped there at nightfall, and taken some refreshment, when their horses had exhibited every symptom of fatigue. This rendered it extremely probable that they had halted soon afterwards for the night, and the young cavalier rode forward with the caution necessary for the accomplishment of his purpose.

Presently the grey walls of an ancient convent rose before him, and in an adjacent thicket the moonbeams revealed to him the presence of armed men. He immediately slipped off his horse, the better to avoid observation, and leading the animal by the bridle, crept along the convent wall, by which he was effectually screened. The night was so calm and still, that the voices of the bivouacking robbers were borne to his ears by the breeze, and the foliage of the evergreen oaks made a low murmuring, above which he heard at intervals the plaintive notes of some distant nightingale.

While revolving in his mind various plans for the rescue of Inez, he was equally surprised and delighted by hearing the dulcet tones of her voice on the other side of the convent wall. She was bewailing her abduction, and as she spoke of the grief and despair of Alphonso and her father, her voice was interrupted by sobs. The young cavalier now recollected that Inez had a cousin in this convent, and the next moment he heard the voice of the fair recluse, gently soothing the wretched object of his attachment. He looked up; directly above where he stood was a semi-circular aperture in the wall, and the cousins seemed, by the sound of their voices, to be immediately below this spot. To put his foot in the stirrup, and then to stand upright on the back of his steed, was the work of a moment; he looked eagerly into the convent garden, from the

aperture which has been described, and beheld Inez and her cousin.

"Inez!" said he, in a low voice; and the lovely girl started, and gazed wildly around her.

"Whence came that voice?" said she, as she clung tremblingly to the arm of her cousin.

"Inez!" repeated the young cavalier, and the two dark-eyed maidens looked up, directed by the sound of his voice, and recognised him immediately.

"Don Alphonso!" exclaimed Inez, clasping her small white hands. "Oh, fly, Alphonso! the robbers are close at hand, and if they find you here they will take your life."

"I have come to rescue you," returned Don Alphonso. "I have sworn to restore you to your father, or perish in the attempt. Are there no means by which you can reach this opening?"

"The gardener's ladder!" exclaimed the nun. "Quick, cousin Inez!—help me to carry it."

The maidens disappeared among the shrubs, and in a few minutes returned, carrying between them the gardener's ladder, which was just long enough to reach to the top of the wall. Inez ascended the ladder, and as she was received in the arms of Don Alphonso, who pressed her to his heart, she turned round to bid her cousin adieu, and found her on the top of the ladder, looking through the arched aperture.

"Farewell, dear cousin!" said she, folding the dark-eyed nun in her arms, and then her lover seated her before him, and turned his horse's head in the direction of her father's castle.

He advanced slowly, for he wished to get quietly away from the bivouac of the robbers before urging his steed to a gallop. In a few minutes a musket ball was fired, and a wild uproar rose among the trees, under which the robbers had been sleeping or talking.

"We are discovered!" said Alphonso, and spurring his horse, the animal bounded forward, and galloped in the direction of Don Fernando's castle with the speed of a hunted deer.

The clatter of arms and the fierce cries which followed the discovery that Inez had escaped, told them that the robbers were preparing for pursuit, and the terrified maiden clung closer to her lover as the sounds reached her ears. In the swiftness of Alphonso's steed was their sole chance of escape. The young cavalier looked back, and by the light of the moon saw the fierce band of Roderigo Zurbaran mounting their horses; in a few minutes the clatter of horses' feet rose in their rear, and Alphonso urged his own to increased exertions to maintain the lead. On flew the gallant steed—on came the fierce marauders in pursuit. There was an excitement in the flight that caused the blood to rush swiftly through the veins of Don Alphonso, arising from the rapid motion, the charm of moonlight, and the extremity of the peril from which he and his companion fled. The devotedness of his attachment to Inez, his unquailing courage, and the precious faculty of coolness in the presence of danger, rendered him confident of carrying out his enterprise to a successful issue, and ever and anon, as they flew along the road, he whispered words of love and ardent hope to the dark-eyed maiden whom he supported before him.

But events are in the hand of God. Man may make the best arrangements of which human wisdom and foresight are capable, but when all is done and success seems certain, the merest trifle will frustrate his endeavors and crush his hopes. A spark of fire, a fall of snow, have destroyed the ambitious hopes of a conqueror, and all the cherished plans of aggrandisement that had been nursed for years. A stone thrown, a pistol fired at a critical moment, has precipitated revolutions that have exercised a powerful influence on the destinies of nations. The thoughtless may call this chance, but the thinking Christian recognises in these apparent chances the controlling hand of Providence.

A mendicant, who had laid down at the foot of a tree by the roadside, was awakened by the clatter of the horses' feet and the shouts of the pursuing robbers, and starting up in terror, emerged so suddenly upon the moonlit road from the deep shadow of the cork-trees' spreading boughs, that the horse of the fugitives was frightened, and rearing up, plunged so violently that Alphonso and Inez were thrown upon the ground. Fortunately, neither of them were injured, but the steed was no sooner liberated from the rider's control than he galloped off at a speed which rendered the thought of catching the animal futile. Alphonso was not a man to despair or to lose time in deliberation, when every moment was of the utmost value. One glance he cast behind him, and then caught Inez up in his arms, and bounded down a narrow path which led to a wood. Had the night been dark they might have escaped, but the robbers, though they had lost ground since

the start, owing to the wearied condition of their horses, were still near enough to observe the accident, for the moon was high, and threw her pearly lustre over the road. A loud shout, or rather yell of triumph from the road, impressed upon the fugitives the terrible conviction that their last hope was gone; and looking back they saw the robbers leaping from their horses, and bounding down the narrow path.

"Lost! lost!" murmured the pale burden of the young cavalier; and the increased heaviness with which she leaned upon his shoulder told him that she had fainted.

Alphonso did not yet despair, but made a desperate effort to reach the wood. It was in vain; Inez encumbered his flight, and the robbers now gained rapidly upon him. Only one course remained to him—to die in her defence! With countenance pale as her own, but with resolution impressed in every feature, he placed her on the ground, drew his sword, and standing over her, prepared for the desperate combat. The first robber who came up he pierced through the arm, but the next moment half-a-dozen of the band attacked him together, and his sword was struck from his hand, his arms seized and bound behind him with a cord, and the unconscious Inez lifted from the ground.

"Who art thou?" demanded a dark, athletic rufian, better dressed than the others, who appeared to be their chief.

"One who would have died to save you maiden from such profanation," replied Alphonso, following Inez with his eyes, as she was borne away by two of the robbers.

"Thy name!" thundered Zurbaran, stamping his foot.

"Don Alphonso Gonzales," he replied.

"Good," said the bandit chief; "his father is rich enough to pay a handsome ransom; bring him along, comrades."

Resistance would have been ineffectual, and he wished, moreover, to be near Inez as long as he could. He suffered himself, therefore, to be led up the hill, and on regaining the road, Roderigo Zurbaran took Inez before him on his jaded steed (a sight which was as gall and wormwood to our young cavalier), and he was made to mount another, behind one of the robbers, to whose belt he was secured by a cord, as an additional precaution against his escape. The robbers turned their horses' heads towards the convent, and Inez now gave herself up for lost, for the robber captain had sworn that she should be his mistress, and now declared that he would not lose sight of her until his mountain retreat was reached. They had ridden some distance when a halt was called, the reason of which was presently explained by the sounding of a trumpet, and the appearance of a large body of Moorish cavalry.

"Break and scatter!" cried Roderigo Zurbaran, and some of the robbers succeeded in galloping off; but most of them were surrounded by the Moors, and made prisoners.

Inez was taken away from her abductor, and the arms of Don Alphonso being unbound, they were placed on horseback, and taken with the captive robbers to the Moorish camp. To be in the hands of the infidel Moors was, to the mind of Inez, a fate as dreadful as that from which she had been rescued; Abdurrahman was, in her apprehension, a being to be dreaded as much as Roderigo Zurbaran. But her lover was of a sanguine temperament, and saw in this change of circumstances an interposition of Providence in their behalf; moreover, his mind had received the illumination of the sun of knowledge, and he shared not the horror with which the Moslems were generally regarded. He knew that the spirit of chivalry animated the Moorish kings as fully as the most illustrious knights of Christendom, and longed for an interview with Abdurrahman as much as Inez dreaded it.

When they reached the camp, however, the Moorish monarch had not risen, and never had the hours passed so wearily as they did that morning to poor Inez. At length the martial reveille told her that the camp was astir, and coffee was brought to her by a young negress, of which she partook, and was much refreshed by the exhilarating beverage. An hour afterwards a flourish of trumpets announced that Abdurrahman had entered the tent of audience, and an officer of his household came to conduct her to his presence.

Pale and trembling, with her eyes bent on the ground, and her soul calling on the Virgin for succor, the maiden found herself standing before the dark-visaged Abdurrahman. Her loveliness elicited an ejaculatory expression of admiration from the Moorish monarch, and the steadfast gaze which he fixed upon her recalled the color to her pale cheeks.

"How comest thou, maiden, in the hands of those marauders?" he inquired.

"They attacked my father's castle, sire," replied Inez. "His retainers are in the camp of the king of Valencia, and there was none to resist them."

"And the cavalier with thee?" said Abdurrahman. "Is he thy brother?"

"I have no brother, sire," returned Inez, a deep blush suffusing her cheeks, and greatly enhancing her beauty. "The cavalier whom your majesty's soldiers found in the power of the robbers, is he to whom I am affianced."

Abdurrahman's brow was clouded for a moment, for he had hoped to win the maiden for himself; the glow upon her cheek, her downcast eyes, told him that she loved Alphonso, and he was too generous to think of detaining her against her will. He clapped his hands, and on a slave appearing, commanded him to bring the Christian into his presence. Alphonso bowed low as he approached the rich carpet on which the Moorish king was seated, and took the hand of Inez, who instinctively drew nearer to him, as if for protection.

"Christian," said Abdurrahman, "by the laws of war thou art my prisoner, but for the sake of this maiden I give the liberty. Thou, too, maiden, art free; Allah send thee happiness."

He sighed as he thus relinquished his fair captive, who could scarcely believe that the man who had been so much an object of dread to her could be so generous. Alphonso expressed his sense of the Moorish king's generosity on behalf of Inez and himself, but Abdurrahman cut short his thanks by clapping his hands, and giving orders for the now happy pair to be conducted by an escort of cavalry to the castle of Don Fernando de Estrella.

Roderigo Zurbaren and his band were compelled to embrace Islamism, and serve in the Moorish army, as the only means of saving their lives. Inez and her lover reached her father's castle in safety, and were shortly after united; but the lovely bride never forgot her fear-inspiring adventures among the robbers and the Moors, and years after related to her children the heroism of their father, and the generosity of Abdurrahman.

Ney and Macdonald.

ALL readers of history know that Napoleon's Marshals were a body of men who, as a whole, differed from and towered above the majority of other men, in very much the same manner, if not to the same extent, as did Napoleon himself.

In fact, I have always esteemed it one of the most demonstrative proofs of the Emperor's peerless genius, that he was able to select, out of the jumbled, semi-chaotic aggregate, precisely those individuals who could best subserve the special purposes for which he required them.

To the kindlier, softer feelings, Napoleon rarely gave expression in words, though their access was plainly enough visible in his face. But to his approbation of heroic deeds, or his admiring sympathy with high qualities, he did give verbal, though brief expression, followed usually by some more tangible and enduring token of his good-will. An advance in military rank, or the cross of the Legion of Honor, or, may be, both, often were bestowed, on the very battle-field, upon the sub-officer, or even on the private soldier, who had achieved some specially daring or distinguished act under his eye. No wonder that armies were invincible and irresistible, who were moved by such instigations as these. No wonder that such soldiers were enabled to make one moderate sized country, for many successive years, the arbitress and dictatrix of the European continent, with its vastly out-numbering millions.

Among all his chieftains, I think Ney and Macdonald were held by the Emperor in profoundest respect. How it might have been had not Kleber and Desaix been untimely cut off, of course I cannot tell. I know that Napoleon put a very high estimate upon the soldierly abilities of both these chiefs; that he felt for both a strong personal regard, and that he deeply lamented their loss.

But, as the case stood, Ney and Macdonald were two leaders most respected by their master; and I think, moreover, that Ney would have stood *primus inter pares*, even had the two deceased generals survived.

In many other points dissimilar, Ney and Macdonald had one quality in common, and that in an extraordinary degree. Speaking figuratively, in the hinder head of each was deposited a lump of iron, even bigger than in that of Napoleon himself; which being interpreted means, that they possessed a resoluteness, a determination, a tenacity of purpose, a stubbornness of endurance, or a quality combining all these, if there is any difference between them,

which made "backing out" from what they had undertaken, or even hesitating to go forward in a path they had entered upon, a thing to be submitted to on inexorable necessity alone.

This quality in them was not merely a passive principle, but an active one also, and they could communicate the same, by a species of magnetizing process, to the men under their command. Whether it was to move slowly ahead, with bayonets fixed, and without returning a shot, in the face of artillery and musketry, vomiting incessantly a tempest of death-dealing balls upon their serried masses; or whether it was to stand motionless and be delugingly stormed on by the same missiles, or dashed against by successive furious whirlwinds of cavalry charges,—the troops under the command of these chiefs were, in the one case, a rock moving, and, in the other, a rock stationary—in either case impervious and impervious to all influences, save the single one that bade them move or stand still. Or, in the ordinary phrase, "no leaders could hold men under fire so long and so firmly, as Ney and Macdonald."

A most thrilling, and I may add, awful example of this, was presented in one of the great continental battles.

Macdonald was ordered, with a strong body of infantry, to assault and attempt to break the Austrian centre. (This, as all readers of history know, was one of Napoleon's favorite manœuvres, which, in fact, rarely failed of being successful.)

Macdonald at once marshalled his men, commanded them to fix bayonets, and moved forward with them. This was a perilous undertaking, for the Austrian forces were arranged in half-moon shape, the two horns of the crescent being pointed towards the French army. Of course, the centre was the most distant portion of the Austrian army, and his force, in order to reach it, were obliged, for a great part of the way, to sustain a front fire and a cross fire from the two wings. It was a case similar to the recent charge of the "six hundred" before Sebastopol.

On passing between the two wings, the carnage became horrible. Incessant cannon booms and musket rattlings from the front and from either side; men dropping by scores every instant, and the ranks closing coolly up, and moving steadily onward, without firing a return or uttering a sound—it was a spectacle that made the beholder's heart beat fast, and his breath come thick! The leader's voice of command or cheer was occasionally heard clear, sonorous, and un-tremulous as ever, and each successive sound of it was like an additional blow stricken upon red-hot iron—making them firmer, more impervious and impregnable of mood.

While yet some distance short of the point aimed at, the Marshal paused an instant and looked back. A shocking spectacle met his view. A long line of prostrate men—the dead, the dying, and the writhing, groaning wounded—was seen strewn thickly the ground, from the spot where he stood to that from which he had started. It looked absolutely like a road paved with mangled, bloody human bodies. He looked at his ranks and noted that they were grievously thinned—scarce half the original number remained. For once his steel heart well nigh gave way, and he was about to order a hasty retreat. But, a moment later, his native mood returned; he accelerated the advance; in a few moments the point aimed at was reached; the troops poured in one crashing volley, and with loud cheers rushed on with the bayonet; in less than twenty minutes the enemy's centre was broken, and his whole army was in hasty and disorderly retreat.

It was a superb and rarely equalled charge; and I doubt whether another general in the army, with the sole exception of Ney, could so long have held his men amid a fire so deadly, and under such difficult circumstances.

Ney could have done it. He had done like things repeatedly. But never did this indomitable firmness, this iron resolution, come out so conspicuously as in the fatal retreat from Moscow. There was in truth, most desperate need of it. Napoleon acted with his wonted judgment when he made Ney commander of his rear-guard, though it is quite probable he supposed he was thus sacrificing his favorite marshal. But whether any of the army escaped depended much on this rear-guard, and he knew this leader would do all that mortal man could do, for the benefit of the whole.

And he did perform almost more than mortal deeds. Day after day, and night after night, with a freezing, starving, suffering band, he kept at bay ten or fifteen times the number of well supplied, well appointed troops, burning to revenge themselves on the detested foes who had desecrated their natal soil.

I need not detail the history of those days and nights, for all reading persons are familiar with it. Its incidents seem more like fiction than fact; and that he should have been able to break through and surmount such obstacles, so as finally to rejoin Napoleon, appears little short of miraculous.

If any one could have saved Napoleon from the fatal disasters of Waterloo, Ney was that one. But it was not "so written."

With this granite firmness, Ney combined very much of the fiery enthusiasm and extreme excitability of Murat. He had little, if at all, less power to set a body of troops on flame, than the latter, and to impel them forward with an impetuosity which nothing could withstand.

In this combination he had the advantage of Macdonald. The latter could, like the former, hold his men fast in the very face of death, but he could not enkindle in them that enthusiasm which would make them woo peril as a bride.

Ney's fate is familiarly known. In was an infamous deed to execute, as a criminal, the hero, whose life had been spent in the service of his country, under him whom that country had elected as a ruler. It has left an indelible blot on the escutcheon of all concerned in it.

Queries to an Octogenarian.

Did you ever know a "plain cook" who had not formed an "attachment?"

Did you ever know a newspaper correspondent who did not commence with, "Allow me, through the medium of your widely-spread journal?"

Did you ever hear a man "return thanks" without saying he was "unaccustomed to public speaking," or it was "the proudest moment of his life?"

Did you ever see the umbrella again, which you lent for "only ten minutes?"

Did you ever know a dog that was not the wonder of his species, and of the civilised world in general?

Did you ever know any one get farther into the wide, wide world, than the "Tea and Toast" scene, in the first chapter?

Did you ever see a local newspaper without a "Shower of Frogs" or a "Terrific Hailstorm?"

Did you ever get beaten by a good billiard player without his telling you, if it hadn't been for the "flukes" and the "run of luck" he had, you would have thrashed him easily?

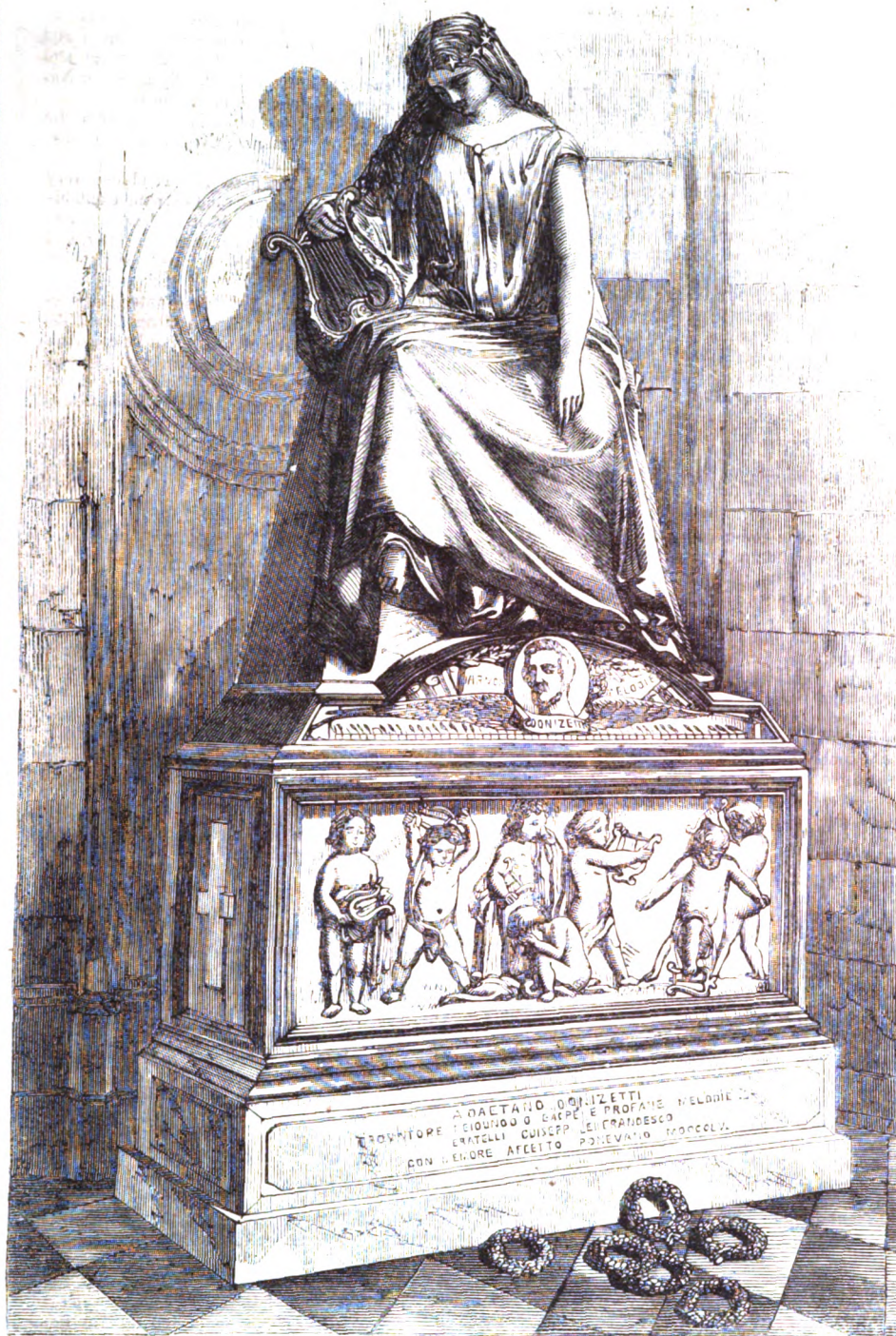
Did you ever get a bottle of good wine at a public dinner?

Did you ever see a *History of England* without the frontispiece being either, "John Signing Magna Charta," or "Alfred in the Neatherd's Cot?"

UTILITY OF OWING MONEY.—An accident took place on an American river immediately opposite a town, many of the inhabitants of which were attracted to the bank of the river to watch the struggles of the unfortunate men, thinking any attempt at a rescue would be hopeless. Suddenly, however, a person appeared rushing towards the group, frantic with excitement. "Save the man with the red hair!" he vehemently shouted; and the exertions which were made in consequence of his earnest appeals proved successful, and the red-haired individual, in an exhausted condition, was safely landed. "He owes me eighteen dollars," said his rescuer, drawing a long breath, and looking approvingly on his assistants. The red-haired man's friend had not a creditor, and, in default of a competing claim, was allowed to pay his debt to nature. "And I'll tell you what it is, stranger," said the narrator of the foregoing incident, complacently drawing a moral therefrom,—"a man 'll never know how necessary he is to society if he don't make his life valuable to his friends as well as to his-self."

THE STRIDE OF A RACE-HORSE.—Mr. J. F. Herring, sen., the celebrated animal painter, states that a race-horse will clear from twenty to twenty-four feet at a bound, and from the impression left on the turf he infers that a horse at full gallop places but one foot at a time on the ground. This, he says, is more convincing to the ear than to the eye. In listening to a horse galloping on a hard road, it will be found accurately exhibited by placing the little finger on a table or a pane of glass, and causing the other three fingers to follow in rotation; by so doing, the precise sound of that of a horse galloping will be produced. Then follows the bound, and again the 1, 2, 3, 4, in regular succession.

DUKE CHARLES used to boast that no man could have less real value for character than himself; yet he would gladly give twenty thousand pounds for a good one, because he could immediately make double that sum by means of it.



MONUMENT TO DONIZETTI, ERECTED BY HIS FAMILY AT BERGAMO.

Donizetti the Composer.

THE town of Bergamo has recently been the theatre of a touching ceremony—the inauguration of a monument erected to the memory of the most illustrious of its children—the composer of *Anna Bolena*, the *l'Etisir d'Amore*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Don Pasquale*, and *La Favorita*—of that Gaetano Donizetti, whom we have all known, and who to goodness and simplicity united a great musical genius. All the civil and military authorities were there, as Donizetti had been composer to his majesty the Emperor of Austria's chamber. This monument, of which we give an illustration, was constructed at the expense of his own family. His brother, M. Joseph Donizetti, who resides at Constantinople, where he is director of the military music of the Turks, suggested the idea immediately he heard of the early death of his brother. After having communicated with his other brother, M. Francois Donizetti, he addressed himself to M. Vincenzo Vela, one of the first sculptors in Italy. When the work was finished, M. Joseph Donizetti sent his only son from Constantinople to Bergamo to represent him and preside at the inauguration. That ceremony took place at the church of Sainte Marie Majeure (where the tomb is placed), in the presence of a great multitude of people; the bishop of the town celebrating in person the divine office. M. André Maffir, the distinguished translator of *Marie*

Stuart, had been the intimate confidant of the design of M. Joseph, and it appears took part himself in carrying it into execution. At least, so it appears from a letter which M. André Donizetti has written, and in which the monument is so well described, that we cannot resist the temptation of giving an abridged translation of it.

"On a truncated pyramid there is the figure of a woman plunged in grief, representing Harmony. Her head, which is crowned with stars, as a symbol of her sacred character, is bending over her breast. With one hand she holds her now silent lyre, whilst the other is hanging motionless in an attitude of abandonment and languor. The sarcophagus is ornamented with three bas-reliefs. The first represents a key-board surmounted by two wings, the emblem of the astonishing rapidity which distinguished this great artist. In the centre is his portrait in a medallion, accompanied right and left with the titles of his most celebrated works. At the base are seven little children, each of whom has lyre in its hand. These represent the seven notes of the gamut, and each of the children testifies its grief by a different attitude. The one cries, the other throws his lyre on the ground, a third breaks it with his feet, and so on.

Below this bas-relief appears the following epigraph:—

'A Gaetana Donizetti, trovatore feconda di sacre

e profane melodie, I fratelli Giuseppe Francesco, con memore affetto ponevano.—1855.'

"I furnished our able sculptor with the idea of these dispositions and allegories. He has manifested great talent in the execution, the principal figure is impressed with a profound and sublime grief. She offers quite a new type of beauty which does not call to mind any statue, either ancient or modern. The perfection of her form captivates the imagination but does not raise in our soul any terrestrial sentiment. The expression is so clear and strong that the heart is penetrated at first sight. In the purity of line, and the grand style of the drapery, Vela has no equal;—the life which pervades the seven children—their grace, even the pencil of Albano has not surpassed. In fact, the *tout-ensemble* of the composition elevates this work to the place of being one of the greatest productions of Italian genius."

Such is the opinion of André Donizetti of this effort of art, which is as worthy of the great composer, whose genius has called it into existence, as it is of the venerative sentiments of his family for the memory of one who seems to have been remarkably beloved by them all.

THE CRIMEA.—The honey of the Crimea is of a very superior quality; the bees, as in Greece, feeding on blossoms of the wild thyme of the mountains, and such flowers as the garden spontaneously affords. Every Tartar cottage has its garden, in the cultivation of which the owner finds his principal amusement. Vegetation is so rapid, that in two years, vines not only shoot up so as to form a shade before the doors, but are actually laden with fruit. They delight to have their houses as it were buried in foliage. These, consisting only of one story, with low flat roofs, beneath trees which spread numerous branches quite over them, constitute villages, which, at a distance are only known by the tufted grove in which they lie concealed. When the traveller arrives, not a building is to be seen; it is only after passing between the trees, and beneath their branches, that he begins to perceive the cottages overshadowed by an exuberant vegetation of the walnut, the mulberry, the vine, the fig, the olive, the pomegranate, the peach, the apricot, the plum, the cherry, and the tall black poplar; all of which intermingling their clustering produce, from the most beautiful and fragrant canopies than can be imagined.—*Lander.*

DIAMONDS.—During a recent lecture on mineralogy, at the Truro institution, Captain Mahmoud, as an instance of the practical importance of being able to ascertain the scale of hardness of minerals, related a circumstance that occurred to a gold digger. This man, when working at the diggings, found a rock crystal, and thinking it was a large diamond, he immediately left his work and went home. He invited a friend to take tea with him, and produced the supposed diamond on the tea-table. His friend offered \$1000 for it, which the digger refused to take. He made his voyage to England, and on arriving in London went to a mineral dealer, and offered him the precious stone for sale. The dealer, however, on trying its hardness, found that it was only common quartz, and after convincing the digger of his mistake, he gave him a few shillings for it, on account of its beauty.

BRITAIN COULD GROW THREE TIMES AS MUCH CORN AS IT DOES.—At a recent agricultural meeting, Lord Stanley mentioned that there are 77,000,000 of acres in the United Kingdom, of which 47,000,000 are cultivated well or badly, 15,000,000 cannot be cultivated, and are waste by nature; 15,000,000 may be cultivated, but have not been reclaimed: that is to say, that of the entire soil of the country we cultivate, well or badly, three-fifths. It is calculated that, by applying to the fullest extent the resources of modern science, we might draw from the land three times the present amount of sustenance which it yields. We feed say 20,000,000 persons with the produce of this country; if the resources of the country were fully developed it would be in our power to feed not 20,000,000, but 60,000,000. This states a most important fact which ought to be always present to our minds; and we should not cease our exertions till the possibility of 60,000,000 persons by the growth of our own soil should have been become a reality.

If mankind in the present day were strictly to adhere to those practices which promote the health and well-being of their minds and bodies, and as strictly abstain from those which tend to injure them, there would be little or no cause to complain that our race is degenerating, and that the men of modern days scarcely possess the sixth part of the strength of their forefathers.



MASTER JACKIE HAVING SEEN A "PROFESSOR" OF POSTURING, HAS A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE OF HIS OWN IN THE NURSERY.

Facetiae.

THE BEST CURE FOR TROUBLE IS LABOR—the harder you work the less you think. Who ever heard of a wood sawyer committing suicide?

A CANDIDATE FOR MATRIMONY.—A farmer down west, in announcing his willingness to take a wife, declares that as he is himself in *clover* he has no objection to take a lady in *wedds*.

VANITY.—I live, according to right reason, says the Stoic; I live to seize the pleasures of the passing days, says the epicurean; I live to contemplate the unchangeable truth, says the Platonist; and all three but live in a vain squirrel-cage-round of vanity.

BAD HABIT.—"Frank," said an affectionate lady the other day, to a promising young American, "if you don't stop smoking and reading so much you will get so, after a while, that you won't care anything at all about work." "Mother," replied the hopeful, leisurely removing a long cigar, "I've got so now."

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER.—You marry the nicest girl you know. You will then have her to preside at your breakfast table, and, unless you are a sad dog indeed, you will not then require any *but* her.

WRINKLES.—It is said to have been satisfactorily demonstrated, that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face! It is thought the announcement of this fact will have a most satisfactory effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles.

COV.—If one of our people in the East be found kissing a Turkish lady, can he be charged with embracing Mahomedanism?

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.—Take a saucepan half full of spring water: put it on the fire and let it heat gradually about an hour. Watch it carefully until it boils; the moment it boils it will bubble. Then put your finger in and you will squeak.

"BILL," said Bob, "Why is that tree called a weeping willow?" "Cause one of the sneaky, plaguy things grew near our school-house, and supplied the master with switches."

A SLIGHT SURGICAL MISTAKE.—*House Surgeon.*—"Ah, by the way, there's Higgins' case; there has been a slight mistake, it was the sound leg cut off!"

—Visiting Surgeon.—"Its of no consequence, we can cure t'other—so it comes to the same thing."

D.D.—A darkey on Staten Island, who pretends to have discovered a cure for hydrophobia, sports D.D. to his name.—Upon being asked why he added these letters, he said—"Kase dat's right—dat's my name in full—Sam Poplar, D.D., Dog Doctor."

THE FIRST DAILY NEWSPAPER.—The *Daily Courier*, first published on the 11th of March, 1702 (nine years before the *Newcastle Courant*), indulged in no "leaders." The "author," as the conductor styles himself, will not take upon himself to give any comments or conjectures of his own, but will relate matter of fact, supposing other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves."

IRISH HOSPITALITY.—A gentleman in Dublin, some years ago, is said to have put upon his table, when a late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and his suite honored him with their company at dinner, a turkey for each guest; and sticking his fork in that before him, commenced operations with the remark of "No ceremony, gentlemen; every man to his bird."

A PATCH FOR MOSAIC WORK.

Sweet is the nectar sipped by bees
From flowering shrubs and blooming trees;
And sweeter still the crystal grains
That flow from India's spicy canes;
But sweeter far, the heavenly bliss
Of youthful lovers' first fond kiss.

JUST ONE SHADE GREENER.—A lady—whilom a *belle* of the north—shopping one day last week, called for some green silk; the piece was produced—that would not do: another, another, and yet another, was brought forth by the salesman, but of no avail; none there among the ample pile that suited the fastidious lady's taste. "A deep, very deep and dark green is what I wish," said the fair customer. The shelves were then again ransacked by the attentive attendant—deeper and deeper still glowed the green, until it emerged into a dark sea-tint—but none had been displayed suiting the lady's fancy. At length fairly out of patience with his customer, the irritated salesman exclaimed—"Madam, I do declare and verily believe that you do not know what shade of green you want yourself!" "I do, sir, right well," returned the fair, fastidious, and witty one, "select a pattern just one shade *greener* than yourself, and I'll take it at once!"



TERMINATING A BLIND EXISTENCE.

THE TETOTAL TOAST-BOOK.—Though there is nothing very jovial in the idea of total abstinence, and it is difficult to get much jolity out of a pump, we do not see why the teetotalers should not adopt the practice of giving "sentiments" when they drink, and thus realizing the popular combination of toast-and-water. We subjoin a few specimens, which will be found suitable to those aqueous associations whose members seem to look upon the garden-engine as the only really moral-engine, and the water-cart as the only vehicle of progress.

A light heart and a heavy water-jug.

May ewers always be mine, and ours be ewers.

May the pump always give us succour.

May the pitcher of strength never want the water of purity.

The noblest works of man—the water-works.

The pump—the only true source of legitimate liquid.

May sorrow find a watery grave.

A fig for my friend, and a pond for my pitcher.

Confusion to the donkey who stops up (by getting his foot into) the plug-hole.

A full water-bottle and nobody to partake of it.

May the good ship America draw plenty of water.

My friend and filter.

May every pipe be put out, except the water-pipe.

The best of all unions—the grand junction.

Water—an excellent fellow in the main.

May confidence always break the ice, and friendship drink the water.

May the tear of sorrow from the cistern of the heart be purified by the filter of affliction, and join the waters of oblivion.

The prudent house-wife, who keeps a full washing-tub, and is never without floating capital.

May the sackbutt always get the sack, and all other butts but the water-butt.

The brightest diamonds are those of the purest water.

May the hand of friendship be extended to every pump that needs it.

Here's to him who is always doing his fellow-creatures a good turn—the turncock.

Confusion to the pride that would keep its head above water.

SECOND NATURE.—Physical force, moral force, and the police force, are all very powerful things; and so is the force of habit. It killed a young gentleman, last month, at Bunbury Academy. He was the only boy left at school in the holidays, and the very first walk he took he split himself, poor fellow, in trying to walk two and two.

FA! FEB! FI! FO! FUM!—The reason why a doctor always feels the pulse is, we suppose, that he should not leave his patient fee(1)-less.

HUMAN FORGIVENESS.—Let cynics say what they will, man is not vindictive. Here for years we have been subject to the daily torture of wearing the hat, and we haven't even preserved the name of the wretch who invented it.

Domestic Manipulation.

UNDER the head of Domestic Manipulation, we propose giving a series of articles on the numerous and essential manual operations that are constantly being required in every family, and which whether they are well or ill done, must of necessity be performed. The term Domestic Manipulation, employed in the widest sense, would include all the manual operations required in a house, but we propose to limit it to such as partake in a slight degree of a chemical or other scientific character; thus the operations of Filtering, Decanting, Weighing, Measuring, Bottling, Corking, Unstopping, Pounding, Heating, Boiling, Distilling, Cementing, &c., &c., will be included; whilst Dyeing, Washing, and Scrubbing, though no less, in strictness, manipulations, will be passed over in silence.

In this, our first article, we propose treating of the manipulations connected with BOTTLES AND DECANTERS, &c., under the following heads:—Cleaning, Drying, Corking, Tying down, Stopping, and Unstopping.

Cleaning.—Perhaps no more effectual and easy mode of cleaning wine and beer bottles can be recommended than that commonly adopted, viz., the use of small shot and water; in the case of old port wine bottles, however, it often occurs that the mechanical action of the shot is unable to remove the hardened crust from the interior; a small quantity of pearl ash or soda, added to the

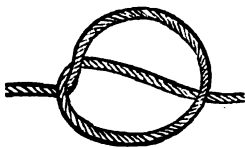


Fig. 1.

water, will soften the crust sufficiently to permit its easy removal; there is, however, one objection to the use of shot for the purpose of cleaning bottles: unless due care be taken, by the violence of the shaking it often happens that several become firmly wedged between the bottom and sides of the bottles, and are not removed by the subsequent rinsings with clean water, and if the bottles are used for acid wines or other liquids, (almost all our home-made wines contain a considerable portion of free acid), the shots are slowly dissolved; and from the metallic arsenic which they contain, as well as from the lead itself, the liquid is rendered poisonous. This effect may be readily guarded against by removing any shots which may have become fixed, by a stiff wire slightly hooked at the end.

Decanters are formed of flint glass, which is much softer and more readily scratched than the common kinds, they require therefore a less rough treatment; in general, warm (not boiling) water, with the addition of a few pieces of coarse brown paper, and if requisite a little soda, will be found effectual; should greater force be required, a small portion of tow wrapped round the notched end of a moderately stiff wire, and used with a little strong soda, will be found sufficient. Sand or ashes should never be employed in cleaning decanters, as they roughen and totally disfigure the brilliant surface of the glass.

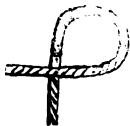


Fig. 2.

Drying.—It is scarcely necessary to speak of the advantages of being able to dry thoroughly both decanters and common bottles; if the former, after having been cleaned, are put away wet, they become musty; and many liquids are much injured by being put into wet bottles. Some of our readers have doubtless experienced the inefficiency of the ordinary means for drying decanters, &c., after draining for some days they still remain damp, and if placed near a fire the warmth merely drives the vapour to the colder part of the vessel; they may, however, be readily and quickly dried after draining, by making them slightly warm and blowing in fresh air with a pair of bellows, which rapidly carries out the damp vapour, and leaves the vessel perfectly dry. If bellows are not at hand, the damp air may be drawn out (not blown) with the mouth assisted by a tube sufficiently long to reach nearly to the



Fig. 3.

bottom of the decanter; in the laboratory a piece of glass tube is usually taken, being always at hand, but for domestic

use a piece of paper may be rolled up so as to form an extemporaneous and effectual substitute.

Corking.—Little can be said with regard to the corking of bottles, beyond stating the fact that cheap bad corks are always dear; the best corks are soft, velvety, and free from large pores; if squeezed they become more elastic and fit more closely. If good corks are used of sufficiently large size to be ex-

tracted without the corkscrew, they may be employed many times in succession, especially if they are soaked in boiling water after, which restores them to their original shape, and renews their elasticity.

Tying down.—The operation of tying down corks merits a longer notice, as without it many effervescent wines and liquids could not be preserved. The most common mode of fastening down corks, is with the ginger beer not, which is thus made:—First the loop is formed as in Fig. 1, then that part of the string which passes across the loop is placed

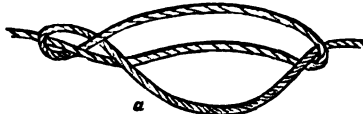


Fig. 4.

on the top of the cork, and the loop itself passed down around the neck of the bottle, and by pulling the ends of the cord is made tight beneath the rim; the ends of the string are finally brought up, and tied either in a double knot, or in a bow on the top of the cork. When ginger-beer is made at home it will be found most advantageous to use the best corks, and to tie them down with a bow, when both corks and strings may be made use of repeatedly.

For effervescent wines, such as champagne, gooseberry, &c., which requires to be kept a longer time, and are more valuable, a securer knot is desirable, which may be made thus:—A loop as in Fig. 2, is first formed, and the lower end is then turned upwards and carried behind the loop, as shown in Fig. 3; it is then pulled through the loop as in Fig. 4, and in this state is put over the neck of the bottle; the part *a* being on one side, and the two parts of the loop on the other; on pulling the two ends the whole becomes tight round the neck, and the ends, which should be quite opposite, are to be brought up over the cork, twice twisted, as in Fig. 5, and then tied in a single knot.

Stopping.—The stopping of bottles is an operation usually performed by the makers; it may, however, be useful to know that badly fitting stoppers may be easily fitted by re-grinding; this is done by dipping the stopper in a mixture of fine sand, or still better, emery and water, replacing it, and turning it backward and forward with a slight pressure; fresh sand must be applied from time to time. When the fitting is exact, so that the stopper turns freely without shaking, the whole may be finished off by using a little fine emery and oil.

Unstopping.—This operation is much more likely to be required than the last one described, for the stoppers of decanters, smelling bottles, &c., from various causes, frequently become fixed, and many are the fractures both of bottles and stoppers, caused by the mis-directed efforts to remove them. In treating of the various means that may be employed, we will mention them in the order in which they should be tried, beginning with the simple and more easy, and passing on to those which are more effectual, and at the same time, unfortunately, more dangerous. The first method, then, that should be tried, is to press the stopper upwards with the fore finger and thumb of the left hand, (the other fingers holding the neck of the bottle,) and at the same time giving the stopper a succession of short, sharp, light taps, with the wooden handle of a chisel, knife, or small hammer; care must be taken not to strike the stopper with sufficient force to break it, and it should be borne in mind that it is not the force of the blow, but the vibration, or jar, which is effectual in loosening it; should this plan be found ineffectual after a short trial, it may probably be from the stopper being cemented by some substance, such as the dried sugar of some sweet wine. In such cases we should endeavor to dissolve the cement by a suitable solvent, which should be placed in the groove between the stopper and the bottle; thus if the stopper is cemented with sugar, gum, or salt, water may be used; in many circumstances, oil is advantageous, or spirit, or even strong acid may be used; whatever liquid is employed it should be allowed to remain some days, being renewed if requisite, and the tapping, &c., should be again had recourse to.

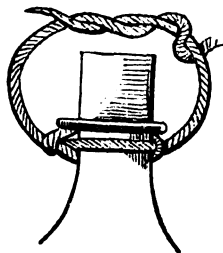


Fig. 5.

Should these methods fail, a piece of cloth may

be dipped in very hot water, and wrapped round the neck of the bottle, when the heat causes the expansion of the glass, and if the stopper be tapped or twisted before the heat has had time to enlarge it, its removal may be effected; this operation must necessarily be a quick one, for if the stopper is heated and enlarged, as well as the bottle, it is obvious that no benefit will result. In the laboratory it is often customary to heat the bottle, not by a strip of cloth dipped in hot water, but by turning it rapidly over the flame of a lamp; in this way there is more danger of cracking the bottle, and the plan is not to be recommended in general, although employed with considerable success by those who, like operative chemists, are constantly in the habit of applying heat to glass vessels: it will at once be seen that the plan is fraught with great danger if applied to bottles containing inflammable liquids, as spirit, &c.

The most effectual mode of removing stoppers, especially those of small bottles, such as smelling bottles, remains to be described. Take a piece of strong cord, about a yard or four feet in length, double it at the middle, and tie a knot (Fig. 6, *b*) so as to form a loop (*a*) of about four inches in length at the doubled end, bring the knot close to one side of the stopper, and tie the ends tightly together on the opposite side, as at Fig. 7, *c*, so as to fasten



Fig. 6.

the string securely round the neck of the stopper; now pass one of the ends through the loop (*a*), and then tie it firmly to the other end; the doubled cord is then to be placed over a bar or other support, then if the bottle is surrounded by a cloth to prevent accidents in case of fracture, and pulled downwards with a jerk, the force of which is gradually increased, it will be found that in a short time the stopper is liberated. Two precautions are requisite, one is, that the strain on both sides of the stopper is equal; the other, that care be taken that when

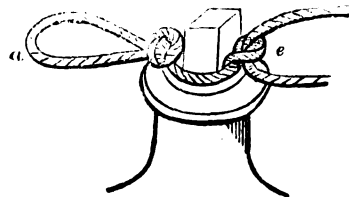


Fig. 7.

the stopper is liberated, it is not dashed by the rebound against any hard substance, which would cause its fracture. (To be continued.)

DEATH AND SLEEP.—Death and sleep—the Angel of Slumber and the Angel of Death—wandered through the earth, locked in a brotherly embrace. It was evening. They laid themselves down upon a hillock, at some little distance from the abodes of men. A mournful silence reigned around, and the evening bell in a distant hamlet ceased.

Still and silent, as their nature is, the two beneficent genii of mankind sat in melancholy embrace, and night descended upon the earth. Then arose from his mossy couch the Angel of Sleep, and shed, with gentle hand, the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening wind carried them to the silent homes of weary laborers, and sleep weighed heavily on the feet of the cottagers, from the old man supported by a staff to the infant in the cradle. The sick man forgot his pain, the mourner his grief, the poor their care.—All eyes were closed.

When all this had been accomplished, the benevolent angel placed himself again by the side of his more solemn brother. "When the Aurora breaks forth," he exclaimed joyously, "then will the world thank me as its friend and benefactor. How great a happiness there is doing good unseen and secretly! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of a Good Spirit! How beautiful our silent vocation!"

So spake the kind Angel of Sleep. The Death Spirit looked at him with a calm sadness, and a tear, such as the immortals weep, stood in his large dark eye. "Alas!" he said, "that I may never rejoice, as you do, in the gratitude of mankind! The world calls me its joy-disturber and enemy."

"O! my brother," replied the Angel of Sleep, "the day will come when, from the long sleep awaking, the world will discover the goodness of its friend, and cover thee with blessings. Are we not brothers, and the messengers of our Father!"

While he thus spake, the eye of the Death Angel beamed brightly with immortal hope, and the brother spirits embraced each other tenderly.—*Krummacker.*

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Obtaining Lithographs by the Photographic Process.
BY PROFESSOR RAMSEY.

PROFESSOR RAMSEY describes a process by which Mr. Robert M'Pherson, of Rome, had succeeded in obtaining beautiful photo-lithographs, specimens of which had been hung up in the Photographic Exhibition in Buchanan Street. The steps of the process are as follows:—

1. Bitumen is dissolved in sulphuric acid, and the solution is poured on an ordinary lithographic stone. The ether quickly evaporates, and leaves a thin coating of bitumen spread uniformly over the stone. This coating is sensitive to light, a discovery made originally by Mr. Niepce, of Chalons.

2. A negative on glass, or waxed paper, is applied to the sensitive coating of bitumen, and exposed to the full rays of the sun for a period longer or shorter according to the intensity of the light, and a faint impression on the bitumen is thus obtained.

3. The stone is now placed in a bath of sulphuric ether which almost instantaneously dissolves the bitumen, which has not been acted upon by light, leaving a delicate picture on the stone, composed by bitumen, on which the light has fallen.

4. The stone, after being carefully washed, may be at once placed in the hands of the lithographer, who is to treat it in the ordinary manner with gum and acid, after which proofs may be thrown off by the usual process.

Professor Ramsey then proceeded to state that the above process, modified, had been employed with success to etch plates of steel or copper, without the use of the burin:—

1. The metal plate is prepared with a coating of bitumen, precisely in the manner noticed above.

2. A positive picture on glass or paper is then applied to the bitumen, and an impression is obtained by exposure to light.

3. The plate is placed in a bath of ether, and the bitumen not acted upon by light is dissolved out. A beautiful negative remains on the plate.

4. The plate is now to be plunged into a galvanoplastic bath and gilded. The gold adheres to the bare metal that refuses to attach itself to the bitumen.

5. The bitumen is now removed entirely by the action of spirits and gentle heat. The lines of the negative picture are now represented in bare steel or copper, the rest of the plate being covered by a coating of gold.

6. Nitric acid is now applied as in the common etching process. The acid attacks the lines of the picture formed by the bare metal, but will not bite into the gilded surface. A perfect etching is thus obtained.

ON THE AURORA BOREALIS.—It having occurred to me that the phenomena of the aurora borealis were occasioned by the action of the sun, when below the pole, on the surrounding masses of colored ice, by its rays being reflected from the points of incidence to clouds above the pole which were before invisible, the phenomena might be artificially produced; to accomplish this, I placed a powerful lamp to represent the sun, having a lens, at the focal distance of which I placed a rectified terrestrial globe, on which bruised glass, of the various colors we have seen in Baffin's Bay, was placed, to represent the colored icebergs we had seen in that locality, while the space between Greenland and Spitzbergen was left blank, to represent the sea. To represent the clouds above the pole, which were to receive the refracted rays, I applied a hot iron to a sponge; and, by giving the globe a regular diurnal motion, I produced the phenomena vulgarly called the "The Merry Dancers," and every other appearance, exactly as seen in the natural sky, while it disappeared as the globe turned, as being the part representing the sea to the points of incidence. In corroboration of my theory, I have to remark that, during my last voyage to the Arctic regions (1850-1), we never, among the numerous icebergs, saw any that were colored, but all were a yellowish white; and, during the following winter, the aurora was exactly the same color; and when that part of the globe was covered with bruised glass of that color, the phenomena produced in my experiment was the same, as was, also, the aurora australis, in the Antarctic regions, where no colored icebergs were ever seen.

FIRE-BRICKS.—Mr. George Noble, of Pensher, Fence Houses, has recently patented an invention, by which it is proposed to do away with manual labor in the manufacture of fire-bricks made from ground clay, by passing it directly from the grinding mill to the machine, where it is made into bricks

ready for the kiln, instead of adding water and making it into a paste, according to the present process. This operation will save the expense of drying flats and coals, now used for preparing bricks for the burning kiln, and will prevent any alteration in form of the wet brick by handling. The invention consists of a combination of hydraulic machinery, for compressing clay in a pulverized state into bricks, and for changing the position of the moulds in which the clay is compressed, so that they may fill and discharge themselves after compression. After the clay is formed into bricks, the sides and ends of the mould recede, and leave them free, without any forcing, which effectually prevents all liability to fracture or damage. A machine with two moulds will produce from 2000 to 4000 per diem. The importance of fire-bricks in the various departments of industrial manufacture can scarcely be over estimated; any improvement, therefore, is deserving consideration.

CLAUDET, ANTOINE FRANÇOIS JEAN, of Regent Street, London, photographic artist, patents improvements in stereoscopes. This invention consists—1. In giving a curvature to the interior of the outer casing of stereoscopes, and in providing them with interior chambers, so as to greatly reduce the reflection which takes place in ordinary stereoscopes, and to shut out from the sight of the observer all extraneous objects. 2. In the adaption of the lenses so as to obviate the necessity of any adjustment to suit observers whose eyes are at different distances apart. 3. In obtaining, by means of an index, the ready adjustment of the foci of the eye-pieces to the three usual varieties of sight. 4. In the application to stereoscopes of a revolving frame or frames carrying a series of slides, whether caused to revolve by hand, or by suitable machinery. 5. In shutting off the sight of the revolving frame while the pictures are being changed, by means of the rising and falling of a shutter. 6. In the use of central parts of whole lenses for the eye-pieces, thus avoiding the distortion of objects.

NOTE ON SOLAR REFRACTION, BY PROFESSOR PIAZZI SMITH.—Amongst other interesting and important consequences of the dynamical theory of heat, Professor W. Thomson having deduced to the British Association the necessity of a resisting medium, the condensation of this about the sun, and a consequent refraction of the stars seen in that neighborhood, Professor Piazzi Smith had endeavored to ascertain, by direct astronomical observation, whether any such effect was sensible to our best instruments. Owing to atmospheric obstructions, only three observations, yielding two results, had been yet obtained; but both these indicated a sensible amount of solar refraction. Should this effect be confirmed by more numerous observations, it must have important bearings on every branch of astronomy; and as the atmosphere at all ordinary observatories presents almost insuperable obstacles, the author pointed out the advantage of stationing a telescope for this purpose on the summit of a high mountain.

WOOD-CUTTING MACHINE.—A machine for cutting cavities, spherical ellipsoidal, &c., has been invented by Isaac B. Hartwell, Woodstock, Vermont. Claim: First, the spherical shell or cutter turning at the same time on the axis of the sphere of which the shell is a part, so as to cut a spherical groove or a convex and concave surface of less extent than a quadrant of the superficies of a sphere, yet corresponding in shape to the convex surface of a spherical section formed by two planes passing through the sphere at right angles. Second, the method of giving a compound motion to the spherical shell or cutter, by means of the tight gear wheel and the loose gear wheel revolving on the axis of the rocking-frame, so as to be in connection with the pinion in all necessary positions of the rocking-frame. Third, the use of circular saws set in an oblique sliding-frame, in connection with the spherical cutter, for the purpose of cutting straight grooves to connect with the spherical grooves at each end of the block of wood.

PLANK ROOFS FOR BUILDING.—For an improvement in plank roofs for building; Samuel Taylor, Petersham, Massachusetts. Claim: making each of the boards of a saddle form, in order that when laid together their contiguous plane surfaces may not only be in close contact, but be so inclined as to prevent water from remaining between them and causing or promoting their decay. Also, the improvement of providing each of the grooves of the upper boards with an inverted metallic or watertight lining or trough.

THE LIVER.—One of the most striking physiological discoveries of the age is, that the liver is not only a gland secreting bile, but a manufactory of sugar.

DAMP WALLS.—Damp walls, to which so much discomfort and unhealthiness is attributable, may be readily prevented by the builder or occupier. In the dampest soil the moisture may be kept from rising into the wall by introducing a course of slate into the foundation; and, even in the case of porous bricks, they may be rendered perfectly watertight and dry, by painting or oiling them externally. If color is no object, a coat or two of the common anti-corrosive paint will effect a cure. If the color of the bricks is an object, one or two coats of common linseed oil, applied by the paint-brush, will render the entrance of moisture impossible. This may be applied, slightly warmed, selecting a dry and warm day. The wall should, of course, be in as dry a state as possible, since, when it is full of water, the entrance of the oil is prevented; even one coating of oil, carefully applied, will produce a very good effect; and, on a second application, (which should be about a fortnight after the first) the filling up of the pores of the brick by the linseed oil will be evidenced by the considerably diminished quantity of oil which the wall requires.

GARNIER, ARSENE LOUIS, of Guernsey, photographic artist, shows an improved process for producing photographic pictures, which he intends to denominate "Système Garnier de Photochromographie Colorée." This invention consists—1. In employing a textile or woven fabric instead of paper to receive photographic pictures; and the inventor having found by experience that photographic pictures are liable to fade away, and that this defect arises from the presence of certain salts or matters in the fabric employed to receive the picture, he proposes, 2. To subject the fabric to the operation of boiling water, which will neutralize, destroy, or remove the deleterious or injurious matter, and prevent them from operating on the chemical substances employed in the photographic process.

MIXTURE OF COPPER WITH IRON.—Dr. Dionysius Lardner says that the admixture of one per cent. of copper with cast iron, while in a state of fusion, was found by Mr. Perkins, the inventor of the steam gun, to prevent its bursting under extreme pressure.

It should be known that a small quantity of vinegar will generally destroy, immediately, any insect that may find its way into the stomach; and a little salad oil will kill any insect that may enter the ear.

Receipts.

A FRUIT tart, French fashion, requires a mould or a tin pan; it must be well wiped with a cloth; butter it; then take the remains of half puff paste, and roll it well, so as to deaden it; then roll it out a size larger than your mould, and about a quarter of an inch thick; place your mould on a baking-tin; put the paste carefully in the mould, and shape it well, to obtain all the form of the mould without making a hole in the paste; put a piece of paper at the bottom; fill with fruit to the top, and bake a nice color; it will take about half an hour baking with any fruit in season; put plenty of sugar over, according to the acidity of the fruit. But if you have no mould, make a quarter of a pound of paste; roll it round or oval to your fancy, a quarter of an inch thick; wet the edge all round about half an inch; raise that part, and pinch it with your thumb and fingers, making a border all round; put on a baking-sheet; fill it with one row of fruit, if large; two rows, if small; remove the stones, and sift sugar over, according to the acidity of the fruit; it will take less time, too, than if in a mould. You see what variation can be made with very little trouble or expense.

FRENCH POLISH.—French polish may be made thus: 1 quart of rectified spirits of wine, 2 ounces of seed-lac, 1 ounce of shell-lac, 1 ounce of gum sandarach, 1 ounce of gum copal, and an ounce of camphor. Pound the gums into powder, and put the whole into a stone bottle; cork it well, and place the bottle in boiling water.

HOW TO LIGHT A CANDLE.—Hold the match to the side of the wick, and not at the top.

STRAW MATTING.—Straw matting should be cleaned with a large coarse cloth dipped in salt and water, and carefully wiped dry. The salt prevents the matting from turning yellow.

BLACKING FOR STOVES.—A good blacking for stoves may be made with half a pound of black lead finely powdered, mixed with the white of three eggs, to make it stick, then dilute it with some beer till it becomes as thin as shoe blacking; after stirring, set it over the fire to simmer for twenty minutes. When cold, it is fit for use.

TO MAKE PAPER FIREPROOF.—Dip paper into strong alum water, and it will resist the action of fire.

Printing.

THE invention of printing, in the modern sense, from moveable letters, has been referred by most to Gutenberg, a native of Mentz, but settled at Strasburg. He is supposed to have conceived the idea before 1440, and to have spent the next ten years in making attempts at carrying it into effect, which some assert him to have done in short fugitive pieces, actually printed from his moveable wooden characters before 1450. But of the existence of these there seems to be no evidence. Gutenberg's priority is disputed by those who deem Lawrence Costar, of Haarlem, the real inventor of the art. According to a tradition, which seems not to be traced beyond the middle of the sixteenth century, but resting afterwards upon sufficient testimony to prove its local reception, Costar substituted moveable for fixed letters as early as 1430; and some have believed that a book called "Speculum humane Salvationis," of very rude wooden characters, proceeded from the Haarlem press before any other that is generally recognised. The tradition adds, that an unfaithful servant having fled with the secret, set up for himself at Strasburg or Mentz; and this treachery was originally ascribed to Gutenberg or Fust, but seems, since they have been manifestly cleared of it, to have been laid on one Gensfleisch, reputed to be a brother of Gutenberg. The evidence, however, as to this, is highly precarious; and even if we were to admit the claims of Costar, there seems no fair reason to dispute that Gutenberg might also have struck out an idea, that surely did not require any extraordinary ingenuity, and which left the most important difficulties to be surmounted, as they undeniably were, by himself and his coadjutors.

It is agreed by all, that about 1450, Gutenberg, having gone to Mentz, entered into partnership with Fust, a rich merchant of that city, for the purpose of carrying the invention into effect, and that Fust supplied him with considerable sums of money. The subsequent steps are obscure. According to a passage in the "Annales Hirsargiensis of Trithemius," written sixty years afterwards, but on the authority of a grandson of Peter Schaeffer, their assistant in the work, it was about 1452 that the latter brought the art to perfection, by devising an easier mode of casting types. This passage has been interpreted, according to a lax construction, to mean, that Schaeffer invented the method of casting types in a matrix; but seems more strictly to mean, that we owe to him the great improvement in letter-casting, namely, the punches of engraved steel, by which the matrices or moulds are struck, and without which, independent of the economy of labor, there could be no perfect uniformity of shape. Upon the former supposition, Schaeffer may be reckoned the main inventor of the art of printing; for moveable wooden letters, though small books may possibly have been printed by means of them, are so inconvenient, and letters of cut metal so expensive, that few great works were likely to have passed through the press, till cast types were employed. Van Praet, however, believes the psalter of 1457 to have been printed from wooden characters; and some have conceived letters of cut metal to have been employed both in that and in the first Bible. Lambinet, who thinks "the essence of the art of printing is in the engraved punch," naturally gives the chief credit to Schaeffer; but this is not the more usual opinion.

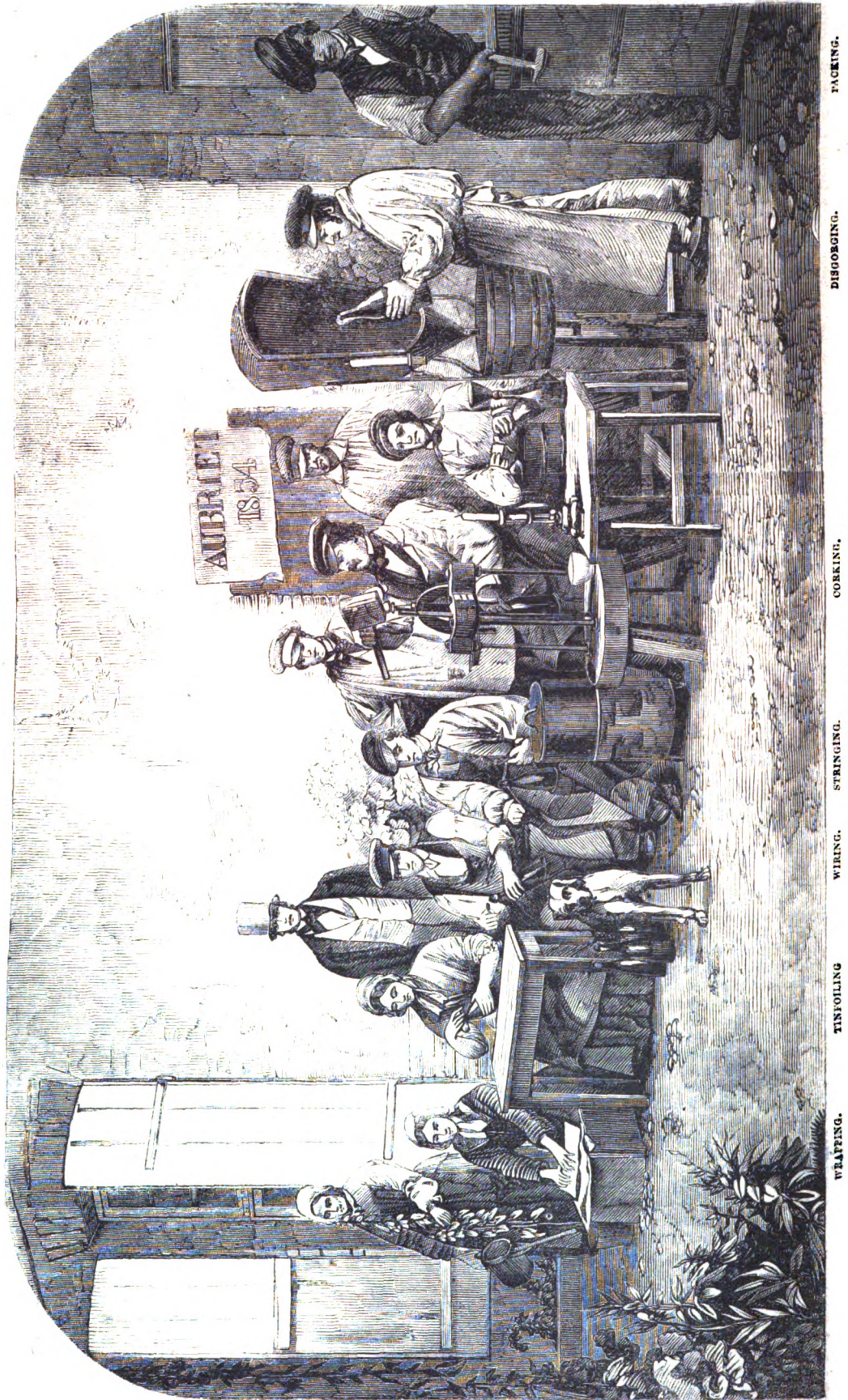
Siberian Sledge Dogs.

THESE dogs are said to resemble the wolf, to have long, pointed, projecting noses, sharp and upright ears, and long bushy tails; color various—black, brown, reddish brown, white, and spotted. They

vary also in size, but a good sledge dog should not be less than two feet seven inches high. Their howling is that of a wolf. In the summer they dig holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in the water to escape the mosquitoes, which in those regions are not less troublesome than one of Pharaoh's plagues. In winter they burrow in the snow, and lie curled

been known to travel a hundred miles a day without being injured by it.

"We drove ours," he says, "sometimes at the rate of one hundred wersts (sixty-six miles) a day. Their usual food is fresh fish, thawed and cut in pieces; and ten frozen herrings are said to be a proper daily allowance for each dog. A team con-



PACKING.

DISCORGING.

CORKING.

STRINGING.

WIRING.

TIN-FOLING.

WRAPPING.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHAMPAGNE. (SEE PAGE 116.)

up with their noses covered by their bushy tails. The preparation of these animals for a journey is carefully to be attended to. For a fortnight, at least, they should be put on a small allowance of hard food, to convert their superfluous fat into firm flesh. They are also to be driven from ten to twenty miles daily; after which, Von Wrangel says, they have

sists commonly of twelve dogs; and it is of importance that they should be accustomed to draw together. The foremost sledge has usually an additional dog, which has been trained as a leader. On the sagacity and docility of this leader depend the quick and steady going of the team, as well as the safety of the traveller."

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

[Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. III.—PART 3.

MARCH, 1856.

18½ CENTS.

'MASKS AND FACES.

(Continued from Vol. III., page 80.)

CHAPTER XL

A weary world was hidden in that heart,
Borrow and strife were there, and it had learned
The dreary lessons time and sorrow teach;
And deeply felt itself the vanity
Of love and hope, and now could only feel
Distrust in them, and mockery for those
Who could believe in what he knew was vain.

L. E. L.

"Well, what do you think of her? She is a smart-looking craft of her size, is she not? Row round once again, Neil, old boy! Look, Frederick, how

she sits the water as smooth as a swan, and yet seems all cut away to breast and bone! You will see how she skates the blue when once her wings are spread!" was Captain Avery's enthusiastic commentary on his own gallant vessel, as for the third time he steered the fisherman's boat around it, to take an accurate view of her outward proportions.

"From stem to stern, she's a one-er, she is!" echoed old Neil, vigorously plying his oar on the smooth and glassy waters of the roadstead, as they renewed their inspection.

"But I should have thought one of those round Dutch-built fellows would have been best adapted for stowage?" said Frederick, though he, too, gazed

with admiration at the beautiful, yacht-like craft, lying complacently at her anchors, while the waters rippled tranquilly around her newly-painted sides.

"Yes, but not for leaving a king's cruiser gnashing his teeth behind while one runs for port, with the cargo to land before they can board us to search for it! How often have I played them that trick," said Avery, smiling at the young landsman's mistake; adding earnestly: "But it is all foolish nonsense, the stories they tell about my fighting with the customs' men off the coast! I am not armed at all for such an encounter; and besides, I should as soon think of lifting my hand against my father, if he struck me, as shooting a gun against my sovereign's flag!"



AUGUSTUS POPELY'S VISIT TO MARY ROURKE.

111—9.

"Yet they ill-treated you under it?" said Frederick.

"But I had nailed it to our mast in three of Nelson's great battles, previously!" replied the chivalrous smuggler; "and when our mast was shot away at Trafalgar, and fell athwart the Spaniard we were grappling with, I ran up the rigging and saved our bonny bunting from half-a-dozen sallow rascals that were tugging at it! Do you notice we are already in fair sea-going trim?"

"As far as I am a judge the bark seems to me, indeed, straining at her anchors like a hound at the leash to be away," said the young landsman.

In a few moments, Captain Avery, climbing his ship's side with the agility of a practised seaman, welcomed his own lieutenant on board the *Osprey*.

It was a brig of about four hundred tons, very rakishly rigged, and in most respects answering to the kind of vessel which would now be called a cutter. Everything about her was evidently adapted rather for swiftness than for strength, to fit her for the hazardous trade in which she was usually engaged. It would have been madness to think of exercising it by the means of piratical violence on the well-guarded coasts which Avery frequented for his cargoes. But he had hitherto managed to elude seizure with any matter of conviction at hand, notwithstanding he was an object of constant suspicion. The *Osprey* changed her outside colours almost every trip, and her name quite as often, excepting in the secret understanding among the crew.

"I shall have her called the 'Caroline' on this venture," he said smiling to Frederick, as he explained this part of his arrangements to elude detection.

The boat was meanwhile fastened to one of the ship's chains, and Simon Neil followed his patron on board.

A part of the crew, Avery explained, was ashore, by permission, for a short revel before proceeding on the New Orleans trip. But seven or eight robust seamen were scattered about the deck, engaged in various preparatory operations. Among these was the second mate, Alick Neil, a fine young seaman of two or three and twenty, who stepped forward to receive his commander with the punctilious reverence of an officer on the quarterdeck of a man-of-war to welcome an admiral.

"Go and brew your father, and all your mates on board, a jolly jorum of the old Jamaica pine-apple and lime juice, and send us some refreshments to my state-room," said Avery. "And harkee, Alick, touch your glaze to this young gentleman, for henceforth, you are to know, he is my lieutenant on board the *Osprey*."

"Has Mr. Leppard packed his duds for good, sir?" exclaimed the young seaman, with eyes that sparkled joyfully.

"I didn't say mate—I said lieutenant, my lad!" replied the captain. "Don't you know I always promised you your promotion whenever Leppard left me, and when have I been less than a man of my word?"

"No, sir," said the second mate, with a crest-fallen look.

"It is really singular how the men do dislike that fellow—yet he is an excellent seaman, too!" said Avery, in a vexed tone, as he led the way to his "state-cabin," as it was called. "I wish to heaven Leppard may find his English friends unwilling to part with him! This is my cabin, *par excellence*."

As he spoke Avery led the way down a narrow flight of steps, in the fore part of the ship, and drawing a massive key from his pocket, unlocked a strong oak door, additionally fortified inside by half-a-dozen iron bars, and admitted his visitor into a cabin of narrow dimensions, lighted by two dismal-looking holes in the walls, that glared like huge Cyclopean eyes on either side.

The foremast, descending through the upper deck, formed the centre of this marine saloon. It was circled with oak planks, that could be raised or depressed at pleasure, and which Avery called his Round Table. "I and my officers dine about it, and have consequently no disputes for precedence," he said, with a significant smile.

The rest of the furniture was extremely simple, consisting of some half-dozen rough wooden chairs, of the pattern generally used in kitchens. A series of berths, divided by bulkheads, and hung with glazed yellow calico, to keep them snug, shelved the chamber. There was a stove and a large iron lamp; but the only article of luxury to be seen was a carpet of a very glaring and unusual pattern, which was likely enough to attract and perplex the eye.

"These are my officers' berths—hammocks are out of fashion on board such luxurious crafts as

mine," said Avery, smiling at Frederick's rather dismayed look. "Come now, confess the truth, lad; you are a little surprised at my idea of a *Petit Trianon* on the waters?"

"Why, indeed, if the Spartans had been much addicted to the sea, I don't suppose the sternest leader among them would have found much superfluous here!" replied Frederick, also smiling.

"I am glad to see you don't look disappointed—that was one of the experiments I proposed to make before I admitted you to share the wild diversions of the kind of life we lead on the waves," replied the captain. "No," he added, with a sigh, "I have hated the sight of everything splendid, or that money alone could buy, since I lost my poor Ellen so dismally—a sacrifice to the demon of gold! But now here you have my sanctum, which no one ever presumes to enter without my invitation!"

He unlocked another cupboard-looking room, but better lighted by a porthole and a bull's eye in the roof. About a third of it was occupied by a hammock, slung from a timber that crossed the deck above. The rest of the chamber was furnished with a few large and massive chests, and articles of furniture of coarse strong workmanship, nearly all fastened to their places.

Frederick noticed, however, as a distinction, that the walls were in a manner tapestried with a variety of curiously-colored old charts and maps, and some rude designs evidently intended to represent tropical scenery, from the fig y lines, and the continued presence of the palm-tree in them all.

There was also two portraits, hung on each side of the bulkhead behind the hammock.

One was a very old mezzotint engraving, of a man of a tall and commanding person, in the costume of a cavalier of the period of Charles II., and who, in spite of the lapse of time and difference of garb, bore so marked a resemblance to his descendant that Frederick exclaimed at once, "The treasure-lord of Madagascar, Sultan Avery!"

"Even so, and the engraving is said to be the work of the royal artist, Prince Rupert himself, who perhaps found something congenial to his own impetuous character in the bold buccaner," replied Avery. "But can you guess," he continued, in a softened and melancholy tone, "who's the other portrait?"

Frederick glanced at it, and a strange thrill passed through his frame.

The picture represented a young and exceedingly fair woman, with an expression of languid health, but one also of subduing tenderness and goodness, which his heart instantly suggested to him was the likeness of his unfortunate mother.

With what singular emotions did this loving-hearted boy, who had never to his consciousness, seen the yet beloved being who had given him birth, stand thus as it were face to face with her, redeemed from the tomb, and still in the prime of her touching and fragile beauty!

"Is it not so?" he said, without saying what. Avery wrung his hand, but neither did he make any explicit reply. Something inarticulate visited his lips, but finding the effort too much for his feelings, he relapsed into silence.

They stood together several minutes silently, gazing at the portrait.

"She was about your age when she died," said the captain, at last, in a choking undertone.

"My poor mother! no wonder my career has been so luckless since even my birth cost her, who gave me existence, her own!"

Avery looked at him! Marvellous human nature! For a moment there was something of resentment and bitter repugnance in his glance. It seemed as if he remembered only, during that brief passage of expression, that Frederick was the son of his successful rival, and who, as he believed, had so shamefully repaid the sacrifice. The feeling was gone in the glance.

"Come!" said he, "let us return to the actual concerns of life. I suppose you can form no guess how, from this narrow and secluded chamber, I control and survey the whole of my ship?"

"Certainly not."

"Behold then!" And raising the portrait of his renowned ancestor, an iron panel, secured by triple and ponderous bars of the same metal, appeared.

"I would engage that no one, with or without pick or crow-bar, made his way through this trap-head until the sleeper within had time to shake off his nightcap," pursued Avery, slowly withdrawing the massive bolts.

The panel slid easily, on pressure, into the massive framework of the wall, or bulkhead, as the partitions of vessels are called. A hole, barely large enough to admit a middle-sized man, and at

nearly the height of one from the ground, was visible. All the rest was darkness.

"This is what we call our blind-hold, where we stow the most valuable portions of our cargoes. It is a false one—beyond it is the real one, with a lying measurement of three hundred and fifty tons over the gangway!—We can carry five hundred with ease, when we like," said Avery. "But even the real hold has a false bottom—false walls—false deck—false everything!—You must not think you have the monopoly of false seemings ashore! You mask yourselves, and we our vessels."

"You cheat only revenue-officers; we cheat our own souls!" responded Frederick.

"Leave these bitter sayings to us old fellows, who have no Carolines to return to, with the treasures of the east as a peace-offering!" said Avery, playfully. "But our extraordinary capacity, compared with our outward appearance, and our swiftness, are what make Leppard so obstinate in maintaining we should make a first rate slaver."

"I am afraid I shall not like Mr. Leppard!" said Frederick.

"He will not care much for that, nor for anything else, provided he makes money," replied the captain. "But here comes Alick with a round of English beef, and a bowl of, I'll engage beforehand, as good punch as ever was brewed on land!"

The younger Neil arrived, as was announced, with the refreshments indicated, all rudely served, but with extreme cleanliness and order.

"Who would think that after the manner of speaking ashore, I am a man worth ten thousand pounds, and that I prefer this spread to the best they could offer me in Windsor Castle!" said Avery.

"It will cost me the whole of it—every penny!" he said, as he and his guest seated themselves down at table, "to fit us out for our expedition? We must trust in Providence, and in our own good luck, for the rest."

The meal was a cheerful one. It was enlivened by the captain's reminiscences of his former attempt to secure his ancestor's treasures, in which ludicrous and diverting details were mingled with much that was tragical and portentous.

The contrast rendered the whole more vivid. It was like a jollification on a field of battle, after a victory, before the dead are interred.

Avery set before his new lieutenant some of the causes of the failure of his first expedition to Madagascar.

He maintained that he and his argonauts had on that occasion discovered the exact locality of the sunken treasure. Its natural features were but little changed since Sultan Avery had depicted them in his charts and drawings.

The natives of the coast where they anchored were a mild though irascible race, singularly friendly to strangers, who in the first instance, without comprehending their design, lent every assistance in its furtherance. They supplied them with abundant and excellent provisions for the merest trifles. Avery himself made good progress in acquiring their language, and with the assistance of the uncouth efforts of Othello, a Madagascar negro, readily conversed with the people.

These inoffensive barbarians, however, cherished the most appalling associations, regarding the Devil's Hall, as the place where the buccaner had concealed his treasure, was still called. They shrank from any participation in the actual toils of the adventurers, and no temptations of reward could induce them to share in them.

The basin in which Avery had deposited his treasure-bales was fathomed by an expert diver whom he took out with him in the expedition. But in the course of a hundred years the coral reef had grown completely over the wealthy store, and, while it assured the adventurers against the chances that the action of the sea might have ruined their hopes, effectually prevented their speedy realisation.

The incrustations of the rock had to be removed, and the process was very slow. It was obliged to be carried on under water, as it was found impossible to drain the submarine cavern.

The adventurers were unprovided with proper tools. Their store of powder for blasting was too scanty, and a portion was lost in an explosion which killed a considerable number of them, and greatly disheartened the rest.

It was found that the sea was infested with ravenous fishes, which nearly destroyed their only skillful and indefatigable diver, whose life Avery saved at the risk of his own. But the diver was so severely wounded as to compel them to dispense with his services for the remainder of the time.

These obstacles, though formidable, might have been eventually overcome but for others raised by the conduct of the adventurers themselves. They

behaved so tyrannously and brutishly among the natives, that finally even those patient creatures were driven into revolt, and rose upon their oppressors in such multitudes as enabled them to make a massacre of nearly the whole number. A few survivors, among whom was Avery himself, with difficulty escaped in a native canoe. The savages burned his ship, and all it contained.

Avery admitted that he was himself greatly to blame in his management of the entire transaction. He had not interfered in the proper manner to repress the excesses of his men. His own temper was in an irascible and inflammatory stage, that ill qualified him to be the controller of rude, but energetic and spirited men. His measures of repression on two occasions stirred up open mutiny, and facilitated the designs of the savages.

All these faults, and with them all these misfortunes, were to be avoided in the renewed attempt.

"I feel certain, Frederick, that my men will both love and honor you, and you shall be the medium between them and me, and order everything in my name. I shall be a King Do-nothing in everything but the actual task of managing the ship and raising the treasure. But I must begin making you a seaman from this very moment, and we will lose no time in arranging the necessary preliminaries for our enterprise. Suppose I season you with a run down to Portsmouth at once, where we can get everything we want commodiously on board."

"But the mate, sir?" Frederick was generous enough to remind the captain.

"Well, we will wait for him till to-morrow afternoon, for he told me he should not, in all probability, be later—and we must not offend him just now," said Avery, whose haughty and mastering spirit seemed in some strange manner to stand rebuked before his mate's evil genius. It was the lion's dread of the boa-constrictor.

It was thus decided. After a day of pleasant and varied conversation with his newly-discovered relative, Frederick selected himself a berth on the quarterdeck of the ship. Like all landsmen, he inclined to keep himself as much above the level of the sea as possible. And there he slept a deep refreshing sleep, and dreamed his dream of the robe of Solomon, and of the kneeling, in an intoxication of love and joy, at the feet of his Caroline, offering her his rescued treasures.

Oh! if he could have known how at that very hour her pure loveliness was almost in the contaminating power of Lazarus Leppard!

Towards morning he had indeed an uncomfortable first interview with him, under the guise of a long, lean, writhing rattlesnake, that in spite all his efforts seemed to be entwining itself with icy flabbiness around his limbs.

A beautiful sunny morning, and the welcome voice of Avery, dispelled this fearful but two prophetic vision of the nightmare. And Frederick tranquilly commenced his studies as a navigator, under the able teaching of his preceptor-captain, at the very hour when the inquest was opened which concluded by returning a verdict of wilful murder against him, in association with a ruffian whose persons and actions had always been the most repulsive and dissonant of his own!

But this worthy personage was as little aware as himself of the fact, when, towards the noonday of Monday, he presented himself alongside of the Osprey in Simon Neil's boat, inquiring in his strong, coarse accents for "Master Frederick Price."

Our hero was very much surprised and startled when he recognised the voice of Patrick Rourke.

Frederick disliked the man for his bad personal qualities, and the shameful neglect he had displayed in the whole affair of the intrigue between his daughter and Augustus Pophly. But he came from Brook—he had probably seen Caroline within a few hours. Perhaps he brought some kind message, redolent of home and its affections—a message of recal—some tidings at least that might excuse the young Ulysses of this treasure-seeking Odyssey for returning to take one more last gaze, one more last farewell, of his soul's beloved! It was plain the object of the visit was none other than our hero, and what else could be the motive?

CHAPTER XLII.

PROSPERO—I had forgot that foul conspiracy Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates, Against my life; the minute of their plot Is almost come.—TEMPER.

A link of episodes—a complication of circumstances. SWIFT.

The interview between Frederick and Rourke was rather a lengthy one. It took place in the young man's state-room, and was tolerated and prolonged by our hero in the hope that he would hear some-

thing gratifying from Caroline. Instead of this, however, Rourke, after he had drunk brandy enough to steady his nerves somewhat, and stimulate his sluggish brain, told Frederick that his foster-father had sent him to find him out, and had promised him a liberal reward if he brought back gratifying intelligence.

"Mr. Price," said Rourke, "sends you an old watch for a keepsake; but that I've got for you, that's worth having, comes from another party."

"A letter—from—from anybody?" exclaimed Frederick, eagerly extending his hand.

"No letter, but a message—and something better," replied Rourke, drawing forth a large morocco pocket book, from which he took a roll of bank notes.

"From whom are they?" gasped Frederick, "just you count them, to see that they are all right."

Frederick complied, and exclaimed, when he had finished, "Fourteen hundred pounds!"

"That's right," said Rourke, trembling violently. "I ought to know—they were counted before my own eyes. It's all honestly come by, and it's all for you."

"To trust this man with it!" exclaimed Frederick, aloud.

The words affected Rourke vengefully. "That's an ill turn for a good office," he said bitterly. "But I couldn't use them—the numbers are stopped, and will be until the young lady gets your receipt."

"Young lady! What young lady?" cried Frederick, greatly agitated.

"Miss Sidney," answered Rourke, tremulously. Here Rourke told Frederick what Caroline had said when she gave him the money. He intimated that the money was sent to indemnify Frederick for the loss of her hand—a sort of compromise to prevent a suit for breach of promise of marriage.

The effect—the stunning, bewildering effect this intelligence had upon Frederick, may, to use a hackneyed but expressive phrase, "be better imagined than described." He tried to convince himself that he was dreaming, but the presence of the coarse messenger, and the money before him, prevented an indulgence in that illusion.

He finally concluded to keep his poor foster-father's watch, but the money he resolved to send back at the earliest opportunity. He endeavored to induce Rourke to take it back, but that worthy declared he had made up his mind never to see Brook again. He saw Frederick lock up the watch and the notes in a closet with great satisfaction, but his chuckling over his success was suddenly changed to consternation when he found that the vessel was under full sail—the anchor had been weighed by Avery during the conference. Avery feared that the messenger from shore was sent to coax Frederick away from the vessel, and he set sail to prevent the scheme from being consummated, leaving word for Alick Neil, and Leppard the mate, to join him at Portsmouth. Now to the movements of our other characters.

Blackader and Sir Richard Graham set off for Brook, much to the annoyance of the latter, who feared that his separation from his spouse would endanger the life of not only herself, but of his expected heir. Had she not been attended by her favorite woman, Fanilda Wildgoose, "who was always with her on former occasions, and whose assistance she preferred to that of the most skillful practitioners," he would scarcely have had the courage to leave her. Fanilda's arrangements for gaining access to the superb house, and securing herself in the position she occupied, were highly skillful and melo-dramatic, but it is not necessary to our history that we should give them the benefit of explanation or description. Poor Sir Richard treated his wife as if she were a princess of the blood royal. He did not know what he had raised her from.

She, indeed, often thought of the absent Malvina—Blackader's Malvina—but her heart was not of the kind that retains any good or kindly impression long. To be brief, these women determined that Sir Richard should not be disappointed in his hopes, and they agreed that the Duchess of Drury Lane—to whose place plenty of poor wretched creatures in order to be rid of the consequences of their own imprudence—were constantly resorting—should furnish them with an infant. In view of carrying out this design, Mrs. Wildgoose forthwith paid a visit to Mrs. Sellshore. She told this lady that she wanted the infant for a Portuguese count and countess, who, out of hatred of a younger brother, wished somebody to inherit their title and estates. Mrs. Sellshore would do anything to grieve or injure a Portuguese, for she hated all of that nation with true Jewish malignity. While they were hatching their nefarious plot in Mrs. Sellshore's

bed-room, a young girl was brought fainting into the shop by an Irish woman who kept a fruit stall near at hand. Mother Sellshore was about to turn her into the street, when she espied a letter clutched in the hand of the miserable creature. This letter was directed to her. She opened it.

"Umph," said she, "it is from one Patrick Rourke, who is little better than a house breaker. And the girl is his daughter. He sends her up to me for a month or two on account of the misfortune she has brought upon herself. She has plenty of money, he says, to pay for anything she wants, and the help I'll give her."

"She comes just in the nick of time," whispered Mrs. Wildgoose, aside to the old Jewess.

And so Mary was carried up stairs and put to bed, still in a swoon.

Let us return to the Osprey, which made Portsmouth on the morning after leaving the Downs.

Avery had explained his sudden departure to the satisfaction of his lieutenant, but Rourke was not so easily satisfied. He regarded it as a "shabby trick," and professed to be almost dead with seasickness. This, however, partially wore away, and he finally requested Frederick to obtain him some employment on board the vessel. Captain Avery concluded to log him for something—either steward or seaman, and Rourke agreed to become one of the crew. He did not yield his pretence of sickness altogether, however, and kept his berth as closely as he could. At Portsmouth he steadily refused to go on shore, which, though it was somewhat remarkable, did not excite any surprise in Frederick or Avery. They had other things to divert their attention from him and his peculiar movements.

Frederick wrote a letter to Miss Sidney, in which he expressed at once gratitude and humiliation at the generosity of her supposed gift, coupled with a sense of unworthy treatment and of unmerited degradation, associated in the notion that such a present could be acceptable to him. He also entreated her to be kind to Mary Rourke, and Patrick's other children, who were now entirely destitute, and he stated, as delicately as possible, yet earnestly, the claims Mary had on the consideration of Augustus Pophly's relatives.

On the evening of the second day of the Osprey's arrival at Portsmouth, Lazarus Leppard, the mate, came on board, but Frederick did not know him. Rourke recognized his sharp, twanging voice in a moment. Frederick was with him in the steerage, telling him of the letter he had written, and what he had said in it of Mary and the children.

Rourke seemed softened almost to whimpering.

"Take my advice, young gentleman," he said with a slight show of feeling, "and don't be going on shore 'till we are fairly out at sea. Don't be asking the reason, either, but there is one, and a good one, too."

"Pooh! I'll go ashore to-morrow, and post my letter, too," said Frederick, carelessly. "But I must go see what that new comer wants."

He went up accordingly, and met the mate, who soon told him who he was. Almost immediately after, Captain Avery came on board, and greeted him coldly. Leppard informed the captain that Othello had been arrested for having smuggled goods in his possession, and was confined in Maidstone treadmill. He was sure—and so was the captain—that somebody had informed against them, and that a custom-house spy was on board the Osprey. Rourke was at once suspected. Leppard advised an immediate run to New Orleans, and the captain told him he would take his advice.

"As for this spy," said Leppard, "I'll take him ashore, and get him drunk, and do all the ship's business ashore that you have left undone. I'll remain here awhile and join you in New Orleans. I'll manage this spy handsomely, depend on't."

Leppard was empowered to collect money due on the Osprey's lately smuggled cargo. It is needless to say that the information as to the Osprey came from Leppard himself. He did not want the vessel seized, but he wanted to drive Avery into contraband trade with America and the West Indies, by convincing him that it was too dangerous to pursue his calling on the English coast any longer.

In pursuance of his plans regarding Rourke, Leppard dressed himself, in a land-man's rusty suit of black, and visited that worthy as a doctor. Suffice it to say that he cajoled the wretch to go on shore with him, and that he took him to a rude drinking house called "The World's End" and there plied him freely with liquor. Let us say, on *passant*, that Frederick's solicitude for Mary, had

so far moved the better nature of her ruffianly father, that he had resolved not to execute Augustus's plan of fixing the guilt of the robbery and murder upon her hero.

In the meantime Frederick had cut the whole oblong of notes into halves, and enclosed that on which the amounts were engraved to Caroline, and the other to Mr. Purday. He explained what he had done in his letter to the former, and placed the three packets in as many different post offices to prevent the chance of the contents being suspected and stolen. It was night when Frederick landed. After transacting his business, he lost his way in the streets of this military city, and went into the "World's End" to be set right. The place was filled with the rudest kind of guests, all of whom were drinking rum and smoking filthy pipes of tobacco. Among these guests was a female child of singular beauty and agility, and of premature sharpness of intellect, who acted as waitress. This was Malvina. The landlord was an old imbecile, and the business devolved mainly upon his wife and her daughter—a tall woman, with a peevish and severe countenance, who was Malvina's aunt, by name Miss Blackader.

While Frederick was taking his spare refreshments at the bar, the little girl screamed for help, averring that the tall, ugly, yellow, bad man (Leppard) who was seated at a side table with Rourke, wanted to kiss her, and had handled her very roughly.

"Let the child alone," cried the woman at the bar roughly.

"I aint hurting her," cried Leppard, whose voice, Frederick instantly recognized.—"I'm only teaching her her lesson a little early in the day."

Frederick instantly approached him, and was amazed to find Rourke with him. Leppard continued to handle the girl roughly.

"Let the child go," said Frederick sternly; you see she does not like you, you frighten her. Let her go."

His manner was that of command rather than of request, and he seconded it by loosening the mate's arms and giving the girl her liberty.

Leppard took this conduct rather coolly, and Rourke cried out "Master Frederick, by gosh, do you know the doctor, Frederick?"

Frederick at once told Leppard's real rank and station on board the Osprey, but Rourke was too drunk to thoroughly understand him, and Leppard excused himself for the trick very plausibly. Our hero seated himself at the table with them, and was about to pick up a newspaper from the table to read it, when Leppard hastily claimed it, and thrust it into his pocket. Frederick, disgusted with the mate's behaviour, began to talk to the little girl in a tone of kindness. His conversation was interrupted by a remark from Leppard so offensive, that he became enraged, seized him by the throat, and threw him upon the floor. Leppard sprang to his feet and drew a sheath knife, but the by-standers prevented him from using it.

"If you have anything further to say to me," said Frederick quietly, "you can come on board the Osprey in an hour," so saying he paid his score and quitted the tavern.

Leppard called for a private room, and he and Rourke adjourned to it.

"The young villain!" exclaimed Leppard, as he threw himself upon a chair, "he won't triumph long. They're after him."

"Who's after him?" cried Rourke, partially sobered by fright.

"Officers. He has committed a murder. I am a detective in disguise, and I have tracked him to this spot from a village called Brook, in Kent, where he committed the crime."

Rourke's surprise was only equalled by his terror.

As Leppard spoke, he placed a brace of pistols on the table, before him, and then, after a short pause, during which, Rourke anxiously looked for an outlet to escape, said, "there are six of us on hand here."

"What are you after meaning," cried Rourke, eyeing the pistols.

"There's a strong case against you here! an account of the whole affair," said Leppard, producing the paper he had pocketed. "You may read it for yourself."

Rourke took the paper, and read the verdict of the coroner's jury in flaming characters—"WILFUL MURDER AGAINST FREDERICK GRAHAM, alias PRICE, AND PATRICK ROURKE."

"You had better turn king's evidence, and save yourself from hanging, Rourke!"

"But Master Frederick had nothing to do with it. I didn't do it either."

"People believe you both did it," said Leppard quietly.

"No! No! It was Augustus Pophly," screamed Rourke in terror.

"Psha; no matter who did it, so that you get out of the scrape."

"What in the name of botheration would you have me do?" asked the unhappy wretch, his eyes glaring like a maniac's.

"Surrender yourself quietly, and confess that Master Frederick is the criminal."

Rourke told about the notes—about Frederick sending them back, about Mary having one of them with the promise of marriage written on it, and then consented to follow Leppard's instructions.

While these events were transpiring the real Mrs. Snodgrass had visited Mrs. Walter Graham, with her children, and had laid a very deep plan for discovering who the Mrs. Snodgrass was that had become Lady Graham. The real Mrs. S. was, it appeared, courted earnestly by Mr. Dalrymple, the rich East Indian. Mrs. Walter Graham was convinced that some imposition had been played on Sir Richard, and she determined to discover and expose it.

Affairs at Brook, after the inquest on poor Brice, were somewhat confused. Augustus would not return to the mill, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of his mother to do so. Miss Sidney kept her room and would see no visitors. She was faithfully attended by the affectionate Julia. Imagine the consternation of herself and Purday when they received Frederick's letter and the notes enclosed! They were completely bewildered by the mystery. Not so Mrs. Pophly—she only saw a further evidence of Frederick's guilt in this new disclosure. When these letters arrived Augustus was at the post-office in F—, in search of a letter. He met Leppard instead. The sailor informed him of Rourke's arrest, and that the ruffian had consented to turn approver against Frederick, and that Frederick had sailed for Africa, never to return. But Augustus's satisfaction was damped, since it was established that Mary Rourke was in possession of his promise of marriage, written on so damning a document. So it was determined that Augustus should trump up some pretext to visit London and endeavor to secure this proof of his guilt.

In vain Mrs. Pophly combated his determination. He assumed an air of firmness that overawed her, and when he told her that he was bent upon joining the bussars, and winning Caroline on the strength of his rank and uniform, she reluctantly gave him her consent and one hundred pounds to pay his expenses.

Leppard carried the news of Rourke's arrest and Frederick's escape to Miss Sidney. The rascal told her that the missing £100 note had been spent by Frederick before the *Hue and Cry* came out, and that Mary Rourke had sailed with him for Africa on board the Osprey.

Purday—who also heard this intelligence—was aghast. "I give up all knowledge of humanity," he said, "and am willing to own that I have lived sixty-five years for nothing."

As for Miss Sidney she became delirious. Dr. Chambers was sent for, Leppard ordered out of the house, and before morning she was declared to be in danger of her life, in the height of a nervous fever.

Meanwhile, Augustus proceeded to London and found out Mary's retreat. He endeavored by every means in his power to obtain the record of his guilt from her, but she would not yield. He then attempted to take it from her by force. She resisted, until he had nearly strangled her, and too frightened, to take advantage of her helplessness, the cowardly villain rushed to the staircase and called loudly for assistance. Mrs. Wildgoose and Mrs. Sellshore entered, and reproving Augustus for worrying a female in such a condition, pushed him out of the room.

Now for the last episode of this chapter of our "strange, eventful, history."

When Frederick left the "World's End" he was followed by Malvina, who said, that she loved him, and wanted him to take her to sea with him, and act the part of a father by her. But Frederick, after giving her good advice, and exacting a solemn promise from her that she would do as he wished her to do until he came back, found his way to his vessel by her direction.

Avery put to sea without Leppard, and made directly for the Island of St. Agnes, where an old friend, and an expert diver, named David Newawas, had charge of the lighthouse. It was Avery's desire to get David to join him in his expedition. And at the Island of St. Agnes we will leave the Osprey and her commanders for the present.

CHAPTER XLII.

My conscience had a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

SHAKESPEARE.

AFRAID to seem to take any particular interest in Mary Rourke's deplorable situation, Augustus erred even in a contrary excess of affected indifference.

He might very plausibly, and perhaps creditably, have shown so much concern in the issue of the sufferings he had precipitated, as to have remained a short time in the house, and have ascertained how it went with the unhappy victim of his lust and cruelty.

Instead of doing so, he came down stairs at such a rate, and made his exit so abruptly, that Rebecca, who had a good share of her mother's prudence, almost imagined he had made a bolt with some article of property.

She flew after him to the door, and had it ten times in her mind to cry, "stop thief!" as he proceeded rapidly down the street, until he turned the corner.

And she would not have been far wrong! He was thief, of the basest and crudest order! A thief of the honor and peace of mind, and all the sweetest affections of the untrammelled heart of the betrayed and abandoned Mary Rourke.

But the robber had little cause to rejoice his plunder. Any one who had seen Augustus Pophly speeding through the now gas-illuminated streets, elbowing and striking awkwardly against all whom he met, heedless of all he saw, pushing on at any price, would have known that he was chased by the officers of justice!

What though they were invisible ones, and wore no sombre uniform, and brandished no heavy staff over his head!

All of a sudden he stopped. He was passing the door of a play-house. A crowd of persons obstructed his way, violently as it was pursued, struggling with one another to enter.

Over an immense play-bill there was the representation of an audience nearly splitting its sides with laughter—Hogarth's "Laughing Pit" repeated. "Jane Shore burlesqued! Roars of laughter every night!"

"Well, that will amuse me! I'll see what it's about, and it will put time over!—Besides, I told the waiter I was going to the play—and if an *alibi* should be necessary!"

He plunged into the closely-wedged mass, and his arrival and impatience, to escape from himself, gave it a stronger impetus. In a few moments he was in a foremost seat in the pit.

There was a blaze of light about him. The people looked all cheerful and in good humor with themselves and those around them, now in the rivalry of the *entré* was over. The band played lively and jocose airs. Yet somehow or other Augustus did not feel much exhilarated.

He came there with a vague idea that it would be useful for him to be noticed as one of the audience. Yet he felt vexed and annoyed when the eye of any casual observer fell upon him.

Was Mary Rourke dying in her despair and desolation, while they sat all so merry there?

This thought recurred to him continually through all the uproarious hilarity of the evening, like a knell sounding in upon a bridal feast. Crime had not yet rendered this young wretch altogether callous.

He dared not make inquiries. He dared not even turn his steps towards Tothill Street. He determined to return to his inn, and have the waiter's evidence in his favor, in case—he knew not what.

It was late when he reached his hotel in the city. The waiter let him in with a sleepy yawn, and joyfully lighted him to his chamber. And he was left alone there with his conscience.

He slept long, but not refreshingly, although he awoke restored to his proper selfish and remorseless nature. He awoke with the dreadful notion, which until the moment had not occurred to him, that as Mary still continued in possession of the promise of marriage, it was very probable—exceeding probable—the persons about her would discover it, and the whole horrible mystery be brought to light against him!

What was to be done? The lesser danger must be braved to escape the greater! He must hasten to Mrs. Sellshore's at once—learn the worst, or endeavor to avoid it, either by bribing the women not to betray him, or to hand over to him the possession of the fatal document.

What he had seen and heard of these creatures satisfied him it would not be very difficult to secure their co-operation in designs however evil, provided he could pay their price.

He had his mother's credit, and what he had saved

from Leppard's rapacity and his own expenses, to offer in bribery.

Off to Westminster he set once more.

"Whether she is dead or alive," he comforted himself by saying as he went, "they are not likely to have yet got hold of it! She is sure to have hidden it very carefully—perhaps in some of the linings of her clothes! Perhaps in reality she had not got it at all. Rourke was likely to retain a document he would consider necessary to his own preservation! What is any one, daughter or not, compared with that? It will be only out of the frying-pan into the fire certainly for me, but he must blame himself and his lies, if so, for Mary's ill-treatment!"

It was a favorite backthrow of Augustus Pophly on his conscience, to pretend his vile actions were the result of those of other people, and fatalism is only the same wicked juggle of ideas generalized.

But reason as he would, he was all of a shake when he reached Mrs. Sellshore's house, and it was only by an effort he could control himself to enter without visible signs of perturbation.

"If she is dead, would they put up the shutters for her? If so, she is alive!" and the thought gave him no encouragement—no satisfaction.

There was only Rebecca in the shop.

"Good morning!—Miss Sellshore, I presume? Bless me! I had no notion I was speaking to such an extremely pretty girl, last night!" said Pophly, endeavoring to assume an air of gallant ease, as he entered.

The girl looked up, but altogether unpropitiated by the observation.

"Please, sir, mother said there's to be nobody at home!" was her reply.

"Not even mother herself, that gives the order?" said Augustus, laboring to smile, and something sickly did indeed play over his pale and tremulous lips.

"She's busy with the young woman, and won't see nobody!" replied Rebecca, with a firmness that denoted her own opinion of the immoveable nature of the decree.

"Oh, well, that don't much matter, my pretty dear! I only want to know how the young woman is? My father, and my mother especially, will be very sorry if the news I was forced to tell her has done her any particular harm."

"It's only killed her—that's all!" said the girl, with a grin, as if she admired her own retort. "Mother says she'll never come again out of the insensible, stupid way she's fallen into, though they've given her lots of nice things to bring her to—laudanum and all, that'll cure the toothache herself, and I am sure I had it bad enough, nearly all last winter, to know what that is!—And the baby's dead, and the sexton wants half-a-crown for burying it in somebody else's grave that's too poor to make any complaint about it! And the parish doctor won't come, because, he says, she isn't a regular parishioner, and ought to be passed to her own place in Ireland—and there's a fine to-do, and we are all at sixes and sevens, and mother says I must mind the shop all day, and not let anybody upstairs on no account!"

"The baby dead!—And the poor girl herself dying?" said Augustus, with a slight pang of remorse even he could not suppress.

"Mrs. Wildgoose is just gone up with the coffin—such a pretty little thing! And she is going to take it to the churchyard round by—I don't exactly know where—but there's a pauper gone dead, and it is his grave the baby's to go into; so he can't make any objection, as it is not for him, and all at the parish expense!" said Miss Sellshore.

"How long has Mary—has the poor young woman—been insensible? Since last night?" inquired Augustus.

"No, she came to after she was attacked, only she went on so raving like, mother and Mrs. Wildgoose were obliged to give her something to do her good. And when she was in her senses again, and they told her it was a little girl, and born dead, she went into such a taking that at last, when she got quieted, she lay like a person dead—and so she is at present, and don't know no one!"

"Could I see your mother?—only for three minutes. I wish to assure her that whatever she does for the poor creature shall be paid for, to any reasonable extent."

Miss Sellshore looked a good deal puzzled at this request.

"Mother said she was to be sure to be out to every one—but, perhaps, she might see you, sir, about that! Here comes Mrs. Wildgoose, with the little *copee*! She'll know better than me."

A stealthy step was heard descending the stairs from the house, at this moment, and a woman in a large cloak, with something under her arm, bustled

into the shop—started, and paused on perceiving a stranger in it.

After an instant's observation and reflection, however, she hung her head down, and attempted to execute a rapid march through the shop, without noticing, or being noticed.

But Augustus would not allow of this manoeuvre. He recognised Mrs. Wildgoose, and stepped in her way.

"How is your patient, ma'am? not so bad, I hope, as I hear from the young lady in the shop?" he said, in tones of compassionate interest.

"Quite, sir! Worse—very bad, indeed! Of course a young girl like Miss S. can't be made to understand things so bad as they are. She is dying, I am afraid!—knows nothing and no one! A dreadfully sad affair! But, Heaven be praised, she will have no little memento of her folly left to upbraid her! You've heard, of course—"

"Yes!" interrupted Augustus.

"I am taking it to a friend of mine, the sexton in—Dear me! I forget the name of the church-

yard, but it isn't far from here. We think it best to remove everything that reminds her of her loss out of sight at once. She is a young mother, you know, sir! Beg your pardon—I am rather in a hurry. But I am sorry, as you seem to take an interest in the poor creature, I have no better news to tell."

"It is perhaps as well as it is. The child could only have been a memorial of shame and misery to her all her life!" said Augustus, adding, with a feeling of remorse he could not quite stifle, "But had she not better have a doctor? My father will, I know, pay anything I agree to—Mary was rather a favorite in our family before her fall, and common Christian feeling—"

"Yes, yes, exactly so! But the expense would be of no earthly use. It's quite up with Miss Rourke, I am convinced," said Mrs. Wildgoose, making a move towards the door. "If she rallies, she'll rally without the help of any doctor; if she don't, no doctor can do her the least good. That's my opinion. But you'll be so good as to excuse me now, sir, as I am sent for, rather in a hurry, to another place."

She was proceeding, when Augustus again detained her, more by gesture than action.

"But I wished to say—It is thought the girl is in possession of property stolen from our firm, by her father and her sweetheart—as, I suppose, he calls himself! We don't want to prosecute her, but—"

"You had better speak with Mrs. Sellshore, sir! I really am in a dreadful hurry—I shall lose my ten guineas—it is to a Portuguese Countess! I assure you, for my part, I don't believe the girl has anything but a few sovereigns which—Excuse me, sir, I can't wait another moment!"

And Mrs. Wildgoose, talking very loudly to overpower a faint little wailing sound which, in spite of all her efforts, came from beneath her cloak, made a dash forward, and cleared the shop at a veritable run.

Augustus plainly distinguished the sound, yet he made open way, and attempted no further delay.

The truth is, the mention of the Portuguese countess brought to his recollection Mary's information about the offers made to her for her infant. He comprehended in a moment that the child was not dead—and its probable destination.

Yet, far from interfering, the unnatural father made way thus readily for the departure of the spoiler. He merely strolled to the door, at a leisurely pace, in time enough to observe Mrs. Wildgoose getting into a fly at the corner, that seemed waiting for her.

He turned on his steps in a far more courageous mood, and renewed his request to see Mrs. Sellshore, in order to offer her such pecuniary assistance as she might think necessary. And this plea proved irresistible with the younger Jewess, who called her mother down with such vociferations that at last the beldame descended, with an angry and flushed countenance, to know what she was wanted for.

"Mary is deprived of her senses, and this woman cannot read, she said!—I can proceed safely," was Augustus's inward conclusion meanwhile.

"I am sorry to hear your patient is in such a deplorable state, Mrs. Sellshore," he said, as soon as the old woman arrived panting before him. "But it is perhaps as well for the immediate purpose I have in view! It is ascertained she has a bank-note in her possession—part of the stolen property—to a considerable value. At the same time, no one wishes to implicate the poor girl in the consequences of her father's crime. If you would take advantage of her insensibility, to find and restore this piece of paper to me; it is nothing more, in

her hands, for it is endorsed in red ink so as to be easily recognised, and is reported as stolen everywhere!—I shall be happy to recompense your trouble with five pounds, and you will besides do your patient a great service."

Five pounds! Mrs. Sellshore was all attention immediately. At the same time, she was a woman of too much reflection and calculation, to jump at once at the bait.

"I ain't seen anything of the kind! What's the note for?"

"It is for a hundred pounds. But it is not worth a single farthing to any but the owners!" said Augustus, impatiently.

"Well, but—it is worth a hundred pounds to them!" replied the good woman. "And besides, sir, I shouldn't be justified in any interference of the kind without a proper warrant. However she came by it, it would be stealing in me to take it from her without lawful authority! And I shan't do no such thing! nor let anybody else—without I see my way more clearly!"

Augustus understood, and rightly, that this meant unless the price of the wrong was raised, she shouldn't think it worth her while to do it.

He doubled the original offer.

"Ten pounds! It is more than the girl's life is worth to disturb her at present, and I'm sure I can't imagine where she has hidden the note, if she has got it! For I have searched every pocket and thing she has—that I might give a proper account to her relations, if she has any, in case anything should happen to her! Them monthly nurses are such drunken, good-for-nothing, dishonest creatures!"

"If even you could ascertain what has become of the note! Come, Mrs. Sellshore, for the poor girl's sake, I will give you ten pounds if you can find out, with certainty, where the note is deposited—and twenty if you hand it actually over to me!"

Mrs. Sellshore could not resist this appeal to her finest feelings.

"Well, I tell you what, sir," said she, "we must give her time to sleep off the soothing draught she's been obliged to take—and I'll take her to task then, and manage so, one way or another, that if you'll come to-morrow about this time, I'll be sure to have an answer for you, on the pints you mention. And be sure you bring the money with you, for I understand it's a ready-money transaction, or I'll have nothing to do with it!"

"But you must promise me, for my poor *foster-sister's* sake, inviolably, that you will suffer no one whatever to look at it until you deliver it to me!" said Augustus.

"Inviolably!" replied the Jewess, with solemnity.

"Especially that gipsy-looking woman!" he said, with a natural dread of Fanilda's superior penetration and knowledge of the world.

"To be sure, sir; she would be certain to cry snacks, if I let on to her! Not but what she's a most respectable woman, and no more a gipsy than you or I is! And there's no fear of her coming back here in a hurry: she is engaged to a grand foreign lady in the country, and it isn't likely she will lose such a chance worrying about a poor wretched girl like this! And, besides, she's done all she can for her now, and been so good as to take the little lad to get it decently interred, and—"

"Lad!" interrupted Augustus; "your daughter told me it was a female infant?"

"And so it was! What am I running on with?" said Mrs. Sellshore, rather in confusion. "Well, sir," she resumed, "I must go back to her now, for fear she wants a drink or anything of that sort, for she's uncommon feverish and delirious-like, talking such rambling nonsense as you never heard on, and saying there's an old watchman, with a knife in his heart, got her round the throat and strangling her! You may well turn pale, sir! I am sure it makes my hair stick up in my cap to hear her, though I've a black velvet band round it, too!"

"To-morrow, then, about this time, I will call!" said Augustus, afraid that his emotion might excite more remark.

He left Mrs. Sellshore's shop greatly reassured, nevertheless.

If he could get the note into his possession, and if Mary would die, how calm, how happy he should be again!

The young villain was not yet aware that there is neither calm nor any other species of real happiness for guilt.

Elated with his restored hopes, he took no particular heed of which way he was going, until he suddenly looked up, and found himself in front of Westminster Abbey.

Pophly knew that this building was one of the great sights of the metropolis; and in a vague ex-

pectation that it would help him to pass over some of the tedious hours before he could feel himself restored to security, he joined some persons who were entering it.

And, true it is, Pophly proceeded under the guidance of the prating verger through the whole extent of the illustrious mausoleum, and that he therefore passed over a couple of hours of time. But the dank, sepulchral smell of the vast enclosure continued to haunt him with dismal associations, and a kind of nightmare brooded over his spirits while he followed the showman about. The moment the circuit of the chapels was made, he posted out into the open air.

Then he recollected he should have need of more money than remained of what his mother had given him in gold to pay the Jewess what he had promised her in the event of her satisfying him on the important point he had given to her solution. His donation to Leppard, and other expenses, rendered it necessary he should make use directly of Mrs. Pophly's letter of credit on her banker.

The latter gentleman had his offices in the city, and thither he proceeded, endeavoring to amuse and interest himself in the splendid and various shows in the shop windows, the public buildings he passed; but nothing seemed to attract his attention much.

He transacted his business, and, richer by fifty sovereigns, was leaving the banking-house, when the name of a street before him suddenly recalled to his mind that he was near upon Sir Richard Graham's similar establishment.

He recollected, at the same time that he had come to town on very different affairs from any he had yet transacted. Also, that his mother had desired him to call immediately on her late lofty guest, and that it would be a good way of accounting for a part of his time to her jealous supervision, if he did so.

There was perhaps some notion—a fancy which had begun to take great hold on his mind—that it was advisable for him to lay himself out to obtain any possible countenance and protection from the powerful. Sooner or later, in spite of all his precautions—he could not well away with the idea—he should have a great struggle to maintain with detection, and it was well to secure every kind of alliance meanwhile.

An enemy of Frederick Graham was already three parts his friend, and a bitter one Sir Richard Graham had shown himself to be.

With these motives at work in his resolve, Augustus turned into Lombard Street.

There was a brougham waiting at the corner. Glancing into it, Augustus perceived a lady sitting there with a smiling and yet anxious expression on her fine face.

He thought he remembered to have seen her at some time previously, and in Brook.

It was not impossible, for it was Mrs. Walter Graham, who had once or twice visited her nephew there with her husband. But she took no notice of Augustus, and he passed on.

Mrs. Graham was probably absorbed in her own ideas. Only a few minutes before she had set down the real Mrs. Snodgrass, and her children, on the long-menaced visit to Sir Richard.

Mr. Pophly speedily ascertained which were the bankers stately premises, and he pushed the lofty swinging doors open, just as it happened, at the moment when another of his late acquaintances emerged with a stranger, from a little apartment opposite, in the counting-house.

The first of these was Mr. Blackader. The second a man of a tall, military figure, fashionably dressed, with large whiskers, and a still handsome, though dissipated-looking set of features. The very picture of a man about town, of good birth, broken fortunes, and dissolute career. The carking, craving expression of an habitual gamester—of a gambler, in short—worked in the lines of his otherwise agreeable and well-made countenance.

"It is all nonsense, Blackader?" he was saying, though in a voice that met only the ear to which it was addressed. "You and the old humbug, your master, have heard of my kick up with my mad uncle, and that's why, after having ruined me, you won't even do me this trifle, which might set me up again for ever!"

"I assure you, Captain Dalrymple, Sir Richard has not the faintest idea I have obliged you as I have! He never deals in such doubtful securities as, I am sure, you must yourself admit yours have always been! And now you have quarrelled with your uncle, you must really excuse me! I have something else to do with my money than to stake it on the chances of a rolling ball!"

"What do you want with money? A bachelor like you?" returned the other.

"To buy myself a wife, perhaps, when I am rich enough to afford it!" said Blackader. "At all events, I don't conceive myself bound to provide the means for your pleasures, captain!"

"Pleasures, my good soul! I tell you, it is strictly a matter of business! If I had only twenty or thirty pounds to begin life with anew, I feel myself so in luck that I am certain I should be worth two or three thousand before morning!"

"If you do indeed feel fate so propitious, I should advise you to set about a reconciliation with your uncle, in the first place, captain!"

"Impossible, my dear fellow, impossible! I have offended him out of all forgiveness, and he is going to marry a little milk-fed widow at Islington, who has a couple of little calves, whom he intends to supply my place in his last will and testament! Come, I'll treble the interest—I'll take twenty as sixty, with pleasure!"

"Can't do it, at any price, sir! Try somebody else. But don't speak so loud—I would not for the world Sir Richard should suspect I had a thought or an object in anything but his business! I was made for him, you know, soul and body!"

"Why then he should be made a little for you! Why, Blackader, if I had all this money about me, day and night—But who is that parsonified, country-looking man staring at, I wonder?"

Augustus, perceiving he was noticed, stepped forward, and courteously shook hands with the managing clerk.

People who think they may want something of you are generally very polite.

But Blackader, recognising the stranger, was even more than equally so.

"Could Mr. Pophly see Sir Richard?—Oh, yes, certainly!—He was sure Sir Richard would be delighted to welcome any of his kind friends from Brook!—He believed he was disengaged, but would inquire. Jenkins, is anybody with Sir Richard?"

"Only a lady, sir—and two children—about dividends, I dare say—You know it is dividend-day to-day, sir!"

"Will you wait a few moments in my parlor, Mr. Pophly? The lady will not be long. I should imagine, for Sir Richard is not very fond of wasting business-time over them?" And Blackader civilly opened a glass door, veiled with green calico, which admitted into his own small but peculiar sanctum.

Augustus stepped in, though he felt restless and desirous to resume his perambulations—to escape from his own thoughts.

"Well, now, Dalrymple," said Mr. Blackader, carefully closing the door, and speaking in a whisper, "though I can't oblige you further until I see how you will meet your bills that come due next week, I might perhaps put you in the way of a good thing. The young gentleman I have just landed is an only son, with a doting mother, who is worth thirty thousand pounds. He will like to see a little of London life, I should think—How should you like to undertake him as a pupil?—Go snacks, and I'll introduce you to him."

"Done!—when?" was the hearty and genial response.

"I'll wheedle him, if I possibly can, to Vert-Vert's this evening. You can join us, accidentally, you know. Or stay, it will be less suspicious if I tell him I have invited you to dine with me there, and get him to join the party."

"You may depend the chance won't be less agreeable to me for the addition of a good dinner—I condition it shall be a good one, Blackader: none of your niggardly spreads!"

"It isn't easy to give one of that sort at Vert-Vert's, captain!—But don't order anything till I come, as perhaps Sir Richard may take it into his head to invite him to dinner—though it isn't likely, in Lady Graham's precarious state of health!"

And Blackader gave a malignant jeering laugh on the words.

At this moment Sir Richard's hand-bell was heard to ring with a violence to which its dulcet silver tongue was but little accustomed—for it made every clerk in the public counting-house look up and stare.

Blackader himself was surprised.

"What's the matter? Have the lady and Sir Richard fallen out?" he exclaimed. "She is going, at all events—and she don't seem very much refreshed with her visit!"

A lady, leading two sturdy-striding boys by the hand—herself apparently a good deal flustered and agitated—walked out of Sir Richard's parlor. Sir Richard opened the door for her, and vociferating in a strongly excited and exasperated tone, "Mr. Blackader!" closed it after her with a bang!

"You're in for something, I should think, old fellow!" exclaimed Captain Dalrymple. "But, confusion take me! if it isn't little Widow Snodgrass herself, and her fine Alderney calves!—I must pay my respects to her!—Good bye; don't forget Vert-Vert—and make it half-past seven, if you can, that we may have time for business after!"

"Gracious me, Dalrymple! do you mean to say this is —" said Blackader, breathlessly attempting to detain his friend.

But he slipped through his hands.

"Yes, yes; Mrs. Archibald Kiddypore Snodgrass herself!—neither more nor less! I am going to see what she is doing with her plump little person here!"

And the captain darted out of the banking-house in pursuit of the widow, who had meanwhile reached the street.

"Ah! my dearest Mrs. Snodgrass! have I really the pleasure of seeing you once again?" was his impudent exclamation, as he thrust himself on the path before her.

"Oh, dear me, Captain Dalrymple!—I don't know you, sir!—I don't want to say anything to you!" said the real Mrs. Snodgrass, shrinking in terror from the unwelcome claimant of her acquaintance; and she was already evidently a good deal shaken and unnerved.

"Nonsense, my dear Mrs. Snodgrass!—Nonsense! I know you better than to think you can be set against me also by the ravings of my old lunatic uncle!—Take my arm, my sweet creature: you really seem all of a totter."

And thrusting her little boy, Archie, with no particular tenderness, aside, the captain seized poor Mrs. Snodgrass's arm in his own, literally by main force, and walked resolutely on with her.

"No, sir; no, Captain Dalrymple!—I have a friend's carriage close at hand!—I don't want any help; be so good as to let me go!" said the poor little woman, who had not the courage to attract the attention of the crowds whirling past, by a more energetic resistance to Dalrymple's impudent seizure.

"You don't mean to say that you trust yourself with that dreadful old madman?—Even out in the public streets—alone? Did you never hear what he did to the Indian lady—the Begum Sattarah, who —"

"Pray, sir, don't tell me!—I don't want to know—I don't want to be hustled along this way against my will, Captain Dalrymple! And you have driven Archie off the pavement, and he will be run over; and—oh! dear me, dear me!—there comes Mr. Dalrymple himself!"

"Does he? So the old woman-hater does! Don't be afraid of him—I'll protect you! I don't care a curse for him, for I know he will never leave me a penny!" returned the crafty captain, wrenching his prey still closer to his side. "Look at him, and defy him, my dear girl, as I do!"

While he spoke, a tall, thin gentleman—wrapped, although it was a warm day, in an overcoat, with a shawl of gorgeous pattern round his neck, and an umbrella carefully arranged in readiness against the most sudden shower of rain that could fall, under his arm—crossed the crowded street, at an angle with Mrs. Snodgrass and her unwished-for protector's advance. The crossing was well swept, but the invalid East Indian picked his way as carefully in his leathern over-shoes, as if it was through a morass. Consequently he had his eyes on the ground until he almost struck against the pair.

"Ah, uncle! in the city?—Dividend-day, ah!" said the audacious captain, sweeping past with his distressed widow, who in vain struggled to free her arm from his tenacious grasp.

The East Indian raised his eyes with a start at the sound of the voice, and what he saw seemed to fill them with sparkles of gold-dust! His jaundiced complexion flushed, and he stood as it were transfixed to the pavement, while the captain whirled past with Mrs. Snodgrass, triumphantly waving his hand in a parting salute.

"Let me go! I belong to that brougham—to that lady there!" now fairly sobbed the victim.

"Allow me the pleasure of handing you in and of accompanying you a few steps!" said Dalrymple, himself letting down the steps of the brougham, and pushing in the affrighted but still unresisting widow.

"What is the matter, Matilda?—Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Graham, as the captain threw, rather than helped, the children in after their mother.

"Don't ask, ma'am!—pray don't ask till we are out of danger!" said Dalrymple, with pretended agitation. "Mrs. Snodgrass is pursued by a madman, who pretends to be in love with her!—Drive on, sir!" he shouted in a voice of authority to the coachman, as he leaped up to into the vehicle him-

self, and closed the door—"Drive for your life!—to Islington—anywhere!"

Mrs. Graham was herself excessively alarmed. Her mind was so completely absorbed with the idea of Sir Richard, and the manner in which he was likely to receive the revelation offered him, that she could not readily dissociate those conjectures from this alarming announcement.

Sir Richard, she thought, had made some out-of-the-way exhibition of anger.

But she preserved presence of mind enough to ejaculate, "Home!" instead of "Islington!" to the coachman, and away they rolled towards St. John's Wood.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The whispered tale

That, like the fabled Nile, no fountain knows:
Fair faced Deceit, whose wily, conscious eye
Ne'er looks direct. The tongue, that licks the dust,
But, when it safely dares, as prompt to sting.

THOMSON.

Meanwhile Blackader himself, alarmed out of his usually cool and crafty wits, conscious that he was summoned, but afraid to face his master, retreated into his little private chamber, whither he had consigned Augustus.

He looked so pale and stricken, that the younger scoundrel, (we apologize to the polite reader for calling people and things too much by their names), arose in consternation.

"Good heavens, what is the matter?" and already it seemed to Augustus that myrmidons of the law, demanding him, had driven the head clerk from his propriety.

"Nothing at all, sir! Pray don't be alarmed!—only a little spasm, to which I am occasionally subject. Sir Richard's bell again! Excuse me for a moment! I will announce you!"

The furious ringing was renewed, and the unhappy managing clerk, compelled, like an unwilling fiend, to obey some powerful magician's spell, made an abrupt exit.

Assuredly Sir Richard's mood was not one in which a person in Blackader's situation would have thought it desirable to enter his august presence.

Sir Richard, arriving latish from Kingston, had scarcely time to read over his first batch of letters, when a messenger entered and announced that a lady, of the name of Snodgrass, requested an interview with him, on particular business.

"Snodgrass!—Snodgrass?"

Now Sir Richard had been latterly a good deal puzzled by the capricious demeanor and fancies of his wife. And in spite of all his convictions in her favor, and really doting attachment to her, he could not prevent the mythic nature of her antecedents from occasionally obtruding themselves on his meditations.

We are seldom slow to believe what we wish may be true. The banker immediately concluded that some relation of his wife's late husband desired to open an acquaintance with him.

It was true that after she had effected her grand match with himself, he could never prevail upon Lady Graham to attempt any reconciliation with her relations. "They had scorned, they had utterly neglected her in her adversity, and now his generosity had raised her to such eminence she would retaliate with the contempt they had merited!"

But Sir Richard very properly concluded that her unforgiving conduct in her prosperity was not likely to be reciprocated on the part of persons who might discern their own interest to be in a contrary procedure. Some of them had at last made up their minds to claim the kinship through his mediation, he had no doubt!

The fiat went forth. Sir Richard would be happy to see Mrs. Snodgrass.

A slight interval ensued. Sir Richard looked more carefully at the card, which hitherto he had only cursorily glanced at. Mrs. A. K. Snodgrass!—the coincidence was remarkable.

The widow entered—her tremulous manner and modest expression exhibiting the natural of that fine piece of acting which had first caught the millionaire's attention in his Mrs. Snodgrass.

Somehow or other the best imitations are detected the moment one sees the actual thing. Sir Richard was struck uneasily with this fact, as he saw the timorous, nervous-looking little woman enter, leading her two fine boys by the hands.

The comparison, placed by Blackader in the mouth of the Kingston innkeeper, to his Mrs. Snodgrass's drowned lad, struck him as a coincidence when he remarked the strength and agility of the elder boy's formation.

Altogether, Sir Richard felt remarkably ill at ease, and his visitor, though well schooled by Mrs. Gra-

ham, and not aware of the full extent of the confusion her visit might produce, was still more so.

The banker, however, handed her, or rather wheeled her, one of his leathern arm-chairs, with much politeness, and requested to know in what he could have the pleasure to serve her.

"You will excuse me, madam," he added, "but my wife, Lady Graham's name having been Snodgrass before our union, I should be happy to think I was at the same time of use, in some matter of business, to a lady related to her!"

"I am obliged to you, Sir Richard, I am sure! That is how the mistake arose, but I am afraid I cannot claim any kind of relationship to her ladyship! Stand still, Archie! Kiddypore, be still!" said the little woman, dismayed by finding that her boys had immediately commenced a game at pulling one another's hair behind her chair.

Sir Richard looked still more astonished at this denial, coupled with the names he thus distinguished.

"Archibald and Kiddypore!—Are these the names of your children?—Then I have no hesitation whatever in saying that I have the pleasure of speaking to some near relative of the late Lieutenant Snodgrass, of her Majesty's ship, the Thunderbolt!"

Mrs. Snodgrass's eyes filled with tears. "Indeed I am, sir; I am his widow, poor dear fellow!"

"His widow, madam!"

"Yes, sir; and these are his two little boys. The mistake arose about one of them—Archie, the elder, who was nearly drowned in the Thames! Only he was saved by a gentleman—a gentleman by the name of Dalrymple, sir; and it is about him that Mr. Dalrymple wrote the letter to your good lady—mistaking her for me, the Mrs. Archibald Kiddypore Snodgrass, that lived at Woodbine Cottage, Kingston-on-Thames, and whose boy was nearly drowned in the river there."

Sir Richard looked at the speaker in utter astonishment. His reply was almost an echo of her words.

"What do you really mean?—Do you pretend to say that you are a Mrs. Archibald Kiddypore Snodgrass, who lived at Woodbine Cottage, Kingston-on-Thames, and whose only child then living was drowned in the river there?"

"No sir; not drowned; here he is, alive and well!" replied the widow, drawing the lad forward as a kind of protection. She was herself very much affrighted at the consternation she had evidently produced.

"And the other?"

"Is his twin!—Don't you see how much they are alike?"

"Who has put you on coming to tell me all this romance?" exclaimed Sir Richard, unable to believe what he heard, and grimly lowering his incredulous eyes at the shrinking widow.

"No one, sir!—At least no one put me on telling you any stories! It is all true!—I only want the letter back again, which Dalrymple, who saved Archie from drowning, wrote about him to your lady some time after your marriage, concluding her to be myself!—I don't know why, I'm sure, excepting the resemblance of names!—but you must have heard of that before, sir, no doubt?"

"Why, this is most extraordinary!—You must be her!—I mean she must be you!—I mean!—I mean! Do you mean to say that you have any respectable witnesses to prove that you are the person you pretend to be?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Mr. Dalrymple himself, who is a very rich man!—And numbers of people in the village! I only left it about two years and a half ago! And I only want the letter back again? There is nothing in it of any consequence to any one but myself and my little boy!—No money—nothing of that sort! Only an offer from Mr. Dalrymple to adopt my little boy because—because he had already saved his life, and was afraid if I married again, he might have a cruel step-father, as he heard, sir—"

The poor, foolish, candid little woman was about to say, how he treated his own children!—but recollecting herself she paused, in great embarrassment.

"I will make inquiries—certainly, I will make inquiries—about the letter!" said Sir Richard, rising in great confusion. "But can it be possible! Have you no sister—no sister-in-law, I should say—of exactly the same name, and—everything?"

"No, sir; none whatever! And I can't imagine how Lady Graham came to have those very names, for they are quite fancy ones in our family."

"Pray leave me your direction!—Lady Graham can have no possible wish—if she has received a letter intended for you, madam!—I will make immediate inquiries, but at present I do not feel myself particularly well, and—"

Mrs. Snodgrass observing very plainly that truly her host did not look so, arose also, and prepared to hurry her departure. But Sir Richard, in spite of all his agitation, adhered to his methodical habits, and with a shaking hand took down her direction ere he rung the bell, and opened the door of his private room to permit her egress.

And now Blackader answered to the second impatient summons.

At any other time the ungrateful and remorseless dependent would have felt his malignant spirit of revenge gratified by his patron's ghastly expression. But he felt himself too perilously implicated.

"There is young Mr. Pophly waiting, sir, to see you," he began, mustering all his nerve to appear unconscious of any mischief. But Sir Richard vehemently interrupted him.

"Pray, Mr. Blackader, are you not the person I employed to go down to Kingston, when Lady Graham—when Mrs. Snodgrass, as she introduced herself then to me—you understand, sir—to make inquiries?"

"Yes, sir, I it was!" faltered Blackader.

"Well, sir! and did you not inform me that all her representations were correct?"

"Certainly, sir; and so I ascertained them to be!"

"Did you see that person—that lady—that widow—that woman, who just went out? She represents herself to be, in all respects, the identical person Lady Graham represented herself to be! In which case, sir, it follows—it inevitably follows—Lady Graham must be an impostor!"

Blackader had no occasion to feign the most unlimited consternation at these words.

"Oh! Sir Richard!—my dear sir, it must be impossible! It is much more reasonable to suspect that this unknown accuser is one! Or that it is some nefarious trick of your son and the Beltons, contrived purely to annoy you."

"But the woman pretends she has the most respectable witnesses to her identity! And the Lady Graham received a letter addressed to her, and answered it as if she had been that person, and not herself!"

"She might think it was some impudent skit at her, from some one who knew the peculiar circumstances of her alliance with you, sir—or that the person who wrote it suffered under some infirmity of mind requiring to be soothed."

"I will go at once down to Kingston, and ascertain the truth," exclaimed Sir Richard.

"Dear me, sir! I hope you will do no such thing! Perhaps that is what is wanted. Any sudden shock is probably as much as Lady Graham's life is worth, in her present condition!—Consider, sir, said Blackader, with respectful emphasis.

"I do consider," replied his master, in a somewhat milder tone; but, good heavens! Mr. Blackader, if she is not what she represents herself to be, what is she?"

"I cannot conjecture, sir!—But, above all, let us avoid any public scandal!" pursued the managing clerk, insinuatingly. "For be she who or what she may, remember, Sir Richard, she is now your wife! If anything comes out to her disadvantage, it will tell principally upon yourself!" Mr. Walter and the Beltons will have the laugh altogether on their side!

And after what passed at Brook, sir, and the discovery of the infamous character of your grandson—I forgot to mention it, but young Mr. Pophly has come to town, and wants to see you particularly, on business connected doubtless with the robbery and murder—"

"I can see no none just now," said Sir Richard.

"I feel too disturbed!—and about that unfortunate business, too!—Yet stay, I will see him! After this strange discovery, I must endeavor to fortify myself in my conviction of the utter worthlessness of the person who otherwise—"

He paused, and flung himself with an irresolute look into his chair.

Almost at the same instant the door opened, and a clerk entered; who was commencing to make some announcement, when a voice from behind interrupted him.

"There! you needn't spin a long yarn of it. I know I'm welcome!—And here I am, Sir Richard, as sure as a bad shilling—I am!—Hoping I see you bright and smart yerself, and in the enjoyment of every arthly blessing, as you deserve to be, and no mistake!"

"Who is this man?" said Sir Richard, staring with anything but welcome at the visitor, who pushed his way in uttering these words, and whom he yet immediately recognised.

"I'm the contractor, Sir Richard, you engaged with about a little job, when you were in Kent!" returned Lazarus Leppard, with a wink at the clerk,

as much as to say, "Let him go, before I speak out plainer."

Sir Richard took the hint.

"Ay, ay, I remember—it is quite right, Roberts—I have a little business with Mr. Leppard."

The clerk withdrew.

"Well, I've kept squares!" said Leppard, with an air of confidence, "You've seen in the papers, no doubt, guv'nor, how Pat Rourke is snugly lodged in Maidstone Gaol, and has volunteered to confess all!—But won't be allowed. He's sure of a rope! And for your grandson, I've got him and the gal safely off out of the kingdom, and while he's got a neck to be squeezed, he'll never dare to show his face again in England."

Then without waiting permission or request, Leppard related much the same story as that with which he had already tortured Caroline Sydney into fever and delirium.

"And now, Sir Richard," he concluded, "I think you'll say I've earned my wages. So I have come to claim them."

But Sir Richard did not receive the tidings with that degree of elation the worthy who brought them expected.

"I care very little, at present, whether the fellow's hanged or not! I see nothing but deceit and villany around me, wherever I turn! And you are a little premature, sir, in claiming your reward! which I shall not pay until the prisoner is convicted, and has confessed the guilt of the person you call my grandson, in a public manner, so as to render his return as impossible as you allege it to be, in reality. At present it admits of probabilities to the contrary."

"Show this impudent fellow out—and tell Mr. Pophly I am at his service," said Sir Richard, turning disdainfully away.

He spoke to Blackader, who was standing, a silent but perturbed auditor of all that passed.

Leppard uttered some remonstrance, but the door was swung open before him, and he perceived it was necessary to make his retreat.

"You old humbug, you!" he shouted then, exasperated out of his usual prudential calculations. "The devil fetch me! if I haven't ten minds out of half a dozen, to patronise your grandson all right again, and to put him on getting his property out of your greedy clutches! Mark me, I have the power! And jest you let me find your bristles up at this angle, when I come again for my money, and see if I don't let you see yet, all of you, how the devil danced among the daisies!"

And he departed in great irritation, leaving his words strongly impressed both upon the banker and his privy councillor.

But Blackader took care to make no comment, alarmed as he felt. He hastened to where he had left Augustus; and returned with him into the presence of Sir Richard.

These three men, each tormented inwardly by his own thoughts, discoursed with one another in the most polite and disengaged manner, for several minutes.

"Very glad, indeed, to see you in town, Mr. Pophly!—And so Lady Graham would be, only she is a good deal indisposed, and at a short distance in the country!—I should be most happy if I can be of any service to you?—Merely a pleasure trip?"

"Well, not quite, Sir Richard; I have come to town on—"

"I have heard the latest particulars, I fancy," interrupted the baronet. "Rourke is taken—offers to confess—and your friend and client—excuse me, Mr. Pophly!—has effected his escape."

"So I have heard, sir. But I have resolved not to trouble myself farther in that affair—I give up my 'friend and client,' as you call him—he is too bad for me!—Proved so!—A little business of my own it is that brings me to town, on which my mother desired me to endeavor to obtain the assistance of your countenance and excellent advice."

"I shall be most happy!—Anything in my power!—Your mother was truly kind to me on a late occasion—very late, certainly!"

"The events that took place at the time you mention, Sir Richard, have completely disgusted me with Brook and with an occupation which was always forced upon me! I always wished to be a soldier, and my mother has at last consented to purchase me a commission. And we thought—as you mentioned, in conversation, you had some influence at the Horse Guards—"

"Certainly, Certainly!—His Grace and I—well, no matter; but I shall be most happy to advance your views in any respect!" said Sir Richard—yet with a certain degree of embarrassment in his manner.

One doesn't always expect one's boasts among

country people to be assumed as matters of fact when they visit us in town!

"If you would favor me with an introduction—"

"Good heavens! do you mean to the duke?" exclaimed Sir Richard.

"No, sir; to any inferior official who may have influence to get me speedily appointed in the regiment I have made choice of. The military secretary, for example."

"I know him very well!" said Sir Richard, pompously. "But, my dear young gentleman, are you aware what kind of man he is? Unless a person is of the most aristocratic connections and—and—one, people are accustomed to meet in London society, I am afraid very little can be done with him. But what I can do, I will."

Augustus looked disconcerted, and making some apology for troubling Sir Richard, arose to depart.

"I shall be most happy—most happy—to do anything in my power!" said the banker, feeling himself ashamed, and shaking Pophly's hand with extra warmth. "We must talk it over at some future time, at more leisure. You must come and dine with us soon—as soon as Lady Graham is in a condition to receive company, but at present—"

Augustus coldly thanked the baronet, and made another move to depart. The counting-house door flew open as he did so, and a footman in a very showy livery pushed in.

"Please, sir, her ladyship is taken very ill, and desires to see you as speedily as possible!—Very ill, sir! But she begs you will not bring any medical gentleman down with you, as it may cause delay. And she is quite satisfied with the one in the village; and Mrs. Wildgoose is with her, all right!" was the breathless message.

Sir Richard started up—and though he was a good deal flurried, he was perhaps not sorry of an occasion to abridge the interview.

"Dear me! this is rather unexpected! I must not lose a moment! I am sure you will excuse me, Mr. Pophly! Good bye, sir! Mr. Blackader, look to those letters. George, call a cab! I won't wait for the carriage!"

And the banker hastened out of the counting-house, leaving Blackader and Pophly together. Orlando followed in his master's steps, and if his inward thoughts could have been analysed, they were much to this effect—"I wish it was only him instead of her, and there would be a chance for somebody!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

Who'd cry aloud—What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarch afford false Clarence?
And so he vanish'd! Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an Angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood—

RICHARD III.

We left Augustus Pophly *planté là*, while Sir Richard Graham bustled out of his counting-house, in a fever of excitement over the mingled intelligence he had just received.

But the polite and respectable Blackader applied himself to make up for any deficiency that might have been observed, in the style of the baronet's reception of his country friend.

"Sir Richard is so hurried by business, and this last affair is a subject of such interest with him! He is now not so young a man, one must admit, as he has been!—And after the shocking discoveries about the person who wishes to deprive him of his property, in his very lifetime, it is no wonder he is most anxious respecting the event which—which—to judge from the footman's manner, and the distance to Kingston, must have taken place ere now."

Pophly could not help contrasting inwardly the difference between himself and Sir Richard, on receipt of similar tidings.

"Sir Richard is very fond of his lady, I presume?" he observed, as if trying to account for the discrepancy to his own judgment.

"Very—Lady Graham is much younger—almost half as young again—as Sir Richard—and I have always noticed that the happiest marriages are those where the wife is very much younger than the husband!" said Mr. Blackader. "On that principle, I expect to be quite in time when I take one myself, Mr. Pophly!—But regarding your own affair, sir; really, if I might presume to say so, you are quite as well without Sir Richard's dictation in the matter. Influence, I am sure, he has next to none!"

"Do you think so?"

"I am certain so! These sorts of things are not managed at all by the great people whose names ostensibly figure in the transaction! All the real business is done by clerks and underlings."

"I thought that patronage, in everything relating to the army, was all in all!" said Pophly.

"Not at all! money is all in all, everywhere, and in everything! Besides—Sir Richard—under the rose—has very little, if any, influence out of monetary circles!—But, now, I know a gentleman—otherwise perhaps of no great weight in the world—who would be perfectly able to put you in the right way in all your dealings with the Horse Guards. He is an officer—retired at present, but one who is quite *au fait* in everything relating to the noble profession you have chosen. In fact, I have made an appointment to dine with him this evening at a celebrated restaurant at the west end—he was with me about investing some money to-day, when you called—he is a man of large property! And I shall be most happy if you will join us. He begged me to bring any one of a sociable turn I could get, to put the evening over. And nothing would delight him more, I know, than to render any assistance in his power to a young candidate for military renown."

This was a fine phrase. Pophly had no desire to remain in his own company, therefore he accepted the invitation.

The hour was named, and the place, and the managing clerk and his invited guest parted till it should arrive.

Mr. Pophly had not proceeded far on his return to his hotel, to dress for the occasion, when he discerned a pair of long legs, swinging like flails, on a line with his own. A vice-like grasp was laid on his arm, and turning with a start, he recognised his worthy coadjutor, the sailor.

"I say! Wal, you are trotting your hind legs at a handicap! Are you backed against your shadow, and the first lamp-post you can see passing to be the winning one?" said this strange personage.

Augustus muttered something that sounded very like an execration on the gentleman alluded to.

"No, don't say that!" returned Leppard, sanctimoniously. "We ain't got that power, and we don't oughter have!—It is enough if we can torment one another while we're on this planet, sir! The power of the pitchfork elsewhere didn't ought to be left in our weak and erring hands! But what I wanted to know is, what you've got done in that pretty considerable fix you were in, in regard to Molly Rourke?"

Augustus was extremely vexed at this question, which he knew not well how to answer at the moment.

"Really, Mr. Leppard," he said, petulently, "I do not see what the particular consequence can be to you of any step I may find it necessary to take in that matter! You have business of your own to attend to, I should think—and may leave me this to manage in my own way!"

"So independent already?" thought Lazarus; resuming, in an offended tone, "Oh, very well! curiosity isn't my failing! But I thought we had clubbed pork and potatoes in this hodge-podge, through and through? Well, I'm about tired out—reg'lar nonplussed—with the way you go on in this crazy old country of yours! Shouldn't wonder to see the chairs sitting on you, by-and-by! You're a rum lot, and all you're idears are topey-turvy as a tortoise's on his back!—What I'd best do, I'll do at once; and that is, jine my ship at America, where I shall find young Mr. Graham ready to receive me, open-armed, in a friendly way! For that's the ship I recommended him into, and he owes me a good turn, to begin with, already!"

"Now, Leppard, you must know—" began Augustus, much alarmed at this intimation.

"I've done as much as I'm likely to get thanked for, in the long run, on the party in power's side of the question!" interrupted Leppard with warmth. "Don't do more for a man than he can be grateful for, conveniently, I say; you can do without me now, Mr. Augustus! You think the old boss at Maidstone, has twisted himself tight enough in his own collar, don't you?"

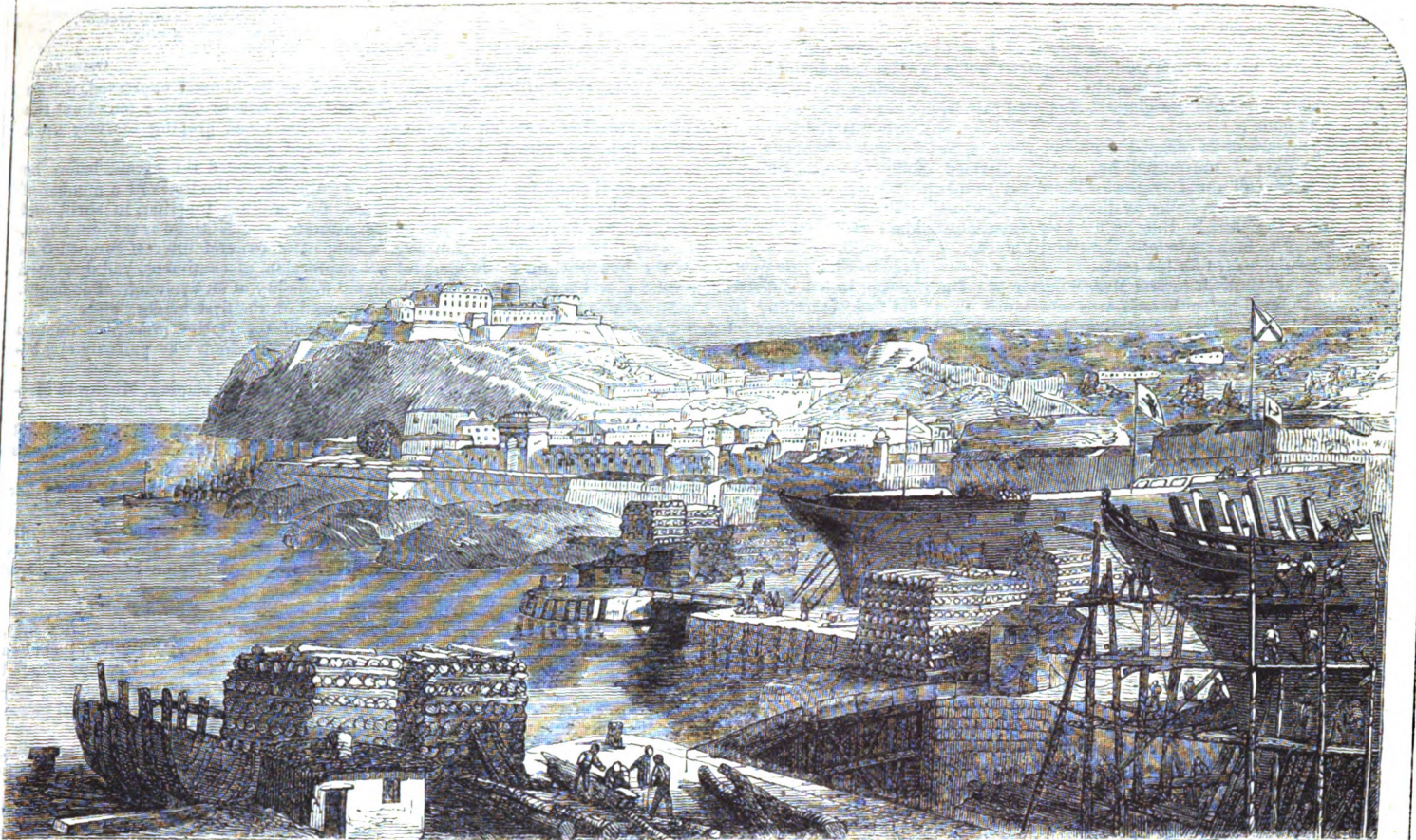
Augustus was speedily brought to a sense of his true position, by the covert menaces in this seeming fit of resignation on the part of his associate.

At the same time it occurred to him that it would be extremely advisable, if possible, to deceive this obtrusive friend on the important point he expressed so much curiosity in.

"I am only amusing myself a little with your honest zeal, old fellow! he resumed, in cajoling accents of confidence and familiarity. "It's all right! I've got the paper from her, and there is now no possibility of any proof being brought against me!"

It was the dusk of the evening, or Pophly might have noticed (perhaps he did) the strong shadow of disappointment that passed over his friend's visage.

"Oh, you have, have you? Pray let me see it, and I shall sleep comfortable again!" was the reply, after a chill pause.



THE FORTRESS OF OCHAKOFF. (SEE PAGE 141.)

"Nay, you must believe without seeing. I have burned it! You don't think I would allow such a document to remain in existence a moment that I could prevent!"

"And did the young woman—! Come, now, don't mystify an attached friend, like me. Was she really such a cussed simpleton as to let you have the paper, without fulfilling the conditions?"

Leppard spoke in a tone of incredulity, which his friend hastened to dissipate.

"She was too ill to throw anything in the way. I was obliged to tell her about her father, as a reason for wanting to have the note destroyed—and she was taken dreadfully ill immediately! She is, indeed, dying, I fear!—and her baby is dead! So I got the woman of the house to take the note quietly from her, while she was so unconscious of all that happened."

"Bless my soul! you haven't trusted a woman, have you, in such a thing?" exclaimed Leppard.

"I was obliged—one that could neither read nor write, though!"

"Ah!—and you have burned it!"

"Burned it to ashes!"

"And took care not to leave the ashes in the candlestick?" said Leppard, still with a somewhat incredulous sneer.

The worthy fellow had calculated on becoming possessed of this paper—as an additional security against his client—and strove not to believe so unpleasant a statement.

"It was a pity, too, for the sake of the hundred pounds," he muttered. "We might have taken the writing out. It was in none of your indelible inks, I suppose? But never fret over spilt milk. Did you find the gal where you reckoned you should, when we parted?"

"Yes," said Augustus, drily.

"Where was it?" returned Leppard.

There was something, not of inquiry, but of mocking scrutiny in the glance of his confederate, which convinced Pophly he might as well affect to take him into confidence at once.

He gave Mrs. Sellshore's *indicia* with much apparent frankness, and as if he did not think he was communicating what the other knew about as well as himself. This was certain. Had he not been an auditor of all that passed between himself and Patrick Rourke, at the Haunted Mill?

"Indeed," he added—falsely, "Heaven knows! I should be very glad if you would call and inquire how she is—though I doubt it is all over by this time! I don't like to seem too anxious on my own part. And now I think we have exchanged our

news, so, Mr. Leppard, I shall be glad if you can excuse me," he said; "I have an invitation to dine out, or else—"

"With old Dicky?" interrupted Leppard, cutting the compliment short.

Augustus thought it best to tell a lie. "Yes, with Sir Richard Graham, at his country seat, at Kingston."

"Then jest you tell him from me—with my compliments and humble duty, in course!" said Leppard with sudden and vindictive vehemence—"I've told him something first cousin to it already—I have it in my power yet to set his grandson all right! And if I am shirked and humbugged by people, I'll do it!"

And he set off at a pace which clearly indicated he did not mean to be overtaken.

"He may threaten, but what can he do? He cannot unsay what he has said; and as he believes I have secured the paper, it is as safe from him as if I had," thought Augustus, relinquishing a momentary design he had formed, of following and soothing his co-mate in evil.

"Let him go!" he continued; "the old woman will take good care no stranger sees Mary, or gets the note! Then he will be afraid for the money he thinks to suck from me on his post-obit? But were I only once secure of that paper—Rourke hanged, and if Mary should die—I could defy him and his scandals! Besides, my mother is a very healthy woman, and between now and any time when he can claim, who knows what may happen? Such a rascal runs a chance of the rope, wherever hanging is in fashion! And he may be drowned or knocked on the head! I'll drink it as often as I put a glass of wine to my lips!"

Meanwhile, Mr. Leppard discontentedly pursued his way.

"They're a bad lot, all on 'em!—mean to do me! The fellow may plead his minority, if I have no better hold on him than a threat of splitting, which will only bring the stones down on my own head! That paper would have been invaluable to me—and it seems it is destroyed. And yet he don't look so remarkable spry and up in the feather on it, as one would think! Is he telling a souser, wonder? Perhaps he may think a lie's as good as a fact when it stands for one," mused the worthy.

"I don't believe it half over above," he resumed after meditating several streets on this point. "His eye wasn't in the plot, howsoever? Stifle me, if I ever see'd a fellow with so little grit in him, do such things! Be hanged, if I have't half a mind to trip them all up, according to threat! But that Fre-

derick fellow—I hate him and his insolence, and his beauty, forsooth. And he knocked me down like a dog! Besides, I have another use for him! And as long as I can keep him in my eye, he's as good as a long gun, covering Mr. 'Gustus in his pranks! Then he is worth to me, as things stand—how much is he worth?"

Leppard entered into a calculation on this question in mental arithmetic.

"While he's to the fore, this sneak dares not refuse payment of my bond, I should guess!—that's £5,000! If Miss Sidney lives, she's sure to pay; if not, Mr. 'Gust must take her liabilities with her assets!—that's £3,000! There is the government's and Purday's reward on Rourke—that's £200! And old Dicky, after all, will think it most to the honor of his gray hairs, to stand to his agreement!—that's another £300! I'm a made man if I can only manage to hold on through these little breakers. Still, I should like to have my young wolf tighter in his chain. What if I were to go and see what use this Mary Rourke might be to me? A witness is sometimes as good as a signature!"

He considered within himself a little as to the means of effecting this object and recollected the trick he had played on Patrick Rourke. "I'll try my hand at another of the professions with the daughter," said the thorough-paced villian. "The most *professing* of them all, and that's a fact! I'll go as a clergyman to the girl, extract all her secrets, and have them for my own use. I look genteel enough for a workhouse curate; seedy black is just the thing, with a clean white cambric tie, to denote the purity within! Here goes! No, I'll wait till Pophly is safe at dinner with his august friend."

In pursuance of this idea, Leppard lurked about the streets until it was quite dark, and then sufficiently well "made up" to his nefarious part to deceive a common observer, he dived into Westminster.

He seemed to know his way to Tothill Street through divers back lanes and passages, which only a person who had been a frequenter of the locality previously was likely to be acquainted with.

But passing through one of these—an obscure paved court where the only light was shed from a solitary gas-lamp at the end—Leppard was startled by a strange encounter, in spite of his habitual nerve and self-possession.

A figure, habited either in night-clothes or a shroud, resembling the galvanized corpse of a young and beautiful but ghastly-pallid woman, glided past him, as if borne on a swift wind! Something seemed to trail after her, like a sheet or a blanket, or

a long grey cloak. She gave a fearful stare at him as she drifted by him, from eyes that, opened to their full extent, yet had only a vacant phosphoric light in them! One hand seemed clenched to her bosom as if to prevent life from oozing from some mortal wound in it—so strenuously.

The vision was but for a glance! Leppard saw it, and it was gone!

"Some madwoman escaped from her keepers, or a sleep-walker?" murmured he, really alarmed. "Well, they call me Lazarus!—There's a proper wife for me, for she looks as though she had just risen from the dead! But by no holy summons! She's going to make a hole in the river, I s'pose. And he proceeded on his route.

It was not difficult to find Mrs. Sellshore's. But the old-clotheswoman herself was not much in a condition to receive a visitor, and evidently expected none. She was even oblivious of her wonted prudence. Perhaps her malady required a more than usual supply of stimulants, we will charitably conclude. The plain fact is, Leppard found her sitting fast asleep, and snoring aloud in her arm-chair in the shop three parts muddled.

It was never his policy to do things alarmingly. He therefore tapped the matron quite gently on the shoulder with a walking-stick he had assumed on the occasion, when she roused up with unexpected liveliness and vigour.

"Leave them gridirons alone, will you! you don't want to buy one! you're always a-cheapening them, that a confederate may have a grab at something when I'm looking another way!

"My good woman, pray recollect yourself! I am not touching your gridirons, or anything else: I come to preserve a soul perhaps from being cast on one in another world!—Do you know me?"

"A sole, sir!—a frying-pan's the proper thing for that, sir!—I don't know as I have got one, just at present!—I told Rebecca to put up the shutters before she went out, the young hussy! and she aint!"

"Poor benighted creature!" said Leppard, with a sanctimonious whine. "Pray woman," he resumed in sterner tones, "Is there not a young person in your house so ill as to be in need of my services?—I have come to prepare her for her passage, understanding she is in a dying state."

"You're a parson, are you, sir?" said Mrs. Sellshore gradually rallying her senses, and making a clumsy imitation of a curtsy, much resembling that of an elephant in a circus.

"I am desired to see her, and to render any assistance in my power."

"It's entirely useless, sir! I left her half-an-hour ago still quite insensible, except that she opened her eyes, and seemed to quiver a little if you spoke to her," replied Mrs. Sellshore. "She won't be rational to speak to these five or six days. But you've done your duty in the inquiry, and I'm sure she will be much obliged, when she can understand anything, to hear about it."

"Hark ye, woman, I must, and I will, see her!—It is the duty of my ministry not to talk about reclaiming sinners, but to leave no stone unturned to effect the object."

"She's not of your persuasion, sir, returned the Jewess, doggedly.

"Then I will be of her's for the occasion! And I must say, I begin to lend some credit to a report which, it seems, is afloat in this neighbourhood, of something mysterious in this affair!—of foul play, in short—and I will see your patient, Mrs. Sellshore, or call in the assistance of the police!"

"Oh, goodness me! I'm all of a quake and shiver, as if I had a bucket of cold water thrown over me! Seeing's believing!—Rebecca!—Deary me! I've let my girl go out a-visiting, and I've no one on earth to leave to mind the shop."

The Jewess had, in fact, purposely sent her daughter out on some commission, while she might execute her task of extracting information of the whereabouts of the hundred-pound note from Mary Rourke. Partly to get rid of her, girlish curiosity, but more of certain restraints which the presence of a comparatively innocent being exercised, even on the depraved old hag, herself.

"I'll mind it—no one shall steal anything—while you go up and announce my visit," replied the pseudo-clergyman, seating himself in Mrs. Sellshore's chair of state.

This was very agreeable to the matron. She had left off dosing poor Mary with the narcotics, intending her to return to her senses, so far as to be able to declare where she had concealed the fatal note. And she could return, she thought, with such tidings as should satisfy the unwelcome visitor his interference would be useless at this juncture.

She ascended to Mary's apartment, leaving Leppard in possession of the lower premises.

But what was the discomfiture of the vile old woman herself, when she found the bed empty, the victim vanished, and evidently with a portion of the coverings of the couch, as well as the chief articles of her own dress!

She uttered a shrill cry, and was turning to search the room, when she perceived Leppard, who had followed up on tiptoe, on her heels.

"Help, neighbors! here's the devil come for us!—I beg your pardon, sir, I really thought you was him! But I'm glad you've come up as you have, for you'll see with your own eyes there's no subterfuge! She's escaped out of the house while I was asleep, in her deliriation!—And now I remember, I did feel something like a white waft of wind going past over my face! I dare say she is run over by this time, and in the hospital!"

"Let us make certain," said Leppard, who perceived the beldame's consternation was genuine, and snatching the old woman's candle from her, he commenced a most diligent search over all the chamber. Nor did he desist from prosecuting it, in defiance of every protest and right of privacy on the part of Mrs. Sellshore, through every apartment of the house where he thought it possible the victim might have fled or be concealed.

Whilst thus engaged, a recollection of the figure that had passed himself in the neighbouring alley occurred to him.

"What sort of girl was she?" he exclaimed, pausing breathlessly.

Mrs. Sellshore was about to enter into an elaborate description, calculated to guile or mislead, when Leppard suddenly cut her short.

"There's enough of it!—I have it as well as if you had described her by inventory. Take your candle, and put your head under your wing, you old buzzard, for about the oiliest piece of parchment ever old Nick wrote, 'Mine,' upon, &c., in sympathetic ink!"

"Oh, sir; dear, good sir! do go and look after the poor lunatic, and bring her back!—I haven't breath to run a couple of yards, or —"

"I know which way you would go, and into whose arms, neck and crop! I shan't trouble myself about the matter! Get her back, or lose her for ever, at your own convenience."

And Leppard left the house, and company worthy of himself, to post with all the speed he could "put on," in his own phrase, to the court where the apparition of a young woman, trailing her disordered drapery, passed him.

But the apparition had left no traces. Its shadow had vanished from the cold dank pavement, as many another phantom of crime and sorrow has passed over the disk of the earth into the realms of the unknown.

But under the lamp at the end of the alley, Leppard perceived an orange-stall; and his acute observation was instantly struck by the fact that no one appeared to be in attendance upon it. On the contrary, a dray-horse, belonging to a team, halted in the public street the alley debouched in, was unmolestedly eating at a pile of Barbary dates on the stall.

To be sure there was a doctor's shop opposite. Could the shadow that had passed have been taken by the orange woman for succor there?

But there was no crowd about the place, as would have been likely on an occasion so well calculated to awaken the curiosity of the populace.

Still Leppard, determined to leave no stone unturned, crossed to the place. There was no one in it but the apothecary—a lean one, too—who was yawning over a newspaper, by a single gloomy tallow-candle, almost close to his glasses.

"Do you know where the woman who keeps that stall opposite, lives, if you please?" was the civil question.

"I know where she starves!" was the rejoinder, without even lifting his head to the addressed. "As I know where most of the people about here—self included—do the like!—Green Arbour Court (much of a green arbour it is!)—four houses up, on the right hand. There are no numbers, but it's a chandler's shop. Don't go in at the shop, though—t'ey're very uncivil people—but in at the passage at once—you'll find the private door wide open a ways. Up five pair, and in the right-hand garret, in a place where you couldn't swing a cat without knocking off a tile, you'll find —"

But Leppard had vanished before the apathetic man of drugs had reached this point, and we need not transcribe the rest of his teaching. It lasted some time longer, however, before he thought proper to raise his eyes, and perceived that he had no longer an auditor.

CHAPTER XLV.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge would profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit.

OTHELLO.

LEPPARD hastened, as he himself expressed, it "on all his feet," to Green Arbour Court; found out the chandler's, and commenced groping his way up a flight of dark, narrow stairs.

He had hardly commenced the ascent before he received some guidance in the tones of a number of female voices, all speaking together, in shrill and contending utterances. Not, however, in anger, but as if a subject of general interest compelled as general an expression of sentiment, and dispensed with the usual formality of an exchange of audience.

Leppard paused on the first landing place. It was evident all the clatter proceeded from an apartment, the door of which was partially ajar before him here.

"D'ye think she's after slaping, Misthress Macdougall, or is it dead she is, itself entirely?"

"She's as white as a ghost! How did you get her in, Bridget Maloney! She must have been as heavy as death, anyhow, to carry!"

"She's drawing the breath! But I carried her as asy as a feather bed of no weight at all, at all! Sure, and don't she seem as if she had been hocus'd out of her life, poor thing? But the Almighty pays debts without money! It'll come home to them as have done it, I'll be bond!"

"Haden't our Jem better go for a doctor?"

"He won't come unless he gets the money first, you know, Mrs. Macdougall! and I haven't sould a blessed orange or apple to day, more by token I haven't had a bite in my mouth since yesterday sun-down! and it seems such a waste of good money on physic, anyhow!"

"Did she not say what made her go skirling about in her night clothes, when she came up to you, Bridget?"

"She said she was running away from a female giant that had eaten up her child, and was going to bray herself in a mortar to get at her heart for a young gentleman that wanted it for dissection, or some sich like! I don't know what she said quite in her hurry, like; but I thout she had made up her mind she was going to be burked, or something as good, and I tuck compassion on her for ould acquaintance sake!"

"Is she an old acquaintance of yours, then?"

"Why, it's as much as three weeks ago, if I'm not out in my reckoning altogether, since I reaved her almost in as bad a fit, just coming up from the country, on a visit, to be confined, to Misthress Sellshore, Misthress Macdougall! Bad luck to her, and the likes of her, for she's been the ruin of many a poor, innocent, girl that had gone wrong, and didn't know how to help herself!"

Leppard now thought it was time for his interference. He tapped loudly at the door, and without waiting for permission, entered, with an air of authority.

On a poor but scrupulously clean bed before him lay the powerless form of Mary Rourke. Her delicate, fine features seemed carved in marble, and contrasting with her black hair, gave her a death-like appearance, only contradicted by an occasional convulsive start.

A number of women, probably poor lodgers in the house, were gathered round the couch.

The mistress of the apartment appeared to be a laundress. There was an ironing board strewed with linen and fal-lals, on which she had been recently engaged, and a mangle, in the room. An iron, set too hastily down, probably, in the confusion of the unexpected arrival, was burning a hole in the blanket on the board. A small, wrynecked boy, who seemed by his unmeaning countenance an idiot, sat in a low chair near it, gazing with lacklustre stare into the glowing fire, and seemingly insensible to the scene around Mary. The woman herself, though evidently poor, was so extremely neat and clean, that she seemed as if she had just been washed and ironed completely out, in her clothes, as she stood.

"Devil take ye all, you clattering witches, you! What are ye doing with my wife here?" was Leppard's rude salute.

"Your wife! Is she your wife, sir?" in general chorus.

"If she isn't my wife, she's as good, or as bad, which you like!" returned the sailor. "What do you mean by taking in a mad woman run away from her comfortable lawful home? What have you done with the clothes she brought away with her, you had lot, you? I'll have the law on yer all, I will!—taking in another man's wife the way you've done!"

"She has everything she had when she came running to me with the wildfire in her eyes, and says: 'For the love of mercy, good woman!—for the love of our blessed Lady!—if ever ye had a child of your own! save me from them as has stolen my baby, and will murder me to keep the secret!' Sorrows to them, say I!—and to yourself, too, sir, if you're the husband, and didn't prevent it!" said Bridget Maloney, with indignation.

"No one's touched her clothes, sir! She has everything she brought with her, when this poor woman—whose honesty I can engage for—brought her in out of the street, in the exhausted condition she has remained in ever since!" said Mrs. Macdougall, the laundress, in a tone very superior to her apparent position.

"Go to thunder! Where's her pocket, then?" returned Leppard, in a voice that evidently frightened all the poor creatures around him.

"She had no pocket, sir, that I saw! But she keeps something very tightly clasped in her hand. Perhaps if she ought to have any money, she is keeping it there in her hold!" faltered Mrs. Macdougall.

"Let me see!"

And with great eagerness Leppard pushed some of the women aside, and stood by the couch of the exhausted girl.

Her eyes were closed, and save by a shivering of the frame, and a spasmodic twitching of the lips, at intervals, it could not be known she was alive.

But the inhuman sailor took notice only that she held something clasped rigidly in her hand, to her bosom, which he thought might very possibly be the object of his search.

"So you've got my golden sov. there, have you, Miss Fly-by-night! And whose to pay expenses, wonder, if you're to play such magpie tricks as these with my earnings?—You won't, won't you? Then I'll show you a trick that would open an oyster without a knife!" said he.

And, clutching the poor girl's wrist, he gave it a sudden twist and jerk, which compelled the sinews of the hand to relax all tension, by the extreme agony it occasioned, even to one almost in a state of physical insensibility.

"It's only a camphor bag!—Don't ill-treat your wife, sir, if she is your wife! And even if she isn't, you oughtn't to treat her worse than a brute, the way she is!" suggested Mrs. Macdougall, timidly.

"Right, old gal! It's only a camphor bag—against the fever! But it's of no use to her now she's got it, and it may be of some to me that ain't and must attend upon her!" said Leppard, satisfying himself by a squeeze of the hand, that there was paper inside the muslin bag instead of the supposed drug.

To the general surprise and alarm, however, at the moment he was going to pocket the prize, Mary started from her pillow with a look of frenzied revivification.

"Give me my note! My note! You have got my note!—You have broken my arm to get it, you wicked man!—And it isn't his, good people!—It is mine!—it is mine! Murder! Thieves! Give it me back again, or—"

"My dear, be quiet! You are among friends!—What made her so naughty as to run away from her kind lodgings?" said Leppard, coolly securing the prize in his waistcoat pocket.

"Take it from him, take it from him, Mrs. Maloney! It's my father's life—it is vengeance!—it is all to me!" shrieked Mary, making a violent effort to spring from the couch at her plunderer.

"Just hear her! Calls a wretched fever bag by all them pet names!—Keep a hold of her, ladies, while I go for some of my friends to take her comfortably home again, when I'll stand up to something all round, by way of expressing my obligations for the care you've taken of her!" said Leppard, thrusting the bewildered Irishwoman between him and his assailant.

"Sure now—"

"They want to take me back to the woman that poisoned me, and stole my baby from me!—For it isn't dead! I heard it weep and wail, in my heart, though I was too deadlike to open my eyes! Or else they have buried it alive! They have buried it alive!" cried the poor girl. And the consideration of this greater loss swallowed for a time the remembrance of that she had just sustained, for she continued to reiterate the statement with delirious vehemence.

"Wouldn't it melt a heart of stone to hear how she goes on raving?" said Leppard, making his way to the door. "Well ladies, look after her till I come back, and then—Deary me! She's gone off in her swoon again, has she?"

And the wretch, hardened as he was, gazed with

a momentary feeling of compassion on the once more senseless girl, as she sunk, with a wild shriek, from the arms of the Irishwoman back on the bed. That honest daughter of nature, too, was become the instrument of the crafty intriguer, and had restrained her frantic attempts to regain her talisman, until they resulted again in exhaustion.

"But, it is of little or no use to her, and it's a first-rate security to me!" said Leppard to himself as he made his exit with the prize.

Meanwhile Augustus Pophly, very far from dreaming of such a turn in the scales, kept his appointment to dinner with Mr. Blackader and Captain Dalrymple.

To all outward appearance, Monsieur Vert-Vert's hotel, situated in one of the most fashionable thoroughfares of the west end, was merely what its name indicated, and a highly respectable one of the class.

To the initiated it was a gambling house of the worst description, though frequented by persons of rank and wealth, who assembled to indulge their ravening passion, and prey upon one another, in a private suite of apartments behind the hotel, conveniently fitted up for the purpose.

Roués and blacklegs of course thronged where their prey was to be found. And in spite of his notoriously bad character, Captain Dalrymple was a noted frequenter of the place. His convivial qualities, and his extraordinary skill in various games, recommended him as a marker and referee, though very few had the folly or courage to engage in play with him.

Augustus could perceive nothing to awaken suspicion even in one more skilled in the wiles of the world than his short experience in wickedness could possibly have rendered him.

A waiter, whose appearance was almost clerically solemn, dressed in a suit as black as a crow's, received him with great deference at the entrance. The master of the house, a little, pale, flabby man, who imagined he bore a great resemblance to Napoleon the Great, stepped from a bar, glittering with costly plate, to welcome him.

"Napoleon Vert-Vert he called himself, after his visitors, perhaps! He wore a grey coat, as like the grey coat as modern fashion permitted—a green coat below that—Hessian boots—and he would fain have worn the cocked hat, too. But as he had already fought two duels, in consequence of being laughed at in it, Monsieur Vert-Vert had laid that part of his exalted costume aside.

This distinguished host himself deigned to show Augustus up to the apartment where his two friends were expecting him—as Monsieur Vert-Vert assured him "with an impatience due to the great pleasure of his society, in his absence!"

The rogue had learned his guest was heir to thirty thousand pounds, and expected a good share in the plunder.

Augustus found his friend, Mr. Blackader, and his new acquaintance, Captain Dalrymple, seated together in a handsome and brilliantly lighted apartment, enjoying a conversation of which he had not the vanity to imagine he was himself the principal subject.

Dalrymple, however, was pleased to give him some notion to that effect.

"Very happy to see you, Mr. Pophly, to partake of our little pick!—And I like you the better for what friend Blackader tells me, that you intend to become one of us! Though, to be sure, I am retired from the service since I came to my property in Devonshire the other day! But, hang it, I'm tired of doing absolutely nothing, again, and I think I shall have a shy at the Guards, shortly! Meanwhile, I flatter myself I know as much about the ins and outs there as most people, and that I have a friend or two up the back stairs, worth a dozen pompous old patronizing humbugs, who pretend to have the *entrée* up the grand staircase, and only know that it ends in a number of closed doors!"

"I am much obliged to you, captain—Sir Richard spoke something about the Duke, but—"

"The Duke!—nonsense!—Why, you must be jolly green—excuse me!" interrupted Dalrymple, laughing. "Dukes, indeed!—my dear lad, the clerks do all the real business! And there's a capital fellow of my acquaintance—an army agent—who will get you your commission, and all that, twice as soon as if you had the interest of all the Dukes in the peerage! You'll have to pay a percentage, of course; but if you can't afford that, you had better not think of entering the service at all!"

"I am prepared—my mother of course expects—some expenses will be incurred."

"Your mother! Under petticoat government, eh? Well, mothers will do whatever they're asked,

mostly, if they're properly wheedled! Have you considered about the regiment?"

Augustus named the one he had chosen.

"Deuced expensive, sir!—a deuced expensive regiment! Terribly go-ahead officers! But I'll put you up to the time-of-day before you join, and they won't have much chance of running the rig on a pupil of mine?"

Blackader looked uneasy at the vaunting captain, but made no observation.

"Very handsome uniform it is, however! Quite the thing to attract the girls! Fond of that sort of amusement, sir?"

"No, sir!" said Augustus.

"Not an admirer of the fair! Oh, that will never do for the Huzzars! They're the gayest creatures on the surface of the terraqueous globe, with the exception of my corps! The corps I served in when I acquired my grade. But you won't find me in the 'Army List' at present, of course."

"Mr. Pophly, captain, is attached to a very beautiful and accomplished young lady in the country," said Blackader, with significance, observing that this kind of conversation did not appear to divert the visitor.

"In the country? Oh, I take it then! Love and constancy. Sunflower turns to her god when he sets, &c. Hope she's an heiress, sir? It's a sad bore tying one's self to a woman, when one's in the prime of one's *beau jours*, and ought to be enjoying the world! Time enough for that, say I, at forty! unless there's money in the case!"

"There is money, sir!" said Augustus, with a laudable desire to stand well in the eyes of this knowing new acquaintance.

"Then I should say the heiress is booked! Never knew a country girl in my life who could resist a handsome fellow in a handsome uniform."

Blackader winked as much as to say, "There's enough of that."

"Well, I'll just wash my hands—I hear the soup coming bubbling up! And memorandum! Vert-Vert's the only man in England that sends his soup up bubbling in the tureen, gentlemen; and that's my main recommendation to his house! I won't keep you waiting a moment. But I'm a devil of a fellow, myself, I can tell you! Only this very day I spoiled a match, or I'm very much mistaken! I puzzled my uncle in rare style, and electrified a very able woman into aiding and abetting me, though she was ready to kick me out of the carriage, I dare say, when she found how things really stood! But I'll tell you the story when I come down!"

And the captain made his exit for a few minutes. Probably by concert with Blackader, for the latter took the opportunity to give Mr. Pophly a very good piece of advice, which, if neglected, perfectly exonerated him from consequences.

"Pray, Mr. Pophly!—You see my friend! He is a very worthy fellow in almost every particular, and a most amusing companion!—but let me put you on your guard respecting him on one point! He has a liking for play almost amounting to a passion; in fact he carries it almost to gambling. Not but that he is a man of the strictest honor, and has plenty of money of his own, and the prospect of an immense fortune in reversion. But his ill luck is so extraordinary, that it is real madness in him to attempt to play with any one for a stake of any consequence, while his infatuation is such that he is never easy but when he is rattling the dice, or losing his cash at a *rouge et noir* table. Consequently his friends do not like—Pray, if he proposes any game at chance, don't join him in it. For if you were the worst player in England (but that I may say, is myself), you will be sure to strip him. And as he may be much more useful to you in other respects, I should think you had better not."

Pophly, young as he was, had all a miser's cravings, united with the passions of a prodigal, looked rather blank for a moment.

Unskilled as he was in the games hinted at, it seemed rather hard that he might not be allowed to try his luck against so unfortunate and moneyed an antagonist! How easily he might repair his losses and expenses at the cost of Captain Dalrymple.

Dinner was served. It was a capital one. Champagne and claret were liberally diffused. Augustus had never been at such a gay and cheerful repast in his life before. He began to enjoy himself wonderfully.

Dalrymple was in reality a very amusing companion. He abounded in lively anecdote, mostly in connection with Pophly's intended profession, and therefore particularly interesting to him. Augustus had come fairly to long for the right of assuming the garb of that noble profession of arms he had selected. He imagined its splendid livery would conceal the villain and coward he knew him-

self to be, by claiming for him, so dashing, in the world's eye, the very opposite qualities.

The weight of guilt and fear—remorse he had not heart enough to feel—began to be lifted from his spirits. He no longer felt himself such a solitary wretch, in the company of a man who laughed at every moral obligation.

How could he be forced to deem himself any longer so much a disgrace to manhood, when he listened to Dalrymple's facetious narratives of his gallantries and desertions of the trusting fair? And he did not feel himself half so much a murderer, when the captain related, in the pleasantest manner possible, the particulars of two or three duels he had fought, in one of which he killed his man.

The captain's experiences, in fact, almost all related to gambling and women. But he never ceased throughout his dissertations on the former topic, to exclaim against his constant ill-fortune. "Still a man can't be lucky in everything!" he observed, pulling up his collar to his splendid whiskers, with a knowing roll of the eye and wink behind him, that convulsed the waiter, who was standing there, with irrepressible laughter.

Blackader, himself, was not particularly good company. It was the man's nature to be always brooding and carking internally.

Augustus, in fine, was quite fascinated with his new friend; and when the cloth was removed, and they were left to their wine and walnuts, he determined to do what he could to oblige so obliging a personage.

"You say you are fond of playing, Captain Dalrymple, and yet that you always lose! But why do you play at games of chance? Why not at something where a little skill is required, which you also declare you possess so remarkably? We could play a nice game at three handed whist, I should think. Mr. Blackader," he said.

"I have no objection to anything quiet of that kind," said Blackader; but not without a glance of mild reproof at his friend.

"Short, then! and I'll play dummy against you both. A sovereign a point; I won't waste my time for less," replied Dalrymple. "I'm the most skillful player in the world at everything, I maintain! I must exhaust my ill luck at last! The longest lane has a turning, eh, friend Blackader? Waiter, cards!"

"A sovereign a point—and short whist? Really, Dalrymple!"

"Pho, pho, you have plenty of cash! You can afford to lose a dozen games an hour without a wry face! Let's go to work."

To work they went—and the usual process was gone through with this crafty dupe.

Augustus and Blackader, partners, won four or five games in rapid succession, though the captain seemed to play his double suits with great dexterity. Yet far from being daunted, he proposed to double the stakes—then to treble—then to quadruple them—all the more obstinately that fortune worked against him.

"I'll weary her out—the jade!" was his frequent exclamation.

The wine was kept, meanwhile, in brisk circulation. Blackader, himself, seemed to warm with it—to forget his own prudential maxims—and to enter with eagerness into the amusement.

Dalrymple speedily lost forty or fifty pounds, at this innocent game. All his ready cash, he declared; and he appealed, with all the confidence of a person known to be wealthy, to Blackader, for a loan. That gentleman complied without the least hesitation, merely requesting an I O U on the amount, "to keep things straight."

Dalrymple's losses continued, and Augustus, exhilarated to the highest pitch, found himself a winner to the extent of a hundred and twenty pounds, including two of the captain's I O U's. He now assented with joy to a proposal of five pounds a point!—and then of a sudden the game began to take a turn, and Blackader and his partner lost half a dozen games in succession. Dalrymple exclaimed with delight:—

"Fortune is at last weary of tormenting me!" and he called for more wine to drink her fickle ladyship's health in.

Augustus felt vexed and rather alarmed, and he swallowed an ample quaff to drown his forebodings.

At a wonderfully rapid rate after this, Augustus and Blackader, were compelled to disgorge their winnings; and now of a sudden they began to be losers! To a considerable extent, in a short time, for Augustus found himself at his last five pound note, of the whole fifty he had drawn on his mother's credit.

But the gambler's devouring passion had fastened

its fang on his heart; and when Dalrymple exclaimed:—

"Do as I did! borrow of that fusty old fellow there, your partner! and you will be all right again in a minute or two, for I am sure my luck cannot last!"

Augustus did as he was told.

Mr. Blackader complied with as little hesitation as he had previously exhibited towards his longer known friend.

But why need we dwell on the particulars of so stale and shallow a deception? Blackader and Augustus both continued to lose, and Dalrymple to win, till the conspirators themselves grew alarmed at the extent of their success, and fearful their victim might begin to perceive the collusion, or get so deep as to despair of discharging the honorable debts he had incurred.

"Come, come! this is regular gambling, gentlemen; and I will play no more!" exclaimed Blackader, rising. "Good heavens, Mr. Pophly, how very unlucky you must be! I never knew Dalrymple win before in my life, nor myself lose!—and yet playing with you—and how unlucky of you to be the person who proposed playing, too!"

"These are the fellows I am unlucky with! Henceforth I play at three handed whist and dummy all the rest of my life!" exclaimed Dalrymple, producing a dice-box, which he rattled joyously over his head.

"Come! I'll try you at dice!" exclaimed Augustus, excited almost to madness by the wine and his losses.

"Not to-night, my good boy!—not to night!" said Dalrymple, still rattling his box triumphantly over his head.

"If you do, I protest beforehand, and will have no further concern in the matter!" said Blackader, rising angrily.

"Blackader's an old woman! We don't tell him everything, but if you like to go with me, I'll let you see a little sport!" whispered Dalrymple to Augustus.

"I have no money!" returned the heated dupe. "I'll lend you some—anything you want!—and Blackader will be glad to cash your bills in any amount, if you lose, I'll be bound!" said the captain.

At this moment the latter had a fair excuse given him for turning his attention elsewhere. The waiter entered with a letter for him.

"Sent from your place, as you desired, the man says below.—Marked, Important—immediate!"

Blackader recognized the large pompous seal of Sir Richard Graham on the envelope. He withdrew from the table and opened it with strangely conflicting sentiments of curiosity, fear, and doubt.

How much these feelings were allayed, the reader may judge by the contents.

"Sir Richard Graham begs to inform Mr. Blackader of an event which he is assured will communicate satisfaction to him, as well as to every other person in his employment. Lady Graham is safely confined—a little prematurely, owing to the agitation of mind and heart she has lately sustained—of an extremely fine boy—taking these circumstances into consideration.

"Sir R. Graham's more immediate object in writing is to enjoin Mr. Blackader, in consequence, (these two latter words scratched out), to the utmost secrecy in everything relating to the conversation held by Sir Richard with Mr. Blackader in the counting-house this morning. Sir R. is convinced the whole was a nefarious plan on the part of a very wicked set of persons, to produce the worst effects! When he shall think proper, Sir R. will require explanations in the proper quarter. Meanwhile, Sir Richard Graham's object, and that of all persons from whom he has a right to demand a strict adherence to his wishes, is to promote, in every possible manner, the tranquillity and happiness of the mother of his long expected and desired heir!"

Blackader's exclamation at the conclusion of this epistle provoked inquiry.

"What's the matter, old fellow? You seem to be bursting at one and the same time, with laughter and rage!" said Dalrymple.

Augustus and he were now playing at dice, ten pounds a cast.

"Sir Richard Graham has a son and heir!" replied Blackader, with a concentrated bitterness and derision in his tones, that struck Augustus, even in the absorption of his thoughts in the game he was now cajoled into.

The words brought back, by some remote association, the idea of Mary Rourke—of the document for which he had agreed to pay twenty pounds—and which sum he now recollected he no longer possessed!

He arose with an exclamation of despair.

But he found to his amazement that he could not stand steadily. The chandelier, the glasses, the men—everything in the room seemed to be in a whirl!

After a moment's struggle with the dizziness that possessed him, Augustus fell flat to the floor, like a statue from its pedestal!

When he returned again to consciousness, it was broad daylight, and he found himself lying on a sofa in the room where he had dined, and Captain Dalrymple breakfasting on coffee and anchovy toast before the fire.

CHAPTER XLVI

I beheld the westward maladies
Of the unknown, crowded nations—
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving.
LONGFELLOW.

It was a very bright and even sunny day, though the weather was now in the first chill of autumn in England, when the osprey cast anchor before New Orleans.

Avery immediately gave permission to his young relative and Trawavas, who had become the latter's almost inseparable companion, to land, and amuse themselves with a survey of the town.

"I have seen enough of it myself in the various trips I have made here, and only intend to go ashore on business," he observed. "I must make up my mind also in the first place on the stores and necessities we shall require for our adventure—and I have, besides, some very particular writings to complete to-day. So, my lads, you two go ashore, and amuse yourselves in the best manner you can, taking care to steer clear of quarrels and scuffles with the citizens."

The two young men laughed.

"I don't think we are very quarrelsome fellows, sir," said Frederick. "For as to my dispute with that confounded Leppard you are perhaps alluding to—"

"Not I—I never think of him when I can help it, and I hope he will do me the favor to forget me in return! You are the two best lads in the world—but it don't follow you won't meet with your opposites in this swamp exhalation of a city, the metropolis of the South!"

Avery was indeed delighted during the whole voyage with the behavior of the youths.

He found in young Trawavas a thorough-bred, active, and dashing seaman, the *beau ideal* of a British sailor in gallantry, skill, and cheerful alacrity of disposition.

Frederick had applied himself with the greatest perseverance to master the technical details of the profession he had embraced, and promised to prove inferior to none that had made it their choice from boyhood.

Avery had jocosely named the two young men his first and second lieutenants. And his crew were too well pleased with their exchange of commanders, in the absence of Lazarus Leppard, not to display spirits and activity on the voyage which did credit to the appointments. In all other respects it was a prosperous run.

Since his final loss of the object of his early attachment, Avery had never felt himself so light of heart, and reconciled to his existence, as in the society of these two manly youths who looked up to him with the mingled respect and affection due to a brave leader and an indulgent father.

Avery delighted in adventure and in action. His romantic and daring temperament found rest for its powers only in their most strenuous exertion. And he found himself now in a fair way to solve the great problem and mystery of his career.

It was not, therefore, from any misgiving or foreboding of evil, that Avery resolved to make his will before he landed on American soil. This was the subject which engaged his attention, and induced him to remain on board his ship while the young men made their pleasure excursion ashore.

Otherwise, he thought it possible Frederick might find some difficulty, should the case arise, of proving a right to his entire inheritance, which he intended for him. And the generous man desired, on the other hand, to give his young relation a formal right to half the results of the enterprise, should it be crowned with success, and both survive to enjoy the fruits.

"He shall not be left to depend on a promise merely, for what is his right!" said Avery to himself. "He is as much the heir in blood of Sultan Avery as I am, and he has a happier use to make of the wealth we shall acquire than ever I can have!"

What, after all, is boundless wealth to me? With whom can I share—with whom enjoy it? No matter: his happiness shall be mine, and his children shall inherit all that I acquire, too!"

The two young men proceeded on their visit.

The quay was crowded with groups whose novelty of costume and appearance excited the liveliest emotions of curiosity and surprise.

An atmosphere of diamond clearness and sparkle, wherever sparkle could be elicited, lit by a beamless, blazing sun, in a sky of hot transparent blue, brought every object out in the strongest relief. Especially the strange rainbow-hued garments of the colored population, which fluttered in every direction along the quays. Frederick could not help joining Trewavas in his open explosions of laughter when he saw the yellow and scarlet parasols flitting along, shielding faces, already kissed black by the sun, from his now glowing noonday gaze.

No sooner had they set foot on the stones of the landing place, than another odd spectacle presented itself. A figure in remarkable contrast with these bedizen and bustling throngs.

It was that of a Quaker, in the broad brimmed hat, and sad colored garb of his persuasion; its formal and antique cut rather in excess than otherwise. He was of a short, podgy make, a very peculiar one, in fact, for his head and shoulders were large enough for a man of nearly double the stature he could boast. He had the sleek, soft, and benevolent look of most of his tribe, mixed with a fair proportion of Yankee shrewdness.

Frederick's attention was arrested by the Quaker himself, the moment he stepped on the quay.

"Friend," said he, in a quiet and insinuating manner, "doth not thy ship lack a husband. If so be, here is a bit of stout paper, which some call a card, that will tell thee my name and occupation, and in what part of this western Babylon my store is situated!"

He handed some such article to Frederick.

By this document it appeared the Quaker's name was Sampson Primrose, and that he was by profession a ship agent.

"I am not the master of the ship; he is on board," said Frederick.

"I will go on board, then, and greet him."

The two young men linked arms and commenced their perambulations.

Frederick found it no very easy matter to restrain his friend's wild spirits, as they passed through the busy and motley scenes that awaited them. Trewavas was, almost for the first time, abroad in a gay and populous city, like this splendid Queen of the Mississippi, and his delight and exultation knew no bounds.

Of course the fair half of humanity escaped not the observation and enthusiastic admiration of the wild young seaman.

"I would not for the world be in love, as you are, Frederick! You have neither eyes, nor ears, nor understanding for anything out of dull old England. Yet, did you see that amber-colored beauty's eyes? I declare they flashed like green glass at you! And yonder! do look at those two young Quakeresses! I believe, upon my soul, they must be old Primrose's daughters! I'll ask them; I really will!"

And releasing his hold of Frederick's arm, the mischievous lad darted over the road, full in the path of two young Quaker girls, as modestly and demurely clad from head to foot as blue pigeons, minus the scarlet legs.

They had, however, both a good deal of the sober slowness in the old ship-agent's looks. One of them, especially, had an eye, which in a less staid society, might have been recognized as having a considerable spice of the rogue in it.

"Beg your pardon, ladies! But might I inquire, do you know where a gentleman of your persuasion—a ship-agent, I believe—of the name of Primrose—lives in this town?" exclaimed Trewavas, stopping them, but with a polite gesture, as if he was sorry to be obliged to show such rudeness.

"Dost thou, Naomi?" said the younger Quakeress, addressing her sister, with a slight smile, after a pause.

"Surely! forasmuch as our father's name is even Primrose! Sampson Primrose, is he named, friend, whom thou seekest?" returned the elder.

"That's the name, madam! Does he live hereabouts?" said Trewavas.

His handsome face and laughing eyes seemed to produce no unfavorable effect on the sisters.

"We are going home, Ruth! should we not show the stranger the way to our father's store?" said Naomi.

"Thou mayest follow us, good youth: we will guide thee thither," was the expected response.

"There can be no harm in that—the old fox is

out!" thought Trewavas. "They will give me some bread and butter, and a glass of Adam's ale, I dare say, and I can have half an hour's chat with them before he returns. I'll astonish Frederick with my success!"

And the giddy youth, with a considerable portion of effrontery, it must be confessed, for the native of a desolate channel rock, stepped between the sisters, and offered an arm to each, with a gaiety and sprightliness they did not seem to find it easy to repulse. Rather taken by surprise, they implicitly accepted the offer, and Laverock, turning with a smile of triumph, nodded to Frederick, and moved off at a bounding step with his prizes.

But Frederick was not much in the humor for such a diversion as that of gallanting the two young Quakeresses home, through the glowing noonday streets of the tropical city.

Considerations which did not affect Laverock Trewavas, rendered the scenes they traversed by no means so joyous and exhilarating to him.

Among all these shifting forms of female loveliness—and there were many—his eye sought only resemblances to one which always eluded its contemplation. Even among the not unfrequented specimens of refined and exquisitely fair northern beauty, he could discern none that at all came up to his beau ideal treasured in his heart. As Laverock would have sung—

They wanted "to him the winning grace,
The kind love in her eye!"

The animation and variety of the spectacle were also a good deal lost upon him. Everything was associated in his more thoughtful and contemplative mind with a black curse that seemed to brood over the land in the shape of the slavery that pervaded its outwardly gorgeous civilization. The trail of the serpent was everywhere amidst this Eden of voluptuousness and sensual enjoyment. Suggestive sights, which almost escaped Trewavas's observation, encountered him at every turn.

He therefore made a sign to Laverock, greatly to his chagrin, that he should not follow; and pointing to a large public building, resembling an exchange, before them, plainly intimated by a gesture that he should remain there until it pleased him to return from his nonsensical adventure.

(To be continued.)

A Fair in Spain.

BY A TRAVELLER.

By far the most curious part of the fair of Tordesillas was the ass-market, held by a gay fraternity of gypsies. There were about a dozen of these, for the most part of middle stature, beautifully formed, with very regular features of an Asiatic cast, and having a copper tinge; their hands were very small, as of a race long unaccustomed to severe toil, with quantities of silver rings strung on the fingers. They had very white and regular teeth, and their black eyes were uncommonly large, round-orbed, projecting, and expressive; habitually languid and melancholy in moments of restlessness, they kindled into wonderful brightness when engaged in commending their asses, or in bartering with a purchaser. Their jet-black hair hung in long curls down their back, and they were nearly all dressed in velvet, as Andalusian majos, with quantities of buttons made from pesetas and half pesetas covering their jackets and breeches, as many as three or four hanging freely from the same oilet-hole. Some of them wore the Andalusian leggin and shoe of brown leather, others the footless stocking and sandal of Valencia; in general their dress, which had nothing in common with the country they were in, seemed calculated to unite ease of movement and freedom from embarrassment to jauntiness of effect. All of them had a profusion of trinkets and amulets, intended to testify their devotion to that religion which, according to the popular belief, they were suspected of doubting, and one of them displayed his excessive zeal in wearing conspicuously from his neck a silver case, twice the size of a dollar, containing a picture of the Virgin Mary holding the infant Saviour in her arms.

Four or five females accompanied this party, and came and went from the square and back with baskets and other trifles, as if engaged at the separate branch of trade. They had beautiful olive faces, with fine eyes and teeth, and rich olive complexions. Their costume was different from any other I had seen in Spain, its greatest peculiarity consisting in a coarse outer petticoat, which was drawn over the head at pleasure instead of the mantilla, and which reminded me of the manta of Peru, concealing the whole of the face, except only a single eye.

I was greatly amused in observing the ingenious mode in which they kept their beasts together in the

midst of such a crowd and so much confusion, or separated them for the purpose of making a sale. They were strung at the side of the parapet wall, overlooking the river, with their heads towards it and pressing against it, as if anxious to push it over, but in reality out of a desire to avoid the frequent showers of blows which were distributed from time to time, without motive or warning, on their unoffending hinder parts, and to withdraw them as far as possible from the direction in which they were inflicted. As they were very much crowded together, there was quite scuffling work for an ass to get in when brought back from an unsuccessful effort to trade, or when newly bought, for these fellows, in the true spirit of barter, were equally ready to buy or sell. The gipsy's staff, distributing blows on the rumps of two adjoining beasts, would throw open between them a slight aperture, into which the nose of the intruding ass would be made to enter, when a plentiful encouragement of blows would force him in, like a wedge into a riven tree. The mode of extracting an ass was equally ingenious, and, if anything, more singular; continually pressing their heads against the wall with all their energy, it would have required immense strength, with the chance of pulling off the tail if it were not a strong one, to drag them forcibly out; a gipsy, taking the tail of the required animal in one hand, would stretch his staff forward so as to tap him on the nose, and, thus encouraged, gently draw him out.

I might long have continued to watch the movements of these strange beings, had I not been just then attracted by the passing chant of a religious procession. It consisted of apparently all the children of Tordesillas, preceded by a friar of some mendicant order, who bore high before him an ebony cross, having a little silver image of the Saviour; a second friar, bearing a mace, closed the procession. As the holy man swept by, the traffic was arrested, the worldly baseness of each forgotten, as all gypsies, as well as "Old Christians," kneeled before the sacred symbol of their faith; when, however, the friar, closing the procession, disappeared, the bystanders regained their feet, and the business of bargaining was renewed.

Oczakoff.

It may be held as some indication of the geographical ignorance which exists of the towns and districts of the neighboring territory to the seat of war, that we do not find them uniformly spelt alike by the various journalists, whether French or English, who undertake to enlighten the public mind upon their topography. Thus we have Oczakow, Oczakoff, and Otchakof, in reference to the fortress represented in our accompanying engraving, and without determining which is the correct name, we have adopted the middle one as that which most generally obtains, and as having the termination with which our ears have, in a great measure, become familiarised since the commencement of the war.

Oczakoff lies on the right bank of the Bug and the Dniéper, at that part where they have become united, and are running by a single channel into the Black Sea. It is built on the summit of a cliff of modern height, advancing in a sharp angle straight to the south, and projecting a low point, on which there is an ancient fort of Genoese construction, in bad condition. A battery of nine guns, of large calibre, recently constructed beyond the channel, and enfilading it, but at a long range, completes the defence on one side, and may be considered as presenting no serious obstacle in the way of the Allies towards its reduction and their entrance of the human of the Dniéper.

The siege of Oczakoff by Prince Potemkin, in 1788, was, in its way, a little siege of Sebastopol, for it lasted six months, and forty thousand men perished before its walls. The great fortress, however, which bore that name has long been dismantled, and the town was reduced to a few fishing huts. It is more than probable, however, that the Russians took measures to strengthen its position, but whether this was the case or not, on beholding the fate of Kimburn, they destroyed their own fortifications and retired from the fortress. Upon what ground they did this we cannot positively say, but we think that such an act implies that the inhabitants and the commander were panic stricken at the success of the Allies on the opposite shore.

A NEW USE OF ACORNS.—M. Duplat, a chemist attached to the military hospital at Bidah, has succeeded in producing oil and alcohol by distillation from acorns growing in the oak forests which cover Mount Atlas.

John Martin.

The works of Martin are the best known, and most popular of any paintings of modern times. There is a grandeur and sublimity about them which strikes the most careless observer, and an originality which distinguishes them from the works of any other artist. Having recently described his last celebrated pictures, we now publish a short account of the artist's life.

From notes published by Mr. Martin some years since, we learn the following interesting particulars of his early history and subsequent career:—

"I was born at a house called the East-land Ends, Haydon Bridge, near Hexham, 19th of July, 1789, and received the rudiments of my education at the well known free-school of that place. Having, from my earliest years, attempted to draw, and expressed a determination to 'be a painter,' the question arose 'how to turn my desires to profitable account;' and it was ultimately decided to make me a herald painter—in consequence of which, upon the removal of my family to Newcastle, I was, when fourteen, apprenticed to Wilson, the coach builder, of that town. I worked with him for a year, in no small degree disgusted at the drudgery which, as junior apprentice, I had to endure, and at not being allowed to practice the higher mysteries of the art; when, just previously to the expiration of the year (from which period I was to have an increase of pay), one of the senior apprentices told me that my employer would evade the payment of the first quarter, on the ground, that 'I went on trial,' and that 'it was not in the indentures.' As it had been foretold, so it turned out. Upon claiming the increase, I was referred to my articles, and the original sum was tendered. This I indignantly rejected, saying, 'What! you're soon beginning then, and mean to serve me the same as you did such an one? but I won't submit;' and, turning on my heel, I hastened home. My father highly approved of my conduct—declared that I should not go back—and immediately furnished me with proper drawing materials, the most satisfactory reward I could receive. I worked away to my heart's content for some days; when, at length, while so employed, the town sergeant came to take me off to the Guildhall to answer charges brought against me by my master. I was dreadfully frightened, the more so as none of my family were within call to accompany me; and on entering the court my heart sunk at the sight of the aldermen, and my master, with lowering face, and his witnesses. I was charged on oath with insolence—having run away—rebellious conduct—and threatening to do a private injury. In reply, I simply stated the facts as they occurred. The witness produced against me proved the correctness of my statement in every particular; and the consequence was a decision in my favor. Turning, then, to my master, I said, 'You have stated your dissatisfaction with me, and apprehensions of my doing you a private injury; under these circumstances, you can have no objection to returning my indentures.' Mr. Wilson was not prepared for this, but the alderman immediately said, 'Yes, Mr. Wilson, you must give the boy his indentures.' They were accordingly handed over to me; and I was so overjoyed that, without waiting longer, I bowed and thanked the Court, and running off to the coach factory, flourished the indentures over my head, crying, 'I have got my indentures, and your master has taken a false oath; and I don't know whether he is not in the pillory by this!' My family were delighted with the spirit I had displayed and at my emancipation from an occupation they saw was uncongenial, and my father at once took measures to place me under an Italian master of great merit and some reputation in Newcastle, named Boniface Musso, the father of the celebrated enamel painter Charles Musso, or Muss. I remained under his instructions about a year, when Mr. C. Muss, who was settled in London, wished his father to come and reside with him, and M. Musso urged upon my parents the advantage of my accompanying him. After much cogitation, many misgivings on my mother's part, and solemn charges to our friend, it was ultimately agreed that I should join him in London within a few months. I accordingly arrived in London at the beginning of September, 1806.

"I was not seventeen when I first arrived in London. My first resolve on leaving my parents had been, never more to receive that pecuniary assistance which I knew could not be spared, and by perseverance I was enabled to keep this resolution. Some months after my arrival in London, finding I was not so comfortable as I could wish in Mr. C. Muss's family, I removed to a room in Adam Street West, Cumberland Place, and it

was there that, by the closest application till two and three o'clock in the morning, in the depth of winter, I obtained that knowledge of perspective and architecture which has since been so valuable to me. I was at this time, during the day, employed by Mr. C. Musso's firm, painting on china and glass, by which, and making water-color drawings, and teaching, I supported myself; in fact, mine was a struggling artist's life, when I married, which I did at nineteen. It was now indeed necessary for me to work, and as I was ambitious of fame, I determined on painting a large picture. I, therefore, in 1812, produced my first work, 'Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion,' which was executed in a month. You may easily guess my anxiety, when I overheard the men who were to place it in the frame disputing as to which was the top of the picture! Hope almost forsook me, for much depended on this work. It was, however, sold to the late Mr. Manning, the Bank director, for fifty guineas, and well do I remember the inexpressible delight my wife and I experienced at the time. My next works were 'Paradise,' which was sold to a Mr. Spong for seventy guineas, and the 'Expulsion,' which is in my own possession. My next painting, 'Clytie,' 1814, was sent to Mr. West, the President, for his inspection, and it was on this occasion that I first met Leslie, now so deservedly celebrated. I shall never forget the urbane manner with which West introduced us, saying, 'that we must become acquainted, as young artists who, he prophesied, would reflect honor on their respective countries.'"

"Down to this period I had supported myself and family by pursuing almost every branch of my profession—teaching—painting small oil pictures, glass enamel paintings, water-color drawings, in fact, the usual tale of a struggling artist's life. I had been so successful with my sepia drawings, that the Bishop of Salisbury, the tutor to the Princess Charlotte, advised me not to risk my reputation by attempting the large picture of 'Joshua.' As is generally the case in such matters, these well-meant recommendations had no effect; but, at all events, the confidence I had in my powers was justified, for the success of my 'Joshua' opened a new era to me. In 1818, I removed to a superior house, and had to devote my time mainly to executing some immediately profitable works; but, in 1819, I produced the 'Fall of Babylon,' which was second only to the 'Belshazzar' in the attention it excited. The following year came 'Macbeth,' one of my most successful landscapes. Then, in 1821, 'Belshazzar's Feast,' an elaborate picture, which occupied a year in executing, and which received the premium of £200 from the British Institution.

"My picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast,' originated in an argument with Allston. He was himself going to paint the subject, and was explaining his ideas, which appeared to me altogether wrong, and I gave him my conception; he then told me that there was a prize poem at Cambridge, written by Mr. T. S. Hughes, which exactly tallied with my notions, and advised me to read it. I did so, and determined on painting the picture. I was strongly dissuaded from this by many, among others Leslie, who so entirely differed from my notions of the treatment that he called on purpose, and spent part of a morning in the vain endeavor of preventing my committing myself, and so injuring the reputation I was obtaining. This opposition only confirmed my intentions, and in 1821, I exhibited my picture."

In the succeeding year, Martin produced his 'Destruction of Herculaneum,'—in 1823 appeared 'The Seventh Plague,' and the 'Paphian Bower,'—in 1824, 'The Creation,'—in 1826, 'The Deluge,'—and in 1828, 'The Fall of Nineveh.' This completed the cycle of his greater works. The artist's illustrations of Milton—for which he received 2,000 guineas—were drawn by him on the plates. His principal pictures are—or were—in the galleries of Mr. Hope, Lord De Tabley, the Dukes of Buckingham and Sutherland, Prince Albert, Mr. Scarsbrick, and Earl Grey.

Martin was an engraver as well as painter, having acquired a knowledge of the art without any instruction. He engraved several of his own pictures. During the latter years of his life, he became an ardent sanitary reformer and proposed plans on a gigantic scale for the improvement of our modern Babylon, for a better supply of pure water, and for directing the sewerage from the houses. He published several pamphlets on these subjects marked by the originality and greatness of his genius.

"My attention," he says, "was first occupied in endeavoring to procure an improved supply of pure

water to London, diverting the sewerage from the river, and rendering it available as manure; and in 1827 and 1828, I published plans for the purpose. In 1829, I published further plans for accomplishing the same objects by different means, namely, a weir across the Thames, and for draining marshy lands, &c. In 1832, 1834, 1836, 1838, 1842, 1843, 1845, and 1847, I published and republished additional particulars—being so bent upon my object that I was determined never to abandon it; and though I have reaped no other advantage, I have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the agitation thus kept up constantly, solely by myself, has resulted in a vast alteration in the quantity and quality of the water supplied by the companies, and in the establishment of a Board of Health, which will, in all probability, eventually carry out most of the objects I have been so long urging. Amongst the other proposals which I have advanced is my railway connecting the river and docks with all the railways that diverge from London, and apparently approved by the Railway Termini Commissioners, as the line they intimate coincides with that submitted by me, and published in their report—the principal of rail adopted by the Great Western line—the light-house for the sands appropriated by Mr. Walker in his Maplin sand lighthouse—the flat anchor and wire cable—mode of ventilating coal-mine—floating harbor and pier—iron ship, and various other inventions of comparatively minor importance, but all conducing to the great ends of improving the health of the country, increasing the produce of the land, and furnishing employment for the people in remunerative works."

In November, 1853, he was engaged in painting the 'Plains of Heaven,' &c. While thus employed, he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of speech and the use of the right hand. He lingered for a few weeks, his mind retaining its full power throughout, but peacefully departed on the 17th of the following February, at the Isle of Man, whither he had removed for the advantage of his health. He sat for his portrait to his son, Mr. Charles Martin, within only a fortnight of his death, and "was able to point out the artistic faults with perfect understanding in their nature."

As another illustration, that *genius is near akin to madness*, it may be mentioned that Mr. Martin was brother to David Martin, who set fire to York Minster, about twenty-four years ago.

The painter is described by those who knew him, as being a gentlemanly, well-dressed, affable man, taking a lively interest in passing events, and in all the improvements and progress of the age. We may think of him, not alone as the greatest painter of modern times, but as a most valuable citizen, and a great and benevolent man.

The Greek Partridge.

In England, the idea of partridges is usually associated with stubble fields and the first of September, and an English sportsman would as soon think of looking for partridges at an elevation of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, as for grouse in his neighbor's corn-fields. But in the Alpine regions of the south of Europe, where two or three species of partridges are to be met with, these birds extend far up the sides of the mountains, some of them living even close to the limit of perpetual snows.

One of the most beautiful of the partridges, and the one that appears to live at the greatest elevation in the Alps, is known to most naturalists as the Greek Partridge (*Perdix saxatilis*), as it appears to have been the partridge of the ancient Greeks, and is certainly the partridge of the Hebrews.

The Greek Partridge is a little larger than the common species (*Perdix cinerea*); in its coloring it presents considerable resemblance to the Guernsey partridge (*Perdix rubra*), a species which occurs in the same mountains, but generally at a low elevation. The crown of the head and back are of a bluish gray; the quill feathers dark brown with reddish yellow edges; the breast variegated with chestnut brown spots and yellowish bands bordered with black; the throat is white, with a black collar, the belly reddish yellow, and the tail reddish, with the four middle feathers grey. The beauty of the bird is greatly increased by the beautiful red color of its bill and legs, a character, however, which it possesses in common with several other species.

Although not very shy, it nevertheless avoids the observation of man with great circumspection, concealing itself carefully amongst the plants and between the rocks of its Alpine abode. Here it wanders about in security, picking off the buds, the young leaves, and seed vessels of the Alpine plants

around it, or indulging in the more savory and nourishing diet afforded by the spiders, beetles, ants, and other insects which find their home in the same elevated region. Like the domestic fowl, it is fond of spreading itself out on the warm ground in the sun. However it may be engaged, its eye is constantly on the watch, and at the least appearance of danger it hurries off to some place of concealment, rarely rising from the ground unless compelled to do so, running with great swiftness over the stones and through the herbage, and hiding itself in a moment so completely that its discovery is often a matter of no little difficulty.

During the spring these birds usually live in pairs, which afterwards unite to form small families; they are rarely met with in great flocks. In the morning and evening, especially in the spring, they utter a low cry of *gak-gak*, or *chajibiz-chajibiz*; the latter cry may also be heard all day long in cloudy weather during the summer and autumn.

About the end of June, when the hay-harvest is in progress in the valleys, the partridges begin to think of nest-building. The cock troubles himself very little about the matter, whilst the hen collects a few dry plants and a little moss into a cleft of rock, or some similar sheltered situation, and there lays from twelve to eighteen eggs, of a dull yellow color, and sprinkled with darker spots. About this time the foxes creep cautiously up from the lower wooded regions to look after their feathered favorites; they make a most careful inspection of the region inhabited by the partridges, and generally acquire a much better knowledge of their favorite breeding places, than the two legged sportsman.

In July, after about three weeks' setting, the young are hatched; and the whole family of little downy chicks bursts at once from the eggs, and the old hen has then quite enough to do to keep a dozen, or a dozen and a half of inexperienced youngsters together. This is in fact a matter of no little difficulty, for the lively little things have a great tendency to stray, and it requires all the care of the mother to inspire them with the caution necessary to avoid any danger to which they may be exposed, even in their sequestered mountain home. At the least sign of approaching danger, the whole flock is instantly collected beneath the wings of the mother. Fifteen chicks may find protection under this kindly shelter, and yet, except that the hen is spread out to an enormous width, their presence is only betrayed by the projection of one or two little beaks, or perhaps a nearly featherless tail.

But when serious peril encounters the family, in the shape of a man, a dog, a fox, or a bird of prey, the parents instantly utter a hoarse cry of "*pitchy-pitchy*," and the whole party immediately disappears. One has scarcely time to catch a glimpse of them before they are all gone; and it is only taking trouble in vain to seek for them, for such an inconceivable facility do they appear to possess for finding safe hiding places, that the observer may hunt through every shrub and behind every stone in the neighborhood, and not be rewarded for his pains by the sight of a single bird. But if he be endowed with sufficient patience to esconce himself behind a rock, and wait until the alarm has a little subsided, he will hear after a while the low call of the old birds, and their little heads make their appearance at all the clefts of the rock, and the whole brood is soon collected again quietly around the mother.

In the course of the summer and autumn, the numbers of these families are greatly reduced by the attacks of weasels, foxes, and hawks, and a good many fall before the fowler's gun. The remainder collect into flocks, and during the latter part of the autumn, find a plentiful harvest of berries, on which they feed. In the winter they come down from the exposed regions, which are their favorite abode during the rest of the year, to the more sheltered borders of the Alpine forests, and often seek protection from the inclemency of the weather in the huts built in those situations for the reception of the cattle and their drivers, which come there for pasture during the summer. Here they remain for months, picking up a somewhat precarious nourishment of grass seeds, buds, and similar articles, until the return of the mild weather of spring calls them again to visit the higher regions. In very severe weather, they are occasionally driven still further down, and sometimes even make their appearance in the neighborhood of the upland villages.

As the Greek partridge and ptarmigan inhabit nearly the same districts in the Alps, the sportsmen commonly pursue the two species together. The birds rarely flying up, the sportsman is compelled to shoot them on the ground; and, indeed, generally endeavors to get as near them as possible without being discovered, so as to get a shot at the unfortu-

nates whilst feeding peacefully, without any idea of the danger that is hanging over them.

Flying shots are, in fact, by no means favorites with the sportsmen of Germany, and when the partridges fly off, as they will do sometimes, their pursuer generally endeavors to trace them, so as to surprise them again in a state of security. Some of the more knowing of these gentry have a trick of imitating the call of the birds, so as to collect a small flock of them together within reach of the shot—an accomplishment, we fear, which would be considered rather *poacherish* in other countries.

The flesh of these birds is exceedingly delicious, and is considered superior to that of either the ptarmigan or the common partridge. It possesses a peculiar bitterish balsamic flavor, which causes it to be regarded with peculiar favor by the *gourmands*.

It is a singular circumstance that the Greek partridge and the ptarmigan occur together nowhere but in the Alps. These mountains in fact, appear to mark a sort of boundary line between the geographical districts of the two species, the former occurring in countries only to the south, the latter in those to the north of this line. The Greek partridge, which in the region of the Alps never comes down to the more genial plains, is, nevertheless, found in great plenty all over the south of Europe, in the North of Africa, in Asia Minor, and in the Islands of the Grecian Archipelago; and what is still more remarkable, in these milder regions, it not only inhabits the mountain sides, but makes its appearance in equal profusion in the valleys, and even on the coasts. In these countries they are brought to market in thousands, and during the autumn they form the principal food, even of the common people. Their eggs are also collected in great numbers for eating. In some of these Islands, in Greece, Asia Minor, and even, according to Tamerick, in the South of France, these birds are completely domesticated, and attended to with the greatest care. They are driven daily out to feed in large flocks, under the care of a man or boy, and called home again at night by means of a whistle. The cock birds, which are exceedingly quarrelsome, are often set fighting for mere amusement.

A Monster Shark.—By a Trinidadian.

BRING in La Guayra in the month of June, I was tempted by the heat of the lowlands to bathe in the sea; I swam out to some rocks, which lay a quarter of a mile from shore, and then dived to pick up some beautiful shells. As I got near to the bottom I balanced myself in mid-water, to observe a most beautiful phenomenon. It being noon, and the sun crossing the equator, near which stands La Guayra, his beams were reflected with surpassing splendor on the surface of the water, which was agitated into rippling waves by the mid-day breeze; these little waves were reflected on the sandy bed of the sea, which reflection showed like a waving and shifting net of burnished silver. I saw this net, with pleasure, spread as far as my eye could reach, save where my own shadow, as it were, intercepted it. Suddenly this was overshadowed by a most terrific object. I instantly cast my eyes upwards, and gracious heaven! I beheld, right above me, one of the most terrible monsters in nature, known to the people in those seas under the appellation of the shovel-nosed shark. I cast a few glances aloft, and observed his glaring eyes, that looked at once stupidly dull, and frightfully malignant. Their savage ken was directed down upon me; its greedy mouth was opening and shutting, as if in anticipation of swallowing me.

I cast a glance at my ribs and over my body; and mentally asked my Creator (may he forgive the involuntary thought) if he intended that his image, into whose nostrils he had breathed the breath of life, should become the prey of such a marine demon as floated above? This singular idea flashed through my mind with the speed of lightning; there was little time for reflection.

I swam, still under water, to another place; but I could observe, by the shadow of the monster, that he still followed me. Upwards I dared not look; in vain I tried to dodge my tormentor: where I stopped, he stopped; and, go where I would still his shadow fell upon me. What was to be done? My strength and breath were fast going; to remain much longer under water was impossible, and to rise was to make for the jaws of perdition. I sank to the bed of the bay, to arm myself with some conch-shells; these might have been of some use, could I have gained the surface of the water unharmed, in which case I might have hurled them at his enormous head. But no—the shark seemed aware that I could not long remain below, and he appeared determined to catch me as I rose. Sud-

denly a ray of blessed hope shot across my benighted mind. I was beside a rock that had a small cleft through its centre, which, near the bed of the bay, had a horizontal passage; down this cleft I had often gone out of mere boyish desire of adventure; and to this chasm I swam, and in an instant darted into the horizontal part of it. Ere I did this, the hideous fish became too late aware of my manœuvre; and, from the pressure of the water, I became sensible that he sank down towards me; but the love of life made me to quick for him, even in his own element. I passed through the horizontal passage, and in an instant I was buoyed up through the vertical cavity of the rock, but whether this was too small easily to admit its enormous head, I know not—certain I am, that the shark did not pass the cleft for some seconds after me. By this time I stood upright on the top of the rock, on which there were two or three feet of water, and a few rapid steps brought me out of immediate danger.

I had gained a part of the rock which was out of the water, although it afforded but bad footing, it being as sharp as the blade of a boat oar. On this I, however, got as the monster emerged from the passage, still pursuing me; it made a rush towards where I stood, but I was out of its element; it raised its huge head as if to ascertain where I was, and, at the instant, I hurled one of the conch-shells, which I still held in my hands, at his head, with such effect as to stun the fish. It now lay motionless for some seconds; while I, to prevent the sharp edges of the rocks from cutting my feet, was obliged to kneel, and partly support myself with my hands. I now perceived the fish lashing the waters upon the rock until they were in a foam; the fact was, it was high tide when we both came up, and, as the water was fast receding, it could not get on for want of depth. Some minutes had elapsed ere I perceived its predicament, for my attention was directed towards the shore, to which place I called for succor, using every exclamation of distress that I recollected: at length the fish became completely high and dry; and I perceived the danger of my late mortal foe, but felt no generous pity for him. I now fearlessly changed my uneasy position, and stood upright on the flat part of the rock. I was too much exhausted by my late adventure to essay swimming ashore, and saw with joy a canoe approaching me: one of three men in her proved to be an old friend José Garcia; who, being informed of my late escape called out "*Santa Maria! it is el capitán del puerto* (the harbor-master) that is on the rock!"

I must inform the reader that I had often heard of a large and well-known shovel-nosed shark, called *el capitán del puerto*, who, in the Bay of La Guayra, was as well known as Port Royal Tom (another famous shark) was in Jamaica. Whether my late foe was the identical *el capitán del puerto* I cannot take upon myself to say; but José and the two men of the canoe, treated him with little ceremony; they beat the helpless shark's head with their paddles until he was again stunned, and finished him by cutting off his tail, and running a machete through his brain.

PLANTS CONSIDERED AS CHARACTERISTIC OF NATIONS.—According to Professor Schouw, in the South Sea Islands, the bread-fruit tree and the coconut palm supply important articles of food and clothing. New Zealand flax is characteristic of the island whence it derives its name. Among the Malays of the Indian Islands, the clove-tree, nutmeg, pepper, and ginger, are the principal characteristic plants, and these are also common in India. Maize, which gives the most abundant, and also the most uncertain of all crops, was originally confined to America, which was also the case with the potato. The Maguey plant, (*Agave potatorum*) is a valuable product of Mexico, and may be called the vine of the Mexicans, while *Agave Americana* is useful for clothing. *Cheopodium Quinon* is a plant used for food in the high districts of Mexico, Peru, and Chili; the Mauritius palm is an important means of subsistence to the tribes of the Orinoco; the date palm is equally useful in the South of Africa, and in the Arabian deserts. The coffee tree characterizes the south of Arabia and Abyssinia. Rice and cotton were two important plants for the Hindoos; the tea plant for the Chinese; wheat, barley, rye, and oats, to the Indo-Caucasian races of Western Asia and Europe; the olive and the vine for the inhabitants of Mediterranean districts, and the rein-deer most for the Laplanders.

If you saw a large fire, what literary men's names would you use in expressing surprise?—Dickens! Howitt! Burns!

Nicholaieff.

It was on the morning of the 25th of September, at six o'clock, that the Emperor of Russia arrived at Nicholaieff, represented above. For the first time since his accession to his throne, Alexander II. had traversed a portion of his vast and silent empire, towards that region of his dominions which nature has more highly favored, and which is one of the granaries of the world. Although he did not penetrate into the Crimea to gaze from afar on the battle-fields of the past months, and the ruined city, which is now in the hands of his enemies, he did not the less become acquainted with the horrors of war. What is the state of the rich provinces which his ancestors wrested from the Porte, of the cities which received the produce of the South, and accumulated the wealth which has been so lavishly spent on armies and fortresses? Almost from the latitude of Moscow he would begin to perceive the desolation of the land. Empty stalls and unsown fields would mark even the circumference of the great area which has been drained for war. As he advanced he would look on every side over boundless plains, from which not only carts and oxen, corn and forage had been swept, but where men had become scarce, and the serf's abandoned family was toiling on a patch of ground, while its head was far off, driving his own waggon, laden with his own produce, to supply the insatiable wants of a vast army. The Emperor Alexander might then look with dismay on the exhaustion which must weaken his empire and hamper his policy for many a year to come, and reflect that the greatest ruin he has sustained is not at Sebastopol. The desolation would deepen until the Imperial equipage was within the ramparts of Nicholaieff, to which we have now brought our readers in the track of the downcast Czar.

This city is situated in a fine plain, on the south side of the Ingul, near its junction with the Bug; is about 100 miles from Perekop, and 107 from Odessa, while Kherson—represented in a recent number of this journal—between Nicholaieff and Perekop, is 40 miles from the former. Nicholaieff was founded in 1791, and has increased in importance since the Admiralty was transferred there from Kherson. The town, which stands on a good deal of ground, contains wide and regular streets, many of them painted, with trees on both sides, but in general badly paved. Almost all the houses are built of stone, but though many of them are elegant, few can pretend to any magnificence. The Museum, or Dépôt de Cartes, as it is called, founded by the Marquis de Traversey, contains, besides a good collection of maps, charts, instruments, quadrants, telescopes, a pretty exten-

sive library, and some stone monuments, with Latin, but more frequently Greek inscriptions on them. In the port and docks there are, besides completed vessels, gunboats of all sizes, immense stores of canvas, rope and iron, worked up ready for use, as in the case of every ship, an exact model of every part, 1-24th of the full size is made, with the different parts numbered, with which the ship, when finished, is compared. Some of the gunboats are furnished with sails and with numerous oars. The timber for the ships comes chiefly by the Dnieper to Kherson, and thence to Nicholaieff. All the vessels constructed here, are transported many versts down the river, to Glubokoye, where they take in their cannon, tackle, &c., and proceed thence to the Black Sea upon camels, on account of a sand-bank near Kinburn. The Admiral-in-chief of the Black Sea, and a number of inferior officers, have their permanent residence at Nicholaieff. The admiral's house, consisting of one storey, is in one of the principal streets, upon the high bank of the Ingul, where his flag is displayed and signals are made. In the angle between the Bug and the Ingul is Spasskii, formerly the residence of Prince Potemkin, and since inhabited by the Admiral of the Black Sea fleet. Returning towards the town is a fountain of excellent water, which is conveyed to a reservoir in Nicholaieff, and which, from the badness of the water to be obtained from the wells, a fault also common to Odessa, is invaluable. The fine healthy climate, the pure air, and the cheapness of lodging, and all the necessities of life except firewood, make Nicholaieff a favorite resort with the Russian nobility. The country between it and Kherson is generally of the nature of a steppe, presenting now and then greater and lesser elevations, and tumuli, which are said to be Tartar tombs.

Twenty-five years ago Nicholaieff was a very inconsiderable place, but by the labors of Lazareff, it has been made the great dépôt of the Russians in the Black Sea. It now contains above 38,000 inhabitants; and has six Greek churches, besides a Catholic and a Lutheran place of worship.

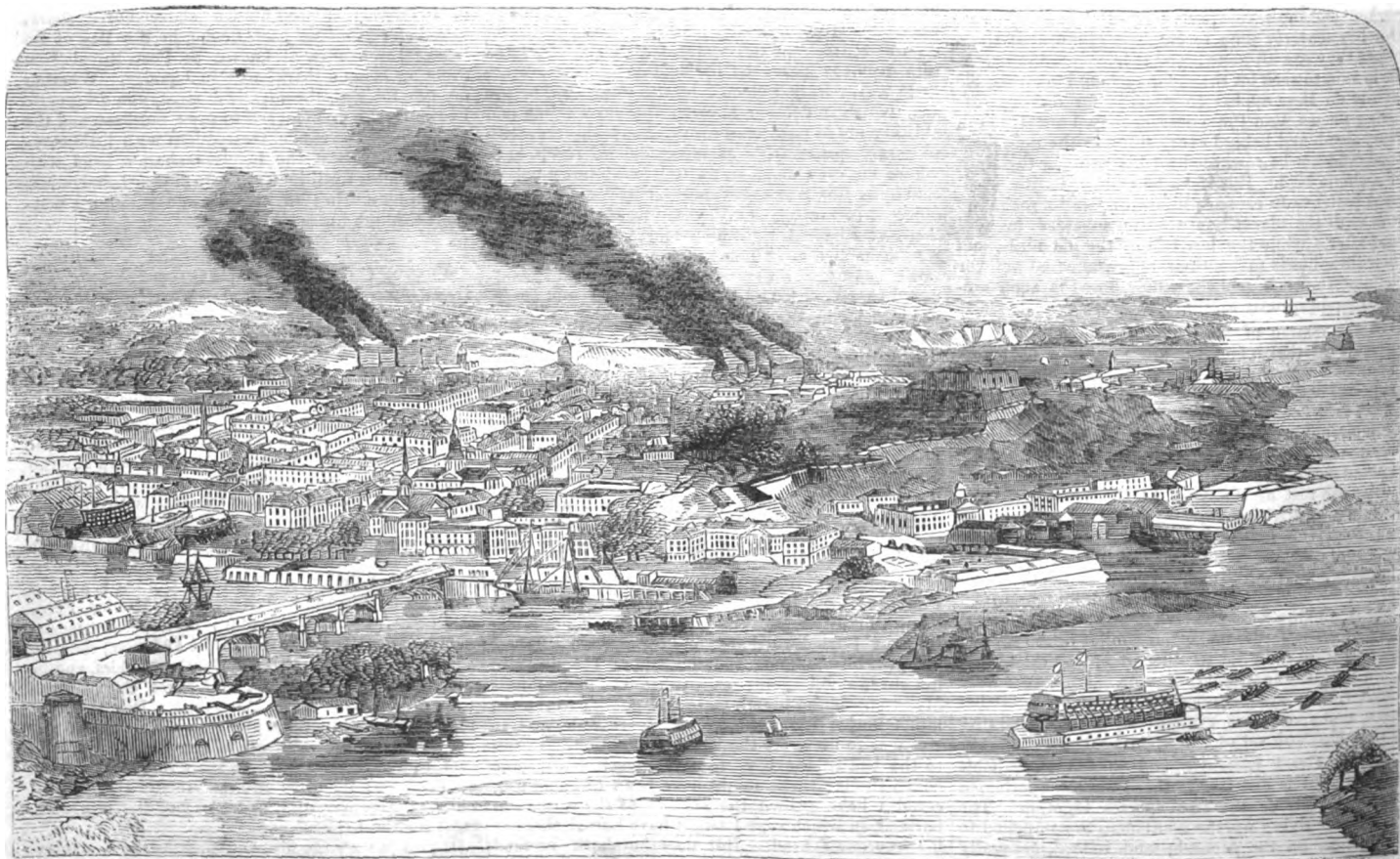
Here, then, his majesty arrived on the morning we have stated, to the astonishment of everybody. He was accompanied by the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas. Nobody could define the nature of his object, but it was believed it was to see that Nicholaieff was properly secured. The engineer and builder, Lieutenant Volokoff, was instantly summoned by telegraph, and he received orders to construct round the town several redoubts (five, as it is said), with 360 guns. Besides these, 500 gunboats were to be built with all speed, by workmen

brought from Cronstadt, who would be under the personal inspection of the Grand Duke, Constantine. Each of these boats is to be armed with two or four guns of long range. The latter have already been brought from the arsenal at Kieff. The newly-built frigates Vitjas and Tiger are already armed, and have been examined and approved by the Imperial family. In short, a fresh impulse was given to the warlike departments of this arsenal, in the vain hope that the enemy may yet be expelled from the southern shores of Russia. It is here, however, that the remains of the Russian fleet, if any, are collected. It is here that arsenals and dockyards exist, in which an attempt may be made to repair the enormous losses of the war; and here, too, that an army may find a tenable position, whether it be compelled to retreat from the Crimea by the approach of winter and the vigor of the Allies, or whether fresh reinforcements be collected to dispute the possession of the peninsula.

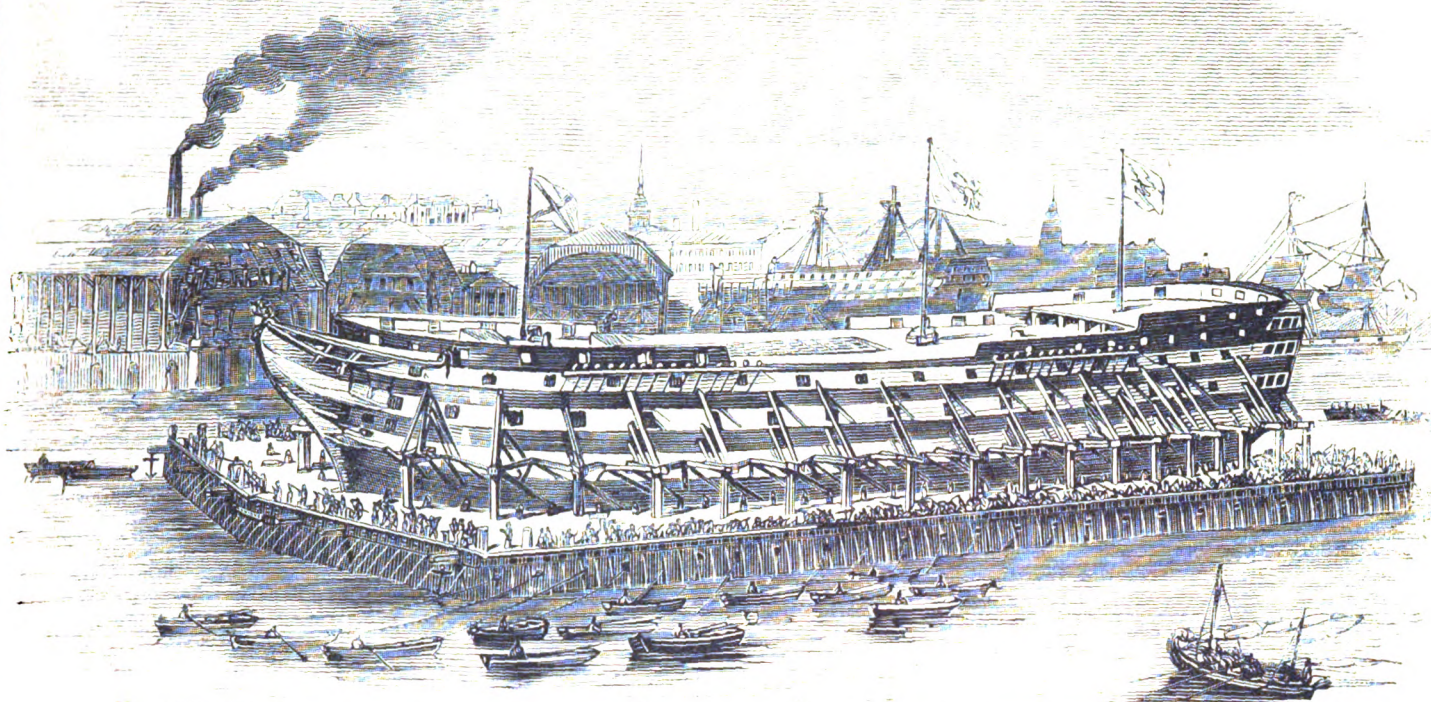
Nicholaieff was the head-quarters of the Russian Admiralty for the Black Sea, before the construction of Sebastopol, and with characteristic tenacity, the cabinet of St. Petersburg falls back upon this second line of defence. Reports are circulated of a design to reconstruct the Imperial fleet on a gigantic scale, but these reports are simply ridiculous, inasmuch, as when it was at the height of its strength and efficiency, the only use made of the ships was to sink them. If new ships are really constructed or launched at Nicholaieff, the only object they can be intended to serve, is to figure in the terms of negotiation, whenever the naval power of Russia is discussed at the peace. Nicholaieff, and not Sebastopol, has all along been the Russian arsenal of construction; all the Black Sea men-of-war are built there, though the draught of water in the estuary of the Bug and the Ingul is so shallow that these vessels are floated down to the sea unarmed, and on camels. It remains to be seen whether the mortar-vessels of the allied squadrons can ascend to the dockyard, and if so, it may reasonably be expected that the perseverance, fortitude, and valor which took Sebastopol are not likely to succumb to Nicholaieff.

In a paper recently read before the British Association, a Swedish Professor combated the premonitory idea that high skulls betoken high intellect.

WHATEVER disgrace we have merited, it is almost always in our power to re-establish our reputation. THE way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.



NICHOLAIEFF—NAVAL ARSENAL FOR THE BLACK SEA.



A RUSSIAN MAN-OF-WAR BEING FLOATED DOWN THE RIVER BUG.

The Russian Camel, or Floating Dock.

For a thousand years a prophecy has hung over the East, and for that time Constantinople has believed that it saw in dim, prophetic vision its ultimate lords. That city of decaying empires, has always dreamt of the barbarians who were to come—a race more crafty, more fierce, and more enduring than that which overthrew old Rome.

When, in the ninth century, the name of Russia was first heard by the pilots of the Euxine, this belief was strengthened, and the faith in predestined empire added to the terrors inspired by the fiercest and most powerful of the northern hordes. In the course of two centuries Constantinople was four times attacked by the Russian fleets. Their port for preparation or retreat was the Borysthene, the spot where the flags of France and England now wave over the batteries of Kinburn. Their galleys often assembled at a little narrow harbor of the Tauric Chersonese, for ages the refuge of pirates, now famous through the world under the name of Balaklava. Ages passed on; Constantinople fell before the Crusader, and a yearly decreasing circle marked the limits of its imperial sway. When the Sultans were at Broussa and Adrianople, the city of the Bosphorus and knew its impending fate; yet, though the Russian was still in the heart of his deserts, and the Ottoman was almost on the imperial throne, the legends of the Greek still pointed to the yellow-haired race who were to bear rule in the latter days. The idol wars were now over. The Muscovite worshipped according to the ritual of Eastern orthodoxy, and confessed the primacy of the Byzantine Patriarch. He was to rise up as an avenger, and to deliver the sacred dome of St. Sophia from the pollution of Moslem rites. No sooner was Mahomet sovereign of the city than the duration of the Ottoman sway was predicted. It was to last 400 years. No prophecy is more explicit, has been more widely extended, or has raised greater expectation. From the White Sea to the Persian Gulf it has been the belief of millions—and it has stimulated the ambition of the Czars to seek the extension of their empire at the expense of the Ottoman. The Christian has never ceased to speak of Roumelia as his country, and St. Sophia as his church. The Mussalman has acquiesced, and often seeks to bury his dead on the Asiatic shore, that they may rest in peace in their own land.

The prophecy, however, is not yet fulfilled, and its accomplishment seems to be further removed since the commencement of the war. The Russians are not now descending the Dnieper to carry terror into the Golden Horn. On the contrary, the ships of the West have burst the gate which defends the

last stronghold of the Czar's naval power, and are preparing to strike a blow which will crush it for at least a century. Kinburn and Oczakoff have both bowed their necks to the Allies. Nearly a thousand years ago the Russians were terrible at sea, while on land they were scarcely a match for tribes that have long perished. Now, their courage and skill in the field are unquestionable, but their navy seems an expensive and sickly exotic. All has changed but the obstinate and aggressive spirit which the Greek fire of the Byzantine galleys could hardly tame, and which now, through unceasing disaster and the reprobation of the world, still resists the arms and arguments of the West. A conviction of the strength, the endurance, and the ambition of the Russians, gave rise to a series of prophecies which have nearly caused their own fulfilment by the despondency they have generated.

Her men of war, being chiefly built in shoal waters, have to be borne to the ocean on camels or floating docks, as shown above. These are constructed similar to a dry dock and are each divided into two parts. As soon as the vessel is launched, these parts, having been first sunk by the admission of water through a series of holes, to the necessary depth, are floated to each side of the hull. Here they are locked together. The holes are then plugged up, and the water pumped out so as to enable the camel to regain its natural buoyancy. By this process the hull of the ship is gradually raised until it is enabled to be floated to its destination. All the ships built at Nicolaieff and Khereson were thus floated to Sebastopol, where they took in their armaments and stores, and were fitted for the service. The arsenal of Cronstadt receives the northern navy in the same way, the waters of the Neva being like those of the Bug—too shallow to float men of-war completely equipped for action.

Our engraving represents the mode which Russia has adopted to float her ships of war down the rivers to the seas into which these rivers disembogue themselves.

THE PRUSSIAN CAPITAL.—Berlin appears a city built for effect; all that is beautiful is concentrated, as it were, in one focus, and in diverging from this we are doomed to encounter a great number of glaring incongruities. The streets, broad even to dreariness, have not the advantage of trottoirs, and few of the houses exceed two stories high; add to which the small sharp stones with which the pavement is formed, renders walking so disagreeable, that I think promenading Berlin during the summer months, might well exempt a Catholic from purgatory. An

American, accustomed to the hive-like population of his own commercial cities, would be inclined to suppose that pestilence had been dealing, at no distant period, desolation throughout the city. My readers will more easily credit this, when I tell them, that the circumference of the town exceeds five leagues, and the number of inhabitants only amounts to two hundred and twenty thousand. This gloomy tristeness reigns triumphant over most of the streets, except when a review or some other public occasion, attracts the population of the provinces. The architecture of the public buildings is also censurable from its tiresome uniformity, arising from a too frequent repetition of the same forms and combinations; for even granting that the Ionic porticos (the most general style) are perfect models of perfection, yet their endless repetition is wearying, even to satiety. Another great alloy to Berlin, as a residence, and consequently to its future prosperity, is its situation, which, being perfectly level with the rivers, presents a serious, I am afraid, an insurmountable obstacle to its cleanliness, and, consequently, its salubrity. Two lazy gutters drag their weary length along each side of the street, and in some places, even overflow the pavement, exhaling an effluvia, at once noxious and disagreeable; these empty themselves into the Spree, whose sluggish course, more resembling a stagnant canal, than a river, is so tedious in conveying away the pollutions it receives, that, during the heat of summer, the public health is seriously affected; and it was a fact, announced by the authorities, that, during the summer of 1854, the deaths exceeded the births by forty-four weekly.

ECONOMY.—All to whom want is terrible, upon whatever principle, ought to think themselves obliged to learn the sage maxims of our parsimonious ancestors, and attain the arts of contracting expense; for, *without economy, none can be rich, and with it, few can be poor.* The mere power of saving what is already in our hands, must be of easy acquisition to every mind; and as the example of Lord Bacon may show that the highest intellect cannot safely neglect it, a thousand instances every day prove that the humblest may practice it with success.

Men are very seldom disappointed, except when their desires are immoderate, or when they suffer their passions to overpower their reason, and dwell upon delightful scenes of future honors, power, or riches, till they mistake probabilities for certainties, or wild wishes for rational expectations. If such men when they awake from these voluntary dreams, find the pleasing phantom vanish away, what can they blame but their own folly?

AN apt quotation is like a lamp which flings its light over the whole sentence.

Maude Maxwell.

A woman sat in a low-roofed London garret—stitch—stitch—stitch—for her life. She was a fair and pretty person of twenty, a little worn with work and laborious watching, but still showing every sign of her native charms of person. The garret was meanly furnished: a bed with but scanty allowance of clothes, a table, one chair, a night-lamp, and an empty box formed the more prominent features of the scene—one of those pictures of squalid misery so common in London.

"I am tired," muttered the girl to herself, with a deep sigh, "but it is of no use my ceasing work! My rent is unpaid these five weeks—the chemist wants his money—and I must go on! But I must stop a moment—so 'tis best to have some tea!"

And the young woman rose and placed a diminutive kettle on her small fire. Then she put a pinch of tea in her pot, and a thin slice of bread upon the table, with a tea-cup full of a sky-blue mixture dignified with the name of milk.

She sighed again as she thought of a tea-table groaning with solid refreshments, where she would be welcome as the light of day, and then she passed her hand across her forehead, as if to drive away thought.

The poor girl had not dined.

Then she slowly consumed her little meal, and having cleared it away, lit her oil lamp and again began to work.

At midnight, pale, exhausted, and ready to faint, she went to bed to seek a little renewal of strength for the next day's slavery.

Work is the necessary lot of man—but such work as this is a cruel necessity.

In the next room, also a low-roofed garret, sat a young man before the expiring embers of a wretched fire. He was of slight and elegant form, about two and twenty, naturally good-looking, but pale and with hollow eyes—the picture of suffering. He had a pipe innocent of tobacco in his mouth, and yet so wrapt was he in thought that he noticed this not. Pens, ink, and paper strewn upon a table, made it appear likely that he was one of those who dared venture into the wilderness of London, generally unknown and friendless, in search not of a living, but fame and renown. The moderately successful—those who are to be envied—generally die reporters. In the republic of letters there are a few prizes—but how many blanks?

The young man, after a vain endeavor to extract an idea from his head, evidently gave it up, and dashed his pipe to the ground. But it was not for want of intellect that the young man had vainly pursued ideas—he was hungry—so hungry as to be incapable of any physical or mental exertion.

When the pipe flying to atoms had quite brought him to his recollection, he rose, buttoned up his coat, and opened the door softly.

He listened at the top of the stairs—not a sound was to be heard—then cautiously he glided down, pausing every moment to listen. His anxious and careworn look was clearly now that of an unpaid tenant.

How full of philosophy is the French caricature which represents the regular lodger passing up stairs with his landlord bowing to the ground, while the poor tenant, whose quarter is over-due, creeps past his *propriétaire* against the bannisters with a fearful and timid look.

The young man reached the street door without impediment, and opening it cautiously, closed it somewhat more boldly behind him.

Then he walked quickly down the street towards the Strand. Here he paused before the door of a public house, and after a moment's hesitation went in. The parlor which he entered was tolerably full, and his coming was warmly welcomed by all present.

"Good evening, Henry Maynard!" said one who had before him a plentiful supply of bread and cheese and ale; you see I'm keeping the wolf out! Take a mouthful?"

Henry Maynard muttered something about having dined.

"A small trifle of bread and cheese never can hurt you!" said the other—a reporter named Rooke.

"Well, Rooke, to oblige you," replied Maynard, with a very faint attempt at a smile and a very visible blush, "I will!"

He sat down, and, talking to his acquaintances, unconsciously ate a hearty meal, which gradually brought the color back to his cheeks.

"Now, Rooke," he said, his mental faculties somewhat revived, "frankly I'm going to give up the battle for the present—I cannot stand it any longer! I must go down to the governor and give way a little! I must condescend to ask for money!"

Do you think you could raise me a pound to go home with?"

"A pound is a thing, Mr. Maynard," said Rooke, with a smile, "I'm seldom troubled with it! I could much easier give a pound of flesh! But if half-a-crown is any use, you are welcome! I think I can raise as much all round!"

Henry Maynard was liked, and his position in society well known—so that after a diligent search into their respective pockets, the necessary sum was raised in the room. The sums were noted down, and Rooke was to receive the general remittance on Maynard's arrival home.

They made a night of it, and early in the morning our hero was on his way home on the top of the coach.

The girl rose at early dawn, and resumed her stitching. The strong man had yielded to the pressure of circumstances, and returned home—the girl, who had no reason for holding out, remained at her post.

Maude Maxwell was the belle of the village, as pretty and seductive a little maid of nineteen as ever was seen. In her neat muslin gown and straw hat and ribbons she looked enough to make any old bachelor forswear single blessedness and marry there and then. Her curls were golden as the ripe sheaf of harvest, her eyes blue as the delicate veins that circled through her thin white hands, her cheek rosy as the last faint streak of the sun in the west, and her manner and character winning in the extreme.

Maude Maxwell was an orphan. Her father and mother had died, leaving her to the guardianship of Herbert Maxwell, a jolly farmer of Boltcombe Abbey who had a good farm of his own, and who had her money—a few hundreds—to take care of. A confirmed bachelor, he naturally enough had selected his niece as his heiress—and need we say that she counted admirers by shoals.

A pretty face is so attractive—especially with a few thousands to back it.

Now amidst all the suitors that came wooing, Maude Maxwell clearly favored one—the only one, perhaps, she had better not have looked at—the son of rich Squire Maynard, her uncle's landlord. Henry Maynard was a handsome young fellow, about two years older than herself. He would come down fishing on the banks of a little river that ran through the farm, and would go rabbit shooting with old Maxwell, and would smoke a pipe in the evening over a cool tankard, and make himself agreeable in many odd ways: so that at last, somehow or other, Maude Maxwell came to like him so much, that she ceased altogether to encourage the attention of Charles Merchant, her cousin, originally a favored suitor.

Truly, to exempt Maude from reproach, she was twelve years old when her cousin—on the mother's side—proposed, and the laughing girl had accepted him more out of fun than anything else. She soon, however, regretted her conduct. Charles Merchant was idle. He had little to depend on, saw the prospect of a good marriage, and yet he spent the chief part of his time in a public-house, and was the lord of the skittle-ground. His manners were naturally rather rough. A poor chance, then, did he stand when a smart young Oxford man, polite, open, frank, and manly, presented himself. Maynard fell in love with Maude at first sight, but he took care not to alarm the sensitive maid too soon. He knew that she was engaged to Merchant—and doubtless this fact, accompanied by a reluctance to see so lovely a girl, thrown away upon the pillar of a pot-house, made him the more readily enter the field.

It was hay-making time, and the affianced couple were in the field together.

Charles Merchant, who had been helping Mr. Maxwell, pushed Maude laughingly, and she fell upon a heap of hay.

"I would thank you not to do that again, Mr. Merchant!" said the blushing beauty, rising and standing haughtily before him.

"And pray why not?" asked the other, somewhat fiercely. "I saw you and Mary Merchant laughing merrily enough with young Squire Maynard when he threw a pitchfork full over you!"

"That is different! Besides, I have a right to play with whom I please; Mr. Maynard does not behave in the rough way you do!"

And Maude turned to join the party at the other end of the field.

Maynard was there, talking to her uncle.

"Maude," said Charles, catching her arm, "what is the meaning of all this? You are oftener with the young squire than suits the wife of a man like me!"

"I am not your wife, and never shall be!" ex-

claimed Maude, disengaging the hand he had seized; "you took advantage of a child to get a promise, which the woman cannot keep!"

"Maude, take care!" said Charles, fiercely.

"Sir, do you threaten me? Mr. Merchant, I am now a woman, and I decline the honor of your hand! I am still free—win me if you can—but do not threaten me!"

And with a laugh as of immense relief from a hateful promise, the little beauty ran across the field and took her uncle's arm. Henry Maynard had watched the scene at the other end of the field, and pretty well guessed its import. He smiled to himself—for he now felt that his own hour had at last come.

"Miss Maxwell, it is time to move home! Your uncle is going to ride in the cart—will you walk with me?" he said.

"Willingly!" replied Maude, with a smile.

She was as yet unconscious how much Henry Maynard had secretly influenced her conduct that day.

Maxwell, who was busy, willingly gave up her arm and turned away. Henry and Maude walked up a green lane towards the farm-house. Mary Merchant ran before them, picking flowers.

Charles, his face flushed with passion, rushed up to Maxwell.

"Hilloa!" cried the jolly farmer, "what's the matter, lad? Drunk again—eh?"

"No!" said Charles, drily; "not drunk—but mad!"

"Mad! what about?" asked Maxwell, grinning.

"Maude has given me up, all through that sneaking young Squire!" said Charles, furiously.

"Hilloa, lad—don't be too fast!" replied old Maxwell, gravely; "Henry is no sneaking young scoundrel! Recollect, Charles, her father was a gentleman—and Henry and Maude might marry without any great to-do!"

"Marry!" said Charles, with a sneer; "you don't suppose he'd marry her?"

"I tell thee what, lad—jealousy blinds thee! Henry Maynard is an excellent young man, and would not dare injure my child! Besides, she is dutiful and good!"

"I've no doubt you think so!" sneered Charles; "but only ask him! You would soon see the difference! I have washed my hand of it! Maude has given up marrying me—I hope she may not do worse!"

"Charles," exclaimed the uncle, passionately, "don't thee say that again! Maude is still thy promised wife! If the girl has been asked by Maynard, and has accepted him, I cannot help it; but if not, thee shall be married in a week!"

"Will you ask her this evening?" said Charles, a wild beam of light in his eye.

"As soon as we get home, lad! Jump thee in the cart!" replied the uncle, who, though he spoke so confidently, was not without a certain secret uneasiness.

They both jumped in and rode home. The young people had not arrived.

No sooner were Charles and Maxwell out of sight, than Henry commenced the attack.

"Miss Maxwell, may I ask you a very impertinent question?" he said, with a laugh.

"I never answer impertinent questions!" replied Maude, in the same tone.

Her rupture with Charles and the pleasure of a walk with the young Squire made her full of spirits.

"Then, Miss Maxwell, may I ask you a very serious question?" added Maynard gravely.

"Maude looked up, and was rather alarmed at the expression of his countenance. It was earnest—even ardent.

"What serious question can you have to ask me?" said Maude, moving more quickly, as if to catch Mary.

"Are you engaged to be married?" asked Maynard, checking her progress.

"I am not!" replied Maude; "but why ask me such a question? You are very curious!"

Maude was quite relieved. It was mere idle curiosity. She liked the society of Henry Maynard—unconsciously she loved him; but the thought of marriage with the son of Sir William Maynard, Bart., was out of the question.

What she feared, to tell the truth, was, that the impudent fellow was going to take advantage of hay-making fun to ask her for a kiss.

"Because, Miss Maxwell—Maude, I will say for once—nothing in the world can give me greater happiness! I love you—have always loved you—but feared a prior engagement! I now see my error! Maude, I am an only son—my father will grant me anything I ask! My mother knows of

my affection, and approves of it! If I can only hope for your support, I am sure of winning your uncle!"

Maynard paused, but Maude said nothing. She was too overwhelmed with confusion and a mingled feeling of joy and fear to speak.

"Miss Maxwell, have I offended?" he said in grave and earnest tones.

"Call me Maude!" she timidly replied.

"Dear Maude—then call me Henry!"

"Henry—dear Henry—" she began, and ceased, alarmed at her own boldness.

"Then I may speak to your uncle this very afternoon?" exclaimed Henry.

"But your father—he will never agree—you had better wait—I tremble at the idea of your speaking so soon! Besides, I have promised nothing!" said Maude, more boldly.

"Maude," replied Maynard, with an accent of grave and melancholy reproach—the hypocrite knew the generous nature of Maude too well not to be sure that sadness was the tone to assume—"I understood you to accept my suit—I was wrong—pardon my presumption—I will not offend again, Miss Maxwell!"

"Did I not call you Henry?" said Maude, archly.

"But am I to understand you call me so as a friend or a lover?" persisted the cunning suitor.

"As a friend, of course!" continued Maude.

"Dear Maude, I must understand my position clearly—excuse, therefore, a very plain question—will you be my dear, adored little wife?" said Henry, in a really heartfelt tone that thrilled through her very soul.

"Henry Maynard, I will!" she replied, in a low and timid tone; "that is, if all consent!"

Henry caught her in his arms and snatched a kiss before she could defend herself.

"Oh, fie!" said Mary, who was close to them, picking flowers in the hedge; "I'll tell Charles!"

"My dear girl," replied Maynard, catching her in his arms and kissing her a dozen times—she was a child of twelve—"tell him that, too! But never mind—Maude is to be my wife!"

"No, she is not!" said the girl, firmly; "she is to be brother's wife!"

"Mary, hush!" cried Maude, who was overwhelmed with confusion, but who saw the necessity of explaining at once; "when your brother, six years ago, asked me to be his wife, I was a child—still I might have liked him as a woman, but he liked his public-house companions better than me, and I have seen he would not do for me! Mary, you are a good girl, and I hope your brother will do well; but he could not be my husband!"

"He would, if Mr. Maynard hadn't taken you away!" said Mary, in a sobbing tone.

"No, Mary—before I dreamed of Mr. Maynard I had rejected Charles—Mr. Merchant, I mean! Don't grieve, Mary—he will find plenty of wives!"

"Not like you!" said the other, sadly.

"But don't you want me to have a nice little wife?" asked Maynard, coaxingly.

"Yes, I do; but then brother always expected it; and see—there he is waiting for us, with Uncle Maxwell; but I won't say any thing—I know I mustn't tell!"

Maxwell was much relieved when he saw the party of three coming in sight. Maynard was evidently laughing and joking with little Mary. The aquire, then, had not been making love to Maude. Still he now saw the impropriety of these walks, and determined that this should be the last of the kind.

His welcome to his young friend was as cordial as ever, and he invited all in to partake of a grand dish of beans and bacon—his favorite meal—at which Maude blushed. But next minute she smiled as she recollected a nice pair of roast fowls and some pastry and fruit.

She ran up stairs with Mary. Charles, with a sardonic smile on his face, went out in the yard, leaving Maxwell and Henry Maynard alone.

"My dear Maxwell," said Henry, before the other could speak, "I am so delighted! Your niece has authorised me to ask your permission to consider her my future wife!"

"My—niece—has—authorised—you?" began Maxwell, taking a long breath between each word; "why, she's engaged!"

"She assures me, my dear sir, she is not! A person extorted a promise at twelve years old which it would be absurd to consider binding! Besides, that person has not turned out what she could wish!"

"That's true!" said Maxwell, musing; "but thee father!"

"I have my mother's consent!" replied Maynard;

"she will obtain my father's!"

"Then, my boy, here's my hand—thee's the chap for me!" exclaimed Maxwell, heartily.

At this moment Maude came in at one door and Merchant at the other.

"My dear Maude," cried Maynard, with ecstasy, at the same time seizing her hand and covering it with kisses, "its all settled!"

"What?" said Maude, putting his hand away and trying to look demure; "what's settled?"

"That you are to be my dear little wife!"

"It's a lie!" cried Charles Merchant, furiously;

"a monstrous lie! She is my affianced wife!"

"Sir," said Maynard, turning round and speaking in a calm, stern tone, "did you address yourself to me?"

"Yes!" replied Charles Merchant, doggedly.

"Then, sir," said Maynard, calmly, "I see that you are as little a gentleman in heart as you are in station! Miss Maxwell is fortunately relieved from all connection with a public-house brawler! I request, sir, you will never address your conversation to me again! I forgive your insolence this once, because you cannot know what you are about!"

"Don't I!" exclaimed the other, in a fierce tone, advancing towards the young man.

"Out of my house!" said Maxwell, seizing him in his powerful grasp, and almost lifting him outside the door; "and never enter it again until you have apologised to Mr. Maynard! John—Jem—turn him out of the yard! Now, young people, sit down to dinner! Mary, I insist upon it, leave me to manage that unruly boy!"

They all obeyed, and the day passed as such days do pass—in mingled smiles and tears.

Henry Maynard in his secret heart entertained considerable dread of the approaching explanation with his father. An excellent and noble-minded man upon the whole, he entertained the most sensitive notions about blood and race. He believed in the existence of two different fluids, and proudly traced his unminged descent from some Norman robber who came over with William—the marriages of his family having never once been out of the pale. Stray younger brothers and sisters had so far forgotten themselves; but the branch that kept the estate had never derogated, nor had they ever forgiven those who had.

Henry knew this—but though impulsive and passionate, he was also capable of reflection. He knew that any delay would only produce evil. Charles Merchant would be sure to spread the report of his engagement, and it would not have been well to allow the news to reach his father by the voice of popular rumor.

Next morning, then, when breakfast was over and Lady Maynard and Louisa, her daughter, were about to retire, he spoke:

"I should wish, sir, if you have time, to speak a few words with you in the library!"

Sir William looked up with a smile.

"Speak, my son! I suppose you have been buying some new horses—want some money, eh? Speak out, sir—your mother and sister know a little of your extravagance! Besides, Henry, my boy, you have never gone beyond bounds. Say how much? I'm in a good humor!"

"The subject is very different, sir—my account is very much in my favor! I have got tired of horses lately, and have sold both Sybil and Grey. The fact is, sir, I am thinking of marriage!" said Henry, quietly.

Lady Maynard look uncomfortable, but sat down, she felt her presence was necessary.

"Marriage is a very excellent institution," observed Sir William, seriously, "and one that must not be entered on lightly. There are, however, several very eligible matches in the county! There is Lady Isabella and Miss Petersham, and Lady Jane Walker—"

"Very pleasant persons, sir; but my inclination does not lead me that way!"

"Some of your London beauties—some of your Oxford toasts," said the baronet, "so that they are worthy of our family I care not!"

"The young lady I have selected and am engaged to be married to," said Henry, with a slight tremor in his voice, "belongs to a most respectable family!"

"Engaged to be married to!" observed the baronet, sternly; "why ask my advice, then?"

"Because, my dear sir, I wish above all things to find the lady I have chosen please yourself!"

"Let me hear her name?" said Sir William, with considerable anxiety.

"Miss Maude Maxwell!" replied Henry, firmly.

"Sir," said the baronet, restraining his anger by a violent effort, "do you recollect that you are the

only male representative of the Maynards, of Maynard Castle?"

"I perfectly recollect it, sir!"

"And that no Maynard of the elder branch ever married below him?"

"I have heard that Sir William, your father's elder brother, disappeared and abandoned the titles and estates to wed a milkmaid!" said Henry, firmly.

Sir William grew livid. This fact, which in all probability left it doubtful how far the title was legally his, had never been mentioned before his daughter. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

"And do you, sir, pretend to say that you intend to be equally magnanimous?" said the baronet, recovering himself by a mighty effort.

"I care neither for rank, title, nor money, without this young girl!" replied Henry, impetuously.

"Then marry her, sir! But from that hour never enter my house! My name and entailed estates are yours—at my death, which pray hasten as rapidly as possible! Go, sir—I have no son!"

"William!" said Lady Maynard, gently.

"My dear, this discussion is closed!" replied the baronet, with marked courtesy; "until Mr. Henry Maynard chooses to give up this mad fancy, I have no more to say in the matter! Mark me—I have not one word to say against Miss Maude Maxwell. She is a charming, well educated, and excellent person. Her father was an honorable man—her uncle is a very superior person. Had my curate or steward asked me the same advice, I would gladly have given a festival on the occasion; but, Madam, Henry is my oldest son!"

"Sir, allow me to thank you for your kind mention of this young lady. I thank you for that from my heart. I cannot yield to you, sir—it is because my heart is too much fixed upon her, and my word is given!"

"The only fault, sir, I have to find with this young person is her accepting you without knowing my feelings on the subject!"

"Excuse me, sir—I said 'my father loves me—I am his only son! He will give his consent—overcome his pride for the sake of my happiness! That, sir, is why she accepted me, and her uncle consented!'"

The baronet turned away to look out of the window to hide his emotion.

"I have no more to say!" he said, calmly, after a moment's pause; "my decision is unalterable!"

"And mine!" replied Henry, who kissed his mother and sister and went out.

"Is this right, William?" said Lady Maynard, gently.

"I am surprised at a Sinclair, of the roll of Battle Abbey, asking me such a question!" replied the baronet, gravely. "Had I loved you, my dear, more than I did—which is scarcely possible—I would not have married you—a Maxwell of the class of Miss Maude!"

"You were not tried!" replied Lady Maynard, and then left the room with her daughter.

The baronet drew a long breath. He had been acting a part. He thought himself right, but his feelings had very nearly overcome what he called his reason.

Henry walked quietly down to the farm of the Maxwells, and found them about to walk over the fields. He requested them to enter, and told the whole truth, adding that he should persist in the marriage; his father would be sure ultimately to relent. Until then he had his talents, and could earn his living.

"Nonsense, young man!" said Maxwell, sternly; "you will do nothing of the kind! I have made up my mind! You marry no child of mine without your father's consent! Maude is my child since her parents' death. I am sorry for all this, Mr. Henry—but I must wish you good-bye! You must not come here until Maude is married to Charles!"

"You will never allow such degradation!" cried Maynard impetuously.

"I will never allow it!" said Maude, solemnly.

"It would be worse degradation to marry into a family where you are not wanted. Your great uncle resigned all to win a fair wife—do you think he never repented it?"

"What know you of it?" asked Henry, warmly.

"Much—and much that would wound your proud father to the quick!" said Maxwell. "He is an usurper—and he knows it! But no more of this! He has decided against my child—we must part, Mr. Maynard! In a week Maude will be the wife of Charles Merchant!"

"Never!" said Maude, solemnly.

"I trust firmly in you!" cried Maynard.

"Until death!" replied Maude; "never will I marry another!"

"Will you leave my house, sir?" roared Maxwell. Henry was gone.

Maude shut herself in her chamber, and refused any communication with her uncle for some time. He went out, and then Maude came down stairs. She had not been many minutes in the place when a lad came in with a letter in his hand.

"Miss Maude Maxwell!" said the urchin.

Maude took the letter, and the boy disappeared.

"I must read it!" she said, hesitatingly.

She did read it. As she did so, she turned very pale, her knees shook under her, and she crushed the letter in her hand. When her uncle came home he found her making tea. She was very calm, and attended to his wants with unusual care—but she said nothing. When he spoke she answered only with monosyllables, and as soon as they had finished she went up to her room and locked herself in.

Then she sat down at an open window, and began writing. This done, she made up a small bundle, and then lay down upon the bed dressed. About nine she heard her uncle go to bed—still she did not move. At ten she rose, slipped the door open, went down stairs, and gained the open air.

She walked quickly in the open air for some time, and then, sitting down, wept bitterly.

After ten minutes she rose and walked forward.

Next morning they were both missed. Henry was called all the villains that quick tongues could utter; while Maude was accommodated with a series of epithets not fit to mention to ears polite. Mothers quoted her as an example and a warning, and remarked that they knew what would come of keeping such high company; and then her name was mentioned no more except by the young people.

The passion of Maxwell was fearful. The baronet heard the news with perfect calmness.

Henry Maynard so contrived as to enter the hamlet adjoining Castle Maynard after dark. He was ashamed of his appearance. He had been a year in town, and had exhausted not only his funds, but every effort to obtain employment. He had determined to make one more effort with his father before enlisting as a soldier. His love for Maude was undiminished, but he feared to think of her. Had she kept her promise?

He entered the hamlet, which it was necessary to cross ere reaching the road to his father's house. He walked along as much in the shade as possible, his hat being drawn close over his eyes. Suddenly he struck against some one in the dark.

"I beg pardon!" he said, and would have passed on; "I did not see you!"

"That voice! Monster—inhuman monster—where is my child?"

"Maxwell!" cried Maynard, starting back, "what mean you? Is Maude dead?"

"I would she were!" said the other, bitterly. "I ask you once more—where is my child?"

"Mr. Maxwell, on my honor as a man, on my faith as a Christian, I have never seen nor heard of Maude since the morning I saw you last!" said Maynard, solemnly.

"Did you not write to her? Did she not meet you in the London Road?" continued Maxwell, somewhat moved by the other's sincere tone.

"Will you drive me frantic? I came here fearing to find her married, determined if she were free, to try once more with my father! But the letter—the London Road—what can this mean? Unfortunate girl, what can have become of her?"

"Do you swear," said Maxwell, earnestly, "that you are ignorant of her fate?"

"My dear friend, I went away that morning without communication of any kind with Maude! I went to London—I spent my money in follies—I tried to work—I failed! At last, a year having passed, I came to see if Maude had kept her word! If so, I determined to make one supreme effort; if I failed, I meant to enlist for a soldier!"

"I will not so far belie human nature as to disbelieve you, Henry!" said Maxwell, grasping his hand; "I will believe you! Do I find all you say correct, and Maude be alive, she shall be your wife, with your father's consent?"

"Heaven bless you!" replied Maynard. "Let us fly to London—the police, advertisements may find her!"

"Henry, be calm! Your father has had something to do with this, rely upon it! Go up to the castle! Be temperate and calm with him in particular! Ask him if he knows anything of the departure of Maude, and then return with his reply!"

"Can I have a horse?" said Henry.

"Walk to the end of the village, and I will bring you one! God bless you!"

And Maxwell turned to the White Horse, relieved to be able to believe Henry innocent, yet fearfully alarmed for Maude.

In twenty minutes he had overtaken Maynard, with a horse ready saddled.

"Make haste, and return as quick as possible!" he cried. "Once more, Henry, relieve a parent's anguish—is my girl innocent?"

"On my soul, I know nothing of her; but innocent I swear she is, wherever she be—alive or dead!" cried Henry, wildly. "Meet me at the White Horse in an hour!"

Away he flew, galloping like a madman. In a quarter of an hour he was at the park lodge.

"Open, James!" he cried.

"You, sir!" said the man, in a delighted tone; "shall I lead your horse up?"

"No, thank you, James!" he replied; "leave the gate open—I shall not stop!"

Away he flew, and soon rang at the great door. They opened it and knew him, though staring at his shabby clothes. He passed in, and went up stairs unannounced.

He knocked firmly.

"Come in!" said the baronet, in a voice he thought a little changed.

Henry Maynard walked in—his mother and sister started and gave a cry of dismay at his pale face and shabby clothes.

"My poor son!" cried Lady Maynard.

"My dear Henry!" said Louisa, rising.

"To what do I owe the honor of your visit, sir?" asked the baronet, coldly.

Maynard kissed his hand to his mother and sister. "I come, sir, in the name of honor and justice, to ask what have you done with Maude Maxwell?"

The baronet stared at him.

"I know nothing of Maude Maxwell! Public rumor—" began the baronet. He hesitated before the stern, and almost menacing glance of his son.

"Do not quote public rumor, sir!" said Henry, in a hollow voice. "I have never seen or heard of my dear Maude since the morning her uncle expelled me his house, because I had not your consent! I find to-night, on returning in search of her, that I am suspected of having taken her away! No—I had confidence in her truth, and waited a year! I find she left in consequence of a letter, she received! Will you kindly explain, sir, whom she received that letter from?"

"I knew nothing of Miss Maude Maxwell or her affairs, and am not accountable for all the letters she receives! If it is of any use to you, however, sir—I may say I did write, suggesting that she had better refuse your suit, as she never would be recognised by the family, and would make a separation for ever between father and son! Nothing more, sir—not one word! The young lady did not reply, but, as I supposed, joined you in London!"

"I see it all—she sacrificed herself for me! Father, adieu! If this girl has perished, on whose head is the blood?" And the impetuous young man flew from the room.

"This is dreadful, William!" said Lady Maynard. "The boy is ill—ragged—miserable! He will never give up this girl!"

"I am sorry for it," replied the baronet; "but 'tis late! We go to London to-morrow. I have letters to write, and must go to the library!"

Louisa had disappeared.

She met her brother on the stairs, and thrust a purse into his hand.

"My dear brother, you want money—it is mine—\$150—take it—do, indeed!"

"Heaven bless you!" cried Henry; "I do want it—I have been starving, but I could not give in—Maude is an angel!"

He kissed her fondly, and left the house.

Louisa slipped up stairs, and as she passed the library she heard her father's voice.

"My child, come in!" he said, gently.

Louisa went in, very much alarmed.

"Kiss me before you go to bed, love—recollect you are to appear in London! Young ladies require a few dollars in their pocket! Good night, love!"

Louisa, amazed, could not speak. She left the room, and found a \$500 note in her hand. He had only that evening given her the \$150.

What could this mean? He had heard their conversation, it was quite clear—was this a good sign?

The baronet had an old-fashioned house, in an old-fashioned street, when he lived in London, which was about four months a year. Here he arrived with his family on the following day, and took up his abode.

Henry and Maxwell arrived about the same time, and went to the former's lodgings in — street. Henry wished to pay his rent and leave the place. He wished to redeem his good clothes and procure the tickets of all that he had pledged.

Maxwell waited down stairs in the parlor. The landlord was obsequiously polite when requested to make up his bill.

"Has Mr. Maynard lived here long?" said Maxwell, when he had gone up.

"'Bout three months, sir—thought he'd a' g'n' me the slip—he ain't slept here for ten nights! This put me in a tiff, and I turned the other garret lodger out—a needle-woman as ain't paid no rent for a month!"

"Poor woman!" said Maxwell.

"Rat-tat!"

"Excuse me, sir—that's the post!" said the landlord—a little tailor—and flew to the door.

"Miss Maude Maxwell—twopence!" said the postman.

"Gone away—don't know where," replied the tailor, surlily; "didn't pay no rent—"

"Stop!" cried Maxwell, wildly; "I will pay the postage! We have come to London to search for this person!"

"You and the gentleman up stairs?" said the tailor, a little alarmed.

"Yes! Did he not know her?"

"For bless you, sir—nobody know'd her! She never went out a day—only at night, to carry home needlework!"

"And this is the poor creature thee have turned out!" roared Maxwell, who had the letter in his hand.

"Vell, sir, you see, she paid no rent—and I is poor, with a large family!"

"Hush, reptile—I will pay the rent! Has she left anything?"

"Nothing but a few old sticks and rags!" said the tailor, humbly.

"Maynard," said Maxwell, sinking on a chair, "Maude has been starving in a room next to you for three months!"

"Not exactly starving," put in the tailor; "only she never eat no meat!"

"Maxwell, do you mean to say the poor needle-woman whose lamp never was out until midnight was my dear angel Maude?"

"She was there, and now she is gone—no one can say where! Here is a letter addressed to her—it might give a clue!" said Maxwell.

"Give it me! She is my wife in my heart, and shall be, if she lives, in reality! I will open it!"

Maxwell gave it up. He yielded to the terrible grief of the lover.

"It is from one of her employers, bidding her call about some work! A cab, Maxwell—a cab, quick!"

"We shall find her! Be calm! Dress yourself first!" said Maxwell, desirous of modifying his excitement.

Maynard yielded.

Meanwhile the baronet was in his drawing-room with his wife and daughter. They were discussing fashions. Sir William read the paper in a corner, now and then putting in a word.

"A young person from Miss Molineux's!" said a footman.

"Show her into my room!" exclaimed Louisa.

But the young person fancying that she was duly announced, had glided in. A band-box fell from her hands.

"Where am I?" she cried. "Take me away!"

She would have fallen, but Louisa caught her.

"Maude!" said Louisa, leading her kindly forward.

She was thin and ghastly. Her faded clothes hung round her like a shroud. She had come to please a young lady too lazy for the walk. Miss Molineux would not have insulted her customers by sending such a scarecrow.

The baronet looked at her with alarm.

"Take me away!" cried she, wildly; "Sir William, I did not read the name! I knew only the number of the house!"

"My good child," said the baronet, rising and taking her hand, "sit down and tell me all about it! You seem to have suffered much!"

He led her to an arm-chair facing the window, and seated her in it.

"Ring for some wine and cake!" continued Sir William, gently; "John, bring a little table up this way!"

The old man was dreadfully shocked at his own work.

"My dear child," he added, "be tranquil! But, Louisa, you had better take her up stairs first! We can talk better then! Let her have some refreshment with you! Bring her down —" and he whispered something.

Louisa and Lady Maynard both retired with Maude, who yielded as to a dream.

In an hour she came down, looking thin and pale, but very beautiful. The ingenuity of the two ladies

and their maids had dressed her well in some of Louisa's clothes.

"Now sit down," said the baronet, gently, "and let us talk over this matter! Let us see if I cannot make up a little for the harm I did not mean!"

"You are very kind, sir!" replied Maude, in a humble tone. Misery and suffering had changed her.

"Why did you leave Farmer Maxwell's house?" he asked.

"Because you wrote me a letter, sir, requesting me to avoid your son, and because uncle threatened to marry me to Charles Merchant!"

The baronet winced.

A servant entered, and handed a note to the baronet.

"Two gentlemen insist on seeing you—they say their names are inside!"

"Sir Robert Maynard and Mr. Maynard!" said the baronet, in a low tone; "what means this?"

He rose. Maxwell and Henry stood before him. The servant left the room.

"Mr. William Maynard," said Maxwell, sternly, "I come to ask an account of Maude Maynard, the daughter of the late Sir William Maynard, and the grand-daughter of Sir Robert Maynard, your uncle—an account of my niece!"

"What means this?" said the bewildered gentleman.

"That your uncle Robert took the name of Maxwell when he married Sophia Derwent—though he was really married in his own name—that I am his second son, and owner of the title—that you have been the cause of misery and starvation to a lovely girl, your own relative! Again I ask, where is Maude Maynard?"

"Sir," said the other, proudly raising his head, "if you have proofs of your assertions, the title and estates are yours!"

"Our father solemnly made us swear not to accept them!" replied Maxwell, gravely.

"Of that we can speak anon. As to Maude," said the baronet, in a melancholy tone, "I own to much error with regard to her—but Henry, come here! Had this discovery not been made, things would have been different. Who is this?"

And he raised the trembling, blushing, half-fainting Maude by the hand.

"Your future wife was already installed in your father's house. I found her by accident, it is true. Now, sir," turning to Maxwell, "we will leave these young people together and go to the library!"

Maxwell bowed, and accompanied the baronet. Lady Maynard and Louisa left the room without being noticed.

The meeting of the lovers was one which no pen could describe. They had endured for each other what few have endured, and they were now rewarded. Their felicity was complete.

The statement of Maxwell was quite true—documents substantiated it; but he refused to avail himself of his claims. He had been a farmer, and would die a farmer.

Sir William pressed his hand—they understood one another.

The astonishment of the county was great when Henry Maynard married Maude. They were united by special license, and none save the officials noticed that her maiden name was Maude Alice Maxwell, Castle Maynard. She recovered her freshness and beauty, and of course her character. Sir William and Maxwell told the story everywhere. No one could be more respected than they were, and now, as Sir Henry and Lady Maude, they lead the fashion in their part of the world, where they are universally loved. Often do they think of the two old garrets in which they once dwelt—so near and yet so far off.

Sir Henry always took an interest in Rooke and his other companions of the Strand. He proved himself grateful to friends in need.

A Legend of Charlemagne.

SOME centuries ago there was an Emperor Nero—no relation to him of Rome—who came, after the manner of the times, to celebrate his Christmas holidays at Frankfort. He was devotedly fond of the chase, and held nearly an equal affection for his daughter, a maiden over whom some seventeen summers had lightly flown. She was, indeed, if there be truth in legendary report, a very delightful, beautiful, and innocent creature. But her personal charms were even less than the rare purity of her mind—the soft and gentle character of her feelings. Born in a cottage, she would have cheered the peasant's lot; brought up amid the magnificence of an imperial court, she won the earnest admiration of one sex, and scarcely excited the envy of the

other. Such beauty of person and goodness of heart could not remain unknown; and, as she was an only daughter, many of the princes of the empire preferred their claims to her hand. But the maiden's heart was pre-engaged, and therefore she paid little attention to the compliments of her many princely and noble suitors.

Clorinda—thus was she called—had set her affections upon one far beneath herself in rank. Like

The king's daughter of Hongarie,
Who loved a squire of low degree,

the Emperor Nero's daughter had given her heart's first love to a young man estimable in every point, but of no higher station than that of one of her father's huntsmen.

It is impossible to say how the secret was discovered, but discovered it certainly was. The princess was placed in close confinement, and her lover would have been summarily and severely dealt with, if he had not taken flight. Pursuit was useless, no one knowing in what direction he had fled. To do the young man justice, he had anticipated the discovery of a secret dear to him as his life, and had taken steps accordingly. Deep, in the hidden haunts of the Spessart, he had found a cave, probably the former residence of solitary sanctity, and he had made the best provision in his power for that decisive step which, love whispered, the princess would not refuse to take, for his sake—and her own! While she, in tears, sat in the solitude of her chamber, her Ludolf was busy in making preparations for her rescue. Whenever princesses fall in love with their father's huntsmen, it is usual for royalty to be utterly appalled. Accordingly, as has already been intimated, the emperor went into a most magnificent passion, and gave strict orders that his daughter should be confined to her own chamber. One morning however, he made the discovery, just a few hours too late, that the lady-bird had flown—like Love, when, as the song tells us,

He opened the window and flew away.

The poor man, albeit an emperor, had a heart, and much lamented his daughter's absence. He pined after her so bitterly, that not an unmarried lady of the court but would have been glad to have consoled him, had he offered her his hand. But, much to the disappointment of their philanthropic intentions, his majesty could not, or would not, see how to atone for the loss of a daughter by taking a wife.

The princess and her Ludolf—who had assisted her out of "durance vile"—lived happily beneath the greenwood tree, as if there never had been such things as courts and kings, emperors and principalities. They loved one another earnestly and constantly; nor—but this was long ago—had they any wish to return to the crowds of society. It was fortunate that they had not—for, without the slightest chance or hope of forgiveness, it would have been most perilous to attempt it.

Meantime, the loss of his daughter was more and more felt by the emperor. She was the last living thing round which his affections were entwined, and the heart of the father and the man was shaken by the uncertainty of her faith, and her absence from those places over which her smiles had once thrown a radiance. The old man's grief was deep—but he said little. Pride would not permit him to yield to open lamentations, but in secret he shed many a tear. His household gods were shivered by his hearth.

He quitted Frankfort, and many years elapsed before he again saw the place with which were linked so many and such sad recollections. He had laid aside his usual sports—the huntsman's spear had rarely been held by him since the day on which he had lost a daughter: and it was with some surprise that the court heard him announce that he would hold a hunting-match on the morrow.

Five years had lessened his endurance of fatigue, and it was with some pleasure that at the close of the day, when the ardor of the chase had separated him from his suite, he found himself beside a rustic hut, at the door of which two lovely children were playing. To dismount from his weary steed, to enter the cottage, and to request refreshment, were but the work of a moment, and immediate preparations were made for his repast.

The emperor had fallen upon the residence of his long-lost and still-loved daughter. Ludolf was a successful deer-hunter, and the fruits of the earth furnished them with other food. Besides, as Ludolf had learned that the emperor had quitted Frankfort soon after the flight of the princess, he felt little hesitation in visiting the market there, to exchange deer and other skins for necessaries, and sometimes the luxuries to which his Clorinda, had been accustomed, all of which she had abandoned for him.

Frugal in their habits and their desires, they had lived happily, without a wish for change.

The graceful girl had budded into the glorious maturity of womanhood: and, further changed by her rustic attire, the emperor did not recognise his child. She knew him at a single glance, and then came quick throbbing memories of the past, wild hopes of the future.

The sole repast which they could provide on the instant was some venison, poached by Ludolf in the emperor's own forest. What limit is there to woman's wit, when aided by woman's affection? Clorinda prepared the repast with her own hands, serving up a dish which she remembered to have been a favorite with her father, of which, too, he had never eaten, except when it was prepared by his daughter's hands. Scarcely had he tasted the food ere his tears began to fall bitterly and fast—for her whose memory neither time could efface nor anger destroy—and he eagerly inquired from whom his young hostess had learned to prepare that dish?

The princess and her husband fell at the old man's feet. The emperor was still a father: his kind heart remembered only that his daughter was before him. All was forgotten and forgiven. He named the place Selingenstadt, or the Abode of Bliss, in double commemoration of his dinner and his daughter; he carried the happy family with him to his palace—ate his favorite meal of venison as often as he wished, to his dying day, and built the Red Tower, as a summer residence for his daughter. The lovers—for so they had miraculously continued, although they were married—built a church where their hut stood, and when they died, their ashes rested within its hallowed walls.

A TROUBLESOME NEIGHBOR.—There are some troublesome neighbors who are the plague of a man's life. They borrow your umbrella when you want to go out, come and pay you a visit when you want to work at home, play the French horn when you want to go to sleep, and give a party on the very evening when you want to finish a tragedy. My neighbor has none of these faults, but he contrives to inconvenience me every moment. He pries into everything in my room, destroys my papers, and devours my breakfast. Butter, cheese, poultry, game, almost everything is acceptable to him; and he never eats bread when he can get cake. He is neither a landowner nor elector, he pays no rent for his apartments, yet lives very comfortably. My neighbor is very gentlemanly in his habits, yet never comes home till after midnight, and is fond of serenades and nightly meetings with the object of his affections. In other respects, his character is good; he is neither a fop nor a bully, and avoids rather than seeks quarrels. He bears no malice towards those who treat him ill, and if you turn him out at one door, he will come back by the other. He goes from house to house, making himself comfortable wherever he goes, and staying till he is tired, without ever waiting for invitation. Familiar as he is with your provisions, only take the trouble to put the stoppers in your decanters, and he will not meddle with them. He is always well dressed, his boots never creak on the floor, for their soles are of the finest chamois, and the upper leathers of India-rubber. My neighbor, though he knows I must wear a coat out at the elbows, never wears anything but the softest furs. He never lays in fuel, but spends the cold season in my chimney-corner. All this I have put up with. In fact, I think myself extremely lucky, if he does not invite his friends to his nocturnal orgies, but contents himself with abusing my hospitality, rummaging among my furniture, and plundering my larder. My neighbor is one of those personages who must be well treated. It is well known that whenever he leaves a residence, it is sure to tumble down soon. This troublesome neighbor, dear reader, is—a mouse.

A MUSICAL OWL.—Jenyus, the naturalist, states that he knew a tame owl so fond of music that he would enter the drawing-room of an evening, and, perched on the shoulder of one of the children, listen with great attention to the tones of the piano-forte, holding his head first on one side and then on the other, after the manner of connoisseurs. One night, suddenly spreading his wings, as if unable to endure his rapture any longer, he alighted on the keys, and, driving away the fingers of the performer with his beak, began to hop about upon the keys himself, apparently in great delight with his own execution. This would-be pianist was born in the woods of Northumberland, and belonged to a friend of Mr. Jenyus.

In the Irish language, the electric telegraph is called *Sgeol abada boita*, the literal translation of which is, "news upon stilts."

Instinct of the Elephant.

THE elephant, unwieldy and uncouth as he seems, presents some remarkable features of character, combining the fidelity of the dog, the endurance of the camel, and the docility of the horse, with singular sagacity, prudence, and courage. There are many affecting instances of his fidelity on record. It is related of one of the soldiers of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, that, when fighting in the territory of Argos, he fell wounded from his elephant, he rushed furiously among the combatants till he found his master, raised him gently from the ground with his trunk, and placing him on his tusks, carried him back to the town. A similar anecdote is given of King Porus, who, in an engagement with Alexander the Great, meeting with a similar casualty, his faithful elephant is said to have kept the enemy at bay till he had replaced the monarch on his back with his trunk, although the poor animal, in his heroic defence, was severely wounded.

An Oriental traveller furnishes some amusing incidents respecting the docility and sagaciousness of this monstrous creature. In his journeys, he says, if he wished to stop to admire a beautiful prospect, the animal remained immovable until his sketch was finished; if he wished for mangoes growing out of his reach, this faithful servant selected the most fruitful branch, and, breaking it off with his trunk for him, accepted very thankfully of any part for himself, respectfully and politely acknowledging the compliment by raising his trunk three times above his head, in the manner of Oriental obeisance. Docile as he is, this noble quadruped seems conscious of his superiority over the rest of the brute creation: a proof of this may be seen in the following circumstance related by another Eastern tourist. Some young camels were travelling with the British army in India, when, having occasion to cross the Jumna in a boat, and the driver being unable to urge them forward, the elephant was appealed to to accomplish the task. The animal immediately assumed a furious appearance, trumpeted with his proboscis, shook his ears, roared, struck the ground right and left, and blew the dust in clouds towards them. The camels, in their fear of the elephant, forgot their dread of the boat, and they rushed into it in the greatest hurry, when the elephant resumed his composure, and deliberately returned to his post.

The celebrated Locke says: "It seems as evident to me that some animals do, in certain instances, reason, as that they have sense." This certainly derives something like corroboration from the following statement of facts:—As the siege of Burtore, in 1805, the British army, with its countless host of followers and attendants, and thousands of cattle, had been for a long time before the city, when, on the approach of the hot season, the supply of water generally fails. On this occasion, two drivers, each with his elephant—the one large and strong, the other rather small and weak—were at the well together. The smaller animal was provided with a bucket, which he carried at the end of his trunk; but the other elephant, not being furnished with this needful appendage, seized the bucket, and easily wrested it away from his less powerful fellow. The latter was too sensible of his inferiority openly to resent the insult, though he evidently felt it; but the keepers began to contend and abuse each other. At length the injured brute, watching the opportunity when the other was standing with his side to the well, retired backwards a few paces very quietly, and rushing forward with all his might, he drove his adversary into the well. It may be supposed great consternation among the company was the result; and some fourteen hours' assiduous and ingenious labor was required to restore the ponderous animal from his novel, though not unpleasant, because cool, situation.

If a helpless living creature, or a wounded person lie in his way, the elephant will protect and succor him. An incident is recorded in the history of the siege of Seringapatam, to this effect:—"I have seen," says the officer referred to, "the wife of a Mahoot give an infant in charge of an elephant, while she went about some business, and have been much amused in observing the sagacity and care of the unwieldy nurse. The child, which, like most children, did not like to lie still in one position, would, as soon as left to itself begin crawling about; in which exercise it would probably get among the legs of the animal, or entangled in the branches of the tree on which he was feeding, when the elephant would, in the most tender manner, disengage his charge, either by lifting it out of the way with his trunk, or by removing the impediments to its free progress. If the little creature should happen to stray away too far, its mammoth guardian would lift it back as gently as possible to the spot whence it had started."

Take yet another example of the shrewd wit of this colossal creature. Some men were teasing an elephant they were conveying across a river. In the boat that was towed alongside they had a dog, which began to torment it by pulling its ears. The elephant was resolved to resent the impertinence, and what do you suppose was her expedient? She filled her proboscis with water, and then deluged the whole party. At first the men laughed at the manoeuvre, but she persisted until they were compelled to bale to keep from sinking; when, seeing this, she redoubled her efforts, and it is said she certainly would have swamped the boat, had the passage across been prolonged a few minutes longer. Thus much—although much more might be presented—in behalf of the noble qualities of the elephant. We thus see that he is in no respect inferior to the dog in character, and yet—since the most excellent things are said to lie in a small compass, and the dog does not, like his monstrous contemporary, require two hundred pounds of meat per diem, or take up so much room—the prevailing preference for the canine will doubtless long continue.

Sommolini mentions an elephant, at Naples, which was employed with others in fetching water in a copper vessel, and perceiving that the water escaped from some fracture, he took it of his own accord to a smith's for repair, in imitation of what he had seen before by his master.

Bonaparte and the Snake-catcher.

WHEN the great Napoleon was in Egypt, he determined to ascertain as much as possible about the habits and customs of the people; and amongst the rest, interested himself in the practice so common among the Egyptians, of snake-charming or catching. One day he sent for one of these snake-catchers, and said to him, by means of his interpreter, "There is a serpent in this house, if you find it, you shall have two sequins for yourself, and two for your men."

The man having prostrated himself, called for two buckets of water. As soon as they were brought, he undressed himself, then filling his mouth with water, and creeping on his belly like the reptile he sought, squirted it through his teeth, so as to imitate the hissing of a serpent. Having crept in this manner through the ground floor, he placed himself before Napoleon, "and said, with a savage laugh, 'Mafiche, Mafiche,' which means, 'there is none.' The General also laughed, and said, 'How is this? Is the fellow, in good earnest, able to tell?' He then ordered the interpreter to explain clearly that the reptile had been seen. 'I know it,' replied the fellow; 'I smelt him as I entered the house.' 'Here we are,' said the General-in-chief, 'the acting is now going to begin. Well, let the serpent appear and I will give thee two sequins more.'

The man immediately recommenced creeping, and squirted water on all sides. He ascended, in the same manner, a staircase leading to an upper story, occupied by Bourrienne. A long dark corridor opened into several apartments. It was lighted by a sky-light at the further end, which gave a view of the country, and at the bottom of this sky-light was placed the water fountain, this spot being the coolest in the house. The opening itself was sufficiently large to give, from the other extremity of the corridor, a view of the beautiful blue Egyptian sky. On attaining the landing-place of this corridor the juggler paused, and betrayed emotion. He was closely followed by the General-in-chief and a number of officers, attracted by curiosity. The General did not lose sight of the fellow an instant, and was determined, if he discovered the least trick, to take him in the act. On seeing him shudder and close his eyes, "Thy man is beginning his part," said the General to Junot. And, in truth, the snake-catcher was in a most extraordinary state. Habitually pale, as all swarthy skins are, he became every moment paler. He called for more water, washed his body, squirted and hissed as before, but produced another kind of hissing. He looked on each side of the landing place, made a sign with his hand to keep silent, and, still creeping upon his belly, advanced to the right side of the corridor, which was the darkest part of it. In a short time, after squirting his mouthful of water, he exclaimed, in a low tone, "There he is!"—"I should be delighted to do him the honor of hospitality," said the General-in-chief. "But, my friend, I suspect thou art laughing at us. Do you know that this rascal with his hissing, has been making fools of us for the last hour, in forcing us to run, without umbrellas, after his imaginary serpent?" The snake-catcher continued to hiss and creep. On a sudden, a black and round body, resembling the branch of a tree, appeared in relief

upon the pure azure, which was visible through the sky-light. It was a handsome serpent, real, alive, and about six feet long. At this sight, the fellow redoubled his hissing and squirting; and the serpent, after uncoiling itself from around the fountain, hissed in its turn, but its note was much more piercing.

The eyes of the reptile shone, in this sombre corridor, with a blood colored flame. It glided along the fountain, and stopped; then a slight noise was heard; it was the reptile rising upon its tail. The snake-catcher could not do the same, because he had no tail; but he raised himself half up, and made a slight motion. In an instant the reptile darted at him. He was waiting for this attack; and at the very moment it was made, caught the animal with one hand round the throat, which he squeezed with such violence as to force open its mouth, into which he spat. The effect was magical; the reptile seemed to have received its death-blow. The man afterwards extracted its fangs, or rather the venom contained in small vesicles attached to its jaws. He then played with it, made it dance, and put it round his neck. "The snake-catcher," said Napoleon, "is a lucky charlatan."

Grasp of the Human Mind.

OUR earth, as is well known, has the form of a spheroid, a little flattened towards the poles. Its radius is about 1,500 leagues. The highest mountains do not rise to more than two leagues above the level of the sea, and there are but few tracts naturally situated below that level; and the greatest depths which have been reached by digging in the quarries, and more especially in the mines, do not exceed 1,800 feet. The inequalities of the soil, then, are very trifling, when compared with the whole mass of the terrestrial spheroid; and if the depth of the pits dug from the surface strike us with awe—if the elevation of the mountains, whose summits we perceive to be lost in the clouds, confound us with astonishment, it is only because we judge of them by comparison with the extreme smallness of the objects which surround us. The earth, the superficies of which seems so unequal and rugged, would offer to the eye of an individual, capable of embracing the outline at a glance, only the smooth appearance of one of our artificial globes, at the instant when it comes from the hands of the workman who has polished it. Let us suppose the terrestrial spheroid to be represented by a ball three inches in diameter. If we wished upon this ball to figure, in relief, the inequalities which are seen on the surface of the earth, the slightest protuberances, almost invisible to the eye, assisted by a microscope, would represent the highest mountains; the slightest scratch which could be made on its surface would be deeper, in relation to its diameter, than are the greatest artificial cavities in proportion to that of the earth; and the vapors which a single breath would cause to be condensed, would perhaps be too thick to represent the atmosphere, even to the height at which clouds are formed. For us, imperceptible atoms, who vegetate in this slight stratum of humid air, there is no expression to describe our littleness, and the weakness of our means, when we employ them to act upon the globe. Nevertheless, this puny atom has measured the earth, the dimensions of which crush him to nothing; he has measured the sun, a million times greater than the earth; he has calculated the distance which separates it from that orb whose brilliance his feeble gaze cannot sustain; he has recognised in the myriads of stars which sparkle in the firmament so many other suns spread through the immensity of the universe, around which revolve their respective systems of opaque globes, all of whose movements they regulate. Capable, in his diminitiveness, of raising his ideas to an expanse without bounds, the earth is no more to his enlarged conceptions than a grain of sand lost in the infinity of space. Is there not in all this matter for much reflection on the superiority of the human mind, which enables it to comprehend objects of such magnitude, though nature seems to have condemned it to vegetate within so narrow a circle?

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—We are somewhat surprised to find that Prince Frederick William of Prussia travels under the name of Count de Beare. One would have thought that the present unpopularity of the animal in England would deter any sensible man from countenancing so bare an imposture—especially in the prince's case, whose delicate mission is more than hinted at, and whose story renders the whole affair akin to the story of the Wolf and little Red Riding Hood.

On Water.

This element might well have been selected by the Divine writers as the emblem of natural truth, pervading all things, embracing all things, receiving and conveying all things, the attorney and actor in all of Nature's laws. The ultimates of water and water itself, have been the great agents in the earth's configuration and progress. Its constituents are to be seen in every known substance as found by men and animals. No growth, decay, or combustion can proceed without them; no life can continue in their absence; no atmosphere can be respired which does not contain them; and when combined as water, they possess new functions, with extended if not universal usefulness.

To the farmer, of all others, a full knowledge of the constituents of water, and the part they play in Nature's laboratory, is most important. In their individual character they are known as oxygen and hydrogen, two gases colorless and inodorous. Our atmosphere is largely composed of oxygen. The chief ingredient of plants, carbon, is dissolved in oxygen by the various changes of decay, combustion, &c., forming carbonic acid, and in that form, and that only, can carbon be appropriated by plants, thus forming ninety per cent. or more, of their dry weight. All the other constituents of plants have oxygen in their composition, for all the elements found in the ashes of plants are oxyds. No plant could exist or form without them, and therefore animal life is due to them, and is sustained by the elements of water as a chief agent of its continuance. All the rocks are oxyds, and therefore all the soils, for they are the debris of the rocks. Hydrogen, the other constituent of water, is scarcely less important than oxygen, and when the two are combined as water, then new functions arise not common to the ultimates in their separate character as such, which are still more recognizable as the mundane agent of God; for like the coalescence of two thoughts giving birth necessarily to a third, so the coalescence of these two gases forms a fluid which for all time, and for every second of time, is active in the performance of some new duty, giving birth to some new combination from which arise new functions, and thus the whole of Nature's laws in their combination and permutation, work out by the presence of water and its constituent functions, all those realizations which go to establish the results necessary for the happiness of man.

Water is Nature's motor. By it the rocks and soils are moved during floods like feathers in a whirlwind, and thus was the mixing of soils brought about to fit the earth for the use of man. By its means we have an horizon, for none could exist without it.

Water forms, pervades, and cleanses the atmosphere, fertilizes the earth, and furnishes more recognizable means of life to plants, animals, and men.

Trace water through Nature, and see the many functions it performs, which man knows only from observation, and could not know by thought alone, besides the thousands of functions, the *modus operandi* of which is beyond his power to observe, and the thousands of results which neither his observation nor thought can at all conceive: nor could the laws of nature continue their progressive acts without this new compound.

Who can tell why oxygen and hydrogen combine to form water? Where and when do they combine? When and where is water decomposed? Why is its mean bulk at forty degrees of heat, and why does it swell with uncontrollable force, entirely beyond the strength of any known material to withstand, when you cool it below or heat it above forty degrees?

If it were not for this exception of water, how could the rocks ever have been disintegrated to form soil? If such exception did not exist, then, as water on the ocean's surface would part with its heat and become ice, or cool below forty degrees, it would sink and give place to warmer particles from below, until, in the course of a single day, our ocean would become ice. If it were not for this exception to general law, the water pervading each molecule of every plant and animal, would cease to lubricate them, and they would cease to grow; and were it not for the powers of water as a solvent, which powers are not common to its constituents, all progression in change of configuration in vegetable and animal life would cease—the very clouds themselves would pass away, and the earth would become a void.

Water pervades all soils and rocks, and is capable of carrying from particle to particle, without increase of its own bulk, every substance which may be dissolved in it, while others are mechanically received by it without increasing its bulk. Of many of the gases,

water will receive several times its own bulk; thus carbonic acid, resulting from the decay of organisms, is received by water, and carried to such other parts of progressive nature, as require its sustenance. It receives and gives up such gases without any change of its own composition, leaving its quality as water unabridged. It pervades the hardest rock and every soil. No chemical change can go on without it or its constituents. The formation of every proximate in nature is assisted by its presence, and no proximate or product used in the arts, remains of value or can retain its figure, quality, or properties, when excluded from the effect of water, either as pervading the atmosphere or pervading the mass.

The last effort of inert materials before losing their structure, is to part with water; thus decaying paper in its last stages loses its water, becomes brittle, and all the laws governing the cohesion of its particles, seem suspended when it divides into its ultimates for reappropriation.

Even the hardest minerals owe their qualities to water. Combined with pure charcoal it forms the hardest known substance, the diamond, which without its water of crystallization, would be but carbon.

In the atmosphere it exists past the observance of man; for in the driest, hottest day of summer, is there held in large but not observable quantities. The whole fifty miles of atmosphere is pervaded by it, and cold substances presented to the sunbeam condense and segregate from the atmosphere drops of water; and when thus diluted through all the space in direct contact with the surfaces of the sphere, still has the power of receiving and retaining in its invisible condition, all the exhalations of the earth's surface arising from the decay of men, animals, plants, and food, returning to the earth in the form of rains and dews, and re-depositing these for re-appropriation.

The gases vomited forth from the chimneys of our large cities, are all restored for reappropriation by the next falling dew, leaving the atmosphere cleansed for the use of man. From the stomach of the greatest animal to the ultimate of the finest feather, from the roaring cataract to the eye of the most minute insect, all are sustained in being by the functions of water and its ultimates. So general are its properties that it is called an element. To it is due the color of every flower, and the life of every living thing. In its various forms it composes in part every substance. As clouds it saves us from the scorching sun. During its evaporation and consequent enlargement, it receives and renders latent all excessive heat. It pervades every configuration and cools the fevered lip of the invalid, gives back this very heat in colder localities by being condensed, and thus maintains the equilibrium of nature. In the ocean it receives the cleansings of continents, brings ultimate in contact with ultimate, causing new creations, new life, supplying conditions for their continuance, and in various forms restores again to continents their lost treasures. It is to all nature what the physical heart of man is to his body, carrying with it God's wisdom, active at every pulsation, until all nature in her gladness smiles from its effects.

With these facts before us, we can no longer doubt the necessity of so preparing soils by deep and thorough disintegration, as to present cold surfaces to the atmosphere pervading soils, and thus securing at all times, even during the severest drouth, the presence of water; for while we sleep this great lubricator will perform the most kindly offices for our growing crops.

Knowledge.

The well-worn aphorism, knowledge is power—usually ascribed to the great Lord Bacon, but in reality the property of the index maker—is a self-evident truth. You see its truth. The ferries which cross the East and North Rivers, the steamboats plying on their waters, the toil and traffic of the city streets, the City Hall, and a coach, are all the embodiments of thoughts, are all the effects of knowledge. It intersects your country with broad and narrow gauge, it carries messages with lightning speed, it illuminates your streets, and lurks beneath in drains and sewers cunningly contrived; it rises in your noble houses and your lofty buildings, it floats upon your waters, it sinks beneath the ocean or floats like a bird in mid-air; as with the wand of an enchanter it conjures forth your Crystal Palace and crowds it with trophies from every quarter of the globe. Knowledge! you see it here in this great New York city—this huge immeasurable spirit of a thought, embodied in brick and iron, smoke, dust, houses, churches, bridges, hospitals, and the rest of it. So that we may adopt the words of old Hebrew

wisdom, in other than a purely religious sense, and say, "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets."

Who can doubt the advantages of knowledge—who that can estimate the progress made by our progressive age in Congress and people—in our better ventilated, more commodious, and well lighted streets—our home and foreign commerce—our daily broadsheets—our educational machinery? Who can be sceptical about knowledge? It is fashionable, in our days, to call nearly everything a myth, and, adopting the popular phraseology, I would say that the story of Fatima in the Blue Beard legend is but a myth of human nature,—curiosity. This passion is impulsive. Every danger must be braved for its gratification—every enemy be encountered that the offering may be gathered and laid upon the altar of its worship. If Christian forgot the key in the Castle of Giant Despair, curiosity never forgets the key of the Blue Chamber.

A leaf is floating on the water—a leaf which is evidently foreign to the Spanish coast—where did it come from? Columbus embarks—to sail he knows not whither, to find the new continent, the home of the wandering leaf; a voyage ending in the discovery of America.

The cases need not to be multiplied. Lamps swinging in the church of Pisa suggest to curious inquiry the pendulum; apples falling from the branches of a tree, suggest specific gravity; children at play, putting together glasses, in a spectacle maker's shop, suggest the telescope. The world is full of uninterpreted thought—writing the unknown characters that need to be deciphered—all nature a great acrophtha that needs to be made an apocalypse. Curious man, inquiring man, must sift, weigh, examine. To the lazy man, the unthinking man, all things remain as they were from the beginning.

Some men are content to span the narrow rivulet of their own intellectual domain. They are content to understand things that are about them—they would never circumnavigate the moral world. These men are such as the pedant mentioned by Boyle, who spent his life in the examination of a single mineral, and dying, acknowledged that he had not discovered a hundredth part of its properties. And there are others who esteem only one branch of knowledge essential—they are your practical and practicable men, who care not for literary or scientific attainments—men who live for the main chance, whose arithmetic begins and ends with number one, whose alphabet consists of but three letters—*E. S. D.* And then, again, there are your sober steady-going people, an ideal race who take up with one branch of knowledge, and only one, and who stick to that with terrible and immovable tenacity. They can see no beauty—can admit no excellence in anything but their own pet theory. They are like the man whom his neighbors considered a little strange, who, rising one morning, paused and considered before he dressed. He was a waking dreamer, and thus he dreamed: "Pantaloons are essential. No other garment is so absolutely essential but pantaloons, therefore I go in for pantaloons, and nothing but pantaloons. Any man who goes in for anything else is a hypocrite." Well, this man went out into the world with nothing but pantaloons on; he met men in coats, hats and boots, and clad as men usually are. "My friend," said the dreamer, "you are wrong. You must take off your coat, and pull off your boots, and lay aside your hat, for these are all non-essentials—pantaloons only are essential; look at me, I am nothing but pantaloons." Such are the men of one principle, or of one pursuit; they get wroth, and, in process of time, gather a few to shout "pantaloons," but they are not the men who are the world's pioneers and chief helps.

SUPPER AGAINST DINNER.—I have often thought (says Dr. Kitchener) to draw up a memorial in the behalf of supper against dinner, setting forth—that the said Dinner has made several unjustifiable encroachments on the said Supper, and entered very far upon his frontiers; indeed that he has banished him entirely out of several families, and in all, has driven him from his headquarters, and forced him to make his retreat into the hours of midnight; and, in short, that he is now in danger of losing his character for ever, by being compelled, in self-defence, to make similar unreasonable encroachments upon the territories of his ancient neighbor and old friend Breakfast.

The gentleman who dines the latest
Is, in our street, esteemed the greatest;
But surely, greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all.

A wag on being told that it was the fashion to dine later and later every day, said, "He supposed it would end at last in not dining till to-morrow!"



ST. SEBASTIAN.

A Trip to St. Sebastian.

A FEW summers ago, when travelling abroad in search of health, circumstances led me to extend my tour to St. Sebastian, a spot intimately associated with a struggle in some respects analogous to that mighty encounter of arms which has invested Sebastopol with such an appalling celebrity.

Upon inquiry, I found that one of those large Spanish schooners called *trincaduras* was about to sail for the port in question, and I gladly availed myself of so favorable an opportunity of obtaining a glimpse of a locality in which I had always felt a deep interest. The well appointed vessel, in which I was so fortunate as to obtain a passage, belonged to a wealthy merchant of San Sebastian, and was employed in trading between that port, Socoa, St. Jean de Luz, and Bayonne. Her crew was composed of hardy mariners, natives of the Spanish province of Guipuzcoa, of which San Sebastian is the capital and the principal seaport. The Guipuzcoans were always celebrated as excellent seamen, and I contemplated with a lively interest the fine, expressive, sun-burnt features of those with whom I had embarked. Their heads were covered by almost peaked red woollen caps, falling a little forward in front at the top, like the ancient Phrygian cap. They wore jackets and loose trousers made of thick brown cloth; and their waists were encircled by broad red woollen sashes, twisted two or three times round.

We left Socoa with a fair wind, and having forced our way through the boiling foam and the heavy surf breaking against the end of the jetty, we bent our course towards the lofty iron-bound Cantabrian coast, so grand and so distinct from the sandy downs which mark the French shore.

The *trincadura* was armed with two light pieces of cannon. Her commander and crew treated me with great courtesy and frankness. As we sailed along with a brisk and pleasant breeze, the men occasionally sang some of their provincial songs. The airs were melodious, the language noble, and there was a hearty yet not boisterous companionship among the crew, which it was very pleasant and exhilarating to witness.

We passed by the narrow entrance to the safe port of Pasages, and after five hours' sail from Socoa, we arrived off San Sebastian. Sailing into the bay between the islet of Santa Clara and the rocky conical height called Monte Orgulla, on whose summit frowns the strong castle of La Mota, the view is highly picturesque. In front is the edge of the crescent-shaped bay, the subdued waves gracefully chasing each other until they repose on the soft glistening sand; on the right, as we advanced, the light-house, a massive stone tower crowning a lofty hill burst upon our sight; and after rowing

for a short distance parallel to the base of Monte Orgulla, which had taken the wind out of our sails, we rounded a point, and the snug town appeared reclining at the foot of the mountain. The entrance to the port, which is very narrow, is formed by two moles of solid masonry. Thus the vessels moored in this artificial harbor are perfectly sheltered, though it may be blowing a gale, and the sea in the bay outside is in furious commotion.

The *trincadura* was speedily brought alongside the quay; I took a friendly leave of her commander and crew, and was soon comfortably lodged in a large handsome *parador*, or hotel, in the best part of the town.

The small peninsula on which the castle, town, and fortifications of San Sebastian are built, commences with the lofty Monte Orgulla, nearly four hundred feet in height, washed by the stormy waves of the Bay of Biscay or Cantabrian Sea, and, sloping in an easterly direction, terminates in a tongue of land, or isthmus, nearly four hundred yards in extent, bounded on one side by the picturesque bay, and on the other by the small but rapid river Urumea, which empties itself into the sea a short distance below. To an Englishman, San Sebastian possessed peculiar interest, as having been the scene of one of the most terrible achievements of the British army during the peninsular war. Towards the close of that memorable struggle, San Sebastian was besieged by the British forces. The conduct of the operations was by the Duke of Wellington, confided to the late general, Lord Lynedoch, then Sir Thomas Graham. They lasted sixty-three days; but I will confine myself to giving a brief sketch of their conclusion.

The fortifications of San Sebastian, and of its massive dominating castle, were upon a very superior scale. They were occupied by large garrisons, composed of some of Napoleon's bravest troops, commanded by General Rey, one of the most distinguished officers of the French army; but the military skill of the British commanders, and the indomitable valor of British soldiers, surmounted every obstacle, though at the cost of a fearful loss of life on both sides.

On the 31st of August, 1813, after a tremendous attack and defense of six days and nights, and when two or more breaches had been made in the walls by the incessant and well-directed fire from the batteries, and after the valiant British soldiers had mounted the principal breach, such was the slaughter amongst them, occasioned by the enemy's fire from the parapets, barricades, and every description of defensive works, that the troops were unable to effect a lodgement in the town. Under these desperate circumstances, General Sir Thomas Graham, after consulting with colonel, afterwards Sir Alexander

Dickson, the senior officer of artillery, ordered a last effort to be made, by directing the aim of the whole of our cannon to the point whence the enemy's galling fire was mowing down his brave officers and men. In order to do this effectually, however, it was necessary to fire in such a manner as that the shot and shell should pass close over the heads of the troops who were assembled on the crest of the crumbling masonry. Forty-seven pieces of heavy ordnance opened, accordingly, at once, from the batteries on the Chofre sand-hills, on the other side of the river Urumea.

The French troops could not long endure so tremendous a cannonade; their fire soon slackened, and almost at the same moment an explosion took place, from the ignition, in succession, of a great number of fire barrels, hand-grenades, and live-shells, which the enemy had heaped up in rear of the defences, for the purpose of destroying or disabling the storming party. These explosions cleared the walls of the greater number of their gallant defenders. The British troops instantly took advantage of this event. They rushed forward, and in spite of every obstacle, took the town by assault, after a most determined resistance by the remainder of the French garrison. During this mortal strife, a fierce storm came on, and the crash of thunder, the flashing of lightning, the howling wind, and the pelting of torrents of rain, fearfully augmented the maddening turmoil.

Six hundred and seventy prisoners were taken, after desperately fighting from house to house. The remainder of the French garrison were either killed, or made good their retreat to the castle. Our loss was upwards of five hundred men killed, and fifteen hundred and eighty wounded; amounting together to above two thousand.

I will touch as lightly as possible upon the horrid spectacle of a place taken by storm. The town was on fire in many parts; the heat from the blazing houses was intense, and at intervals the howls of the frenzied soldiers struck fearfully on the ear, as they rushed about in the midst of this scene of devastation. It is some consolation to be able to record that a large portion of the inhabitants had left for France during the early part of the siege. At length the conflagration became general. It lasted ten days. The town of San Sebastian was destroyed, with the exception of two of the principal churches and a very few strong edifices.

The castle held out bravely for nine days more against a most energetic attack by the British. Fifty-nine heavy battering guns were continually playing upon it from the island of Santa Clara, the isthmus, the Chofre sandhills, and the outer works of the town. The garrison were also galled by musketry from the British soldiers, who sheltered themselves among the ruins at the foot of the castle-hill. The besieged scarcely returned the fire, their ammunition being nearly exhausted. At length, on the 9th of September, 1813, all the French batteries having been silenced by the tremendous fire directed against them, the ammunition magazine being blown up, and great numbers of his men killed by the explosion, General Rey, who was himself wounded, surrendered. The heroic French garrison were reduced to one-third of their original number. They marched out of the castle with all the honors of war, and were respectfully saluted by the British officers, in token of their admiration of the valor and constancy they had displayed. On their part, the French troops laid down their arms on the glacis, with the consciousness that they had done their duty to the uttermost.

After the peace, the town of San Sebastian was rebuilt. The streets cross each other at right angles; all the houses have balconies, generally painted green, which contrasts agreeably with the white stone walls. In the centre of this pleasant town there is a fine *plaza*, or square, in which are a number of handsome shops, sheltered from the scorching sun in summer, and the heavy rains that fall at other seasons, by elegant piazzas. On the land side, the town is protected by its strong fortifications, which were thoroughly repaired after the siege, and is entered after passing two drawbridges over a deep moat. The castle and its extensive fortifications are also again in perfect order. It is approached by a steep zig-zag path. The view from the loftiest part of it is magnificent.

San Sebastian carries on a considerable trade in colonial produce and foreign merchandise. Large shipments are also made of excellent iron, both in a rough and manufactured state—the produce of rich mines, with which the provinces of Guipuzcoa and Biscay abound. The inhabitants are polite, friendly, and enlightened. I was so fortunate as to be introduced to a most amiable family, and through

them to others. From all I received the greatest attention and kindness, and never passed a happier week than at San Sebastian. There is a frank simplicity in the manners of all classes, which is very attractive. It happened to be the bathing season, and the town was crowded with Spanish families, many belonging to the higher classes of society, from all parts of the kingdom.

I made several delightful excursions in the picturesque environs, varied by grand mountain scenery, wooded hills, and well-cultivated valleys, embellished by neat farm-houses surrounded by rich orchards. The marine views are also very beautiful. My final excursion I determined should be from San Sebastian to Pasages, in which port I was informed there was an English steamer on the eve of starting for Plymouth. I took leave accordingly of my San Sebastian friends with great regret, and with heartfelt thanks for the kindness they had shown me. I had previously, in conformity with their advice, hired a light open carriage to convey me part of the way. After traversing the drawbridges, we emerged on the road that runs by the side of the glacier, and conducts to the bridge over the Urumea river. We crossed it, and then drove gently along the well-constructed road.

The adjacent landscape is beautiful, and looked particularly so, enlivened as it was by the rays of the afternoon's summer sun; dotted with rural habitations, whose broad overhanging roofs resemble those of the Swiss *châlets*; the road itself being bordered, at intervals, by rustic dwellings of a similar description, and having an air of neatness and comfort. All I saw was most interesting. Country girls, their long hair plaited in two braids, and hanging low down their backs, were sitting outside the cottage doors spinning flax with distaffs, and carolling their sweet native airs, whilst others were carrying elegantly shaped earthen jars on their heads, filled with water, which they had brought from the neighboring fountain. Now and then, too, I observed some young peasant girls on their way to a village festival in their holiday garments, and showy cotton handkerchiefs arranged round their heads with great taste. These maidens wore white stockings and neat shoes. On ordinary occasions, the Guipuzcoan women do not wear shoes and stockings; but they are very choice in those articles of dress when they go to their festive meetings.

The men of the same class are clothed in a simple, yet picturesque manner. On their heads they wear the *boyna*, a flat cloth cap—blue, red, or white—something like the Scotch bonnet, but broader. A waistcoat rather open in front displays a coarse but white linen shirt with very wide sleeves, and the turned-down collar leaves the throat bare. A sash encircles the loins, and a brown cloth jacket hangs negligently over one shoulder. The loose trousers descend a little below the knees; the feet are partially covered with hempen sandals, fixed on by blue or red woolen cords, crossed round the lower part of the leg.

The Guipuzcoans are a very fine people. The men are docile in time of peace, but fierce and eminently brave in war. Like the whole Cantabrian race, they are firmly attached to their primitive usages and privileges. They boast of being the most ancient people in the world, and have a language—the Basque, or Basque—peculiar to themselves, which they consider to be the finest and most comprehensive of any that has existed either in ancient or modern times; and they maintain that its origin is so remote that there is no record of the period when it was first spoken. This description applies equally to the inhabitants and language of the three Basque provinces, viz., Biscay, Alava, and Guipuzcoa. The conservation of the firmness and spirit of their forefathers has been mainly attributed by those who have narrowly observed this simple and interesting people, to the fact of their having retained in all its purity their energetic and figurative language.

After a most pleasant drive of about two miles, we arrived at the head of a small inland bay—if such an expression be admissible—surrounded by lofty hills. This bay, excepting a narrow channel in the centre, is bereft of water when the tide is out. At high-water, and for some time before and afterwards, it presents the appearance of a beautiful lake, whose edge reaches as far as a paved landing-place at the extremity of the San Sebastian road.

At this spot, called La Herrera, there is an inn where saddle horses may be hired by parties arriving by water from Pasages on their way to San Sebastian, and where those who are travelling thence to Pasages leave their horses or carriages, and embark in boats which ply at La Herrera. It was about high-water when I arrived, and I immediately em-

barked in one of the largest boats, in which were seated two other passengers. The rowers were weather-beaten Guipuzcoan damsels, who stood up in the boat, and with a peculiar jerk propelled it, not by drawing the arms back, as male rowers do, but by leaning on the oar (they only use one oar each) and thus forcing the boat along. A rather elderly woman was at the helm. My fellow-passengers were agreeable, and I highly enjoyed this novel aquatic trip. The scenery encircling this small tidal lake is delightful; and when, after about half an hour's rowing, we landed at a point whence a view of the town and harbor of Pasages is obtained, I was both surprised and delighted at the singular scene before me. A mountain range of considerable height appears as though it had been cleft in twain by some convulsion of nature, opening a passage for the waters of the ocean through the narrow gorge. On either side, close to the water's edge, is a long line of houses, most of them with white walls and overhanging roofs, three or four churches, a fort, and an ancient tower; the whole dominated by impending arid rocks, though here and there patches of hardy shrubs burst from the fissures in them. The entrance to the port of Pasages from the sea is very narrow, for a ledge of rock runs across the opening to an extent which leaves only deep water sufficient for one ship of the largest class to pass at a time. But a considerable fleet of first-rate men of war could ride, or rather be moored, in the perfectly sheltered harbor of Pasages. This remarkable sea-port was formerly the depot of the Company of the Caracas in South America. It was also a station for the Spanish navy.

Having obtained comfortable accommodation in a clean little *posada*, or inn, whither I had been recommended to go by my San Sebastian friends, I quite enjoyed a day's ramble about the singular town, first on the side where I landed, and afterwards on the shore, to which I crossed in a boat. Everybody was occupied. Vessels were being careened or repaired, fishing-nets were hanging up to dry, the product of the fisherman's toil was being laden in baskets, which the cheerful damsels placed on their heads and ran off with them towards the boats, waiting to convey them to the landing-place at La Herrera, whence they would again trot merrily along with their loads to San Sebastian.

In the evening I embarked on board the steamer for Old England. My health had become greatly improved by the journey, especially by my visit to this interesting portion of the Basque provinces of Spain; and I landed at Plymouth in excellent spirits, after a very pleasing passage of four days.

The Fur Trade and the Hudson's Bay Company.

In March, 1848, there were sold by auction at the Hudson's Bay House, in Fenchurch street, London, five thousand seven hundred and eighty otter skins, four hundred and fifty-eight fisher skins, nine hundred silver fox-skins, eighteen thousand cross, red, white, and kitt fox skins, two thousand five hun-

dred and sixty-six black bear skins, five hundred and sixty-six brown, gray, and white bear skins, thirty thousand one hundred lynx skins, nine thousand eight hundred wolf skins, six hundred and eighty wolvereen skins, one hundred and twenty-one thousand marten skins, twenty-four thousand mink skins, and sundry smaller lots. Some account of this trade—of the territories in which—the people by which—and the machinery with which—it is carried on, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

The territory within which the transactions of the Hudson's Bay Company are at present conducted may be roughcast as an area about one-third greater than the whole of Europe. This huge space is dotted by about one hundred trading posts, three or four hundred miles apart, and is divided into four large sections—the Montreal, the Southern, the Northern, and the Columbia departments. The following description is taken almost verbatim from Ballantyne's "Hudson's Bay," and may help to give the reader a mental photograph of the region of which we are writing. Picture to yourself an immense country, many hundred miles long, and many hundred broad, covered with dense forests, expanded lakes, broad rivers, and mighty mountains, and all in a state of pristine simplicity—untouched by the axe of civilized man, and untenanted, save by roving Red Indians and myriads of wild animals. Imagine in this wilderness a number of small squares, each inclosing half-a-dozen wooden houses, and about a dozen men, and between each of these specks a space of forest from fifty to three hundred miles in length, and you will have a pretty correct idea of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, and of the number of and distance between their forts. The idea may be still more correctly outlined by supposing Great Britain to be a wilderness, planted in the middle of Rupert's Land, with three forts in it, one at the Land's End, one in Wales, and one in the Highlands, so that in Britain there would be three hamlets, with a population of some thirty men, half-a-dozen women, and a few children. The Red River colony, however, numbers a population of about ten thousand.

Let us now turn to the individuals engaged in the fur trade, beginning with the Indian hunter, and again betaking ourselves to the volume just mentioned. Imagine then a Cree Indian, clad in a large leathern coat, very much overlapped in front, and fastened round his waist with a scarlet belt; a small rat-skin cap covers his head, his legs are cased in blue cloth leggings; large moccasins, with two or three pair of blanket socks, shield his feet, and fingerless deer-skin mittens make up his costume. He is about to pay a visit to his traps—let us accompany him. He first sticks a small axe in his belt, which counterpoises a large hunting knife and fire-bag on the other side. He then slips his feet through the lines of his snow-shoes, and throws the line of a small hand sledge over his shoulder. Having attached this sledge to his back, he stoops to take his gun from his wife, who has been watching him through a hole in the tent, and strides off



AMERICAN TRAPPERS HUNTING BUFFALOES.

with it upon his shoulder. The night is very dark, but he is quickly winding his way through the thick stems of the forest, whilst the moon, breaking out from the clouds, cast a strange phosphoric light on the spots on which it falls through the dense foliage. Sometimes he stoops to examine a newly made track, and at length a faint sound brings him to a stand. The rattling noise is heard again, and he has soon a dead fox tied to his sledge and is quitting the reset trap, which is again covered with a thin layer of snow, chips of a frozen fish are scattered around as a bait. He now visits his other traps, and towards midnight begins to walk more warily, as he is close upon two traps which he set in the morning for one of the formidable coast wolves. He examines the priming of his gun and moves the axe in his belt, when suddenly, after he has advanced a short distance, a branch crashes under his snow shoe, and a full grown wolf bounds with a savage growl almost to his feet. Both traps are on his legs; and after having torn the hunter's leggin, the fierce creature is stunned by an axe-blow, though not until the hunter has had a narrow escape from its fangs in one of its furious bounds. Fatigued with his exciting contest and with his previous march, the Indian now encamps and rests for some hours.

The sun has just risen, and before us lies the snow-coated surface of a large lake, with a small islet here and there, clad with luxuriant evergreens. To the left appear a number of earthy mounds, and near them the cut and barked trees are in some instances almost cut down. Here is a beaver colony, and towards it our hunter is approaching with his empty sledge, which he drags behind him. After some preliminaries, a great plump beaver, aroused from his winter nap, is sprawling on the snow, and a blow on the head with the pole of an ice-chisel has sent him to a still longer sleep than that from which he has been so roughly awakened. Several more are killed and sleigh packed, and then our hunter turns his face towards his last night's encampment, where he has left his wolf and foxes. After making a detour, to visit a marten trap—a very simple apparatus—he returns to his tent, where a joyful welcome from the dark eyes of his wife anticipates his advent as she gazes through a chink in the covering of her home.

The Hudson's Bay Company is governed by a governor and committee in London, who meet once a year to transact business. The committee appoint a resident superintendent, who presides at councils of chief factors and chief traders. The grades in the service are seven, according to Mr. Ballantyne. First, the laborer, who is generally employed in cutting firewood, snow-shovelling, mending all sorts of damages, and, in summer, in transporting furs and goods between his post and the nearest depot. He is ready to become trapper, fisherman, or hunter, at the shortest notice. The interpreter is usually an intelligent laborer of some standing in the service, who has picked up a smattering of Indian. Next comes the postmaster, who is usually a promoted laborer, advanced to the rank of a gentleman for good behavior or valuable services. Wherever located, the postmaster is generally the most useful and active man there. Then comes the apprentice clerk, who come out raw lads and acquire the bad habits of the country in order to appear what they deem manly. In due time the apprentice becomes a clerk, the clerk a chief trader or half-shareholder, and the chief trader a chief factor or shareholder, which is the apex of promotion.

The number of *employés* in the service of the company is somewhat above one thousand, consisting chiefly of Orkney men, Scotch Highlanders, Norwegians, and a few French Canadians. Three ships are employed in the trade annually, two to Hudson's Bay and one to the North West coast. Sales by public auction are made twice or thrice in London, at which a director usually attends to buy in those lots which do not reach a certain value. The following is a list of some of the articles of commerce:—beaver; black, brown, white, and grizzly bear; badger; rein deer; red deer; fisher; goose; black, silver, cross, red, white, and blue fox; lynx; marten; musquash; otter; swan; seal; wolf and wolverine skins; bison robes; feathers; walrus ivory; seal and whale oil; salted salmon, and other articles.

The region occupying the country from Canada northwards along the southern shore of the Hudson's Bay, and extending down the valley of the Mackenzie and Peace Rivers, nearly to the Arctic Ocean, is the most valuable for the objects of the fur trader. The Indians there are in general inoffensive; and whilst they hunt and trap for furs, the Company supplies them in exchange with those articles which their simple wants and tastes call for.

Trade is transacted on a standard of value, based on the price of a beaver skin, for there is no money in the Indian country. When an Indian reaches one of the company's posts with a bundle of furs, the trader parts the skins into lots, adds up the amount, and gives the hunter a number of little pieces of wood. He is then taken to the store-room, where he is surrounded by bales of blankets, slop coats, guns, knives, axes, and other articles. For these he gives his wooden money, according to the value in pieces required for the different things purchased.

Besides the region just mentioned, there are three other great natural divisions of the Hudson's Bay territories—the Columbia or Oregon territory, extending from the Rocky Mountain to the Pacific Ocean; the Prairie Region, located between the two former divisions, and occupying the valley of the Saskatchewan and Red Rivers, and the upper waters of the Missouri and Mississippi; and the Barren Grounds, a strip of sterile country along the north shore of Hudson's Bay and the coast of the polar Sea. The remaining division is the Wooded Region.

The Columbia and Prairie divisions have long been, or were at least until the Oregon question was settled, a kind of debatable land between the American and British fur traders. This and the character of its inhabitants have given birth to a new sort of traffic, and a new order of trappers and traders. The fur trade of the United States is mainly in the hands of two associations, who maintain few, if any, posts beyond the mountains. There the traffic is superintended by partners who dwell in the montane country, but move from place to place with Indian tribes or bands of their own men. They despatch brigades of trappers in various directions, assigning a field of operations to each, and a general rendezvous takes place at some appointed spot. To this focus the brigades and the Indians repair with their spoils. Bands of free trappers come thither too to sell their furs or to engage their services for the next hunting season. There is no class of men, according to Bonneville, who are more attached to their occupation than the free trappers of the west. The same energy in the pursuit of goodness might indeed be well expected to produce a noble result. Sometimes he may be seen with shouldered traps battling across rapid streams, amidst floating blocks of ice; at others he is to be found coping with rugged mountains and dreadful precipices, hunting for his game in places never before visited by the white man. Such is the trapper of the American fur trade, and such the life now led in these far distant scenes.

The produce of the Prairie Region consists chiefly of the coarser furs—such as the wolf, the fox, and the lynx; and the Buffalo robes, obtained in vast quantities, and much valued in Canada and the United States as wrappers for winter travelling and sledge driving. The Barren Grounds are of little value for the objects of the fur trade. The Esquimaux dwell here, and live chiefly by fishing along the coast, and trade in oil, feathers, seal skins, and ivory, at the few posts in this region.

An attempt is now in progress to establish a colony on the Pacific, in Vancouver's Island, whose advantageous position and large supply of coal augur future prosperity and importance. The Californian gold discoveries will, however, in all probability be a temporary stumbling stone to the colony. The following quotation opens up a brilliant future to this island, but we cannot guarantee the accuracy of the opinion expressed;—

"Returning to the geographical situation of Vancouver's Island, we see that it not only possesses the most important harbours of the north-west coast of the American continent, but that it commands for eighty miles the straits which lead to those of the territory of the United States. It follows, then, of necessity, that this island must become the focus of all the trade which shall at any future period flow in the north of Western America. Men will not always circumnavigate the globe to convey merchandize from one point to another; they will not take goods round Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, on the way from Canton to New York. The oriental trade of America will infallibly, some day, find its way across the American continent. The time may be nearer than we like to predict, who shrink from the charge of extravagant enthusiasm; but, whenever it does arrive, the straits of Juan de Fuca will become the funnel through which it will be poured into the New World. For the same reason that Tyre or Venice rose to be great on the earth, will the people who dwell around those straits become mighty in their generation."

We must briefly glance at the operations of the Russian Fur Company. Sitka, or New Archangel,

is the chief post—its trade in 1842 was estimated at ten thousand fur seals, one thousand sea otters, twelve thousand beavers, two thousand five hundred land otters, foxes, and martens, and twenty thousand sea-horse teeth. A traveller tells us that, in April 1843, he found eleven vessels and two steamers in the harbor—one, a steam tug, had its machinery cast and manufactured at Sitka. Two-horse power steamboats had also been built there. The territory embraced within the operations of the Company includes the Pacific coast of America and the islands north of latitude 54° 40', and the whole of the continent west of 141°; the Asiatic coast of the Pacific north of 51° and the islands of the Kurile group, as far south as 45° 50'.

Un Chiosso.*

BY MARY BROTHERTON.

I AM told that the North of Italy nurses a noble and vigorous generation of brave men and chaste women; I can only speak of the Italians with whom I have become acquainted, and I must confess that with two or three exceptions, I know very little good of them.

I pass over their lying and avarice, not because they tell the truth, or are generous, but because I have had the misfortune to find those foul moral weeds attaining as rank a growth on American soil. But even the best instinct, the sincerest love of Italians is devoid of tenderness or any gentle sentiment—a passion as ungovernable and nearly as dangerous as their hate. Pierce without courage, to do murder seems with them a propensity like another, and religion a superstition which restrains from no crime, while it absolves from all.

The long knife which journeymen shoemakers are permitted to carry as a necessity of their *métier*, renders them formidable members of so hot-blooded a community.

Two or three years ago we spent a summer at Frascati, that sweetest nook among the Alban hills. The freshest and greenest it surely is, with its abundant and dashing waters, "its ordered gardens great," its miles of ilex and laural avenues, which make its ways, carpeted with dry leaves, dark and cool, and fresh with fanning leafage in the fiercest July noon!

One evening, as we passed through the little town on our way to see the sunset from the terraces of Villa Aldobrandini, we observed a group of people collected in a bye-street, and stopped to inquire if any accident had happened. We addressed ourselves to a respectable baker who stood at his shop-door, enjoying the cool of the day after his *siesta*. He replied with that glittering smile peculiar to well-fed and obsequious Italian physiognomies:

"A mere nothing—only some shoemakers quarrelling."

The careless tone coupled with the smile, caused us to pass on directly, and quite to forget, a minute after, the circumstance of crowd, question, and reply.

Next day I found our Roman servant Rosa languidly looking on, and gossiping, as usual, while our Frascati woman, Giovanna, made the *macheroni* in our little kitchen. I summoned the former to do something in the room in which we sat, and she took the opportunity to bestow her small-talk upon us.

"Poor Giovanna," quoth she, "is a little soft to-day. She has had a misfortune. Last night, two *carabinieri* came and carried off her husband to prison."

"What has he done?"

Whereupon Rosa, delighted, like an arch-gossip as the lazy creature was, to have a story to tell, emptied her budget. But I must say, *par parenthèse*, that we had observed no shade of pensiveness on the stolid handsome face of Giovanna, which could have led us to guess her "in trouble."

This was Rosa's tale: On the previous evening two journeymen-shoemakers were seated at work outside their master's door, as usual. One had purchased half a water-melon; the other asked for a slice of it, which being refused, he snatched, sucked, and threw the rind, with a jeer, into his comrade's face—whose knife was buried in his body the next moment! As the stabbed man fell, spouting blood, a friend of his, a third shoemaker, (no other than Giovanna's husband), happened to pass, and without a moment's pause, or a word of inquiry, at one bound struck his own knife into the throat of the other! There now lay in the street two bloody and dying men. A little crowd collected (the very crowd we had observed); the women shrieked and scolded. The wives of the wounded shoemakers helped at last to lift them up, and carry

* *Chiosso*, the Roman word for a street quarrel.

them to their own houses. No *carabinieri* interrupted these private arrangements, but kept, as usual, at a respectful distance from the long knives of the *calzolari*. Odoardo (Giovanna's gentle mate) wiped his tool, and walked home to supper, which repast he doubtless enjoyed by relating to his family the little circumstance that had just occurred. Meanwhile, "unluckily," as Rosa said, the man he had stabbed growing worse and worse, and being about to receive extreme unction, the authorities found it indispensable to recognize the offence of his murderer. They accordingly despatched a couple of *carabinieri* to take Odoardo to prison. Those officers behaved with much intrepidity, finding the culprit fast asleep, and their modest tap at his door answered by his wife; and before he was well awake, Master Odoardo was safely lodged in the Frascati prison.

The relish which the best-disposed Italian woman has for these sanguinary doings is really terrible. Our good-natured, lazy Rosa, described that hideous stabbing scene with a sort of rapture of excitement. Her mild, sleepy face flushed, and her dramatic gesture showed how she realized the assassin's blow!

These murderers are only imprisoned for a few months, unless their crime is of frequent recurrence, in which case they are sometimes sent to the galleys, or detained for life.

Odoardo was an old offender, it seemed, having not only stabbed a master for whom he worked, but being a thief to boot; and thieving, be it observed, is counted in Italy, as in Sparta, the most unpardonable of crimes—if found out.

The night after this last exploit of his, a troop of men, all journeymen shoemakers, came into the little piazza under our windows, and yelled a hideous sort of serenade, intended for Giovanna, whom they supposed to be in our house. It was a horrible howl of wrath and menace against Odoardo. They were the friends of the man he had stabbed, and who was still alive, though sinking. "*Shoemakers have sharp knives, and always revenge themselves!*" was the burden of the wild song they improvised, with marvellous voices; the volume, and depth, and ominous tone of which made them resemble the bayings of bloodhounds. Sometimes one voice would break out alone, singing, "*What a handsome wife he had! but she is his no longer, she belongs to any one now!*" with much more, too fierce and too gross to repeat. At last they went off, two and two, arm in arm, roaring their bloody chorus, which died gradually away in the distant streets and roads they traversed. We came out into our balcony, and as we heard those wicked sounds every now and then, breaking forth anew, though more and more distant, we felt a saddening influence, which half undid that of a nature so full of amenities. What a contrast, that wild human noise, to the deep calm of the summer moonlight! How savage and how guilty seemed those men, howling like beasts, as we looked far out over the lovely fertile slopes which God gave them, flowing with wine and oil! And where the mountains rose against the lucid night-sky, fearful and awful looked those great dim phantoms, which seemed silently watching in the extreme distance.

Next morning both the stabbed shoemakers were dead.

A Poor Relation.

An envoy extraordinary from Poland, to the court of Russia, returning to Dresden, stopped at an inn in Courland, where he was witness to a quarrel between the ostler and some of the stable keepers, who were inebriated. One of them swore much, and threatened, in a bold tone of voice, to make his antagonists repent of their insolence. The minister, interested by the superior air with which the man spoke, asked his name and past condition. He was told that he was an unfortunate Polisher, named Charles Scorowski, whose father, supposed to have been a gentleman of Lithuania, died early, and had left his son in a miserable situation, with a daughter who had been for some time lost. The minister thought he perceived in Scorowski, a resemblance to the noble features of the Empress Catherine; and having, as all the world have done, heard of the obscurity which hung over the origin of the Empress, he took a fancy into his head, that there might be some relationship between them. He accordingly wrote an account of the adventure to a friend at the Russian Court, through whom, by some means or other, it found its way to the Czar Peter. The Empress had always pretended to the Czar to be perfectly ignorant of her family; she affected to remember only that she had a brother, but to be ignorant what had become of him. Peter, imagining that he had now got a clue to the solution of the mystery, sent an order to Prince Ressenin, Governor

of Riga, to discover Charles Scorowski; to entice him to Riga under some fair pretence, to seize him, without offering the smallest insult, and to send him under a strong guard to the chamber of police, which he had ordered to revise a decree passed against this imaginary prisoner. The order was punctually executed; Charles was brought, and the chamber pretended to proceed against him, with all the forms of law, as against a quarrelsome and promoter of strife. He was afterwards forwarded to the capital, with the supposed informations, which substantiated the offence of which he had been accused.

Scorowski, under great apprehension for his fate, though he believed himself to be perfectly innocent, was presented to the judge, who lengthened out the proofs, in order that he might more easily examine the prisoner, whom he had orders to sound thoroughly. The better to succeed in this design, he kept spies around him, to catch any marked word that might escape; and private inquiries were made in Courland, which proved most clearly that Scorowski was really the brother of the Empress.

The Czar, convinced of the reality of the relationship, caused it to be intimated to Scorowski, that as the judge was not disposed to treat him with much indulgence, he could do nothing better than present a petition to his sovereign; and that the means of doing this would be rendered easy, as not only access to the throne would be procured for him, but also protectors sufficiently powerful, to ensure the success of his requests. Peter, who had artfully contrived everything for a scene amusing to himself, but humiliating to the pride and haughtiness of Catherine sent word that on a certain day he would go privately to dine with Chapelow, the steward of his household, and that after dinner he would give an audience to Scorowski.

When the appointed time arrived, the rustic did not appear intimidated by the majesty of the monarch, but boldly presented his petition. The Czar asked him a number of questions; the answers to which all serve to confirm him in the belief that it was the brother of his empress who stood before him. Nevertheless, to remove all doubt on the subject, Peter dismissed him abruptly, desiring that he would return next day at the same hour; accompanying his order with a hint, that in all probability, he would have no cause to be displeased with his decision.

The Czar, supping with the Empress that same evening, said to her, "I dined to-day with Chapelow, and made a most excellent repast; I must take you thither some day." "Why not to-morrow?" she replied. "Well, then," rejoined the Czar, "be it so; but we must do as I did to-day, surprise him when he is about to sit down to dinner, and dispense with all attendants."

Next day, Peter and Catherine, being accordingly at dinner with Chapelow, the petitioner was introduced, who approached with more timidity than he had shown before. The Czar affected to have forgot the subject of Scorowski's petition, and repeated all the questions of the day preceding. He received, however, precisely the same answers. Catherine, reclining on a sofa, listened with the greatest attention; every word from Scorowski vibrated on her ear; and the Czar still more roused her by saying, in a tone which indicated that he was interested in the conversation. "Catherine, attend to that, do not you comprehend?" Catherine, on this, changed color, her voice faltered, she could scarcely reply. "But," added the Czar, with emotion, "if you do not comprehend I do; in a word, this man is your brother. Come," said he to Scorowski, "kiss the border of her robe, and her hand, in quality of Empress; after which, embrace her as thy sister." At these words, Catherine grew quite pale; the power of speech forsook her, and she was for some time in a state of insensibility. When she recovered, Peter affectionately said, "What great harm, then, is there in this adventure! I have found a brother-in-law; if he is a man of merit, and has any abilities, we shall make something of him. Console yourself, then, I beg of you; for I see nothing in all this, that ought to give you a moment's uneasiness. We are informed of an affair which has cost us many inquiries. Let us depart."

Catherine rising, embraced her brother, and begged the Czar still to favor both herself and him. Scorowski received a house and a pension, and enjoyed his good fortune for many years.

Men and Manners in China.

According to ancient usage, the population in China is grouped under four heads:—1. Scholars; 2. Husbandmen; 3. Mechanics; 4. Merchants. There is a numerous class who are considered almost as social outcasts, such as stage-players—professional gam-

blers—beggars—convicts—outlaws, and others; and these probably form no part of the population returns. In the more remote rural districts, on the other hand, the returning officer probably contents himself with giving the average of more accessible and better peopled localities.

I have no means of obtaining any satisfactory tables to show the proportions which different ages bear to one another in China, or the average mortality at different periods of human life; yet to every decade of life the Chinese apply some special designation:—The age of 10 is called "the Opening Degree;" 20, "Youth Expired;" 30, "Strength and Marriage;" 40, "Officially Apt;" 50, "Error Knowing;" 60, "Cycle Closing;" 70, "Rare Bird of Age;" 80, "Rusty Visaged;" 90, "Delayed;" 100, "Age's Extremity."

Among the Chinese the amount of reverence grows with the number of years. I made, some years ago, the acquaintance of a Buddhist priest living in the convent of Tien Pung, near Ningpo, who was more than a century old, and whom people of rank were in the habit of visiting in order to show their respect and to obtain his autograph. He had the civility to give me a very fair specimen of his handwriting. There are not only many establishments for the reception of the aged, but the penal code provides severe punishments for those who refuse to relieve the poor in their declining years. Age may also be pleaded in extenuation of crime, and in mitigation of punishment. Imperial decrees sometimes order presents to be given to all indigent old people in the empire.

The constant flow of emigration from China, contrasted with the complete absence of emigration into China, is striking evidence of the redundancy of the population; for though that emigration is almost wholly confined to two provinces; namely, Kwangtung and Fookien, representing together a population of probably from 34,000,000 to 35,000,000, I am disposed to think that a number nearer 3,000,000 than 2,000,000 from these provinces alone are located in foreign countries. In the kingdom of Siam it is estimated that there are at least a million and a half of Chinese, of which 200,000 are in the capital (Bangkok). They crowd all the islands of the Indian Archipelago.

In Java, we know, by a correct census, there are 136,000. Cochin China teems with Chinese. In this colony we are seldom without one, two, or three vessels taking Chinese emigrants to California and other places. Multitudes go to Australia, to the Philippines, to the Sandwich Islands, to the western coast of Central and Southern America; some have made their way to British India.

The emigration to the British West Indies has been considerable; to Havana greater still. The annual arrivals in Singapore are estimated at an average of 10,000, and 2,000 is the number that are said annually to return to China.

There is not only this enormous maritime emigration, but a considerable efflux of Chinese towards Manchuria and Tibet; and it may be added, that the large and fertile islands of Formosa and Hainan have been to a great extent won from the aborigines by successive inroads of Chinese settlers. Now these are all males—there is not a single woman to 10,000 men; hence, perhaps, the small social value of the female infant. Yet this perpetual outflowing of people seems in no respect to diminish the number of those who are left behind.—*Sir John Bowring.*

A NEW BOMB SHELL.—A young man of Hawarden, near Chester, has invented a bomb-shell, which only explodes on coming in contact with any object. The slightest touch will cause it to scatter destruction all around, but it will not waste its strength in the air. It has been manufactured by a relative of the inventor, who is employed in some iron works, and the inventor has come up to London in obedience to a summons from one of the government offices, his invention being "under consideration," to the alternate delight and disappointment of the unhappy inventor.

DROPPING A LINE.—The clever fellows who undertook to lay down the electric telegraph for communication between England and America have laid it down so thoroughly that nobody can get it up again. The whole of the cable has dropped into the ocean, and the only person who will receive any communication through this telegraph is old Father Neptune, who is destined to be literally "troubled with a line," for a large twisted rope at the bottom of one's bed must be a source of very considerable annoyance.

Let every man endeavor to make the world happy by a strict performance of his duty to God and man, and the mighty work of reformation will soon be accomplished.



Fig. 20.—Caucasian

Man.

CHAPTER I.

ALTHOUGH it has been affirmed and quoted by generation after generation, that

"The proper study of mankind is man," that study, even among the most cultivated, has been confined too exclusively to the social and political condition of our race, to the total neglect of the physical relations by which it is connected with the inferior species. Although these relations exhibit in a striking point of view all that we have in common with the rest of the animal kingdom, they render manifest not less conspicuously those which set us apart from, and exalt us above them. So profoundly impressed was the greatest of modern naturalists with the force of the evidence of man's superiority, derived merely from his physical organisation, that he maintained that, even according to the rigorous principles of inductive science, based on physical and mechanical phenomena, without taking into consideration the possession of the reasoning faculty, man ought to be classified, not as a species of the order of vertebrated animals, but as an order apart, distinct from and independent of all other parts of organised nature, and presenting the anomalous example of being the sole genus of his order, and the sole species of his genus.*

Nevertheless, our physical organisation differs but little in appearance from that of a considerable number of Mammifera,† that is, of the animals which suckle their young. The functions of nutrition with us and with them are alike, and the structure of the organs of sense present but few distinguishing peculiarities. Yet man is placed immeasurably

above all other organised beings, a superiority which he owes, not altogether to the gift of reason and of language, but also, in a great degree, to the me-

chanical conformation of his members.

Physiologists have traced a general relation between the degree of intelligence manifested by different organised beings, and the volume and structure of the brain, not only when species is compared with species, but when individual is compared with individual: and some have pretended to push this induction even so far as to connect different parts of the brain with different faculties, passions, and tendencies, founding their conclusions partly on observation of the human brain in connection with the development of human character, and partly on the analogies observable between the human brain, passions, and tendencies of inferior animals. Hence has arisen that new branch of in-

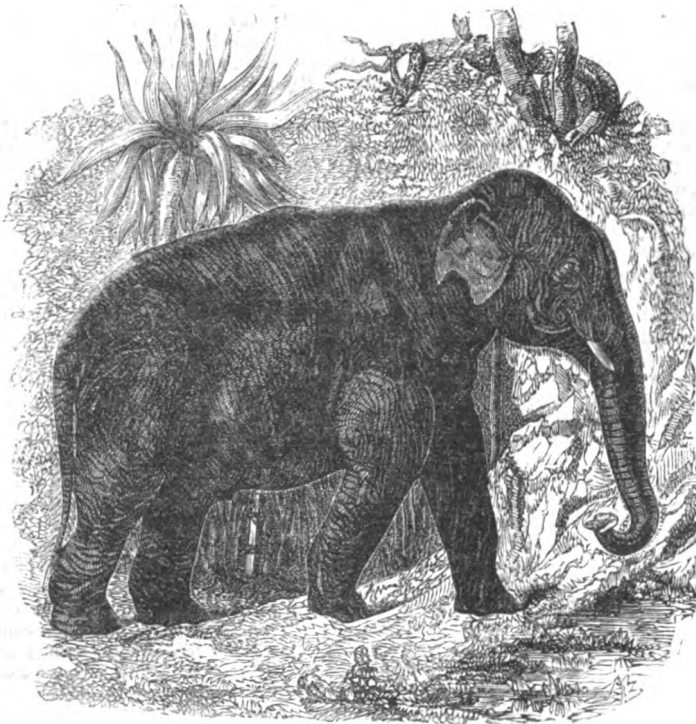


Fig. 9.

quiry claiming a place in physiological science under the name of phrenology.

However questions of this order may be decided, it has never been doubted that the brain is the organ of intelligence, thought, and feeling. It is the centre of the nervous system, and is connected with all parts of the body by thousands of nervous filaments.

Some notion of the manner in which these diverge from the brain, and from all parts of the spinal cord, and ramify over all the organs and members, may be obtained by the annexed figure, where *a* is the brain; *b*, the posterior part of that organ, called the *cerebellum*; *c*, the spinal cord; *d*, the branch of nerves which ramifies over the face; *e*, that which goes to the arm; *f*, *g*, *h*, its ramifications over the lower arm and hand; *i*, those which spread over the trunk; *k*, *l*, those which lead to the leg and thigh; *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, their ramifications over the leg and foot.

The innumerable nervous filaments which are thus spread over the entire system, and which at length become so minute as to be microscopic, are the messengers of thought, carrying the dictates of the will from the brain to all the members, which move in most absolute obedience to the commands

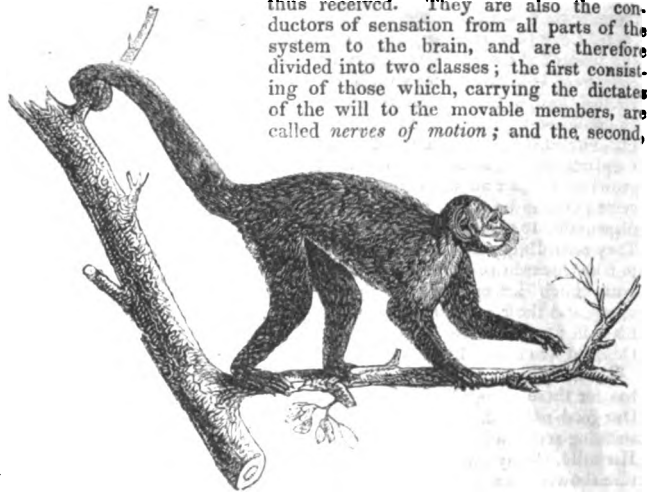


Fig 15.—The White Throated Monkey.

thus received. They are also the conductors of sensation from all parts of the system to the brain, and are therefore divided into two classes; the first consisting of those which, carrying the dictates of the will to the movable members, are called *nerves of motion*; and the second,

of those which, conveying sensation from all parts of the body to the brain, are called *nerves of sensation*. The practical proof that each of these classes of nerves is invested with the special functions here ascribed to them, is found in the fact, that if a nerve of motion be cut, the member which it moves will be immediately paralysed; and if a nerve of sensation be cut, the part which it connects with the brain will become insensible. Thus, for example, if the nerves of motion proceeding from the brain to the arm be divided at the shoulder, the entire arm and hand will be paralysed, the will losing all power over it. In like manner, if the nerve connecting the optical membrane of either eye be divided at any point between that membrane and the point where the nerve unites with that which proceeds from the other eye, the former eye will become blind, the sight of the latter remaining unimpaired. But if the optic nerve be divided beyond the point where the nerves from the two eyes are united, both eyes will lose the power of vision.

The brain being the organ of intelligence, it has, as might naturally be expected, a greater development and more perfect structure in man than in the inferior animals. The *cerebral hemispheres*, as they are called, are more voluminous, and their convolutions are more prominent and numerous, and extended over a much larger region of the skull. They cover, for example, that part of the organ called the *cerebellum*, while in inferior animals they never extend over it,



Fig. 12.—The Chimpanzee.



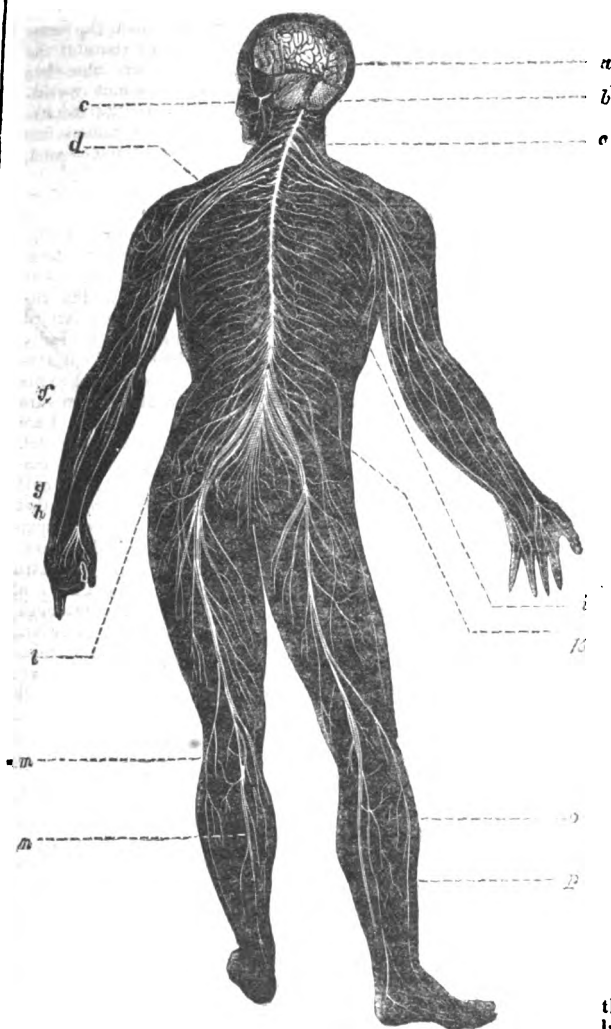
Fig. 13.—The Mandrill,



Fig. 14.—The Maki.

* Currier.

† From *mamma*, a "pap, or teat," and *fero*, "I bear."



the intellectual faculties; and accordingly methods have been sought by physiologists, by which this proportion can be conveniently ascertained with some degree of approximation by external indications, independently of the results of dissection. The method which has been most generally received is that proposed by Camper, an eminent Dutch naturalist, which consists in measuring what he called the *facial angle*, formed by a line, *c, d* (fig. 3 and 4), drawn through the opening of the ear and the base of the nostrils, with another line, *a, b*, drawn from the most salient point of the forehead, through the front of the upper jaw. This angle will be greater or less, according to the greater or less development of the brain, especially in its anterior part. In comparing man with the inferior animals, it is found accordingly, that



Fig. 10

the facial angle exceeds those of the latter in a large proportion; and in comparing different species of animals one with another, the variation of this angle is in remarkable accordance with their several manifestations of intelligence.

The following are the facial angles of certain

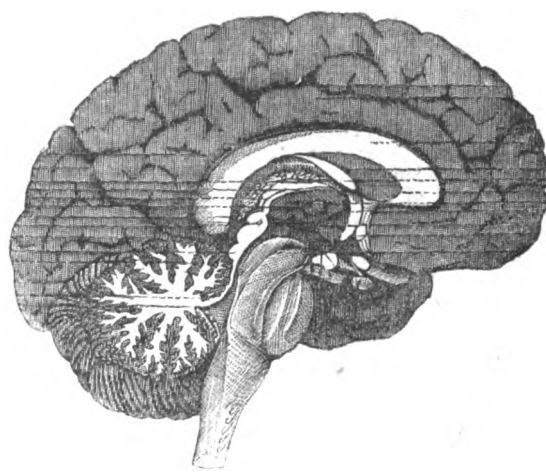


Fig. 2.—Section of the human brain, made by a vertical plane passing through the middle of the forehead.

as 90° with the negro (fig. 8), it seldom exceeds 70°.

Although the more complete investigation of the connection of cerebral development with the extent of the intellectual faculties was reserved for modern investigators, it does not appear to have escaped the notice of the ancients, who evidently saw in the facial angle an index of intelligence. Not only do we find in their writings an erect frontal line noticed as a mark of a generous nature, and an essential character of beauty, but the ancient sculptors conferred upon the figures of their heroes and their gods a facial angle much larger than is ever seen in man; and in some of the more remarkable statues which have come down to us—the Olympian Jupiter for example—the frontal line *b a*, fig. 3, actually inclines forward so as to render the facial angle obtuse.

Even the most vulgar observation ascribes stupidity to a projecting mouth and nose, and retiring

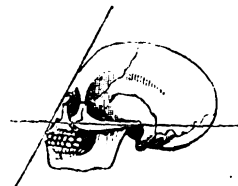


Fig. 8.

and in many cases have no existence at all. The part of the brain which occupies the front of the skull in man is remarkable for the extent of its volume, and gives that peculiar elevation to the fore-

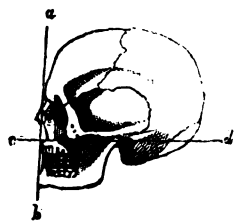


Fig. 3.

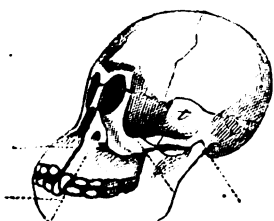


Fig. 4.

head and nobleness of aspect which is nowhere to be found among the inferior species.

The proportion which the part of the head occupied by the principal organs of sense—those of

wild boar (fig. 6), is so falling, that it is impossible to draw a straight line from the upper jaw to the most prominent part of the skull, the latter falling considerably behind the bony projection of the nose.

With birds and fishes the facial angle is less than with mammals, and with reptiles, as in the crocodile (fig. 7), is often so small as to be scarcely appreciable.

In comparing individuals of the human race existing in different climates, and under different physical influences, the facial angle is subject to much variation. Thus, while with the European (fig. 3), it is sometimes so great



Fig. 7.—Crocodile.

species, according to different physiological authorities:—

According to Professor Milne Edwards, the forehead, in the case of the

forehead, to which the name *muzzle* is given, whether found in men or in animals. And when



Fig. 5.



Fig. 6.

seeing, hearing, smelling, and tasting—bears to the part occupied by the brain and its appendages, is found to be a good general modulus of the power of

fluences, the facial angle is subject to much variation. Thus, while with the European (fig. 3), it is sometimes so great

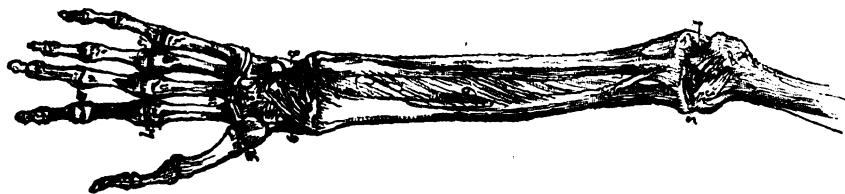


Fig. 11

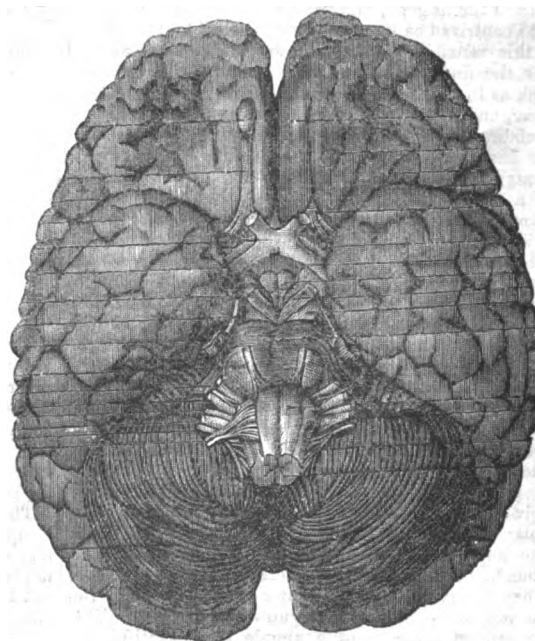


Fig. 1.—View of the inferior surface of the human brain, divested of its membranous coatings

in exceptional cases an apparent enlargement of the facial angle is produced by a prominence of the bony arch which protects the eyes, a spurious air of intelligence is produced, which causes qualities to be ascribed to animals having this conformation, which they do not really possess. The elephant (fig. 9), and the owl (fig. 10), are examples of this.

Owing to the peculiar expression thus given, the owl, as is well known, was adopted by the ancients as the symbol of wisdom, and the Indian elephant bears an oriental name which implies the possession of a certain share of reason.

The brain, however, is not the only part of his organism to which man owes his great superiority; the conformation of his members, combined with his intellectual powers, gives him a dominion over the inferior species, which he never could obtain by his natural strength and swiftness.

Like that of the superior classes of mammals generally, the human body is supplied with four members; the superior, or arms and hands, and the inferior, or legs and feet. It is found in the works of nature, as in those of art, that the more extensively the principle of the division of labor is carried out, the greater will be the perfection of the instruments. A tool or a machine, which attains two purposes, attains neither of them so perfectly as would two tools or machines especially adapted to the execution of each. Now we find, on comparing man with the inferior animals, that he supplies a solitary example of the rigorous application of the principle of the division of labor in the functions of his members. The necessities of its well-being require that the creature should be supplied with members to seize and members to pursue the objects of its nutrition. Hence arises the necessity for members of prehension and members of locomotion. In some of the inferior animals, as, for example, certain quadrupeds, the four members are exclusively locomotive, the act of prehension being confined to the mouth. In others, however, all the four members, besides fulfilling the functions of locomotion, are more or less prehensile, thus serving a double purpose, and therefore, according to the principle explained above, serving it by comparison less perfectly. In some, the prehensile functions of the four members prevailing over their locomotive functions, naturalists have given them the name of *quadrumanus*, or four-handed, in contradistinction to that of quadrupeds, or four-footed, given to those species whose members are more exclusively locomotive.

In man alone are found at once members which are exclusively prehensile, and others exclusively locomotive.

The superior members are disposed in a manner most favorable for prehension and touch. By the peculiar mechanism of the shoulder-joint, the arm can be directed with nearly equal facility upward, downward, forward, and backward. The fore-arm at the same time being hinged upon the elbow, and the hand upon the wrist, a still more varied play is given to the hand, the immediate instrument of prehension. But even with this variety of motion and inflection, something would still be wanting. The chief seat of the sensibility of touch is the palm of the hand and the palmar sides of the fingers; and the mechanism of the hand is so contrived as to accommodate itself to the play of this sensibility. The thumb is mounted so as to face the fingers, and the articulations of both are such as to enable them to be inflected towards each other, and towards the palm, so that when an object is embraced or grasped by the fingers, all the part of the hand possessing most sensibility of touch is brought into contact with it. If we grasp the hand of a friend or a beloved relative, the palms come into contact, and we are conscious of a mutual sensation conveyed through the nervous system. If, while the mechanism of the hand remains the same, the nerves which now overspread the palm and the palmar sides of the fingers were spread over the back of the hand, all this sensibility would cease.

It is obviously essential that the palm of the hand, which is thus its prehensile side, should be capable of being turned in all directions, so as to present itself to the objects to be grasped or touched. But the hinge joints of the wrist and elbow would only enable the palm to be inflected inward toward the hollow of the arm.

It is true that the rotatory motion which can be given to the arm upon the shoulder would vary the play of the palm, but the motion would still be imperfect for the purposes of prehension and touch. An expedient is, therefore, provided, which may be fairly said to confer upon the hand the utmost perfection as an organ of prehension. This expedient consists of a simple and beautiful mechanical arrangement in the structure of the fore-

arm, which is composed between the elbow and wrist, not of one, but of two bones, of nearly equal length, placed side by side. One of these, called the *ulna*, is articulated with the upper bone of the arm at the elbow by a hinge joint; the other, called the *radius*, is articulated to the hand at the wrist, with a like hinge motion. But the radius having the hand thus appended to it is so arranged that it can revolve round the ulna, carrying the hand with it, thus having the faculty of presenting the palm in any desired direction without changing the general position of the arm.

In fig. 11, the bones of the arm and hand are represented; the ulna, hinged upon the elbow, being on the left, and the radius, with the hand hinged upon it at the wrist, being on the right. The two bones are tied together by intermediate ligaments (6, 7), the ligament by which the hand is tied to the radius appearing at 10. The palm of the hand and the hollow of the elbow are supposed to be presented to the observer.

When to all these conditions it is added that the successive bones of the fingers gradually decrease in length; that they are articulated with a succession of hinge joints; that they are moved independently, one of another, by a series of muscles acted upon by nerves which are under the complete dominion of the will, the admirable perfection of the organ of prehension and touch may be in some degree appreciated.

When the movements of the arm, hand, and fingers are considered collectively, it may be stated, without exaggeration, that in directing the fingers to any object of touch, a hundred muscles are brought into operation, whose contractile power is excited by thousands of nervous filaments, each of which is under the absolute dominion of the will, each action of volition requiring a corresponding intellectual exertion. How wondrous this machinery, intellectual, physiological, and mechanical, must be, the least reflection upon the manual exercises which are daily performed, especially in civilized and polished life, will render manifest. When a performer, for example, executes upon the piano-forte one of the complicated compositions of the modern composers for that instrument, as many as ten thousand notes must be produced by the application of the fingers to the keys. The longest of these pieces is executed in about 15 minutes, or, in round numbers, 1000 seconds, so that the notes must be produced at the rate of 10 per second, and as each note requires a separate dictate of the will, and each dictate of the will a separate act of the mind, we arrive at the surprising conclusion that these mental acts are performed in this particular case at the rate of 10 per second. Nor can it be said that habit enables the fingers to move mechanically while the mind is passive, and that the facility given by repetition supersedes mental action; for artists are found so expert as to execute such pieces at sight, never having previously studied them.

The lower members are as eminently fitted for the purposes of support and locomotion as are the superior for prehension. Attached to the hip bones or pelvis, at the external corners, they are so articulated as to have a certain play forward, backward, and laterally, sufficient for the purpose of locomotion, yet not too great for stability.

While the arm at the shoulder plays in an extremely shallow socket, so as to give it all that vast range of motion which is necessary in an organ of prehension, but would be altogether incompatible with one of sustentation, the thigh bone is articulated at the hip in a deep spherical socket, which looks obliquely downwards, and which rests upon the convex head of the bone with sufficient firmness and solidity to afford a secure support to the incumbent weight of the trunk, the upper members, and the head.

The leg is articulated to the thigh at the knee by a hinge joint, which enables it to be inflected backwards, so as to accommodate itself to a progressive motion. Unlike the hand, the foot has no rotatory motion on the leg; the two bones composing which, firmly united together, confine between them the upper bone of the foot, forming the ankles at either side of it. The foot thus moves with a hinge motion on the ankle joint, projecting backwards at the heel, and still further forward in the direction of the toes, so as to supply a large basis for the support of the body.

The toes, unlike the thumb and fingers, are totally incapable of prehension; the great toe, which corresponds to the thumb, instead of facing the others, is placed in juxtaposition with them, and they cannot therefore be brought together so as to form, like the fingers and thumb, a sort of pincers.

The sole of the foot corresponds to the palm, and the instep to the back of the hand. The bones of

the latter, extending obliquely from the bend of the ankle joint to the commencement of the toes, form an elastic arch, by which the blood-vessels, nerves, and muscles of the foot are protected from the pressure of the weight of the body, which would otherwise crush them. The fleshy mass formed by the muscles and fat placed upon the sole constitutes a cushion or buffer, which softens the collision which must otherwise take place each time that the foot comes to the ground, with the whole weight of the body upon it.

Everything in the mechanical structure of the body conspires to prove that man was made to stand erect; and with this erect position are associated numerous consequences connected with his superiority over other species. His feet are formed with a base which is large in proportion to his body, so that the centre of gravity can be easily kept vertically over it, a condition which is essential to his stability. The legs, in their natural position, are placed at right angles to the soles of the feet, and are therefore vertical when the latter are horizontal. The centre of gravity of the trunk is at some distance in front of the spinal column, and would therefore have a tendency to incline forward, so that the body would take the position of that of a quadruped, in which the spinal column would be horizontal, the upper part of the trunk being supported by the arms, the hands performing the duties of fore-feet. But this is prevented by the establishment along the whole extent of the back of several layers of powerful muscles, which tie the vertebrae together, two and two, three and three, four and four, and so on. The tone of these muscles is such, that their normal tension produces a force which equilibrates with the weight of the trunk acting at its centre of gravity in front of the spine. These muscles have a power of contraction and relaxation within certain limits, by which the body can be inclined backwards or forwards, more or less. The head is mounted upon the summit of the vertebral column, forming as it were its capital, in a manner obviously adapted for the vertical position. Like the trunk, its centre of gravity is a little in front of the centre of the spinal column, and therefore it would have a tendency to incline forwards, but this as before is resisted by muscles of adequate power placed on the back of the neck.

Nothing more manifestly indicates the intention of nature that man should stand erect, than the position of his face and the direction of his optic axes. In the erect position his face looks forwards, and the optic axes are horizontal. But if he were to assume the prone position; supported by his four members like a quadruped, the optic axes would be directed downwards, and, except by a strained effort of the neck, he could not see before him. To this it may be added, that the knee joint being so constructed that the leg can only be deflected backwards on the thigh, would render the legs utterly unfitted to be members of support and locomotion in the prone position, since in that case the point of support would be, not the feet, but the knees. Now, independently of the consideration that in this case the legs and feet would not only become useless, but would be an impediment to every act of locomotion, the shortness of the thigh would inconveniently limit the power of progression, the thin integuments covering the knee-pan would soon be destroyed by the pressure upon it, and the knee-pan itself, a loose and detached bone, would be displaced, and the members totally disabled.

It would not be worth while to insist upon these particulars, were it not that some authors, impelled doubtless by the love of paradox, have maintained that the prone position is natural to man, and the erect position the result of education.

Man, then, alone possesses the characters of a *bimanous* and *bipedous* animal. The various species of apes, who approach so close to him in some respects, differ from him essentially in their members; their inferior or posterior members having as much the character of hands as of feet, and their anterior members as much the character of feet as of hands.

In fig. 12 is represented the species of ape called the chimpanzee, using the anterior member as a prehensile organ. In fig. 13 another species of *quadrumanus* is shown, where the conformation of all the four feet closely corresponds with that of the human hand, but all the four are used for support and locomotion.

It is evident that the mode of locomotion to which the mixed character of the hand and foot found in the *quadrumanus* is best adapted, is that of climbing, to which, accordingly, the monkey tribes are more especially addicted, often carrying their young clinging round their bodies as they mount.

In fig. 14, a monkey called the *makri*, a species of

lemur, is represented in one of its habitual attitudes, carrying its young.

The double purpose of prehension and locomotion assigned to the members of the quadrumana, and their habitual exercise of climbing in pursuit of their food and for protection from their enemies, renders the occasional aid of another organ of prehension necessary; such an organ is accordingly supplied them in the tail. In fig. 15 is represented the White-throated Monkey thus exercising this prehensile action. The same action is common with the species called the *Coaita*, or Spider Monkey, so named from the extraordinary length of its extremities, and from its motions. "The tail," says Sir Charles Bell, "answers all the purposes of a hand, and the animal throws itself about from branch to branch, sometimes swinging by the foot, sometimes by the fore extremity, but oftener and with greater reach by the tail. The prehensile part of the tail is covered with skin only, forming an organ of touch as discriminating as the proper extremities. The *Caraya*, or Black Howling Monkey of Cumana, when shot, is found suspended by its tail round a branch. Naturalists have been so struck with this property of the tail of the *Ateles*, that they have compared it to the proboscis of the elephant, and have assured us that they fish with their tail.

"The most interesting use of the tail is seen in the opossum. The young of that animal mount upon her back, and entwine their tails round their mother's tail, by which they sit secure while she escapes from her enemies."

It will be observed that the young one, represented in fig. 14, also uses its tail as an organ of prehension, holding itself upon the body of its mother by twining the tail round her.

But of all the organs to which man owes his superiority, that of voice is incontestably the most important. He alone, among all created beings, is endowed with the power of producing articulate sounds in infinite variety, and applying them to the expression of his thoughts, sentiments, and feelings. By this power he is enabled to communicate with his kind, to interchange with them the expressions of kindness and affection, and to impart and receive knowledge and information. Great as this power is, it is augmented in a manifold proportion by the device of expressing oral sounds by written or printed characters. By this expedient oral language becomes visible, and is, so to speak, perpetuated; the discourse which is spoken or listened to, however impressive may be the eloquence of the speaker, and however profound the attention of the hearer, may, and generally does, soon fade from the memory, but language printed or written is permanent,

Littera scripta manet,

and may be referred to again and again until the reader renders it his own.

The printed book can be handed down and reproduced indefinitely from age to age, and those of one generation are thus enabled to listen to the precepts and imbibe the counsels of the wisest and most virtuous of former times.

A Wandering Tribe of Siberia.

THOUGH Siberia, in its general features, is better known to us than many places of more importance, yet we are but little acquainted with the peculiar traits of character that distinguish its native tribes, amongst whom, perhaps, there is not one more distinctively marked by its singular customs and traditions than that of the Ostyacks.

Their temples are the summits of certain mountains, to which they never ascend without fear and reverence. They believe that the dead are, in another world, subject to the same wants as the living in this, for which reason the clothes of each individual are buried with him, and a deer is slaughtered over his grave to supply him with food.

With the exception of the "waywodes," who are appointed by the government of Russia to collect the taxes, &c., there is neither chief nor superior among these people, nor is any distinction made as to rank, birth or quality, the fathers of each family being its head and ruler.

The Ostyacks, as we have already stated, believe in the immortality of the soul, but their ideas on this subject are very confused; they are persuaded that the bear possesses an imperishable spirit as well as themselves, and they believe that this spirit has the power of pursuing and punishing them for any violation of good faith. This superstition leads to some singular customs; we give the following as an instance:—

Notwithstanding their belief in the immortality of the bear, they take great delight in hunting it. As

soon as they succeed in killing one, they cut off the head and skin, and hang them on a tree, round which they march several times in procession, as if to do honor to the slaughtered animal. They then surround the carcass, uttering loud cries and lamentations. "Who are they that deprived thee of life?" they exclaim in melancholy chorus; and some of them answer for the bear:

"The Russians."

"Who cut off thy head?"

"A Russian with his hatchet."

"Who ripped thee open?"

"A Russian with his knife."

"Oh! 'twas a cruel and blood thirsty deed," they cry, with one voice. "Yet we entreat thy forgiveness for him."

After this, they are persuaded that the spirit of the bear, while wandering through the woods, will seek to take vengeance on a Russian, and not on an Ostyack.

The waywodes take advantage of this superstition, while exacting from the Ostyacks the oath of fidelity to the crown of Russia; they cause them to assemble on a spot, on which the skin of a bear has been spread, with a hatchet, a knife, and a piece of the bread placed on it; a small portion of bread is handed to each individual, but before he eats, he pronounces the following words:

"If I do not all my life, continue faithful to the emperor, if I rebel against him, or refuse to yield him the honor and obedience which are his due, if I offend him in any manner whatever, may the spirit of this bear tear me limb from limb, may this bread that I am about to eat stop in my throat, and choke me; may this knife rip me open, and this hatchet chop off my head."

Such is their oath, and so sacred do they consider it when taken under these circumstances, that they have never been known to violate it, even when under religious excitement.

Ignorant as they are, a principle of honesty prevails among them, that would do honor to a more enlightened people. The following anecdote will afford a proof of this:

A Russian merchant travelling from Tobolsk to Berezov, stopped at Ostyack, where he spent the night; on the following morning he resumed his journey, but had not proceeded far, when he dropped his purse, which contained the sum of one hundred rubles. Unconscious of his loss, he continued his way, while the son of his host, passing the spot shortly after, saw the purse lying on the ground, and stooped to examine it; having gratified his curiosity; he left it where it lay, and returned to his father's cabin; here he mentioned the circumstance, remarking at the same time that he had left the purse on the road where he found it.

"You did right, child," said the father; "but you must now hasten back, and cover it over with the branch of a tree, to conceal it from the eyes of those who may be passing that way; and then, should the owner ever return to look for it, he will find it just where he dropped it."

The boy did as he was desired, and the purse lay hid among the leaves and branches for more than three months, when the merchant who had lost it, returning from Berezov, went again to lodge with his old acquaintance, the Ostyack, to whom he mentioned the misfortune he had met with the last time he was there.

"Oh, it was you that lost the purse, then," exclaimed the Ostyack, in great delight at discovering the owner of it; "well, make yourself easy about it; my son shall show you the spot where it lies, and you can go and pick it up yourself." Accordingly, the merchant recovered his property.

Reindeer are used by some of these people for drawing their sledges; but most of them prefer dogs for this purpose; from six to twelve of these animals are tackled to a sledge, which they draw along with amazing velocity. Dog-posts are established in these regions similar to the mails of Europe, with regular relays of dogs from stage to stage; four of these creatures can draw a sledge, loaded with three hundred weight, a distance of twelve or fifteen leagues in a day.

An Ostyack has but little difficulty in providing himself with dress; if he is in want of a coat, he strips a deer of its skin, and without being over nice, wraps himself in it while yet warm from the animal. A covering for the head is as easily procured; a wild goose is shot, and its skin is converted into a cap; sometimes the skin of the deer is fashioned into the form of a loose coat, and ornamented with bands of stuff or leather of different colors. During winter and the rainy season a fur cap is worn, which envelopes the head, and leaves only a part of the face exposed. Shoes, stockings, and trousers form a kind of pantaloons in one

single piece. This latter article of dress is generally made of the skin of the sturgeon. The skin of the bear is used for mourning. The dress of the women differs but little from that of the men, except in the ornaments which their vanity or the desire to please leads them to add to it; their head-dresses are composed of bands of cloth of different colors, twined round the head in such a manner as almost entirely to conceal the face.

Scarlet is the favorite color among the people of Siberia generally, and the wearing of this color is considered a certain mark of opulence.

The Natural Respirator.

EVERY one must have observed that in frosty weather there is a great difference in the temperature of the air which arrives at the lungs through the open mouth and through the nose. When the latter does not even feel cold, the former will instantly give a chill and produce a coughing. The best respirator is that provided by nature—the nose, and the health is naturally affected by the perfection or imperfection of this organ. Those who are not acquainted with the anatomy of its interior, may learn it in every calf's head split for the table. It will be seen that it is composed of a number of thin plates of bone, parallel to each other and almost touching, each covered on both sides by a highly vascular membrane, which may be said to be constantly in a state resembling inflammation. Between these plates of bone, the air is filtered and warmed before it enters the lungs. The vascular laminae, which had been cooled by its passing over them, are themselves rewarmed by the same air when thrown out again, and are thus ready to perform the same office at the next inspiration. In gentle breathing this is quite sufficient; but in rapid breathing, from great exertion, as from high wind, we are compelled to open the mouth, because the nose alone will not admit a sufficient supply. Under these circumstances, an artificial respirator is an excellent resource; but it is no guarantee against dust or fine sand, and it rather tends to teach the wearer the very bad habit of unnecessarily breathing through his mouth.

In many persons the lining membrane of the nose is thickened so as to fill up the space between one bone and another. This is especially the case with persons of strumous habits, who thus "cannot breathe through the nose," but are compelled to keep the mouth almost constantly open. To them, also, the respirator is useful; but to the man who has no such obstacle to free respiration and whose tender lungs forbid active exercise, that instrument is mischievous from the cause above stated.

THE SLIPPERY CUSTOMER.—The following anecdote is related of the Emperor Alexander I. of Russia:—Most of the houses in Petersburg are provided with two doors—a circumstance that, unfortunately for the *isvotchik* (Russian hackney-coachmen), furnishes *mauvais sujets* with the opportunity of bilking them of their fare. Whilst a poor *isvotchik*, with his humble equipage, waits patiently at one door, the customer often walks quietly out at the other. The Emperor, in the course of his *incognito* excursions, occasionally engaged one of the above-mentioned modest vehicles. He one day ordered an *isvotchik* to drive him to the palace, and, on alighting, desired him to stop an instant, adding, that his fare should be sent out to him. "No, no," replied the coachman, "I'm up to that trick; I've driven many a grand gentleman to this same palace, and never seen a sight of him again. Just try your pockets, will ye, and see if you can't find my fare at the bottom!" "I positively have no money," replied the Emperor; "but stay—here is my cloak, which I leave in pledge with you." "I'm satisfied," said the *isvotchik*; "I see it's new, and therefore you'll be in a hurry to redeem it." The Emperor laughed heartily and disappeared. In a few minutes a valet-de-chambre of the court was sent to demand "His Majesty's cloak," and at the same time presented a hundred rubles to the amazed *isvotchik*, to make up for the losses he might previously have sustained. The coachman retired in the utmost consternation at the idea of having mistaken the "Emperor of all the Russias" for a slippery customer.

WHEN a friend pointed out to Lord North a printed storm of the most virulent invective, adding that the systematic slanderer really ought now to be prosecuted, for every charge from the beginning to the end was false. "Then," lisped Lord North, "let him alone. I don't care for that; it is the truth the fellow tells that annoys me."

THE oddest husbandry we know is when a man in clover marries a woman in weeds.

* Bell on the Hand, p. 20

Floating Batteries at the Capture of Kinburn.

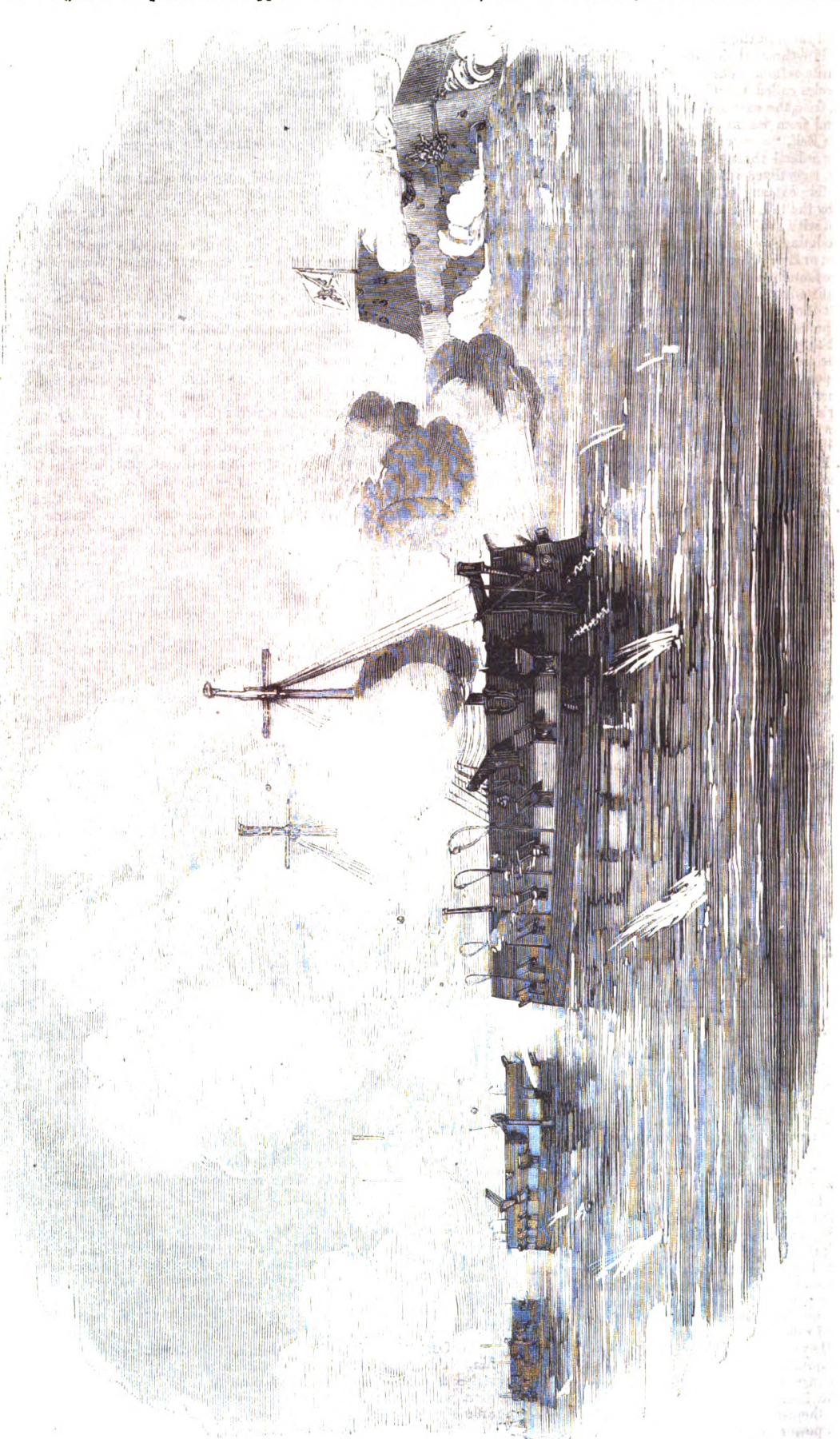
THE action of the floating batteries, which forms the subject of our illustration, may be best gathered from the following descriptive particulars: On the 17th of October, the Russians perceived that the French had crept up during the night to a village, and were engaged in making their parallel, under cover of houses, at 650 yards from the place, whereupon they opened a brisk fire from guns on the eastern curtain; and were answered by French field-pieces. It was a dull dawn, with the sea quite calm. The fleet was still, but the mortar-vessels, floating-batteries, and gun-boats were getting up steam, and ere nine o'clock were seen leaving the rest of the armada and taking up positions south of the fort; the three floating-batteries close in with the casemates, and the mortar-vessels and gun-boats further away, so as to attack the angle of the fort. The floating-batteries opened with a magnificent crash at 9.30 a.m., and one in particular distinguished itself throughout for the regularity, precision, and weight of its fire during the day. The enemy replied with alacrity, and the batteries must have been put to a severe test. At 10.10 the bombs opened fire. At 11.10 a fire broke out in the long barrack, and speedily spread from end to end of the fort.

At 11.15 the fire became tremendous. Admiral Stewart, in the *Valorous*, and the French admiral in the *Asmodée*, followed by eleven steamers, came round into Cherson Bay, and they were preceded by the *Hannibal*. The fire raged more furiously, fed by constant bombs and rockets, and at 12.35 a fresh fire burst out in the fort. The nine line-of-battle ships came in magnificent style, and took up their position at the seaward face of the fort, already seriously damaged by the tremendous fire of the floating-batteries, gun-boats, and mortar-vessels. The storm of shot from this great ordnance was appalling. At two p.m. the firing ceased, and 1100 men marched into the British lines, several of them quite drunk.

CONDITION OF ARMENIAN WOMEN.—The condition of women in Armenia partakes of European freedom and Asiatic restraint—the restraint being laid on the wife, and the freedom allowed to the maiden. To all, except Armenians born, this appears a perilous, or at least a preposterous regulation. Yet, practically, it would seem to lead to no evil results, and at the worst renders households tranquil, though, it may be, rather dull. If marrying and wooing in Armenia were, as in more civilised climes, affairs of the heart, and not the private business of fathers and guardians, we might justly expect that the Transcaucasian young ladies would become a nation of vestals or amazons, so as to avoid the uncomfortable doom which surely awaits them in the married state. While unwed, they go where they will and converse with whom they please; are not plagued with bonnets or veils, nor accompanied by chaperons; and, in short, are insiduously allowed by their masculine enemies to tread for a few brief years the "primrose path of life." But with the words pronounced at the altar female liberty is at an end. The lords of the Armenian creation are of opinion not merely that a "voice soft, gentle, and low, is an excellent thing in woman," but also that rigid Pythagorean silence is wholesome for the sex. For six years the wife is condemned to almost complete taciturnity. No more gadding abroad for her; no

gatherings at the village fountain; nor dances under the umbrageous arcades of the wood. Even in her own house she must go about veiled: if a stranger comes on the premises, she hides herself in the innermost chamber: and twice only in the year is she permitted to appear in the street, and then

alphabet of the fingers. Her first step towards enfranchisement is the birth of her first child. She may talk to her infant, and, should they happen to be on good terms, to her mother-in-law. Gradually her intercourse is extended to her nearest female relatives, and the experienced matron is occasionally



FLOATING BATTERIES AT THE BOMBARDMENT OF KINBURN.

she is escorted to church and back again by some bearded and booted marital or fraternal dragon. She may speak to her husband when alone with him, but neither to father nor brother; and as for cousins, they are not so much as mentioned in her presence. Whatsoever communications are indispensable must be made by gestures, or through the

licensed to address her male kinsfolk. But the disease of garrulity has been tolerably reduced by this discipline of six years; and an Armenian lady has seldom the chance of becoming fluent in conversation, unless she attains the years of the sybil or the "treble-dated crow."

THERE is a devil in every berry of the grape.



JACK CURLIN'S UNEXPECTED MEETING WITH SUSAN, ON THE QUAY AT BAKARLAVA.

THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE:

A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STANFIELD HALL," "MINNIE GREY," ETC.

Continued from Vol. III., page 110.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Honour and truth were given to cherish;
Cherish them, then, though all else should take flight;
Landmarks are these which never should perish,
Stars that will shine in the duskiest night.

Translated from the German of Huber.

WITH all his irascibility of temper, prejudice, and obstinacy, the defects of the school in which he had been reared, General Tawn possessed a true soldier-like admiration of courage. The first military virtue in his opinion was discipline; the second, as he emphatically termed it, was pluck; the word perhaps is not most elegant in any language, but even the fastidious amongst our readers will admit that it is one of the most expressive.

The gallantry displayed by Charles Vavasour on the heights of the Alma had won his admiration, and it is impossible to say how far his favour might have been extended towards him had he not refused the pecuniary recompense, which in a fit of enthusiasm the old soldier offered him. The general felt stung and irritated by it, and the feeling was not the less bitter that he could not make the refusal out a breach of the articles of war.

He was eating his rations—the same as those of the common soldier—when an aide-de-camp entered the rude hut of boughs with a blanket thrown over it by way of roof, to inform him that Colonel Morley, the commander of our hero's regiment, wished to see him.

"Call him in," said the general.

"Glorious day, Morley," he exclaimed, shaking the colonel, who winced at the grasp, for he had been slightly wounded in the sword arm, by the hand; "ah! what! touched?"

"Slightly," general.

"Glorious day," repeated his superior, "reminds me of the Peninsula and Water—"

His visitor interrupted him before he could complete the word, by reminding him how nobly the French had fought.

"True!—true! they did fight bravely; and so let bygones be bygones. That charge of Bosquet's infantry almost equalled the one made by our own guards. What will they say to us in England?" he added; "the rascally newspaper writers, who talk about reforms in the army, worn-out generals, and such stuff. Generals never wear out—they die out."

"I trust you are satisfied with my regiment," observed the colonel.

"Brave fellows; never fought better. But anything wrong, eh?"

"Nothing general," replied his visitor. "In making my inspection I have encountered one of the recruits, whose conduct during the battle was honoured, I believe, with your approbation. I did not witness it myself, having charged, at the head of Cavendish's troop, one of the enemy's batteries."

"Which you took gallantly," said his superior officer, in a tone of commendation.

"The young man, it seems, has made a discovery of some importance, and a prisoner."

"What young man?"

"The recruit I spoke of," answered Morley, in reply to his question. "In his ignorance of military etiquette and discipline, he was making his way to your quarters in order to impart it to you personally."

"Really of importance?" said the general.

"Really."

"In that case I'll see him. He is a puppy—but a brave one—and—yes—I will see him."

Calling to one of his orderlies, the speaker directed that the soldier who had accompanied Colonel Morley should be admitted to his presence.

Even the iron nature of General Tawn experienced something like a touch of sympathy when our hero, pale with the immense fatigue he had endured, and worn as he was by his previous sufferings, stood before him and made the usual military salute.

"Give him a glass of brandy, Morley," he whispered, and he turned aside and pretended to read from his orderly book directions which were not there; "it stands on the trunk; and take one yourself."

This said trunk not only contained the general's wardrobe, but served him for table and writing desk. With all his roughness, he cared quite as much for the comfort of his men as he did for his own; at any rate, he never exposed them to privation or inconvenience that he was not willing to share, even to the wretched stock, which screws the soldiers' neck as in a vice. He felt a pride in wearing one of the stiffest and most ordinary description himself, in consequence of which peculiarity he was generally known in the army by the

name of *Old Stocko*. Woe to the soldier whom he caught without it; extra drills and guards were the least he had to expect. He found it, with pomatum and powder in the army when he entered it, and though the latter, much to his disgust, had disappeared, he clung the more tenaciously to the first.

"Well, young man," he said, addressing himself to our hero, "what have you to say?"

Charles proceeded to relate his adventure at the farm; in the course of his narrative, he mentioned that the general he had captured, had been Governor of Cheritz Khan in Siberia during his exile.

"You will persist, then, in your improbable romantic story?" observed the old man.

"I persist, general?" replied the recruit, respectfully, "in asserting the truth; and I can afford you a convincing proof of it. Besides the signet of Prince Mentchikoff, I drew from the finger of my former oppressor a ring set with a single diamond."

He handed the gem to the general as he spoke.

"And what does this prove?" demanded his superior, regarding it.

The young man drew from his neck the locket containing the portrait of his mother; the setting from which the jewel had been abstracted still remained comparatively intact.

"Judge yourself," he said, "if the diamond does not fit it."

General Tawn looked puzzled; he did not like to confess that he was convinced.

"I believe," observed Colonel Morley, "that this person's story is a true one; it was vouched to me as being so by a Count de la Tour, a protégé of the French Marshal's, who shared his captivity and escape."

"Well," exclaimed the old soldier; "it certainly does look something like it, and—but I have no time to attend to that now; the first thing is to secure this treasure; your share in the discovery shall not pass unrewarded. Colonel," he added, "you will take a file of men, and proceed at once to the church of St. Nikolai, in Eapatoria. examine the vaults, and bring whatever specie you may find there to headquarters. Use all despatch, or our allies may be beforehand with us, and it's quite as well to have the credit of the affair ourselves."

An orderly announced that Captain Craven requested the honor of an interview: he was admitted, and made his appearance accompanied by the Russian prisoner; he briefly related the treatment the latter had been subjected to by Jack, and his having ordered the culprit under arrest.

General Tawn scarcely knew how to act; the idea of Jack making a beast of burden of his former enemy, tickled his rough humour.

"The lad is only a recruit," he muttered, "and it shall be seen to."

"He has plundered the prisoner of a family relic," continued the captain, "which I am quite sure you will direct to be given up to him."

"I am not quite so sure of that," answered Tawn.

"A diamond."

"Which was extorted from me as the price of the safety of a friend," interrupted Charles Vasseur, respectfully.

"Ridiculous!" observed the former speaker.

"Not so ridiculous as you imagine, exclaimed the British general, sharply; "seeing is believing, and I have the proof in my hand."

He displayed both the ring and the portrait; even Captain Craven felt convinced that the gem at one period must have formed a part of the setting.

"I begin to think," continued the speaker, "that we have been rather hasty in the estimate we formed of this young man. The affair, however, shall be seen to in the morning."

"Of course, general, it is your wish that the prisoner should be treated with every consideration."

"Oh, certainly."

"In that case," continued the captain, "you will approve of the permission which I gave him to despatch a messenger to his friends at Eupatoria, who are doubtless in the utmost anxiety of mind on —"

We will not repeat, for fear of shocking the ears of our readers, the very strong expletive with which the announcement of the speaker was cut short—sufficient to say that the word "idiot," with something which sounded very much like *hanged*, as an adjunct, were the mildest portion of it. It required all Colonel Morely's influence with him to prevent his subaltern being placed instantly under arrest.

"This comes," exclaimed General Tawn, "of relaxing the reins of discipline; had such a thing occurred in my young days, the duke would have made short work with the delinquent. Captain Craven, you have acted most unwisely; how dare you take upon yourself a step which has played the enemy's game? See," he added, "how the cunning Russian is laughing at you in his sleeve."

The colonel whispered a few words in his ear.

"Right away with you at once, and take that young fellow—who seems to have had far more sense than his captain, and to have known his duty better—with you."

The colonel, accompanied by our hero, quitted the hut; in a few seconds the bugle call was heard, and a party of cavalry, quitting the encampment, took the road to Eupatoria.

"General," said the astonished officer, "may I ask in what manner I have deserved this reproach?"

"I'll tell you, Craven: in the first place, you have taken on yourself an authority, in allowing the prisoner to communicate with his friends, which you had no right to exercise; in the second, the letter which he sent, no doubt, was to inform his countrymen that the existence of the treasure concealed in the vaults of the church of St. Nikolai was discovered, and give them time to remove it."

The young officer, who, in sanctioning the communication, had yielded only to a generous feeling of commiseration for the pretended family of the artful Russian, was in despair at the intelligence. General Tawn, who knew him to be as brave as loyal, softened at last.

"Well, well," he said, "it can't be helped now; look over it for once—mustn't let our allies laugh at us. You will release the young fellow who took him."

"Certainly, general."

"And for the future, keep your sympathy to yourself," added the old soldier; "as for the prisoner, he must be forwarded to head-quarters in the morning; say no more about it. Decidedly provoking, though," he continued to mutter several times to himself; "don't let it occur again."

Glad to escape so lightly, Captain Craven withdrew with Scratchenoff, from whom nothing but the fact of his being a prisoner prevented his demanding instant satisfaction for the tricks he had put upon him.

"All the fault of the rascally newspaper writers," said the old soldier, as soon as he was alone; "can't see the use of a press; better let the army alone. Want younger heads! I should like to know what would become of the war without us: younger heads—pah!"

Having thus given vent to his bile, the speaker drew off his boots, wrapt himself in his military cloak, and in a few minutes was in as sound a sleep as if in his own house in May Fair.

We need not remind our readers that the portrait of General Tawn is a fancy sketch; still there are certain points of resemblance with more than one officer in our army, which we doubt not they will discover without the necessity of any additional key.

During their ride towards Eupatoria, Colonel Morely, under pretence of obtaining more detailed information respecting the expedition, entered into conversation with our hero, and was struck, not only with the lucidity of his replies, but the correctness of the language in which they were conveyed; it was evident, whatever might be the result of the night's work, that from that time forth, Charles had secured an influential friend.

What most confirmed his superior in the high opinion he had formed of him, was his carefully avoiding all occasion to speak of his unworthy cousin, or of his own

affairs. There was a delicacy in this which coincided with the Colonel's feelings of delicacy and honor.

"Should you remain in the army," he observed, "you may reasonably look forward for promotion. You have given evidence of an intelligence and courage which, in time, may elevate you to the rank of"—

"Sergeant," said Charles, with a slight tone of bitterness. "I am not ambitious, Colonel."

"No; to the epaulet."

"I am a soldier part from necessity," replied the young man, "and partly from the sense of the debt which every English gentleman feels he owes his country; but the instant I can withdraw with honor, I shall do so."

"It will be a loss."

"A very slight one," resumed our hero. "Believe me, there is more merit in the ranks than can ever hope to struggle from obscurity."

"You forget that you must have my consent before you can be permitted to purchase your discharge, as well as that of the commander-in-chief," observed Colonel Morely. "But we will speak of this another time," he added; "we are in sight of Eupatoria."

Day was just beginning to dawn when the party entered the town. There were but few of the inhabitants stirring. Seizing the first Tartar peasant they met, they commanded him to direct them to the church of St. Nikolai, which is situated in one of the narrow streets leading from the grand square to the esplanade, in the centre of which stands the governor's house, now occupied by the commandant appointed by the allies.

The man, pointed to the edifice, a heavy building in the Byzantine style of architecture, and catching with a grin of delight the silver rubles which the British officer threw to him, ran off, delighted at having so well commenced his day's work.

"Let thirty of the men dismount," said Colonel Morely, addressing one of his officers.

The requisite number were told off.

"Have they their side arms?"

"They have, Colonel."

"Give orders that they are cautious how they use them. We must not outrage the religious feelings even of our enemies," replied his commander. "Let Graham remain with the rest of the men, and see that no one either quits or enters the church till my return. On the first alarm, he will know how to act."

On entering the sacred edifice they found, to their surprise, a number of priests celebrating a service for the dead, a most unusual circumstance at such an hour. The Archimandrite, who was easily recognised by the richness of his robes, and the long silver baton which he held in his hand, stood at the head of the choir, which, with his face uncovered, lay extended on a bier before the high altar, which was lit with innumerable wax tapers.

The arrival of the soldiers did not, for an instant, interrupt the hymn which the priests were chanting.

Colonel Morely advanced to the chief, and demanded the keys of the vault.

"The sacristan of the church will give them to you," replied the Archimandrite, replying in excellent French; "but let me entreat of you to respect the sanctuary of the dead."

"We are Christians," said the British officer.

The Russian shrugged his shoulders, in a manner to convey how very lightly he held the claims of the speaker to that title.

On entering the vaults, which extended under the whole of the choir, as well as the sanctuary of the church, they saw at a glance that their errand had been forestalled. Everything was in confusion. Coarse canvas bags, and small, strongly hooped barrels, such as specie is generally stowed in, in Russia, were lying ripped open, or broken in all directions. Some of the soldiers began to examine the tombs, by striking them with the butt-end of their carbines, but it was evident from the state of the masonry that they had not been disturbed.

"Too late!" exclaimed the Colonel, in a tone of vexation.

"Too late!" repeated Charles, who felt, if possible, yet more annoyed, since it might enable his enemies to throw a doubt upon the truth of his statement.

One of the sergeants picked up a gold coin, and showed it to his commanding officer.

"Gold, too!" said Morely; "where can they have removed it to? It cannot be far."

"It must still be within the walls of the city," observed our hero, "seeing that French or English guards are posted at all the gates, and they never would have permitted a convoy of any consequence to pass, especially at such an hour, without first having ascertained of what it consisted."

"Right; we will not give up the search yet."

With this reply, the commander returned to the church with his men. The priests, several of whom appeared dreadfully tired, still continued their lugubrious chant round the catafalque, on which the body of one of their order was stretched out in state.

Colonel Morely approached the Archimandrite, and asked how long the service was to last.

He received no reply.

Charles repeated the question in Russian to one of the papas who stood near him. Despite his glittering habits—for the robes of the priests of the Greek Church are most magnificent—he recognized the priest whom he had met at the farm-house. It was evident, also, that his reverence knew him, for he smiled satirically, and, with an air of mockery, offered the speaker a pinch of snuff.

Charles's first impulse was to refuse, but something

which he suddenly observed induced him to accept it, and he a second time inquired how long the service was to last.

"About two hours more," was the reply.

"And where do you bury your late brother?"

"In the cemetery of your order."

"In the city?"

"No; without the walls."

This was enough. The circumstances which caused our hero to accept the proffered courtesy of the speaker, was neither more nor less than a slight motion of the dead man's eyelid. It was just possible that imagination, or the flickering of the numerous tapers round the bier, might have deceived him. So he resolved to convince himself. Approaching the body with an air of great respect, he let fall the snuff, which he still retained, upon the eyes of the corpse.

The priests shouted "sacrilege" and "heretic."

In a few seconds, two or three large drops of water ran down the dead man's cheek. The features of the Archimandrite became livid with rage. But totally unmoved by his anger and malediction—both of which he regarded as impotent—Charles dropped the rest of the snuff upon his nostrils, and was rewarded for his ingenuity by a loud sneeze.

"Sacrilege," shouted the priests again.

"Say rather a miracle," answered the young man, coolly. "Father," he added, addressing the chief priest, "this resurrection, properly turned to account, will bring almost as much wealth to the church as it deprives the Czar, your master, of."

The deception was now evident. The soldiers, who heartily enjoyed the jest, quickly assisted the living dead man from his bier, which they speedily ransacked, and were rewarded for their pains by the discovery of the missing treasure, which its guardians had only had time to conceal in the way we have described, not to remove.

Overwhelmed with confusion at the failure of their scheme, which from its ingenuity certainly merited a different result, the holy men quitted the church, but not till they had vented their impotent fury in pouring a string of very conceivable and inconceivable maledictions on the head of the impious heretic who had outwitted them.

The money was taken possession of and conveyed at once to the residence of the governor appointed by the allied armies. It amounted to nearly two millions of rubles.

When General Tawn heard the result of the expedition, he chuckled with delight; not so much at obtaining the treasure, although that was a source of satisfaction, as at the pleasure he felt in having defeated the cleverly laid plan of the Russian prisoner, who, in his opinion, had taken a most unsoldierlike advantage of the generous conduct of Captain Craven, who had equally cause to rejoice at being relieved from the unpleasant responsibility which hung over him.

"We must do something, Morely, for this young fellow," observed the old soldier.

The colonel shrugged his shoulders.

"Make him a serjeant—eh?" added the speaker.

"He would not accept it," replied the officer to whom this suggestion was addressed. "I already hinted at something of the kind, and he gave me very plainly to understand that he should decline it."

"The puppy!" growled General Tawn.

"I believe he really is what he represented himself, an English gentleman," said the colonel; "and if so, you can readily comprehend the feelings with which he must endure his present position. Don't you think," he added, "that it might be possible to procure his discharge?"

"His what?"

"His discharge; your representations to the commander-in-chief might—"

"Against all rule," interrupted the general. "Who ever heard of a man being discharged for having acted gallantly! No, no; if my representations have any weight with his lordship, and I dare say he will listen to them, for we were both in the Peninsula under the immortal Duke, he will resist every solicitation; can't part with him—won't. Brave lad; wish to heaven we had ten thousand more such."

"If you would only consider," urged the friend whom the gallantry of Charles had won over to his cause, "the circumstances under which he was forced to enter the army."

"I won't consider anything," replied the old man, doggedly; "so say no more about it. I must be off; there is a council of war at three, good bye. Let me have the report of your regiment as soon as possible."

So saying, the speaker mounted his horse and, followed by his aide-de-camp and two orderlies, galloped off towards the quarters of Lord Raglan.

When Colonel Morely informed our hero of the unsuccessful attempt he had made to procure his discharge, the latter thanked him warmly.

"Is there aught else I can do for you?" added the kind-hearted man.

"Procure me the means of transmitting with certainty a letter to England. I have friends there who doubtless believe me dead."

"Nothing more easy," said the colonel; "let me have your letters, and I will make it a personal request to Airey to send it with his own despatches. Go," he added, "and write it in my hut, and let me have it after the evening inspection."

It is now time that we return to Henri and Julian, and let our readers understand how they fared on the important day which decided the battle of Alma.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Take the nearest way
For honour travels in a strait so narrow
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path:
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE battle of the Alma was the first occasion in which for centuries England and France contended side by side, united in one common cause, and as may naturally be supposed, a generous emulation animated the soldiers of either army. It was a race of honor, in which each knew by tradition the reputation of his companions in arms, and not a man on that memorable day but felt and acted as if the well-won fame of his country depended on his individual prowess. Truly has the struggle been called a combat of giants—a succession of episodes each worthy of forming an incident in an epic, or of descending to future ages immortalized on the glowing canvas of the painter.

We alluded in one of our preceding chapters to the headlong courage of the Scots, who, under the command of their glorious old chief, Sir Colin Campbell, proved themselves worthy descendants of the men who fought at Bannockburn; who won with their broad claymores the inestimable blessing of religious freedom, when England as unwisely as unjustly sought by force of arms to impose a parliament-established church upon the nation; whose valor on the red field of Waterloo had been felt in the ranks of those now happily united with them as brothers.

Neither must the Guards—the steady old Guards of England—be forgotten. Despite the persevering stupidity of our military authorities, who try all they can to render them inefficient, by half-stifling them in stocks which scarcely permit the wearer to draw a full breath, or crushing them beneath the weight of unsightly, cumbersome bear-skin caps, fit only to dress up bugbears, to frighten children with, or produce apoplexy—they were as cool as ever, collected as in a review in Hyde-park. Rapidly as the grape shot of the enemy thinned their ranks, they were as rapidly filled up; disdaining either to quicken or slacken their pace, they advanced to the charge in a straight line—firm, compact—solid as a wall of iron, till they crossed bayonets with the Russians, whose serried masses, overwhelmed by the shock, gave way before them.

It belongs to the impartial pen of history to particularize the heroic actions of each regiment. However honorable the task, it would be foreign to our purpose, and far exceed the limits of our work. Enough to say that the gallant 23rd was literally mowed down as it scaled the rugged hill, losing no less than 13 officers and 200 men; whilst the losses of the 95th were almost equally severe.

Sir De Lacy Evans led his division also in the most gallant manner, crossing the Alma on the right, whilst the Brigadiers Adams and Pennesfather displayed equal courage, fighting in the midst of their men.

We must quit the record of the achievements of our brave countrymen for awhile, and request our readers to follow us whilst we proceed to relate the share which Henri de la Tour and his friend Julian took in the battle. Both were posted with the Zouaves in the right wing, which was composed entirely of the French and the Turkish contingent.

As many of our friends have never seen the Zouaves—a comparatively modern addition to the French army—a description of them will not be considered, we trust, out of place. They are comparatively of modern introduction into the armies of France, and wear the oriental costume—a turban or the fez cap, jacket, vest, large trousers descending to the knee, yellow leggings, shoes, and gaiters. As light infantry they rendered immense service in the war against the Arabs, and have ever been remarked for their agility and desperate courage. Many of them were born in Africa of French parentage, and in their manners and character, as well as appearance, belong rather to the East than to Europe.

No sooner was the signal for the assault given than they forded the Alma with their usual impetuosity, and swarming up the steep declivities like so many ants, gained the plain, where they formed and maintained their position, despite the murderous fire of the Russian artillery, till the division led by General Bosquet arrived to support them. The contest was a most brilliant one. When the lines of the enemy became broken they fought hand to hand. Twice did a party of Russian officers make a desperate rush at the standard of the regiment which Henri and Julian defended: the mound on which it was planted became thickly strewn with dead—quarter being neither given or received on either side.

The Zouaves, delighted with the desperate gallantry of the two volunteers, cheered them loudly. As the enemy, foiled in his repeated attacks, began to give way, a well-directed volley from the reserves completed their confusion, and they retreated, but still slowly and menacingly, as the waves of the angry sea.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the Russians do not know how to fight: if they want that headlong daring which jests at death and braves its terrors with a smile, they at least possess powers of stolid endurance sufficient to render them formidable, even when opposed to the matchless troops of England and France; barbarism and fanaticism can boast of their heroes as well as civilization.

The young Frenchman had every motive for distinguishing himself; in addition to the hatred which he

naturally felt for his persecutors were joined the incentive of honor, love of fame, and the hope which Marshal St. Arnaud had held out to him of regaining his grandfather's cross, not merely a relic to be handed to his children, but with the right to wear it on his own manly breast.

The desperate defence of the colors of the regiment with which he served was not the only act of heroism performed by Henri on that memorable day. Observing a general officer hard pressed by three men—soldiers of the Russian guard—he rushed to his assistance, and succeeded in beating off his assailants, but not till the former was severely wounded and he himself had received a sabre cut on his left shoulder.

"Shall I direct the man to assist you to the rear?" he said, addressing the officer, who, fainting and out of breath, supported himself by resting on his sword, whose purple stains gave sufficient proofs of the energy of its master.

"No," replied the general recovering himself. "I have still sufficient strength left to continue my share of the struggle. Are you hurt?"

"A mere scratch," replied the young man, in a tone of gaiety.

"You are the volunteer," added the officer, "who so nobly assisted to defend the standard of the Zouaves."

"I did my duty there."

"Your name?"

"Henri de la Tour," said his preserver, preparing once more to rush into the thickest of the fight.

"Mine is Canrobert!" exclaimed the general shouting after him. "If I fall, accept my thanks—if I live, my friendship. Seek me after the—"

The rest of the speech was drowned by the roar of the batteries on the heights of St. John, which the English charged so gallantly. We have elsewhere, related the result, and should not have referred to the battle of the Alma again but for the share which Henri de la Tour—in whose fate we flatter ourselves our readers take an interest second only to that they feel for the hero of our tale—took in it, and the influence which it ultimately bore upon the fortunes of both the adventurers.

The contest at last was over, and victory—so boldly wooed and won by the armies of the Allies—hung enamored over their banners as they floated side by side on the crested heights of the Alma, whose waters that day ran with a richer stream than the golden waves of Pactolus—the blood of brave men who had died in battle for their country. Dark masses of Russians may be seen in full retreat bearing their artillery, which, from our want of cavalry, they were enabled to carry off with them; whilst with the cheers of the victors were mingled the deep groans of the wounded, who, maddened by pain and thirst, shrieked frantically for water.

Many of the Russians proved their gratitude by assassinating the French or English soldier whose charitable hand held it to their parched lips. It was in the performance of a similar act of humanity that Sir A. Younge was shot by the wretch to whom he offered a cup of water.

Towards the close of the day, Marshal St. Arnaud, who, despite the mortal disease that was consuming him, had remained on horseback during the whole of the battle, galloped to a rising mound, from whence he could witness the enemy in full retreat. A flush of triumph—of such joy as the soldier feels when the hardly contested victory is won—lit for an instant his pale features, as his eagle eye glanced over the field.

"The news will be welcome in Paris, gentlemen," he said, addressing his staff; "France will own that her sons have not degenerated from their father's fame. The victors of Austerlitz and Jena, could they rise from their graves, might feel proud of their descendants."

At these words a hearty cheer burst from the brilliant group of officers round him, and raising their shakos, helmets, and plumed hats, many of them cried "Vive la France!" others, "Vive l'Empereur!"

"I feel proud," added the speaker, "that my last battle should have been fought against Russia in conjunction with the soldiers of a nation whom henceforth every true Frenchman must regard as brothers. Borodino and Waterloo are both avenged."

A melancholy feeling, a profound regret oppressed the hearts of his hearers, when the illustrious Marshal whose ancestors were his deeds, whose sword had carved the owner's path to rank and honor, spoke of that day's victory as his last battle; and when they gazed upon his countenance, worn by pain and disease, which indomitable will alone had enabled him hitherto to repress, they scarcely dared to hope that it might prove otherwise.

General Canrobert rode up and warmly congratulated his superior on the result of the day. He was accompanied by Henri and Julian.

"Thank heaven that you are spared to France, and to her armies," observed St. Arnaud, as he shook the speaker by the hand.

From these few words many of the officers guessed who would succeed him in the event of his resigning his command.

"That I am so," replied Canrobert, "I owe to the courage of my young friend here."

"Which?" demanded the Marshal, glancing from Henri to Julian.

"Monsieur de la Tour," said the general "who has this day proved himself worthy of the name he bears, worthy of him whose name is still retained on the

muster roll of our armies as the first grenadier of France."

He proceeded to describe in the most glowing terms the gallant defence of the colors of the Zouaves, and the service which the young volunteer had rendered him when assailed by such unequal numbers.

A smile of intense satisfaction played on the features of the Marshal.

"Henri de la Tour," he said, "could I have chosen the place to have paid my debt of gratitude to your father, this would have been the spot, and the occasion the present one: approach."

Supported by Julian—for he was badly wounded in the shoulder—the young Frenchman advanced; his heart beat wildly, for he read in the flashing eye of the speaker, who had already drawn the cross of the legion of honor, his grandfather's cross, from his bosom, what was about to follow.

"This cross, gentlemen," exclaimed the speaker, "was bestowed by Napoleon the First upon Colonel de la Tour, on the field of battle; who, after our disasters in Russia, was made a prisoner, and, refusing to serve the enemies of his country, exiled to Siberia, where he died—died in the arms of his grandson, to whom he confided this precious relic which he had saved from the polluting grasp of the Muscovite, by concealing in his wounds, hiding it in his blood."

A spontaneous cry of admiration at the heroic act burst from all who heard him.

"You have heard, and many of you have witnessed the gallantry of his descendant, and will approve my words, when in restoring it to him, I authorize him to wear it. Henri de la Tour," added the Marshal, "in the name of the Emperor I confer upon you for your distinguished services, the cross of the Legion of Honor."

The heart of the new made chevalier was too full for words; he dared not trust his voice to speak, he could only press the hand of St. Arnaud to his lips as the latter fastened the well won ensign upon his manly breast.

Julian, who saw that his friend was deeply moved, and fearing the effect of too much excitement upon his wounds, assisted him towards the ambulance in order to have them dressed.

"The Emperor will confirm the nomination," observed the illustrious commander-in-chief of the French army, "for it has been won, not given."

It was not till the shades of evening had closed in that Marshal St. Arnaud could be induced to retire to his tent. Despite the respectful remonstrances of his officers, the affectionate entreaties of his aides-de-camp, he persisted in remaining on the Alma heights till the horrors of the scene became gradually less and less distinct.

"Come, gentleman," he said, as the sun sunk at length below the horizon. "I have taken my last leave of glory."

He turned his horse's head toward the plain, already dotted by the red watchfires of his troops, who had bivouacked for the night. When he reached his tent, he was found to be so much exhausted, that his attendants were obliged to lift him from his charger, and support him in their arms to the couch.

A few days after penning his memorable despatch to the Emperor and resigning his command to General Canrobert, the illustrious St. Arnaud expired—his laurels yet green, his name fresh in the annals of fame; regretted by his Allies, who admired his genius and courage; mourned by the soldiers of France—and soldiers mourn the chief who has led them to victory.

France has cause to be proud of such men—and of the system which produces them: in that, we suspect, lies the great secret of her military glory.

At an early hour the following morning, the French assembled the drums and trumpets of the different regiments on the heights of the Alma, even to the loftiest hills, whose slumbering echoes were awakened by their deep roll and wild flourish, repeated again and again amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the soldiery, as they formed their lines and prepared to march from the scene of their triumph.

"You hear it," exclaimed Henri, grasping the hand of his companion; "you hear it. It is the knell of despotism, of the power of Russia in the east. Europe will never become Muscovite while she has such arms and such sons to wield them. What may you not hope for your country? for poor, oppressed, down-trodden Poland?"

Julian shook his head mournfully.

"Despairing!" added the speaker, in a tone of reproach.

"Of man, yes," replied the Pole, "of Heaven, never! In this struggle, the commencement of a war of giants, undertaken for the integrity of the dominions of the Turk, neither England nor France has ventured to pronounce the name of Christian Poland."

"It must one day be heard," observed Henri.

"It will make itself heard!" replied his friend; "our partition is a blot on the map of Europe, our wrongs a stain on the humanity of the age. Hath not the Deity himself announced a curse on those who remove their neighbors' landmarks; and what landmarks more sacred," he added, in a tone of deep emotion, "than the landmarks of a nation? All that I have seen and heard since our arrival in the Crimea, has given me deep cause for reflection. I am too enthusiastic, you will say; it is the error of my nature; I cannot alter it."

Two days elapsed before the speakers were enabled to meet their friend Charles again. They had heard

of the service he had rendered in the affair of the treasure concealed in the church at Eupatoria, as well as his distinguished gallantry in the field, and naturally expected to find that he had received a fitting recompense by being promoted from the ranks to a commission. They were astounded at seeing him still in the uniform of a private soldier.

Henri openly avowed his disgust.

"Was I wrong," he exclaimed, "when I wished that you had been born a Frenchman? In the armies of France you would have been decorated for such conduct. How can your generals expect to find the enthusiasm, the daring which achieves great deeds, with such a system?—a system," he added, "in which the incentive to courage, the meed of honor, are withheld."

"Is duty no incentive?" calmly demanded our hero.

"A philosopher," replied the young Frenchman.

"No; merely an Englishman."

"I shall begin to think that the names are synonymous," observed Julian. "After all, I am not sure but you are right. An action prompted by duty is the noblest man can perform. The English make glorious soldiers: it is impossible not to admire their cool, steady, persevering courage. There was something sublime in the unbroken advance of your Guards, the celerity with which their ranks closed up as the deadly grape shot—which fell like a storm of iron—thinned them. With such men a skilful general might undertake the conquest of the world; but have you received no recompense—no promotion for your gallantry?"

"I was offered such," replied the Englishman, with a smile, "but I declined it."

"Pretty recompense!" muttered Jack Curlin, bitterly; "offered to make a sergeant. Master Charley a sergeant! why I would turn up my nose at such a promotion. And the old general, when he saw him fighting like a lion in the thickest of the battle, called him a brave fellow, and offered him five pounds; a mean-spirited—"

"Silence, Jack," interrupted his master sharply, for he felt humiliated, not for himself, but for his country, at the idea of his friends hearing of the insult he had been subjected to.

"Five pounds!" repeated Henri with surprise.

"Money!" exclaimed Julian, "for the soldier's blood! That man can have no heart. Money as a recompense for deeds which honor only can repay! With all England's greatness," he continued, "there must be something radically wrong in a system which limits the honor of a country to a clique—closes the gates of the temple of fame to the unfriended, the humbly born, and poor; which, when one foot more daring than another, penetrates the hallowed precincts, veils the statue of the god upon the altar, and places a *purse* there in its stead."

"Ay!" said Jack, who only comprehended the latter part of his speech, "and a *puss* not too well filled—five pounds!"

Many of our readers, we doubt not, will agree with us that the Pole was right in his censure. England reserves her honors for her aristocracy. Fulton was driven to America; Jenner, Watt, Howard, and a hundred names of equally illustrious men, whose discoveries have soled human suffering or advanced the march of civilisation, died without receiving the slightest mark of royal favor.

There must be something awful in the possession of a crown, since it can thus remove its wearer not only from the feelings and sympathies of humanity, but from its gratitude, to which it ought to give the national expression.

It is to be hoped these narrow views and prejudices unknown to us under the Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts, will wear out at last, and that England will become less German. In the meantime, patience!—patience! The teacher and the writer still pursue their task, schools are opened, and the scholars will become masters in their turn, able to teach again.

"You, at least Henri," said our hero, pointing to the cross on the breast of his friend, "have reason to feel satisfied. The proudest wish of your heart is accomplished. Your country has recognized your services and rewarded them."

"Nobly," added Julian, "as they deserved."

"Which makes me feel more bitterly the injustice of yours," observed the young Frenchmen; you who so far exceed me in every noble quality both of heart and mind."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Charles Vavasour, in a cheerful tone, "a hundred brave fellows whose names will never be heard, displayed a courage equal to mine. Jack here fought like a hero, showed as much skill in bagging Russian officers, as he formerly did in bagging sables and ermines, and yet he does not complain."

"I *beant* a born gentleman," said the lad, "like thee, Master Charley."

"There," added the Pole, philosophically, "is the key to the error; when the distinction between men and gentlemen is abolished, each will be treated according to his merit, and not till then."

With this observation the subject dropped.

In the course of the day Sergeant Bailey, who was attached to the troop in which Cuthbert Vavasour was first lieutenant, sought an interview with our hero. Although naturally a light-hearted man, the misery which his criminal conduct had brought upon the declining years of his grandfather, and the old steward's death, had worked a salutary as well as a painful change. He was no longer the hopeful schemer who dreamt of making millions by all kinds of visionary speculations, but a repentant man, anxious to make atonement. Unfortunately that atonement was out of

his power. He had still, however, all his wits about him, and was quite as shrewd in guessing the motives of others as ever.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I wish to ask you a question."

"What is it, sergeant?" inquired Charles, at the same time saluting him by touching his cap.

"Sergeant!" repeated the ex-stockbroker, "call me Bailey—anything you please, except a name which implies a superiority which never ought to exist between us. But have you any reason to suppose that your cousin, Mr. Cuthbert, entertains any unkind feelings towards you?"

"Nothing stronger than hate."

"And you *know* him?"

"Perfectly."

"Do you think, sir," continued the man, "I know that the question will appear an extraordinary one—that he would use any unfair means to do you an injury?"

"He would consider no means unfair which led to such an end."

"In that case be upon your guard," whispered the sergeant; "the lieutenant has discharged his servant, an honest, steady, respectable lad—sent him back to ranks, and taken one of the most desperate characters in the regiment into his service, one Mat Parks, a fellow who has been a prize fighter, and, unless report belies him, something worse."

"I do not see how the exchange can possibly affect me," observed our hero, willing to hear further, for he felt convinced that the speaker had not told him all.

"I need not tell you, Mr. Vavasour," continued Bailey, "that your bravery on the Alma has made you popular with the men; some call you the gentleman soldier, others the Soldier of Fortune. Well, sir, they were speaking of you this morning at the canteen; Mat, who was present, appeared stung by the praise they lavished on you, and offered to bet that in less than a week you *went over to the enemy*."

"And the bet?"

"Was taken by several," added his informant. "I thought the affair so singular that I could not rest till I had informed you of it, and put you on your guard."

"What reason can the fellow possibly have to suppose," demanded the Soldier of Fortune, indignantly, "that I should commit such an act of baseness?"

His informant regarded him for some moments in silence.

"Speak out," exclaimed Charles, impatiently.

"Well, sir, in the first place he declares that you are no Englishman, and accuses your speaking the language of the enemy as a proof."

"He must have learnt that from his master," thought Charles.

"In the next place, it is generally set down, when men *disappear* from their regiment, especially in time of war, that they have deserted to the enemy, and few inquiries are made after them. They are —"

"I see—I see," interrupted the young man; "so that, whether murdered or traitors, their fate remains unknown."

"Exactly, sir."

"Thanks, Bailey, thanks," he continued; "you have indeed rendered me a service, and one that I feel grateful for. What sort of looking man is this Mat?"

"A stout-limbed, brawny fellow, with black, bristly hair—a deep-set eye. You can easily recognise him by a scar on his right cheek," replied the sergeant.

"Where am I likely to meet with him?"

"You may make sure to find at the canteen, sir, after the evening parade. God bless you, Mr. Charles, and send you safely to England and your home again! Should you meet the fellow, avoid, if possible, all occasion to quarrel with him; he is strong as a bear."

"I have lately been living in the country of bears, Bailey," quietly observed the young soldier, "and have learnt the trick of taming them. I shall be at the canteen this evening."

"Be careful, sir,"

"Do not fear for my prudence; I have no fear for myself."

During the rest of the day our adventurer carefully revolved over in his mind the information and warning he had received. Cowardly and revengeful as he knew the nature of his cousin to be, he could scarcely bring himself to think that he would plot his death. He came to the conclusion that the fellow had doubtless heard his master speak of him in no very measured terms, and, sycophant-like, made himself the echo of his predictions.

Still, as a matter of prudence, he resolved to be upon his guard. Personal fear he had none. It is true that no courage can guard against the blow of an assassin; but in a struggle, man to man, he felt confident of the result, for the toils and privations he had undergone in Siberia had rendered his nerves and muscles, not only as elastic, but as hard as steel.

On rejoining his troop, Charles found that several of the men regarded him with a certain amount of suspicion, and one or two of them began questioning him respecting the place of his residence and various localities in England. As a matter of course, he perfectly comprehended their motive, and wishing to stand well with them, answered more patiently than he otherwise might have done.

"And so," said a soldier named Williamson, "you come from Harleyford, near Ipswich? I know something of that place. Can you tell me who lives in the cottage at the end of the green—I mean the one nearest the church?"

"With the vine and clematis over the porch?"

"The same."

"A widow named Heartly."

"And has she any children?"

"A daughter," replied Charles—"a pretty, good girl, whom every one respects in the place."

"Right!" exclaimed his comrade, shaking him by the hand; "let Mat say what he will, I believe him to be an Englishman."

"Who dares assert that I am not?"

"Mat dares," replied the soldier; "you may meet at the canteen."

"I am going there," observed our hero, calmly, at the same time catching up his cap and sword. "Such insults are best checked at once."

So saying, he quitted the bivouac, followed by several of the men, who felt anxious to see how the affair would terminate.

CHAPTER LXV.

In a false quarrel there is no true valor.—SHAKESPEARE.

OUR readers must not imagine that the canteen of Charles's regiment was anything like the comfortable tap-room which many of them have doubtless seen appropriated to such a purpose in country quarters; it was simply a rude shed, without either door or windows, formed of boughs, with an old tarpaulin by way of cover, and open in front to the winds of heaven. This primitive shelter possessed at least one advantage: it prevented the accumulation of smoke and foul air; those who visited it could breathe freely without danger of asphyxia. The seats were simply banks of earth covered with turf, and the table of the same rude material; as for the stores, they were contained in sundry small but strongly-hooped barrels, arranged in a light cart, which, when the troops were on march, was drawn by Peggy Stoak, the buxom wife of a corporal of that name, who kept the canteen.

She was a passionate, warm-hearted, good-natured creature, who seldom refused credit to the men, or counted the glasses of brandy which she dealt out to the wounded, ever ready to do a kind turn to those who required her assistance, a good wife, an excellent manager, and, but for one circumstance, might have been supremely happy—her husband, Peter, was horribly, atrociously jealous; woe to the soldier who ventured, in his hearing, to pay personal compliment to his better half! Peter was sure to pick a quarrel with him, especially if he were young and good-looking, for time had deprived him of the first advantage, and nature had been fearfully niggard in the second. These attacks of jealousy were like an intermittent fever, and may be partially accounted for by the fact that the corporal was rapidly approaching his fiftieth year; his wife counted little more than half that number; in person he was tall and ungainly, but strong and wiry as a terrier, to which animal his short, straight, black hair gave him an additional resemblance.

Like most jealous persons, Peter was a man of few words, but of dogged resolution. Mrs. Stoak's liberality to the men and facility in giving credit annoyed him—not on account of the loss, but what he considered much worse, indications of feelings which he ought to engross. The soldiers used facetiously to remark, he had one eye for business and another for his wife, and both were sufficiently watchful.

Being an excellent soldier, a strict disciplinarian, and never without his stock, which scarcely inconvenienced his long, crane-like neck, he was a great favorite with General Tawn, who long since would have promoted him to the rank of sergeant but for one drawback—the man could neither read nor write.

When the jealous fit was exceedingly strong upon him, he would sit for an hour at a time with his eyes fixed upon the—to him—mysterious hieroglyphics chalked by his wife on the ends of the spirit casks, endeavoring to make out, if possible, how many glasses the object of his suspicions had been credited, and the barometer of his confidence rose or fell according to the number.

Peggy was a little—but only a very little—inclined to be a coquette. Considering the difference of their years, she really conducted herself exceedingly well. Sometimes she would laugh at her husband's folly, at other times submit to it with the most provoking patience. But there was a limit even to her endurance; and when she considered that she had borne quite as much as any reasonable Christian woman ought to bear, she fired up, and gave her old man, as she called him, quite as good as he sent. Like most wives she could be mistress, and occasionally would.

Peter never appeared so unsocial and reserved as after enduring one of these defeats.

Mat Parks, and about twenty of the men, were smoking and drinking in the canteen—as we shall continue to designate the hut—when Charles Vavasour and the soldiers who had accompanied him from the bivouac, made their appearance. As his purse was well filled, our hero insisted on standing treat to his new friends, and calling for a plentiful supply of grog, threw down a sovereign in payment.

Mrs. Stoak, who had insisted on serving the handsome recruit herself, thrust her hand into her capacious pocket to give change, when Mat, who seemed too anxious to pick a quarrel, called out, in an insulting tone—

"Look at the head, Peggy."

"The head," repeated the woman, not comprehending him, "I don't understand you."

"He does," replied the ruffian, with a sneer. "See if its Nick's or Vic's likeness upon the coin."

"Why, of course, it's our own blessed little Queen," observed Peggy, in a tone of surprise. "Mat, you are at some of your old tricks again. Why don't you speak out like a man, and say what you mean?"

"I mean," said the bully, laying down his pipe, "that when a fellow takes money on both sides, he is just as likely to pay in Russian as in English money."

Although his blood boiled at the insolence of the speaker, Charles so far restrained himself as to keep his temper in subjection till he had placed the intentions of the fellow beyond a doubt. Rising from his seat, he walked towards him with a calm, but resolute air, and asked if the observations he had just made were intended to apply to him.

"To you and no mistake," exclaimed Mat, starting to his feet. "What do you say to that?"

"That you are an infamous scoundrel," replied the recruit, sternly, "and far more likely to take money from the enemies of your country, or for any other dirty work, than I am; a liar, for you have asserted that which you know to be false; and a coward—the vile are always so. Is there a man in the whole regiment," he added, "that does not look on you with contempt, or that would change characters with you?"

"Bravo," cried several of the soldiers, pleased with the spirited conduct of their new companion. "Mat has found his match at last."

Maddened by the retort, and still more by the cheers which it elicited, the ruffian threw himself upon his guard, but before he could strike out, Charles, who saw that his only chance of success was in promptitude, struck him so violent a blow on the temple, that it sent him reeling. Never had he felt himself endowed with such strength. His nerves became braced like iron.

Although in the contest which ensued, our hero received several terrific blows from his antagonist, he scarcely felt them. His handsome features streamed with blood, yet he never once relaxed. He would have expired rather than have given way. Mat, too, got fearfully marked. His breath began to fail him. He reeled, and his antagonist, perceiving his advantage, struck him, with all his force, on the chest. A stream of mingled froth and blood gushed from the bully's mouth, and he fell back in the arms of his backer.

"Give him time to come to the scratch," said the man who had caught him.

Several of the soldiers observed that they thought he had had enough of it, and others gave three cheers for the Soldier of Fortune.

During the contest, Peggy, who had witnessed the unprovoked quarrel with the utmost indignation, called repeatedly on her husband to interfere and separate them. But the demon of jealousy had suddenly taken possession of the corporal; he saw that Charles was exceedingly handsome.

"Let them fight it out," he muttered.

His wife, however, was of a different opinion, and catching up one of the poles from her cart, doubtless would have made a serious demonstration in our hero's favor, had not the men prevented her.

In her wrath, Peggy called them cowards, and declared they wanted to murder the young man. All this inflicted an additional pang on the heart of the corporal.

After swallowing a glass of brandy, Mat made one more attempt to recover the reputation he had lost, but the ruffian was already beaten. A second round left him with as little inclination, as power, to renew the contest.

"You had better give in," whispered his backer, one of the men the ex-prize fighter had been treating, and almost the only one who stuck to him; "you are beaten."

The fellow reluctantly admitted that he was beaten, and added, that he would fight it out another time.

There was a general sneer and laugh amongst his comrades on hearing this admission, and many a rough, honest, manly hand was held out to the gentleman recruit.

"A Russian!" exclaimed Williamson; "pah! no Russian ever used his fists in that fashion, or stood such a pounding from a pair of sledge-hammer fists like Mat's. He may say what he likes for the future; no one will believe but you are an Englishman. English," he added, "to the backbone."

There was a general cry that the speaker was in the right.

Peggy, whose excitement had somewhat cooled when she found that our hero was likely to come off victorious, made her way through the group of men who surrounded, pushing them aside right and left with all the unceremonious confidence of a creditor—most of them were her debtors—and offered Charles a glass of spirits.

"I hope your are not much hurt," she said.

"Not in the least—a mere scratch."

The corporal's wife looked at him doubtfully; it appeared almost impossible for any one to come off unscathed in such a contest; and observing the blood upon his temples, gave him a corner of her apron to wipe it off.

"Thank you," said the victor, returning it to her; and strange, and yet not strange to say, his voice slightly faltered. There was something in the womanly kindness of the act—of sympathy, which touched him; and had not pride restrained, he could have shed a tear.

However rugged and stern man's nature may be, there are few so hardened by adversity, or the buffets

of the world, as not to possess some slender, though, to common eyes, imperceptible thread, which, when struck, discourses eloquent music: how much more readily, then, does it vibrate in the heart which God has gifted with warm affections, tender memories, and grateful feelings?

Had the tear, which the coarse and brutal only could have smiled at, fallen upon the cheek of our hero, it would have honored and not have stained his manhood.

With the tact of her sex, Peggy saw in an instant all that was passing in the mind of the object of her solicitude, and began to feel a yet deeper interest in his welfare; nothing wrong—her nature was too good for that; but just one of those little affectionate out-breaks of human kindness, which women feel for those whom they judge fortune has dealt hardly by.

"Brandy, Peg," roared Mat Parks; "bring me brandy."

"You get no brandy here," she replied.

"I can pay for it," said the ruffian, boastfully, at the same time ginging a handful of silver in his pocket; "I want no credit."

"And I do not want your custom," retorted the corporal's wife. "I'll not have my place made a prize ring of. Take your money where your society will be welcome along with it. And you, Peter," she added, turning sharply round to her husband, "if ever you draw a glass for that fellow again, you may keep the canteen yourself."

"Look to your wife, Peter," shouted the ruffian, with a sneer; "the gentleman soldier, as he calls himself, will be always welcome, no doubt."

The corporal began to feel horribly uncomfortable.

"What," exclaimed Peggy, "are you such a cur, Peter, as to stand by and hear me insulted by that beaten bully? If you have not the spirit to protect me," she added, catching up the pole of the cart which she had so lately laid down. "I must protect myself."

And there is little doubt in her indignation at the insinuation so provokingly thrown out, the speaker would have done so most effectually, had not the offender sneaked out of the canteen. He knew that she was a great favorite with the men, not one of whom but would have rejoiced to have seen her inflict on him an additional chastisement.

It was quite as well for Mat that he disappeared as he did, for in a few moments after his departure, Jack Curlin came raging like an angry tiger into the canteen. He had heard of the fight, and the idea of his young master being exposed to a contest with such a brute, had almost driven the affectionate fellow mad.

True, his passion somewhat subsided when he saw our hero seated on one of the rustic benches conversing with his comrades as calmly as if nothing of the kind had occurred.

"Oh, Master Charley! Master Charley! that ever I should live to hear of your being insulted by a fellow not fit to brush your shoes. You, the real lawful heir of Vavasour manor, whom your poor dear father so idolized, whom Sir Richard and Miss —"

"Silence!" interrupted the young soldier; "not that name."

"It's enough to drive one mad," muttered the lad; "where is he? Who dares to say that you are not an Englishman and a gentleman? just let me hear them, that's all."

In his excitement, Jack threw his cap upon the ground, and offered to fight any one, two, or three—in fact, he did not care how many, who could be found to repeat the assertion.

"It's all your rascally cousin's doing," he exclaimed, when he became more calm; "he set the fellow on. I've heard it all; he has discharged his former quiet, honest servant, and taken that bully into his service. But you beat him," he added, with a grin of intense satisfaction, "you beat him—as you did his master in the stable yard at Harleyford, more nor a year ago."

"What!" exclaimed several of the men, "is Lieutenant Vavasour related to your comrade?"

"Only his cousin, that's all: and a pretty cousin he is. He'd murder him to keep the estate, if he dared."

The soldiers looked at each other with surprise.

"Murder him," repeated several.

"Yes, murder him," said Jack, emphatically. "I only wish he would, that's all; I'd send my *baggonet* through his body, if I wor shot for it the next minute."

There was a general shout of laughter at the poor lad's wishing his young master to be murdered by his vindictive relative, but they perfectly understood his meaning.

"Come, Jack," said Charles, rising, for he felt fearful lest his humble friend should commit himself still further than he had done, by speaking of one of the officers so disparagingly; "it is time that we were off. We are young soldiers," he added, with a bitter smile, "and have our duty to learn."

He shook hands with Williamson and the rest of his comrades, thanked the pretty Peggy for her kindness, and taking Jack by the arm quitted the canteen.

As he withdrew, he heard more than one of them exclaim, "He is a gentleman, and worth a hundred of Lieutenant Vavasour."

CHAPTER LXVI.

Who can compare love's mean and gross desire,
To the chaste zeal of friendship's sacred fire?
Love is a sudden blaze which soon decays:
Friendship is like the sun's eternal rays;
Not daily benedix exhausts the flame,
It still is giving, and still burns the same.—GAY.

From that day the soldiers in his troop, with a feeling which did them honor, showed the greatest respect to the hero of our tale; many quiet unpretending acts of kindness were shown him, which he felt and treasured in his mind, to be repaid with interest should circumstances ever place it in his power. As for his companion in misfortune, he very soon became a general favorite in the regiment; the men were never tired of listening to his tales about Siberia, his adventure with the bear, and hair-breadth perils and dangers they encountered in their escape.

Could Jack have written as well as he talked, his narratives might have been turned to good account.

The affectionate fellow had not forgotten the request made by Henri de la Tour, that in the event of any annoyance being offered to Charles, or danger threatening him, he would let him know. That same evening he absented himself without permission—he scarcely knew that it was necessary—and made his way to the encampment of the allies. His adventures, on arriving at the outposts of our gallant neighbors, will be recorded in another place.

Cuthbert Vavasour, who had taken Mat Parks into his service, with no other intention than that of setting him on to insult, annoy, and pick a quarrel with his cousin, felt no less surprised than annoyed at the result, when he heard Sergeant Bailey report it to Colonel Morely on the same evening that it occurred.

"That ruffian," exclaimed the commanding officer, impatiently, "is always misconducting himself; you say the young fellow," alluding to Charles, "thrashed him."

"Soundly, Colonel."

"Glad of it; it will be a lesson, perhaps, to him for the future. Remind me of him Moore," he added, addressing the adjutant, "for extra guard in the morning. You should look better after your men Bailey."

The sergeant, who had lost none of his ancient shrewdness, looked as if he had something to say.

"Speak out."

"It was not my fault Colonel," replied the ex-speculator of the exchange; "Mat is no longer under my orders."

"How so?"

"Lieutenant Vavasour has taken him from the ranks into his service."

The eyes of all the officers were turned on Cuthbert with an inquiring glance, as if to ask how he came to make so singular a choice. Despite his effrontery, the cousin of our hero colored to the temples. He read in the half curled lips and smiles of his brother officers that they appreciated the motives of his conduct.

"That will do sergeant," said the Colonel; "you may go."

Bailey quitted the quarters of his commander, conscious that if he had served our hero, he had made himself an enemy in the lieutenant.

For several moments the silence was both painful and awkward; Morely was the first to break it.

"I always carefully abstain," he observed, "from making any remarks on the private arrangements of the gentlemen under my command; but the circumstance of Lieutenant Vavasour's servant insulting and picking a quarrel with his master's cousin, the very day, too, on which he entered his new service, is so singular that I must break the rule, and express a wish for an explanation."

"My illegitimate cousin," muttered Cuthbert.

"Possibly," continued the former; "I, for one, doubt it. But one thing at least is certain, that in manners, language, and mind he is a gentleman; that I can vouch for."

"I really cannot undertake Colonel," said the young ruffian after a pause, "to answer for the conduct or quarrels of my servant; if he has behaved ill, you have the power to punish him."

"Thank you for the information," exclaimed Morely, drily, "I shall not be slow to avail myself of it. If accident has placed a man of superior birth, education, and conduct in a false position, by compelling him to serve as a private soldier, I will take care that he receives no injustice."

With this declaration, a most important one, considering the lips it fell from, the conversation dropped, and Cuthbert Vavasour, his heart overflowing with gall and hatred against the man whom he had intended to degrade and make appear ridiculous, retired to his quarters. The first person he saw on entering his tent was Mat, his coarse hideous features terribly swollen from the punishment he received, and had so richly merited. The fellow was bathing his face with a mixture of spirits and water.

"So, Mat," exclaimed his employer with a sneer, "you have been thrashed—thrashed by a mere boy—a tyro. Where is the skill you boasted of?"

"He is no boy," muttered the man, in a dogged tone; "his muscles are like iron."

"So it would seem," observed Cuthbert ironically.

No one, holding the position of a gentleman, ever descends to an act of baseness without entailing on himself, in some form or another, a corresponding amount of degradation and humiliation; it was the same in the present instance; the instrument he had employed had lost all respect for the hand that paid him.

"Did you find him one?" demanded Mat stung by the tone and glance of the speaker; "for if what the young fellow boasts of is true, you tried him."

"Curse him," he mentally ejaculated: "the tale of my disgrace is known."

He turned livid with rage; he had calculated, and rightly, on the silence of Charles; for, as our readers are aware, it was Jack Curlin, and not his young master, who first made known in the regiment the quarrel between the two cousins, and the beating which our hero had given him.

"I wonder," he said, speaking aloud, as soon as he had recovered something like self-possession, "whether he's as good a shot as he is a bruiser."

"I ain't a going to fight with him any more," exclaimed Mat Parks; "I've had enough of him."

"I don't wish it," replied his master; "the Colonel has heard of the affair; most likely you will be had before him in the morning; he has taken a fancy, it seems, to the fellow—who was born, it would seem, only for my annoyance. I would give a hundred pounds," he added, deliberately, "to hear that he was dead."

"A hundred pounds, sir?" repeated the beaten bully.

"Yes, and think the intelligence cheaply paid too."

"Are you serious, sir?"

"As serious as ever I was in my life."

"Well," said Mat, speaking slowly, as if he were weighing the pros and cons in his mind, "who knows what may happen? War is a rough school, and he is quite as likely to be picked off as another."

"Of course he is."

"And you would really give a hundred pounds to the man who brought you the intelligence?"

"To the first one," answered Cuthbert, lowering his voice.

"How singular if I should bring it you," observed the prize fighter with a grin.

"Well, it would be rather singular, Mat," continued his master, satisfied that the hint would not be lost, and very cleverly not wishing to compromise himself by a more explicit declaration on the subject; "but let us talk of something else. By the bye," he added, drawing out his purse, and counting ten sovereigns, "there is the money I promised you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Not a word about me, Mat, to the Colonel."

"Not if I were tied to the halberts, sir, and that word would save me: leave me to make good my own story with the Colonel."

Like most cowardly natures, Mat Parks was exceedingly vindictive. The sound thrashing he had received—the ridicule he had been covered with, rankled in his mind, and he felt that he had never hated any man so intensely as he hated our hero. Strong as the feeling was, it is a question whether it would have urged him to any attempt against the life of his antagonist, but for the temptation thus cunningly, though indirectly, held out to him; the risk was too great—the hundred pounds decided him, it was a larger sum than any he had ever possessed. With a hundred pounds, he could do wonders on his return to England, and as for the crime, provided that he remained undiscovered, his conscience, he well knew, would be perfectly easy on that score.

"It's easy enough," he muttered; "in the heat of an engagement who can tell whether a bullet comes from behind or before? A hundred pounds—I'll do it. Money and revenge are both sweet—I'll do it."

Having come to this conclusion, the beaten bully finished bathing his bruises, and rolling himself up in his military cloak, soon afterwards fell asleep on the floor.

It was quite dark, when Jack, after taking as many turns as a fox to avoid the sentries of the division of which his regiment formed a part, reached at last the outposts of the French. He mentally congratulated himself that the difficulties were over; instead of which they had really just commenced. Perfectly unconscious of his danger, he walked briskly towards the watch fire, in the front of which a sentinel was walking up and down, keeping a sharp look out.

"Qui vive!" cried the Frenchman.

"A friend," replied the lad. His military experience had taught him so much; unfortunately the man did not understand him.

"Qui vive!" repeated the man, bringing his musket to his shoulder.

"All right," said Jack Curlin, continuing to advance.

The soldier fired, and the ball, which whistled most unpleasantly near to his head, brought the astounded intruder to a stand still; he could not comprehend such a reception, but imagined that he must have mistaken his way, and fallen in with a party of Russians. Had he been armed, there is little doubt but he would have returned the shot, and the consequences might have been still more unpleasant, for he seldom missed his aim.

On hearing the report, the rest of the picquet turned out, and Jack was a prisoner.

Officers and men all questioned him. There was something so unmilitary in his air and appearance, that, despite his uniform, which they recognized, they took him for a Russian spy.

"Speak English some of you?" can't you, he roared at last, losing all patience at what appeared to him a perfect Babel of tongues; "English, English."

An officer, who had translated the Vicar of Wakefield, and obtained the prize for English at College, and who very naturally prided himself on his perfect knowledge of our language, advanced to examine him.

"You is, you say, sare, an Englishman?"

"I should think so."

"Ah, ah! you tink so, tink," and the lieutenant, who spoke such excellent English, repeated the word several times.

"What the devil do you mean by tink, tink?" impatiently demanded Jack.

"You no comprehend dat?"

"Comprehend dat!"

"C'est clair," said the Frenchman, snuggling his shoulders, and turning to his companions, "c'est un Russe."

"What is that?" exclaimed the prisoner, catching the last word of the sentence.

"I say you sal be von Russian, sir."

"And I say that you are a fool," retorted Jack, whose blood boiled at the idea of being taken for one of the race he so bitterly detested; "can't you see and hear that I am an Englishman? I suppose," he mentally added, "it's the fault of the poor critter's lingo; their ears ain't a used to any decent Christian manner o' talking."

The former part of the sentence was uttered so rapidly, that no wonder the French officer did not catch a word he said.

"And you call dat orrid vords Englis?" he said.

"I should think I did."

"If dat Englis is, I know notin bout him."

"Very likely," drily observed Jack.

Despite his remonstrance at what he considered a very inhospitable reception, the poor lad was marched off between a file of men to the quarters of the general who commanded the division; his captors grinning with delight, and calling to their comrades that they had taken a Russian spy.

Whilst being marched a prisoner to the head quarters of the French general, Jack, whose indignation, at what he conceived the unworthy treatment he was being subjected to, had reached something very like blood heat, indulged in a string of expletives anything but complimentary to the nation, with whom the arms of England are now so happily allied. To have been roughly treated and doubted by the Russians, had he fallen into their power, would neither have surprised nor galled him half so much; but to be taken for a spy—by the men whom he had been told to look upon as brothers, by whose side he had fought at Alma—aroused the half-smothered feelings of antipathy which he entertained to all *furniers*.

"They be all alike," he muttered; "French frogs and Russian bears; I see no difference in 'em; none on 'em can abide or understand a right down Englishman; poor ignorant brutes, they can't forget our having licked 'em."

"Avancez donc, espion," exclaimed one of his guard, at the same time giving him a hint to quicken his pace by a gentle application of the bayonet.

There is a limit to all human patience, even to Jack's; he had stood a great deal, but, as the saying is, it is the last drop which makes the cup run over. He turned suddenly round, and gave the soldier a blow so well planted under the left ear that it sent him reeling.

But for the interference of the officer, who doubtless thought he was reserving his prisoner for a less honorable fate, poor Jack would have been bayoneted on the spot.

When the *sacres*, *mille tonnerres*, and screams of the Frenchmen had subsided, Jack looked indignantly round him; he felt at that moment that he would take a lion by the mane, brave a rhinoceros, draw the teeth of a crocodile, or attempt any other impossible feat; the gall in his heart rose to his lips, and he shouted in a tone of defiance and word "Waterloo!"

It is quite impossible to describe the yell of rage with which it was received.

"Waterloo!" he repeated; "is that English? And now you may cut me to pieces, if you like; I've had my say if I die for it."

"Russe! Russe! non bono Johnny," shouted his captors.

"I never said I was bono Johnny," replied Jack, in a tone of lofty contempt; "but I am bono Dick, as you shall find if ever I catch one of you in a convenient place, you cowardly lubbers."

"Soyez tranquils, mes enfants," said the officer; "il sera pende."

This promise so far calmed the rage of the men, that they abstained from any further acts of hostility in the charitable hope of soon seeing their prisoner condemned to the ignominious fate reserved by the law of armies for the detected spy.

Had Jack understood the threat, he would merely have laughed at it. Simple and ignorant as he was, he would have known that, even in time of war, a man would not be hanged without some sort of inquiry.

Fortunately, General Bosquet, before whom he was taken, not only spoke English, but had several British officers with him at dinner, when the supposed Russian spy was marched into his tent; he recognised the uniform at a glance, and asked him if he were an Englishman.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jack. "I have found some one to understand me at last."

In his joy he would have thrown his cap into the air, had not those who had taken him tied his arms behind his back.

"Dear me," exclaimed Captain Craven; "if I mistake not the man belongs to my troop."

"To be sure I do, captain," replied the lad; "but these fools swear I am a Russian, though I told them over and over again that I was English. They might

have seen it at a glance," he added, "if they had looked at my points; but they know no more of a man's breed than I do of their lingo. Poor ignorant critters."

"There is no mistake about his being an Englishman," observed the general, with a smile.

"I should think not," said Jack, in a tone of self-complacency.

"I will vouch for him," added his captain.

"And, if necessary, I will do so, too," exclaimed Henri de la Tour, who formed one of the party; "not only that he is an Englishman, but as brave and good a man as ever drew the breath of life. I entreat," he added, addressing himself to General Bosquet, "that he may be at once released; it pains me to see one to whom I owe so much, treated like a felon spy."

Although this was uttered in French, the grateful heart of the speaker's former companion in exile guessed its meaning; and he began to feel that the French, after all, were not so savage and uncivilised as for the last two hours he had been inclined to think them.

"Thank you, Mr. Henri," he said.

"What brought you to our lines, my good fellow?" demanded the general, as soon as the cord which bound Jack's arms was cut.

"Come to see some old friends, general," replied Jack, saluting him.

"In what regiment?"

"Don't know, general."

"Their names."

"Won't tell you, general; got into a scrape myself, but ain't such a fool as to bring others into it."

"I am certain," interrupted Henri, "that I am one of the friends he alluded to, and my cousin here" pointing to his cousin, the chef-de-bataillon, "the other; we both invited him to visit us."

The French officer quitted the table at which he had been seated, and shook the lad warmly by the hand.

From that moment Jack's reconciliation with the French was complete; he even forgave in his heart the soldier who had somewhat ungenerously used his bayonet when he urged him to proceed; an act for which, he very justly remarked, when he related his adventure to his friends, the man had neither rhyme nor reason.

Jack's nationality thus duly established, as a matter of course he was at once released, and a soldier sent to conduct him to the hut of Henri, who promised to join him in less than an hour.

As he quitted the quarters of General Bosquet, Captain Craven reminded him of the necessity of his being back in time to answer the muster roll in the morning.

"The next time you wish to visit your friends in the French camp," he added, "come to me and I will give you a pass; it is fortunate for you that I am here, or the consequences might have been unpleasant else."

The late prisoner saluted, and turning on his heels marched out of the tent, which he no sooner quitted that he was surrounded by his former guard, who endeavored to explain to him, by a variety of shrugs, shaking of hands, and grimaces, that they were perfectly *au desespoir* at the unfortunate mistake they had made; some even carried their new found feelings of amity and contrition so far, as to embrace him.

It was "Bono Johnny, Englis! Englis!" in short, there was no knowing how far they might have carried their enthusiasm if the object of it had not rather peremptorily restrained it.

His new friends, however, insisted on conducting him to the tent of Henri, on reaching which, the shrugs, grimaces, everything but the embracings, were repeated. To the latter the object of their enthusiasm had evinced so decided an aversion, that no one offered it.

Jack imitated them as well as he could; first he thumped his breast, then drew his head between his shoulders, and shook hands with as many as were within his reach.

They separated at last, mutually delighted and reconciled with each other.

In less than an hour, he was joined by Henri and Julian; the former had, from the moment he recognised his visitor in the tent of the French general, entertained a presentiment that something had occurred to our hero.

The first word he uttered was the name of his friend.

"Master Charley be all right as yet," replied the honest lad; "but I be uneasy in my own mind, *look*, so I come to talk to you and Mr. Julian here. That cousin be a bad man, for sartin."

"What has occurred?" hastily demanded the Pole.

"What has occurred!" repeated Jack; "what never ought to have occurred; what never would have occurred, if poor young master had his own; but he'll get it one day, despite on 'em; I'm sure he will, or there be no justice on earth."

The two friends pressed him to inform them at once what had happened.

The humble but attached friend of our hero related, as briefly as his indignation would permit him, the scene which had taken place in the caucen, and dwelt with delight on the true British pluck, as he called it, which Charles had shown in thrashing the ruffian evidently set on to annoy and insult him.

"But he licked un," he added, in a tone of satisfaction; "he licked un! I be only sorry it worn't Cuthbert Vavasour, a sneaking cur, instead of Mat Parks, that's all."

"Thank Heaven it was not," observed the Pole; "it would have cost him his life."

"What!" exclaimed Jack, in a tone of indignation, "cost him his life for thrashing his own cousin? I can't believe it."

"For striking his officer," added Julian, gravely. "I should like to catch 'em hanging or shooting me," muttered the lad, "for thrashing my cousin Nat. Not that he deserves it," he continued, with a feeling of grateful recollection of the services which the sharp-witted tiger had rendered him on the occasion of his adventure with the police in London—"for if he be as snappish as a terrier, he be as true."

It was not without some difficulty that the friends brought the speaker to understand the relative position, in a military point of view, in which the two cousins stood.

"It will end badly," he said, when at last he did comprehend it; it must end badly. Master Charley will never stand to be crowed over by such a dunghill bird as Cuthbert."

"You have acted wisely," observed Henri de la Tour, "in coming to us, and making Julian and myself acquainted with the affair."

Poor Jack shook his head dolefully. He knew his young master's fiery temper and keen sense of injury much better, he thought, than they did.

"You must not let Charles know that you have seen us," continued the young Frenchman.

"Spoke he should ask me," replied their visitor, "I couldn't tell him a lie, and look him in the face at the same time."

"In that case, as a matter of course, you have nothing to do but to tell the truth," said Henri; "my meaning was that you need not tell him unless asked."

Jack gave a knowing nod, as much as to say that he comprehended him.

"And leave the rest to us," observed the Pole. "You have done your duty, neither Henri nor myself will shrink from ours."

At the first dawn of day, the two friends accompanied their visitor on his return to the quarters of his regiment, which they reached just as the men were falling in line to be inspected by Colonel Morely, who saluted them with cordial frankness.

Whilst watching and commenting on the appearance of the men under arms, Henri and Julian were joined by the cousin of the former, and several French officers.

"Fine fellows!" exclaimed the chef de bataillon, eyeing them with a critical air: "it must be a pleasure to command such soldiers; the same regiment, is it not, that your friend is in?"

"It is of that friend I wish to speak," replied the young Frenchman.

The speakers withdrew to a short distance from the group, and an earnest and animated conversation ensued.

No sooner was the inspection terminated, than Charles, who had recognized his former companion in exile, as he stood in the lines, hastened to join them. At his approach, Henri and his cousin separated; the latter, after shaking hands with our hero, directed his steps towards a cluster of huts appropriated to the officers.

With the permission of our readers we will follow him.

Cuthbert Vavasour had just taken off his uniform, when Mat Parks, whose features still bore the traces of the severe punishment he had received, informed him that a Frenchman wanted to see him.

"A sutler!" said his new master.

"No, an officer," replied the man, bluntly; for the compact of mutual crime had destroyed all feeling of respect between them.

At the word officer, the lieutenant began to feel exceedingly uncomfortable.

"There must be some mistake," he said.

"No, there ain't," answered Mat. "He speaks English well enough, that is, for a Frenchman; and he asked for Lieutenant Cuthbert Vavasour. I suppose I know your name."

"I did not mean on your part," observed the conscience-stricken coward, mildly.

"Don't care if you did."

"Admit him," added his master, after a few moments reflection, during which he turned over in his mind the possibility of avoiding an interview which he had a presentiment would prove an unpleasant one; "and leave us."

"I don't want to hear any of your secrets," muttered Mat, as he quitted the hut. "I know quite enough of 'em already; and as for leaving you, the corporal and a guard are waiting to march me up before the colonel."

This was the chief cause of the ruffian's ill-humor.

By the time Cuthbert had resumed his uniform, the chef de bataillon made his appearance. With the tact of a well-bred Frenchman, he apologised for not having his card; observing, that after all, soldiers and allies might dispense with etiquette, whilst in active service.

The Lieutenant eagerly assured him that such ceremony was unnecessary—that the uniform of France was sufficient introduction; then, after a slight pause, requested to be favored with the object of his visit.

"Ma foi! the simplest thing in the world; my cousin feels that he has received a grave offence."

"May I ask the name of your cousin?"

"Count Henri de la Tour."

"I really have not the honor of knowing the gentleman you name."

"There it is," exclaimed his visitor: "your not

knowing him renders the liberty you have taken the more unpardonable."

"What liberty?" demanded Cuthbert, who, although he perfectly comprehended the drift of the speaker, could not understand the means by which he was endeavoring to fix a quarrel on him.

"The greatest liberty which one man can take with another—the liberty of doubting his word."

"It is impossible that I should have expressed a doubt of the word of a gentleman," observed the cousin of our hero—determined at every cost, to avoid a hostile meeting, which was evidently the object in view—"whose name, till you pronounced it, I never heard."

"You openly stated your disbelief that Mr. Charles Vavasour had been exiled to Siberia, by the Russian government, and made his escape from that detestable country."

"I did express my decided disbelief" replied Cuthbert, "that a person who calls himself Mr. Charles Vavasour, now a common soldier in my regiment, had ever been exiled to Siberia, or escaped from thence; but how that can be construed into a cause—"

"C'est clair," interrupted the Frenchman, who felt anxious to bring the affair to an end; "nothing can be more frank and explicit than your admission. And all that now remains," he added, in a tone of satisfaction, "is to refer me to your friend."

"I am still as much at a loss as ever to comprehend," observed Cuthbert Vavasour, "how my doubt of the word of an adventurer can be construed into an offence to Count Henri de la Tour."

"It is because Count Henri de la Tour is the friend of that adventurer, as you disparagingly and falsely designate him," replied the chef de bataillon, warmly, "because he was the companion, not only of his exile to Siberia, but of his escape, and that a doubt cast on the veracity of the one, is the lie, indirectly given, to the other."

"Does your cousin assert this?"

"Most positively."

"In that case," coolly answered the lieutenant, "I can only say as positively that I believe him. I should never have thought of doubting the word of a man of honor."

"But you did doubt it," urged his visitor, who began to suspect that he was foiled.

"As General Tawn, Colonel Morely, and others doubted it," observed Cuthbert; "only till it was confirmed by the testimony of the Count. They were the first," he continued; "who expressed any opinion on the subject. If your cousin felt himself aggrieved, why not address himself to them? for it is as demonstrable as a problem in Euclid, that—"

"Was Euclid a soldier?" demanded the French officer, in an undisguised contempt.

"I believe he was both a mathematician and a logician," was the reply.

"Tres-bien, monsieur, tres-bien," muttered Henri's cousin. "I think the law would have suited you better than the sword."

"Possibly."

"Or the pulpit better than either."

"It is impossible to dispute the judgment of one who possesses such exquisite discrimination," said the coward, who began to feel that he had defeated the design of the speaker to involve him in a duel with his cousin. "May I ask you if you have any further communication to honor me with?"

The envoy eyed him with an air of amused surprise, in which, however, a feeling of anger and disappointment was visible.

"Do you play at chess?" he asked.

"I do."

"Then permit me to observe that chess is not always mate."

"My experience in the game has taught me as much."

"I wonder if this thing has any blood in his veins," thought the Frenchman, who began to feel irritated at the coolness and self-possession which baffled him by refusing to take offence, unless offered in such a form that he felt he should not be justified in the opinion of the world in giving it.

"You play prudently," he said, after a pause, "and know how to decline a challenge to chess. But there are games, an invitation to which a player cannot refuse without forfeiting his reputation for something more than skill."

"I have heard of such."

"Games," repeated his visitor, "in which, if one antagonist is defeated, his friends may claim a right to supply his place, especially if any unfair advantage has been taken. Now it strikes me that you and the gentleman you term an adventurer are playing such a game. I am sure you comprehend me."

The speaker turned upon his heel and quitted the hut without uttering the slightest salutation, so thoroughly indignant did he feel at the cowardice and baseness of its occupant.

No sooner was he alone than Cuthbert Vavasour began to indulge in bitter curses and invectives against his cousin. There was nothing extraordinary in his doing so, for independent of the great interest he had in crushing him, he hated him on account of his noble and generous qualities which contrasted so strongly with his own defects.

Men never felt so vindictively as towards those whom they know they have wronged.

Prudence whispered him that it would be wisdom to forego the influence of many pretty insults and annoyances, which their relative positions enabled him to perpetrate almost with impunity. He had escaped by

great tact from one danger, and did not feel disposed to brave a second, in which he might not come off so favorably.

After all, he thought, it was but relinquishing a pleasure which brought no solid advantage with it; that advantage could only arise from Charles's death, which Mat, he doubted not, would soon bring him intelligence of.

The hundred pounds, although indirectly, was not the less cleverly offered.

When Henri saw the flushed features of his cousin, he guessed that something unpleasant had occurred, and anxious to prevent his friend having any suspicion of the errand the chef de bataillon had quitted them upon, he hastily bade the former adieu and left him with Julian.

"Well," he said, taking the arm of his messenger, "have you seen him?"

"Seen him!" repeated the officer, with a gesture expressive of the most profound contempt; "yes, I have seen him. The fellow has no more spirit or honor in him than a Bedouin! Not half so much! Never vaunt the courage of the English to me again."

"Have you so soon forgotten Alma?" demanded Henri, reproachfully.

"There it is," exclaimed his cousin. "Injustice must be infectious; and I have caught it of this precious Cuthbert, else I should never have permitted a word disparaging one of the bravest nations in the world, to have passed my lips. For they are brave," he added, "and I am ready to cross swords at any time with the first man who doubts it in my presence."

Henri smiled; he knew the speaker's impetuous humor.

"But the result of your interview," he said, "with Lieutenant Vavasour?"

"Ay! speak of him," answered the former. "I can vent my bile upon his head with a safe conscience. I did everything I decently could to arrange a meeting between you. I am sure you would have shot him. But no. The fellow declared that he had never, directly or indirectly, doubted your word; quoted Euclid to me! talked mathematics! and when I expected him to refer me to a friend, he referred me to a problem!"

"The coward!"

"That's the word, Henri; a base, miserable, loathsome coward; and, consequently, all the more dangerous—although I flatter myself I have muzzled him for the present—for when I quitted him it was with a broad hint that he would be held responsible for any unfair play against his cousin—the adventurer—as he termed him!"

"Baffled," murmured the attached friend of our hero, in a tone of disappointment.

"Don't take it to heart," observed the chef de bataillon. "As I told the fellow, chess is not always mate; you shall have the pleasure of shooting him yet. Leave it to me. The officers of both armies will soon become on terms of intimacy. The English stand rather on their dignity as yet, but that will wear off, and then—"

"I cannot trust till then," said Henri de la Tour; "the safety of my friend may be compromised. Would he had been born a Frenchman!"

"In that case," said his cousin, "like yourself he would have worn the epaulette after his heroic conduct at Alma. We manage these things better in France."

We doubt not but many of our readers will be of the same opinion.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Vision, or shade, whate'er thou art,
In mercy ne'er again depart;
But further with thee bear my soul
Than winds can waft, or oceans roll.—BYRON

IN the very elegantly furnished drawing-room of a spacious mansion in St. James's Square were seated four persons, two ladies and the same number of gentlemen, all old acquaintances of our readers, who, we doubt not will welcome them, as old acquaintances should be welcomed, cordially and kindly.

The ladies occupied a comfortable settee drawn close to the fire; for it was in the month of October, and were conversing in confidential and almost whispered tones. Occasionally they were interrupted by an appeal from one or other of the gentlemen, who for the last hour had been battling over a game of chess.

The players were Frank Moreland and Sir Edward Challoner; the ladies Mrs. Moreland and the daughter of the baronet.

"I really do wish, Frank," exclaimed his wife, on being appealed to for the fifth or sixth time as to the propriety of certain moves, "that you and my uncle would play your game without disturbing us."

"But only this once, my love," replied her husband, good humoredly; "the point is really so very interesting and you are such an excellent judge."

The lady rose from her seat and cast her eyes over the board.

"Well!"

"You should have castled your king first," she said.

"But my queen?"

"Would have been guarded by the black bishop, and Sir Edward can't afford an exchange."

The speaker placed the pieces on the board in the position she had described, thus practically illustrating her opinion.

"I believe you are right," observed Frank, half doubtfully, and half convinced, "and yet I fancy—"

"Of course she is right," interrupted the baronet.

"Mary was not only the quickest but the best pupil I ever taught; Tricksey never had sufficient patience. You certainly have, Frank," he continued, in a patronising tone, "rather a pretty notion of the game, and in time will make a good second-rate player; but when you venture to set up your judgment against either your wife's or mine—"

"I must expect the punishment due to my presumption," said his antagonist, "and find myself beaten; it is two to one against me; I have no ally."

Thus indirectly appealed to, for the words were accompanied by a look to Beatrice, which said as plainly as words could say it, come and assist me, the heiress approached the table. As her father had declared, she never had patience enough to study the game, but she divined it.

"Well, Tricksey," said Sir Edward, "can you help Frank out of his difficulty?"

"I can't see that he is one yet, papa."

"Eh! what! no difficulty?" exclaimed the old gentleman, in a tone far less triumphant than the one he had previously spoken in.

"By giving check with his rook," continued our heroine, "Frank uncovers his white bishop and takes your queen's castle."

"To be sure I do," exclaimed the delighted Frank at the same time rapidly executing the move. "I knew that I was right."

"Tricksey," said her father, "that is a most undutiful discovery that you have made; it has lost me the game. Not that I care much," he added, with a look of comical resignation, "for the loss of one game."

"Perhaps Mary can assist you," observed his triumphant antagonist with a little good-natured malice.

Mrs. Moreland returned to the settee without a word of reply, and the conversation between the cousins was renewed.

At the termination of the game, which her husband won, he rose from the table in order to give the hasty impetuous baronet time to recover his equanimity, and advanced toward the ladies.

"We don't want you, sir," observed his wife, poutingly.

"I am come to ask pardon," replied the gentleman in a penitential tone.

"Pardon! for what?"

"For being in the right, Mary," whispered Frank. "It is not often that I am guilty of such an impertinence."

"That at least is true," said Mrs. Moreland, holding out her hand to him; "but mind you never offend in a similar way again."

The butler entered the drawing-room, and requested to speak with Sir Edward.

"Well, sir," exclaimed the old gentleman, "can't you speak?"

"Alone, if you please, Sir Edward?"

All the petulance of the defeated chess-player vanished in an instant; he rose from his seat and followed the man out of the drawing-room. Nearly half an hour elapsed before his return. When he did so his countenance was so flushed and animated that his daughter felt assured something extraordinary must have occurred to have excited him, and her heart divined its nature.

"Father," she exclaimed, "you have heard, you—" The deep emotion of the young girl deprived her of the power of concluding the sentence.

"Tricksey," said the old man, pressing her to his heart, "you know that I am never, or very seldom wrong; be firm, collected as I am; show the same fortitude in joy that you have displayed in sorrow. Don't give way to your feelings," he added, "his own voice at the same time trembling with emotion; "don't, for my sake, for his sake."

His daughter faintly murmured the name of Charles. "He is safe—quite safe; the poor boy has escaped from Siberia, where the rascally Russians had sent him, and is with the British army in the Crimea."

We must pass over the effect which the intelligence, so long, so anxiously hoped and prayed for, of her lover's safety, produced upon the heiress; tears and words for several minutes were equally denied her; it was in vain that Sir Edward entreated her to speak to her poor old father. The sympathy of Mary and Frank was unheeded.

"You have heard from him?" said Mrs. Moreland, terribly alarmed.

"Yes! I told her so!" exclaimed her uncle, wringing his hands in agony; "the shock has been too sudden; I have killed my child."

"Quick! give me the letter."

With a trembling hand the baronet drew from his pocket the one intended for his daughter.

With that tact which only women possess, Mary unfolded the precious missive, and placed it in the hands of her cousin. The eyes of the poor girl rested on it for an instant with a vacant expression; suddenly they became wet, then filled with tears; she pressed it to her lips, and sank, half fainting, into the arms of Frank Moreland.

"Place her on the sofa, and leave us," said his wife; "you may do so with safety now," she added, seeing that her uncle hesitated; "the crisis is past."

The old man pressed his lips to the brow of his still half-conscious child, and was led by Frank Moreland out of the drawing-room.

When Sir Edward was called from his friends by the butler, it was to inform him that his groom, Christie, had arrived from town and requested to see him privately. The faithful domestic divined the importance

of the letters which had arrived at the Moat, and started for London with them himself.

Whilst his master was reading them he regarded him with the affectionate solicitude of an old and favored servant.

"I knew the handwriting," he said, "and thought it best to bring them at once."

"Thank you, Christie, thank you, old boy," muttered his master, who was so overwhelmed with joy that he could scarcely speak.

"And Master Charley?"

"Is saved!" exclaimed the baronet with a burst of thankfulness. "God has watched over and protected him," he added, in a tone of the deepest gratitude and reverence. "May He pardon me if ever I murmured at His will, or presumed to doubt His goodness."

The door of the library in which the interview had taken place was thrown open, and Susan—utterly regardless of the great dread, as well as respect, in which she held Sir Edward—bounded rather than walked into the room. She had heard of the arrival of Christie, and guessed that intelligence had been received of the wanderers.

Considering that she was really a very pretty girl, and that Jack Curlin had been absent nearly two years, she had flirted very little; certainly not more than most ladies' maids would have done had they been placed in a similar position.

"Are they returned?" she exclaimed. "Where is he? Oh, do tell me."

"Where's who?" repeated Christie.

"Jack."

"How should I know?" replied the groom. "Do you think I brought him like a terrier pup in my pocket?"

At this answer—so different from the one she expected—Susan burst into tears: like most hopeful natures, she felt the disappointment the more keenly.

Christie was generally considered a very cross-grained man by the servants at the Moat, whereas, in reality, he was a kind one. His rough, snappish manner, and brevity of speech, were merely peculiarities. The shell was a hard one, but the kernel wholesome, healthy, and sweet.

"Don't be a fool," he whispered: "Sir Edward has the letters."

"From Jack?"

"From both of them."

The revulsion from joy to sorrow, and from sorrow again to joy, was too much for the nerves of the pretty waiting-woman. She laughed and wept by turns; declared one moment that she would run and tell her young lady the joyful news, and the next entreated her master to be careful how he imparted it to her.

"Christie," said the baronet,—terrified at the idea of Susan's imparting the intelligence to his child too suddenly,—when I am gone, lock the door of the library."

"Yes, Sir Edward."

"And don't let that girl out of the room until my return."

The old groom promised that he would not.

"And here," said the former, handing her an unevenly folded letter, which he drew from the packet, "here is something to console you in my absence."

The instant he quitted the library, Christie locked the door and seated himself by the window, leaving Susan to peruse Jack's letter, which, for the benefit of our readers, we shall give verbatim, together with the comments of the reader.

"My Deer Suzen,—I say deer—supposing you ain't married, or ain't bin a flirtin or keeppin compani with Tom, the gamekeeper, nor nobody else."

"Well, did I ever hear anything like that!" exclaimed the girl. "I flirt! I, who—but poor fellow," she added, "he was always inclined to be jealous."

"Master Charley and I," she continued, reading from the letter, "has been to Siberia, which ain't a bit loik Harleyford; there beant neither beef nor bacon there, seeing it grows nothing but snow; and no wedgetables, barring a few pine trees; but there be plenty of bears, wolves, and such cattle. We lived by killing the wild critters and selling their skins. Thank Heaven we got away at last!"

Most gratefully did the waiting maid repeat the ejaculation.

"Ho, Suzen, you can't never know, and I can't never tell you what we went through in sleeping in holes and caves, or perched, like crows, upon trees. We comed at last to a country where the English and the French—who are much better chaps than I used to think 'em—wor a fightin the Rooshians. We lived for a week upon a rook, upon raw fish and birds. Didn't I dream of the Moat, and the dinners in the servant's hall!"

"Ho Suzen, now comes the worst: our own proper, natural-born English treated us wus than the Rooshians. Master Charley and I was forced to 'list or starve; and that rascal Cuthbert is a horficer in the regiment; It goes to my heart every time I touch my cap to him. It can't come to a good end."

"We fort at Alma, I suppose you heard on it in England; and I've got some pretty things in the way o' pistols and bullets for you, if ever I get back, which I begin to doubt; but if I does, I'll make you a good husband—sposin you ain't got one already; so no more at this time from your true lover."

"JACK CURLIN."

"P.S.—Give my duty to Sir Edward and the young lady, and kind love to all friends at Harleyford."

Susan did not know exactly whether she ought to feel pleased or offended with the letter. Her con-

science most probably whispered that the writer's suspicions of her having indulged in what he called "a little innocent flirtation," were not altogether groundless. The story of his sufferings, too, pleaded in his favour.

"Poor fellow," she said, carefully folding the letter and placing it in her bosom, "what he must have gone through. A soldier! I wonder how he looks in his uniform. Better, I dare say, than in his livery. But Sir Edward will soon set that to rights."

Before being released from the surveillance of the old groom, a promise was exacted from her by the baronet that she would not name to her young mistress the important fact of Cuthbert Vavasour being in the same regiment as our hero. The old gentleman knew by his own feelings and apprehensions on the subject, how painful an impression it must produce, and naturally wished to spare his child the agony of doubt and terror.

The very next morning he went to the Horse Guards with the intention of procuring the discharge of Charles and his companion.

It was refused! the officials informing him that under the circumstances of the war, no such application could be granted.

To this decision there was but one appeal, and that appeal Mrs. Moreland undertook to make. She wrote off a full statement of the circumstances to an illustrious personage then in Scotland; and, in the course of a few days, was honored with a reply, worthy the benevolent writer.

The fact of the two cousins being in the same regiment and in such unequal positions, was a subject of painful reflection to the baronet. He knew the artful, unprincipled character of Cuthbert, the fiery temper, the impatience under insult of Charles. It was with the utmost difficulty that he could conceal his uneasiness from Beatrice.

After a long consultation with Frank and his wife, he decided upon starting at once to the Crimea himself.

"We will all go," exclaimed Mary.

At this her husband looked rather gravely.

"What, Frank!" she said, throwing her arms round his neck, and looking long and earnestly into his eyes, "do you hesitate when the happiness, perhaps the life of Beatrice is at stake? Will you permit my dear, kind old uncle to undertake such a perilous journey alone—refuse me the first serious request I ever made, and leave a noble-hearted friend like Charles Vavasour exposed to the dark plottings of his unworthy cousin?"

"It is for your sake, dear Mary," replied Frank; consider the difficulty of such a journey."

"In your yacht it will be delightful: besides, I adore the sea."

"The health of Beatrice," added the gentleman, who could not refrain from a smile at his wife's sudden partiality to a sea voyage.

"Tell her," replied Mary, "that she is going to meet her lover, and take my word for it she will find strength to endure it. I am sure I should," she added, with a glance of affection, "were you in Charles's place, and I in hers."

There was no resisting such eloquence, especially when the objections of her husband had been more on her account than his own.

"Be it as you and Sir Edward shall determine," he said, kissing her fondly; "you do with me as you please. I will at once order the *Mermaid*, the name of his yacht, "to be got ready for sea."

The baronet shook him gratefully by the hand.

At the very first hint of a journey to the Crimea, Beatrice declared that she was quite strong enough to start, and her physician being consulted on the point, decided that the fatigues of such a voyage were likely to be less prejudicial to her health than the slow, nervous fever which was gradually undermining her constitution.

In a week's time the *Mermaid* was ready. Frank did not see his father before starting, he feared his remonstrances against what might perhaps be considered an act of Quixotism, so took leave of him by letter.

The vessel was provided with every comfort that wealth could procure or affection suggest, and carried a surgeon on board.

The day before they were to embark, Christie requested to speak to his master.

"Come for orders, sir," said the old groom, in a short, dry tone.

"Orders!" repeated the baronet; "I really have none to give. You know exactly what is necessary to be done in my absence."

"I've arranged all that," interrupted the faithful fellow; "you don't suppose I came to bother you at such a time about such things, what I want to know is, what I am to do on board?"

"On board!" repeated Sir Edward, with a look of astonishment.

"Look ye, Sir Edward," said Christie, "you are not a-going without me. I went with you to college, I have been with you ever since; if you want to get rid of me so—but as for trusting you abroad without me to look after you—no, no, not while I remain in your service."

He dashed his black velvet hunting cap upon the floor of the dressing room, in which the above conversation had taken place, and stood with his arms folded, waiting a reply.

"Well, Christie," answered the old man, moved by the fidelity and affection of the speaker, "since you



BEATRIX CHALLONER BENIGHTED ON HER WAY TO THE BRITISH CAMP IN THE CRIMEA.

seem to think I am incapable of taking care of myself, I suppose I must have some one to do it for me."

"Of course you must; you will have quite enough to do in taking care of my young lady—Heaven bless her."

"You shall be my tutor then," added Sir Edward; "get your traps ready, and—"

"They are all packed," interrupted the groom, "for I had made up my mind one way or another."

Christie picked up his cap and quitted the room, reconciled to himself and his master.

The next day the Mermaid sailed for the Crimea, to which place we must once more direct the attention of our readers.

Although between the battles of the Alma and Inkermann, there was no engagement of decisive importance, several very brilliant skirmishes took place between the outposts of the allied armies and those of the Russians; they were occasions in which individual acts of courage and heroism were displayed, rather than strategical skill. In one of these Henri de la Tour had the misfortune to be severely wounded.

The English and French were charging at the instant side by side, and Charles, who saw his friend fall, fell from the ranks of his own regiment to aid him.

"It is nothing," exclaimed the gallant fellow; "in a few minutes I shall be able to—"

A sudden faintness came over him, and he sunk into the arms of our hero, who bore him from the field toward the ambulance, where his wound was dressed.

The surgeons pronounced it too serious to be treated anywhere else than at the hospital, which the French had established in the church of a Greek convent; and to this hospital Charles assisted to carry him, and only quitted him on the arrival of Julian.

Prudence as well as honor obliged him to do so; he might otherwise have been reported as a deserter.

Captain Craven was questioning him rather sharply on the cause of his absence on his return, when Colonel Morely rode up.

"It was an act of humanity," observed the latter, which induced him to quit the field. I witnessed it myself; he assisted a wounded French officer to the ambulance."

"My dearest friend," observed Charles.

"The Count de la Tour?"

"No other but he," replied our hero, "I fear he is dying, colonel," he added, "you once expressed your-

self satisfied with my conduct: Henri and I in feeling are more than friends; our sufferings in exile made us brothers. May I entreat permission to pass a few hours by his side, perhaps to receive his last words, his last wishes?"

"Granted," said the Colonel.

The soldier was about to start, so impatient did he feel once more to behold his wounded friend.

"But remember," added the speaker, "that you present yourself at the parade of the regiment in the morning."

"If I live I will be there," replied Charles, touching his cap as he darted away.

"A fine fellow that," exclaimed the commanding officer, "he is out of his place here."

Captain Craven was of the same opinion, too.

When Charles reached the hospital, he could not avoid mentally contrasting the extreme order and cleanliness which he recognized in it, to the confusion and wretched management of other establishments in the Crimea for a similar purpose; the difference he attributed, and perhaps justly, to the presence of the Sisters of Mercy; wherever humanity is to be sojourned, or suffering cared for, there is their mission, and nobly do they fulfil it.

One of the purest and best of the daughters of England has since followed the example of these ministering angels; and many a wounded soldier, as he breathed his prayer in the midst of suffering, invokes a blessing on the name of Florence Nightingale.

Our hero found that an opiate had been administered on account of the painful nature of his wound, and that Henri slept. Julian was watching by his side.

They silently pressed each others' hand.

"There is hope," whispered the Pole at last; "the surgeons assure me so."

Charles seated himself by the side of the pallet, to share the task of guarding his friend, with the speaker.

It was near daylight when the wounded soldier awoke; the slumber had refreshed him, but he felt exceedingly thirsty, and asked for water.

One of the nuns approached the foot of the bed, with a portion of cooling drink.

No sooner did the eyes of Henry de la Tour meet hers, than he raised his head from the shoulder of Julian, on which, from sheer weakness, he had let it fall—and his whole frame became excited.

"Lelia!" he exclaimed.

Charles recognised, in the religieuse, the fair Circassian, whose emotion was scarcely less great than her lover's.

"Lelia!" repeated the patient; "angel of mercy and of death, sent to close my eyes and guide me to eternity! one word—one little word, to convince me that my wandering brain has not deceived me."

"Henri," said the nun, endeavoring to assume a firmness she was far from feeling, "Heaven has willed it we should meet again; be calm, for my sake—for the sake of all who love you, be calm. Your life hangs upon a thread."

"One word more, and it is broken," replied the young Frenchman; "are you a nun professed—bound by the irrevocable vows which—"

"Bound by no vows," replied Lelia, "save those of love to you; I heard that you were lost to me for ever, and assumed this dress, and the duties of those who wear it, as a protection. I am here to watch by you; to tend and nurse you. Live, then," she added, "for her whose heart is yours alone."

She extended her hand towards him—Henri raised it to his lips.

"Real! real!" he murmured; "and not the dream of madness."

Again he relapsed into a state of insensibility.

"Dead!" shrieked the fair Circassian, throwing herself upon her knees by the side of the couch.

"Not so," said Julian, who had placed his hand upon the heart of the patient; "he lives—lives for love and you."

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Oh, what makes woman lovely? Virtue, faith,
And gentleness in suffering—an endurance
Through scorn or trial. These call beauty forth,
Give it its stamp celestial, and admit it
To sisterhood with angels.—BRENT.

For many days the dark Angel of Death o'ershadowed with his wings the couch of Henri de la Tour. The utter prostration which succeeded to the excitement caused by the meeting with the fair Circassian was fearful; his pulse beat but faintly, and his languid eyes, half veiled by their drooping lids, seemed to awaken to the consciousness of what was passing round him only at the voice of Lelia, who watched,

with all a woman's patient sweetness, when she loves, by the side of the wounded soldier, in whose fate the deepest sympathy had been excited, not only in the medical attendants, but in the breasts of the Sisters of Charity, who, like ministering spirits, waited round his bed, intent upon their mission of mercy. A prince could not have been better tended.

If Lelia quitted his side but for an instant, two or three of her companions supplied her place. Every wish of the patient was anticipated, his pillow smoothed before the expression of his features denoted that he required it, and the cooling draught held to his lips unasked for.

Before so much devotion and deep affection, the King of Terrors slowly and menacingly retired, as if reluctant either to resign his victim or strike a blow which would take two lives in one—for it was evident to all that the existence of Lelia hung upon that of her lover.

True, she yielded to no wild despair—no passionate burst of tears, the safety-valves of sorrow; the depth of her grief could only be measured by its silence. Her heart was like a cord stretched to its utmost tension and incapable of vibrating; it must either be relaxed or break.

Julian scarcely ever quitted the bed-side of his friend, and whenever Charles could obtain an hour's liberty from his military duties, he too shared his watch.

Ten days had elapsed before the chief surgeon of the hospital ventured to express a favorable opinion of his patient; and even then it was conveyed rather by looks than words. He feared the too probable effect of a sudden revulsion of feeling produced by the change from despair to joy upon the worn-out frame of the meek, quiet girl, whose mental agonies had equalled, if not exceeded, the bodily sufferings of Henri. To the Pole and our hero he was more explicit.

"Nothing," he said, in reply to their questions, "but the unremitting attention and care of his angelic nurse could have saved him; science may do much," he added, "but it cannot accomplish all."

"He is saved, then!" eagerly exclaimed Charles Vavasour.

Julian spoke not, but fixed his eyes hopefully and inquiringly on the surgeon.

"Yes," answered the latter, deliberately, "I think I may pronounce that he is; but it will be long, very long, before he is again able to resume his duty with his regiment. The system has received a powerful shock, originally it must have been exceedingly healthy, strengthened by exercise and toil, else it could not have endured it. My only fear now is for Lelia."

"Woman's heart is strong by nature," observed the Pole; "and Heaven has tempered hers by the hard lessons of adversity."

"The change from despair to happiness, too suddenly announced might—"

"Joy seldom kills sir," interrupted our hero, "and the information will not be so unexpected as you imagine. Think you she has not read your every look as you stood by the bed-side of your patient? Not a word, a gesture, a smile of satisfaction has escaped her; her heart was too deeply interested in the result not to have traced the dawning hope, even from its birth."

"Perhaps you are right," said the surgeon; "but at any rate, it is better the conviction should steal as it were upon her, strengthen with her strength, instead of being at once imparted."

On quitting the ward of the hospital in which the above conversation had taken place, the two friends hastened to the one in which Henri had been placed. Lelia raised her eyes at their approach, and fixed them anxiously; it seemed as if the poor girl had divined the purpose for which they had quitted the bedside of the patient, and awaited the result as a sentence of life and death.

The advice of the surgeon was too sensible to be disregarded; both Julian and Charles had fully made up their minds not to betray too suddenly the consolatory hope—the almost certainty—they felt in the recovery of their companion; but the resolution gave way before the mute, but eloquent imploring look of the fair Circassian, an involuntary smile lit the features of each, and in that smile, the patient, suffering maiden found that her heart had divined aright that her lover would be saved.

For the first time she yielded to tears.

"Heaven is merciful!" she murmured, extending a hand to each. "The prayer my lips lacked strength to speak, but which my soul offered, has been heard."

"It has, Lelia," replied Julian, who felt that further concealment would be cruelty. "Be firm—pray be firm; show the same fortitude in happiness which you have displayed in sorrow."

A convulsive sob escaped her.

"For his sake," added the speaker, pointing to Henri, who unclosed his eyes at the sound. "The least emotion might undo all that the skill of the surgeon and your own patient love have achieved. Remember that his life still hangs on a thread."

With a superhuman effort of self-command, Lelia controlled her feelings, repressed her tears, the wild expression of her joy, the outpourings of her heart, and appeared collected and calm again.

Henri faintly murmured her name.

She took his hand and pressed it silently; to speak was too much even for her fortitude, the trembling of her voice would have betrayed her.

"Charles! Julian!" slowly repeated the patient, as he recognized each. "I have had such sweet dreams; I have been wandering in the valley of the Yon, in my

own sunny France. I saw her vine-clad hills, the chateau where I was born, as distinctly as in my boyish days. The dead, too, were there; old familiar faces smiled upon me—lips that have long been cold spoke words of welcome. I shall soon rejoice them," he added, "soon rejoice them! And yet I feel stronger—much stronger than I did."

"We must all one day, dear Henri," observed our hero, "rejoice those whom we have loved and lost; it is but a question of time."

"True," replied the wounded man. "Don't weep, Lelia—don't weep."

"But you, I trust," continued his friend, "will pass many happy years on earth first."

The patient shook his head incredulously.

"With affection for your nurse—youth on your side—honor, happiness in the future," said the Pole, "the cords of life are not so easily broken."

Henri fixed his eyes upon him inquiringly, as if to demand whether he really felt the hope his words conveyed.

"Dear Henri," whispered Lelia, "you must not fatigue your returning strength by premature exertion; remember that the nurse's office is absolute."

Her lover pressed her hand to his lips and faintly smiled.

"You must take the draught," she continued; "there will be time enough to speak of these things again."

She raised a cup to his lips. It contained a composing draught which the surgeon had prescribed. Henri drank it with the docility of a child, and overcome by the slight exertion he had made, closed his eyes again, and speedily fell asleep, holding her hand in his.

At the least attempt to withdraw it, he appeared restless and uneasy.

From that day the progress of the young soldier towards convalescence, though slow, was sure. He soon became sensible of the change, and would converse for hours with Lelia, indulging in dreams, waking dreams, of happiness for the future; painting the bliss of an existence passed in each other's society, in a life of confidence and love.

Frequently he would urge her to quit him and take some repose, observing that he was strong, quite strong, now; and that the paleness of her cheek almost rivalled his. She would promise him, but the next day, like the preceding one, found her at her post.

The purest affection is jealous of its rights, and what right more precious than that of tending the couch of suffering, watching the return of health in those we loved.

There was too much romance in the story of the two lovers not to create a sensation, especially in the French army, where Henri was so well known and admired for his chivalrous daring at the battle of the Alma, and the public manner in which Marshal St. Arnaud had conferred on him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. The adventure of the fair Circassian and the young officer soon became the topic of conversation in both camps, and reached at last the ears of General Scratchenoff, or in other words, the ex-governor of Gheritz Khan.

That excellent person, although still a prisoner, was not without the means of daily communication with Prince Menschikoff, to whom he imparted the fact of Lelia's presence in the hospital, well-knowing that that the Russian general could render no better service in the eyes of the Grand Duke Constantine, than placing the high-minded virtuous girl once more in his power.

In the eyes of the amorous Duke it would almost atone for the mortification of the late defeat.

The task was a difficult one, but the general was not without hopes of being able to accomplish it. By means of the little English and French he had picked up at St. Petersburg, where those languages are far more frequently spoken in society than Russian, and the opportunity he had had of adding to his knowledge during his imprisonment in the camp, he contrived, not only to explain himself, but to comprehend pretty well all that was said.

With the instinct of an evil nature, he attached himself to Cuthbert, perfectly convinced, from all that he had seen and heard, that he should find in him a ready instrument in any project that threatened the happiness of either Henri and Charles.

Under pretence of exchanging lessons in English and Russian, the two worthies frequently met and talked over matters together.

"Still I cannot see," observed Cuthbert, when his new friend, after great circumlocution, and a variety of hints, at last spoke plainly, and unfolded his design to him, "how the carrying off of this Circassian girl, whom all the officers are raving about would aid me in my desire to ruin my cousin."

The Russian replied only by a gesture of impatience.

"He is not in love with her."

"But his friend is," urged the tempter.

"True."

"And that friend, whom he loves like a brother, is wounded and incapable of protecting her," continued the general. "The task, of course, will devolve on him, for he is one of those chivalrous fools who believe that friendship has its duties as well as pleasures. He will ask leave of absence."

"Which will be refused," observed the lieutenant.

"He will take it, then," whispered the ex-governor of Gheritz Khan, "and you know the consequences. Now do you see the advantage?" he added, in a triumphant tone, satisfied that he had settled the only doubt which Cuthbert entertained.

"His ruin," muttered the former

"Certain."

"His degradation."

"Of that there can be no doubt."

"And possibly his death," added the cousin of our hero.

"If properly managed," coolly answered the general. "Every day we live brings with it its lesson. Formerly I saw no other means of removing an enemy from my path than violence. My residence at St. Petersburg gave me clearer views upon the subject—a more refined philosophy. I now permit him to remove himself."

"How so?"

"By exciting his passions, and turning their action, like the sting of the scorpion, against his own heart and brain," replied the Russian. "It is far more scientific and less dangerous," he added.

"But suppose his passions are generous ones," observed Cuthbert.

"It renders the game more certain," was the fiend-like reply. "The generous heart is seldom on its guard."

Although the degraded man—degraded by the fact of his listening to such a proposition—did not at that moment give any positive reply to the offer, he promised to consider of it, and with this promise the ex-governor was content the seed was sown, and he doubted not but in time would bring forth fruit. He had rightly judged the soil.

Whilst this sinister project was being concerted against the happiness of Lelia, who imagined herself perfectly safe in the asylum she had chosen, the events of the war followed rapidly; Balaklava with its glorious though disastrous charge of cavalry, which was succeeded in turn by Inkermann.

On the 6th of November the Russians attempted to force a position, which, contrary to the advice and repeated representations of General Sir de Lacy Evans, had not been fortified. True, a battery of earth and sand-bags had been thrown up, but no guns were mounted—a neglect which Menschikoff was speedily apprized of. During the night the Russian general issued from his stronghold, and brought up an overwhelming mass of troops and artillery, ready to open at the first dawn of day upon the encampment of the English, against which they advanced in force about five in the morning!

Never was a surprise more complete. Aides-de-camp were seen galloping in all directions; officers half-dressed, calling to their men. Shots flew like a storm of hailstones through the camp, crushing the tents, and tearing up the earth where they fell.

Sir George Cathcart—a name for ever to be honored and regretted in the British army—was the first to turn out his division. General Brown, with his usual promptitude and courage, led on his men, and the troops under their command were soon exposed to the fire of an invisible enemy, for the Russians were hid from view, not only by their position, but by the deep mists of the morning.

Inkermann has justly been called the "soldier's battle." It was fought and gained by them. Neither the English nor French commander-in-chief had much to do with it. It was a series of episodes—of deadly struggles between masses of men who fought hand to hand, in which the supremacy of the British in the use of the bayonet was well maintained.

To add to the horrors and confusion of the scene, all the detached forts round Sebastopol opened their fire, whilst the ships in the harbor fired shot and shell.

It is far from our intention to presume to describe the battle of Inkermann—it has already been done by the most able, as well as the most eloquent of modern pens; we need not say that we allude to the glowing and brilliant account written by the correspondent of the *Times*. Enough to add, that if it left us much to be proud of, it left us also great cause to mourn. The gallant Cathcart fell.

Colonel Seymour, who remained by the body of his chief, to defend it from insult, was savagely bayoneted by the Russians.

The battle was nearly over, when our hero, who with his regiment had been engaged in the thickest of the fight, saw three Russian soldiers attacking a young English ensign who bore the colors. The gallant youth defended himself with desperate courage, determined evidently rather to die than surrender his honorable charge. Charles flew to his assistance, calling on Jack Curlin, who had fought all day by his side, to follow him.

But Jack had something else to do; he caught sight of Mat Parks in the act of levelling his rifle at his dear young master. With a deep execration, a cry of mingled fear and horror, he sprang forward, and caught the arm of the ruffian just as he pulled the trigger.

The bullet passed over the head of the intended victim, and the next instant a shot, fired from behind a tree, laid the assassin dead.

Who had fired that shot, neither Jack nor his master ever could ascertain. Certainly it could not have come from the enemy, for there was not a Russian near in that direction—the doubt was, did it come from a friend, or an accomplice, anxious to conceal his participation in the attempted crime.

"O, Master Charley, Master Charley!" exclaimed the faithful fellow, as he bayoneted the last of the three Russians who had attacked the young officer, "this be cruel work; it be hard enough to defend one's life against our enemies, but to be fired at by our own countrymen!"

"What mean you?" demanded our hero, who had

been too deeply engaged in the struggle to notice what had passed.

Jack pointed to the body of Mat.

"Surely you did not shoot him?" exclaimed Charles.

"If I had," replied the lad, "it would have served him right, for he would have shot you."

"By whose hand did he meet his death?" demanded his master, as soon as he comprehended the affair, and the danger he had escaped.

"It won't a Russian," said his preserver.

"Evidently not," observed the young soldier, looking round him.

"Nor mine," added the former. "Heaven forgive me if I judge him wrongly, but as I am a living soul, I believe it was your cousin's."

"Cuthbert!" exclaimed Charles; "he would never have raised a hand to save me."

"Not he."

"Explain yourself."

"I will," answered Jack; "although he would not have raised a hand as you say to save you, he might have raised one to take the life of the man who had failed to take yours."

At this instant a charge of cavalry separated them, and they met no more till the conclusion of the battle, so gloriously decided in favor of the Allies.

Foiled in his first project against the life of our hero, for we scarcely need inform our readers that the attempt of Mat Parks had been instigated by his unprincipled master, Cuthbert resolved to enter into the conspiracy of General Scratchenoff to carry off Lelia. He knew the generous, warm, impetuous, nature of his cousin, how strongly the feeling of friendship bound him to Henri, and felt assured that no personal consideration would prevent his following the unmanly ruffians and attempting her rescue.

It will be pleasant, thought the scheming villain, to see him shot as a deserter, or hear of his having been slain by the lances of the Cossacks; all that he will leave behind, a dishonored memory. "The Russian was right," he added; "there are no weapons so deadly as the human passions, if skillfully directed against our enemies."

With this determination, he sought the governor the very next day. The wily tempter saw, by his air and hesitating speech, that he had fallen into his views, not that he had explained to him their full extent. Once compromised, he determined to obtain not only his own liberty, but a signal advantage for his countrymen, through the instrumentality of his dupe.

"It was cleverly arranged," he said.

"I do not comprehend you," replied Cuthbert, coloring deeply.

"Pshaw," continued the Russian; "I have heard it all. The regiment talks of nothing else than your servant's attempt upon the life of your cousin: pity it failed—men do not pronounce your name, but they point at you; the affair cannot end without inquiry."

"And the more searching," observed the traitor, "the clearer will my innocence appear. I was in a distant part of the field at the time. The attempt to shoot the fellow was made, it seems, just before your countrymen made their last dash at our batteries, Captain Craven and several of my brother officers can prove I was by their side, for I took out my watch, and called their attention to the hour."

"Not so bad," exclaimed the general, with a grin.

"Do you mean to insinuate?"

"I insinuate nothing," interrupted his new friend; "why should I? and to what purpose? I have no interest to prove the possibility of your having been on both points of the field within the same quarter of an hour."

Cuthbert felt deeply annoyed; he had been less clever than he imagined.

"Or that the very fact of calling the attention of your brother officers to the hour in the midst of the confusion, din, and strife of the red field of war, is in itself a strong suspicion against you. You remember the old paradox?" he added.

"What paradox?"

"Who proves to much proves too little," replied the general; it holds good in the present instance. I am glad, however, that your servant does not survive; his death was a lucky incident."

"A most unfortunate one for me, it seems," observed Cuthbert, "since it has deprived me of the means of proving the injustice of the suspicion against me. He and the fellow who calls himself my cousin had a violent quarrel—a fight,—some affair of the canteen, which I did not deem it advisable to inquire into curiously. Mat got soundly thrashed, and that explains the rest. But I did not come, General Scratchenoff," continued the speaker, "to justify my conduct to you."

"Perfectly unnecessary," observed the former, with an ironical bow.

"My name and character stand too high to render such a humiliation necessary to any man. What possible interest can I have whether he lives or dies?"

"He is your cousin."

"True, but illegitimate," replied the young man.

"There," said the ex-governor, "you must permit me to say that you are in error. Since the expiration of my term of office as governor of Cheritz Khan, I have resided in St. Petersburg, and various circumstances brought me in contact with the chief of the secret police, Count Berkendorf, who felt as anxious as you feel, to be assured of the young fellow's death."

"What interest can he possibly have whether he lives or dies?"

"I'll tell you, since I perceive that we are likely to

become friends. At the instigation of a person whom I dare not name, but whom your cousin had the temerity seriously to thwart and offend, he was banished to Siberia, and a scheme plausibly arranged to impress the world with an opinion of his death, drowned by accident in the Neva."

"It was given out so," observed Cuthbert with a sigh.

"Such powerful interest was made by personages high in power," continued the Russian, "such diplomatic influence used, that the affair was brought personally before the emperor; who, relying on the assurance of his minister, pledged his word for your cousin's death."

"Think you the Czar believed it?" demanded his hearer.

"Doubtless," answered the ex-governor, drily; "not that it affects the point. Berkendorf naturally became alarmed, and I received certain instructions. Unfortunately they came too late; the prisoners, by one of the most artfully planned manoeuvres, had escaped. Suspicion was not even raised," he added, bitterly, "so cleverly was it executed. I returned to St. Petersburg, and assured both the minister and the illustrious personage alluded to, of his death."

"Then you, too, are compromised," exclaimed his new friend.

"Slightly," replied Scratchenoff. "These circumstances led to an inquiry as to the motives of your cousin on visiting the country; the result proved beyond a doubt that he was born in St. Petersburg, where his father had privately married the daughter of a naturalized Russian subject."

"Married!" repeated Cuthbert, in a tone of disappointment; "married!"

"Beyond all doubt—the priest who united them still survives; the witnesses who were present are yet living on the estate of Colonel Harewood, the brother of his mother; the proofs of his legitimacy can at any moment be produced."

The speaker paused to watch the effect of his words, and soon perceived that they had operated as he wished upon the mind of his hearer, who saw at once, that unless Charles were removed, Vavasour Manor, for the possession of which both himself and his father had so deeply sinned, must pass from him."

"What do you intend to do?" he asked.

"Two courses are open to me," said the general; "the first is to see your cousin, and offer him, as the price of his silence respecting his exile and treatment in Siberia, the proofs of his legitimacy. He is one of those fools," he added, "who have not yet learnt to barter their plighted word, who feel themselves bound by the bugbear which men like himself call honor. I may rely upon his promise."

"The other course?" demanded Cuthbert, impatiently.

"To destroy him," replied the Russian; "to gratify the hate I feel for one who has outwitted me, triumphed over me; whose existence, if known, may at any time strip me of my rank, titles, and the favor of my protectors; but I cannot accomplish it alone. You, who are equally interested with myself in his death, must aid me."

It needed but little persuasion to induce a man, who had already advanced so far in crime, to accede to the proposition which he had already half made up his mind to accept; still he did not choose to clutch at the offer too quickly.

"And in the event of success," he said, "the proofs you speak of—"

"Should then be yours," answered the ex-governor; "for under such circumstances they would be valueless. You are his next heir."

"Unless he made a will," observed Cuthbert, gloomily; "and he is quite artful enough to do so; but for that I must trust to chance. I am with you," he added, "heart and hand—body and soul. The plan you propose is feasible; would it were the surest."

"The surest," whispered the Russian, "has been tried, and failed; you need not appear in the affair; I can easily find the means to allure Lelia from her asylum. For even here," he added, "I am not without friends; the difficulty will be to avoid the outposts of the French and English armies."

"Or pass them," said the traitor.

"For that I must have the countersign."

"You shall have it," exclaimed Cuthbert; "make your arrangements. Keep your share in the agreement, and I will not fail in mine."

With this promise, the men, who were in every respect so worthy of each other, shook hands and separated, each well pleased in having secured an ally so capable of serving his own peculiar interests.

CHAPTER LXIX.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues;
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

SHAKESPEARE.

The conversation narrated in the preceding chapter had aroused the worst passions in the heart of Cuthbert Vavasour, who saw himself on the eve of being disappointed not only in fortune, which in itself was galling enough, but in revenge; which was, if possible, dearer to him still.

"Never," he muttered to himself, "shall he return to Harleyford—to Beatrix—to triumph over me, his poor dependent cousin, to succeed where I have failed. No, proud beauty," he added, "your tears shall pay

me for the scorn and ridicule heaped on me and mine. By Heavens! I could not rest in the grave if I thought her hand would ever again be clasped in that of Charles."

For some time he continued to walk slowly towards the camp, wrapt in gloomy thoughts, yet not so deeply absorbed but that he observed the marked manner in which several of his brother officers avoided him. The fact was that the gallant conduct of our hero, both at the Alma and the preceding day at Inkermann, had excited considerable interest in his favor, which was not lessened by the assassin-like attempt upon his life.

There was no clue, no proof to connect that attempt with Cuthbert; and yet, by a chain of doubts rather than reasoning, men did connect it.

Instead of weakening his resolution, these marks of the suspicion in which he was held only served to confirm it; they irritated him, and like most cowardly natures, he could only draw courage from passion.

"Charles's good genius deserted him," he thought, "when he became a soldier. His enlisting in my regiment was a sure pledge of his destruction, and I accept the omen: fortune seldom favors a man twice. Oh, I will weave the web so closely round him," he added, "that a gnat should not escape."

He was in error; at the very moment he indulged in anticipation in the ruin of his cousin, the good genius which he imagined had abandoned him, was on the sea, enshrined in the form in which all that is good on earth most frequently presents itself; that of a lovely, loving woman.

The ex-governor of Cheritz Khan did not require much time to arrange his plans for the abduction of Lelia. He had plenty of men to aid him in the persons of the Russian soldiers, prisoners of war like himself. The poor fanatical wretches, although disabused of the opinion so carefully instilled into their minds by their popes or priests, that the English were demons who inflicted all kinds of horrible tortures on their enemies, did not cease to regard them with a kind of indistinct terror. They were heretics, foes to the Czar—the idol, and, not to speak profanely, almost the god of Russia.

Lelia, Julian, and our hero, were assembled round the couch of Henri, whose advancement towards health during the last few days had been so rapid, that his recovery appeared certain. The surgeons no longer interdicted his conversing, and many a plan was sketched between them for the future; that future which promises so much, but in nine cases out of ten realizes so little. The Pole alone appeared thoughtful and silent.

"Such dreams," he said, in answer to an observation of Charles's, "may be permitted you; you have a home and a country, to which Providence will doubtless one day restore you."

"Both of which shall be yours," exclaimed his friend; "our happiness would be incomplete without you."

"True," said Henri, "it is a sociable blessing; and cannot exist long alone."

He raised his eyes to Lelia, who blushed at the hope his words conveyed.

"Am I not an exile?" she said.

"You love," was the reply; "and love knows no country, its home is with the object of his choice."

As the hour was advancing the two friends rose to depart. The speaker to return to the quarters of General Canrobert, to whose staff he was attached as interpreter, and Charles to those of his regiment, which were not less than two miles distant.

Before leaving him Henri insisted that they should persuade Lelia to retire.

"See how pale her cheek is," he said; "her ceaseless vigils during my hours of suffering have injured her health. Try your eloquence," he added; "mine has failed already."

"But for this night," urged the fair Circassian.

Both Julian and our hero represented to her that it was unnecessary; that sister Martha or Maria would supply her place; adding that the good nuns would be sure to call her in the event of anything occurring to render her presence necessary.

Lelia yielded reluctantly; it seemed like an abandonment of her duty, to delegate the task of watching the sleep of her wounded lover to another. Before quitting the ward she once more smoothed his pillow, saw that the cup with the cooling drink was within reach of his hand, then bending over him, touched his forehead with her lips, imprinting on it as pure a kiss as e'er an angel gave.

"Heaven bless her," murmured Henri; "I owe her my life."

"You will owe her a still greater debt," observed our hero, "your happiness. How gladly would I have endured all you have endured but for a word from Beatrix; to have her by my side, to have heard the music of her voice. There is a pleasure even in suffering, when it is soothed by those we love. Poor Beatrix, what must she have felt at my long supposed death? Perhaps she has forgotten me. No, no," he added, after a moment's reflection; "Heaven pardon me the ungenerous thought, the wrong done to an angel's constancy; Heaven is less likely to change than Beatrix Challoner."

"Guard well that confidence," said Julian; "do not forget that the first sin that entered Eden was a doubt."

"And yet you doubt," replied his friend.

"Of things! of politics! the promises of governments, the material interests which cross and shift and

turn men from the path of duty; but of woman in her loftiest type, of a pure and virtuous woman, never."

When the fair Circassian crossed the hall of the hospital on her way to her cell, she saw several of the Sisters of Charity grouped round two females, one of whom wore the dress of a Circassian; the other was Peggy Stok, who kept the canteen.

Both were gesticulating vehemently, endeavoring to make themselves comprehended by the good nun, who spoke nothing but French.

"Did I ever hear the like," exclaimed Peggy; "they won't understand me, though I speak as plainly as an English born tongue can speak."

Even these words might not have arrested the steps of our heroine, had she not heard the Tartar woman, and in her own Circassian tongue.

"He will die, his errand unfulfilled."

She at once advanced, and demanded in the same language what had occurred.

At the sound of her native tongue, her countrywoman—for she was really a Circassian—uttered a cry of joy, and falling at her feet, kissed the hem of her serge robe.

"It's a messenger from Schamyl," she said, "entrusted with important papers and a token to the generals of the allied armies. He has been attacked and wounded by the Russians, who tried to intercept him: he is dying for want of succor."

"True enough," added Peggy; "the poor fellow could scarcely speak when he staggered into the canteen. Not knowing what better to do," she added, "I came here."

At the name of Schamyl, Lelia became greatly moved; she remembered the noble conduct of the mountain chief, and at once determined to see his messenger.

"Where is this man?" she demanded.

"At the canteen," exclaimed both the woman,

"And the distance?"

"About a mile and a half," answered Peggy.

Unsuspecting of danger, the poor girl declared at once that she would accompany them. A light tilted cart was at the door of the hospital; she entered it without hesitation, for the driver wore the uniform of the same regiment that our hero had enlisted in.

"Had you not better take some one with you, sister?" demanded one of the nuns. "The night is dark and the way long; there may be evil-minded men upon the road."

Unhappily the suggestion was not acted upon; what could she have, she asked, to fear?

For nearly a mile the vehicle had to pass through the French encampment. On reaching the outposts the sentinel demanded the word; the driver of the cart did not know it, and the officer was called. To him Lelia explained the cause of her journey, and without much difficulty succeeded in prevailing on him to allow her to proceed; her robes as well as her sex being a passport in the eyes of every man in the French army.

On approaching the English lines, the extreme point of which they were compelled to cross, the driver answered readily to the challenge; this was the difficulty which General Scratchenoff had foreseen, and which the treachery of Cuthbert had enabled him to provide against.

"Do you know the name of Schamyl's messenger?" demanded Lelia of her countrywoman.

"No."

"How came you to meet with him?"

The female answered evasively, something about her encountering him in the wood after the Russians had left him for dead.

A faint suspicion, for the first time crossed the mind of the fair Circassian. It did not leave any very strong impression; was not the driver an English soldier? and there by her side sat Peggy Stok, her honest simple features beaming with benevolence and good humor.

For some time they journeyed in silence; when the challenge of an English sentinel was repeated, and the word given as before; immediately after which the little cart was driven along at a pace which nearly deprived them of breath.

"The road is terribly rough," muttered Peggy.

"You must have passed it in coming to the hospital," observed Lelia, who began to feel a vague sense of uneasiness and doubt.

"No I did not," exclaimed the corporal's wife; "and I only crossed the line once; that stupid fellow must have mistaken the way. Stop, stop!"

Instead of attending to her request, the man only lashed his horse the more.

"What can he mean by such behavior?" continued the woman, in a tone of surprise; "but I'll soon see."

She advanced to the opening of the cart, at the back of the driver's seat, drew aside the tilt, and endeavored to catch the reins. A violent blow from the ruffian dashed her back to the bottom of the vehicle.

"God!" murmured Lelia, "for what fresh trials am I reserved!"

At the same instant the Circassian woman sprang upon her, and throwing a thick shawl over her head, effectually prevented her crying out for assistance, even if assistance were at hand.

They were soon after joined by a party of Cossacks who compelled them to alight from the cart and mount behind them on horseback.

"Heaven help you," said Peggy to the red-bearded ruffian who carried her off, "if ever you fall into the hands of Peter Stok."

The fellow merely grinned; although a most accomplished savage, his acquirements did not extend to a knowledge of the vernacular in which Peggy spoke.

Lelia spoke not. She knew that it would be a mere waste of words to appeal either to the humanity, or justice of her captors. In the midst of her distress, her thoughts reverted to Henri and the too-probable effect of her loss upon his scarcely-recovered health; would they ever meet again! Hope scarcely dared suggest the probability.

Although the ex-governor of Cheritz Khan had succeeded in securing the person of his victim, he was still far from having accomplished all his designs. The passage to Sebastopol was as effectually barred to him by the lines of the Allies, as the sea by their fleets. His only chance was to proceed by land. To effect this it became necessary to remain concealed for some days in the neighborhood whilst his preparations were making.

Like a skillful manœuvrer he had foreseen the difficulty, and secured a retreat in the country house of a Greek merchant, situated in a secluded spot about thirty miles distance from the camps of the allied armies. It was daybreak when the party arrived there.

"Ah, lady! I hope you do not think that I had any hand in this treachery," exclaimed Peggy, wringing her hands, "I have been deceived as well as you."

"I trust so," replied Lelia.

"Believe it," added the woman, "for both our sakes; we may then be a comfort to one another in affliction."

"Heaven will support," observed the Circassian.

"No doubt—no doubt," muttered Peggy, "Heaven is very good; but I wish Peter was here. I never felt such a desire since I have known him to see his dear ugly, honest face. What will they do with us—murder us?"

"Calm your terrors," replied the maiden; "it is not our lives they aim at."

"Not our lives!" repeated the cantiniere; "then why don't they rob us and let us go?"

"Nor our money," added the former. "A Sister of Charity has no gold to tempt the cupidity of man. There are worse dangers than robbery."

"Why you don't mean that—the brutes!"

"Pray," added Lelia firmly, "pray for courage and support."

Seeing the calmness of the speaker, Peggy began to feel somewhat reassured—added to which she had great faith in the perseverance as well as the affection of her husband. Peter she knew would never rest till he had discovered the place of her concealment; he would move heaven and earth to find it. No military duty—no fear of punishment for the breach of it, could restrain him in the camp; and for the first time in her life she blessed the jealous love which had so frequently been her torment.

The house to which they had been conducted was a lofty stone building, situated in the depth of a valley, which intersected the vast plain lying between the steppes and the sea coast. It was so screened by woods, that travellers might pass within a furlong of the place without suspecting that it contained a human habitation.

Mauveyits, the name of the owner, had constructed it with the double view of safety and pleasure. Nothing could be more delightful and picturesque than the surrounding scenery; but the loneliness of the situation exposed it to the attacks of the Tartars, who, despite their subjugation to the yoke of Russia, could not refrain from indulging occasionally in the predatory habits of their race. Hence the walls were constructed of unusual strength and the lower windows of the building were secured with iron bars.

It was into one of these rooms that Peggy and Lelia were conducted, and the door locked carefully upon them. As for the Circassian woman, the agent of the ex-governor in the affair, it was considered useless to confine her with them. She had acted the part she had been paid to act, and was permitted to remain at liberty.

It was a relief to both the prisoners to be freed from her presence.

About mid-day, a repast, consisting of cold meats, fruit, and wine, was brought to them by two of the female servants of the house, who began arranging the table.

"Well," thought Peggy, "they don't mean to starve us, at any rate," and she began to take courage.

Like most persons who have seen much of military life, the pretty cantiniere had all her wits about her, and she noticed that, whilst the domestics were engaged in preparing their breakfast, a young Greek, who acted as jailer, kept peeping from time to time into the room. He was exceedingly handsome, had large lustrous black eyes, and features stamped less with the cunning than the beauty of his race.

It was Leon, the only son of the merchant who had placed his house at the disposal of the Russian General.

Once or twice their eyes met, and Peggy used hers with that little harmless coquetry which every woman knows how to employ.

The youth smiled, and advancing into the room said something to her in Greek.

Peggy shook her head.

He next tried her in French and Italian, but with the same result.

"She is an Englishwoman," said Lelia, addressing him in his own language: "we have been unjustly carried off from our friends. You are young, and ought to have a heart to feel for our distress; assist us

either to escape, or to convey a letter to the camp of the Allies."

Leon shook his head.

"I am not so poor as you imagine," continued the maiden. "Once at liberty, I reward you nobly."

"I, too, am rich," replied the youth; "it is not gold that would tempt me to serve you, even if I felt inclined—but I dare not."

"Dare not!" replied Lelia, in a tone of contempt. "Ah! true, you are a Greek, and the willing slave is ever the most obsequious."

"Slave!"

"What else is he who obeys—servilely obeys—the commands of a despot—aids him in an act of oppression against a helpless woman."

She turned from him with the air of one who felt that it would be useless to make any further appeal either to his interests or his heart. The Greek boy colored deeply and quitted the chamber.

"I shall see him again," thought Peggy, and she was right in her presentiment.

When Henri awoke the following morning, he found Julian seated by the side of his bed. He extended his hand to him, and pronounced the name of Lelia.

"You forget," said the Pole, in his usual calm tone of voice, "that by your own request we last night persuaded her to take the repose she so much required."

"True, true!" replied the invalid; "I did not think I had been so selfish."

"Since then," continued his friend, in the same unembarrassed manner, "she has been sent for."

"Sent for!" repeated Henri.

"Yes; one of her countrymen, it seems, charged with despatches for the commanders of the Allied armies, has been waylaid by the enemy; they say that he is dying; and where there is a work of mercy to perform, Lelia will not be wanting."

All this was related so naturally, that Henri never entertained the slightest suspicion of the truth; it was necessary, the surgeons stated, by every possible means to keep it from him. Hence, the poor nuns, who were almost distracted at the loss of Lelia, whose patient virtues and goodness of heart had endeared her to them, repressed their tears in his presence, and answered him cheerfully. Lelia had been sent for, they said, by superior orders—which it was not possible that she could refuse to obey; they trusted she would soon return, but that depended upon the will of others rather than her own.

With this assurance the patient was obliged to be content—and so well was the harmless, because necessary, deception carried on, that he never for an instant suspected the truth.

The first intimation which our hero received of the misfortune which threatened to blight the happiness of his friend, from Peter Stok, who came raging to his quarters to make inquiries after his wife. The jealous corporal had never forgotten the kind interest Peggy had expressed towards the handsome young recruit, or the insinuations of Mat Parks; he felt certain, therefore, that Charles could give some account of her.

"You're wronging me by these suspicions, my poor fellow," said our hero, "is of little consequence; but don't wrong your good and virtuous wife. I know nothing of her—have not seen her since the day of the quarrel in the canteen."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed the exasperated husband. "I know that she is here. I will see her."

"You wrong her," once more repeated the object of his suspicions.

"I can't wrong her," retorted the corporal, bitterly.

"True," exclaimed Julian, who arrived in time to overhear the last remark; "the dead cannot be injured by the injustice of the living."

Poor Peter staggered as if a bullet had pierced his brain.

"Dead!" he faltered.

"Most likely: she has been carried off by the Cossacks."

"The villains—the murderers," muttered the corporal. "I'll follow them. I know that she would not willingly have left me, no, not for the handsomest face in the regiment; and I to suspect her! but I never deserved such a treasure."

A few brief words from his friend explained to Charles what had occurred.

In less than an hour all three set out with a stern determination to recover Lelia and Peggy, or terribly avenge them.

CHAPTER LXX.

The generous heart needs not the whisperings
Of calculating prudence, but follows
Its own promptings.—OLD PLAY.

IN starting with Julian and Corporal Stok, who was half mad with despair and jealousy, in search of Lelia, Charles Vavasour listened only to the dictates of his heart; he never once thought of the breach of his military duties, or the terrible consequences which might follow what, in all probability, would be construed into an act of desertion. He thought only of his friend, the companion of his sufferings and exile, wounded and helpless—unable to pursue the unmanly ruffians who had bereaved him of the object of his affections.

Much time was wasted in inquiries at all the outposts of the camp, and mid-day had passed before they discovered the slightest clue to the course the agents of the ex-governor had taken; even then it was a faint

and uncertain one. The sentinel who had been on duty declared that when he challenged the driver of the cart the man had given the countersign correctly, and drove off with a rapidity which, under any other circumstances, would have excited his suspicion; but having the word, he concluded that treachery was out of the question.

"And which way did they go?" impatiently demanded the corporal.

The man pointed to the wood on the south side of the camp.

A brief consultation was held between the two friends; as for Stoak, so greatly was he excited by the loss of his pretty Peggy, that he was incapable either of giving an opinion or taking any decided step himself.

"It is quite clear," said the Pole, "that treason exists in the camp."

"Treason!" repeated our hero, with surprise, for it never once entered into his frank and loyal heart, that it was possible for an Englishman to betray his country. "You are—you must be in error."

"Can you explain," continued Julian, "by any other means how the agents of the Grand Duke Constantine knew the countersign?"

Charles remained silent.

"And that they did possess it is clear."

"Certain," replied the former; "the gold of Russia has corrupted the fidelity of some miserable wretch, who—"

"Not the gold," interrupted his friend; "there have been other engines at work. Passions and interests have been played on. Although a prisoner, our ancient oppressor has not been idle. He is one of those men who have grown gray in base intrigues, who has made it the purpose of his life to study human nature, to bend it to his purposes. Think you," he added, "that so fair an opportunity as the character of your cousin afforded has been either unseen or neglected?"

"You shall judge," gravely answered the Pole; "from the hour when I first became acquainted with his presence in the army, I have had my eyes upon him, and from his actions have judged the man. Your quarrel with his servant was incited by him."

"Granted."

"The attempt upon your life, which the devotion of Jack defeated, was also your cousin's suggestion."

Charles remained silent. He had never doubted for an instant that such really was the case, although he forebore to declare his opinion.

"And the shot," continued the speaker, "which sent the assassin to his account, sealing his lips for ever, was fired by the hand that paid him for his previous villainy. Is it too much, then, to suppose that the man who could descend to murder, would hesitate at treason? No! his intimacy with General Scratchenoff, as the ex-governor of Cheritz Khan now calls himself, explains the facility with which the abduction of Lelia has been accomplished."

There was a terrible logic in the words of Julian, which his hearer could not disprove, and he blushed to think that his name—the name of Vavasour—of which he felt so proud, might one day be branded with dishonor, and made a by-word for treason and baseness.

"It is terrible," he observed at last, "to reflect upon what man's evil passions make him."

"We are what we make ourselves," replied the Pole; "the evil passions you complain of, were given us to subdue—tasks for the exercise of virtue—battles, to which none are sent unarmed, unless deprived of reason. Few of us can look back without recalling some fierce struggle with our earthly nature; and those are happiest who have won the victory. But enough of this; I am playing the philosopher when I should act the friend."

After the brief consultation, it was decided that the party should follow the direction indicated by the sentinel, and explore the wood. The ground was soft from the rain which had lately fallen, and the friends trusted to the ruts made by the wheels of poor Peggy's cart as a clue to guide them. To experienced hunters like Julian and Charles, the track would be sufficient evidence.

They had proceeded about two miles, when the corporal who, in his impatience, had advanced before them, drew suddenly up, and stood with his hand to his cap. The cause was explained before either of his companions could demand it, by the appearance of several officers, who, followed by an escort, turned an abrupt angle of the wood. The foremost rider was Colonel Morely, next came Captain Craven, Cuthbert, and an Aid-de-Camp, who were followed by two personages, whose uniforms were concealed by large military cloaks. It was evident from the deference with which they were treated, that they were of high rank in the army.

On seeing two men in the uniform of his regiment so far from the out-posts, Colonel Morely reigned up his charger, and called to them to advance.

Stoak and our hero drew near and saluted him.

"Deserting!" said their commander, in a severe tone.

"Deserting!" repeated the corporal, with more warmth than respect. "I thought, Colonel, you knew me better. Haven't I been in the regiment man and boy, thirty-five years? Haven't I a good conduct stripe? Has my name ever been on the punishment list? Haven't you yourself said that there wasn't a better man in the service? Deserting! and to the rascally Russians who have robbed me of my wife, my

darling Peggy. That's bad enough to bear, but to be taken for a—"

Indignation and grief choked the poor fellow's utterance. Morely, who at first had failed to recognise him, felt convinced that whatever the intentions of his companions might have been, he had wronged Peter by his suspicions.

"Explain yourself clearly, my poor fellow," he said. "I can't explain; shoot me, if you like," muttered the corporal; "desert indeed!"

As briefly as possible our hero related the abduction of Lelia and Peggy, the manner in which it had been accomplished, and how he and the outraged husband had started to follow the ravishers.

"Of course you asked permission of the major," observed the colonel.

"I forgot that I was a soldier," replied Charles, coloring deeply, "and remembered only that I was a friend."

"It is fortunate that we have met, young man," said his commanding officer; "the consequences otherwise might have been more serious than you imagine. I grant you and Stoak leave of absence for three days; beware how you exceed the time."

The only person sufficiently near to Colonel Morely to hear his words when the permission was given, was Cuthbert Vavasour, and a scowl of disappointment and anger passed over his face. One part of his execrable project appeared to be defeated.

"At the expiration of your leave," continued the speaker, "you and Stoak, whether successful or not in your search, must return to the regiment. A day later, and you will both be considered and treated as deserters."

So saying, he turned his horse's head, and rejoined the party he had quitted at a brisk trot.

That same night the Colonel was ordered by General Tawn to make a reconnaissance, at a point not more than two miles from the spot where he had met our hero and his companions. They encountered a piquet of Russians, who fled at their approach, but unfortunately fired first, and Morely fell, his death deeply lamented by all who served under him, *save one*, and to that one his fate was a source of joy, for in the hurry of starting on his ill-fated expedition, the Colonel had forgotten to write in the orderly book the leave of absence he had granted to Stoak and Charles; who, consequently, were looked upon by all in the regiment as having gone over to the enemy. When we say all, as a matter of course, we except Jack Curlin and Sergeant Bailey. The suspicions of the former when he heard that his young master was missing, were directed to Cuthbert, and he threatened that if any harm had befallen our hero, his dastardly cousin should answer dearly for it; and he was exactly the kind of person to keep his word.

Bailey, whose remorse for the share he had in the ruin of our hero's prospects was deep and sincere, overheard more than one of these threats, and anxious to prevent the terrible consequences of any outburst of indignation on the part of Jack, contrived that the latter should be included in a draught of his regiment who were to be sent the next day to Balaklava—where confusion had established her reign; where stores of provisions and ammunition were lying on the quays for want of a road to convey them to the camp.

At break of day the detachment started. Many and bitter were the murmurings of the brave fellows as they waded through what had now become a perfect morass. Sometimes they were up to their knees in mud; then, by way of variety, scrambling through low, stunted, prickly brushwood, a cold, sleety rain pelting in their faces.

"A battle," the men observed, "would have been child's play to it!"

On their way they encountered parties of soldiers laden like mules; some with shot, others with provisions, all cursing and grumbling at the want of foresight which rendered such toil indispensable to the safety of the army.

None endured these sufferings better than Jack. The rude apprenticeship he had served in Siberia, and during his escape, had hardened him; and had his heart been less heavy with melancholy forebodings as to the fate of Charles, he would have smiled at the rest. As it was, he marched sullenly and gloomily, appearing to take a savage delight in each fresh hardship as it presented itself.

It was nightfall before they reached their destination, where no arrangements had been made for their reception. The consequence was that the detachment were compelled to make them themselves, and passed the night in one of the churches, to the intense horror of the Greek priests, who deemed the temple polluted by the presence of the unwashed, hungry heretics.

It is not our intention to dwell upon the want of organisation, both in commissariat and engineering departments, which produced such disastrous results to our army in the East. A far abler pen has already described them. Casks of biscuit and beef, with no other covering than a tarpaulin thrown carelessly over them, were rotting in the wet; the quays so encumbered with packages that circulation was impeded; clerks and storekeepers were running madly about, asking for orders which no one appeared authorised to give; surgeons entreating for medical stores, buried in the holds of vessels unable to discharge their cargoes. Babel must have been an orderly and comfortable place in comparison to it.

"Well," thought Jack, as he stood leaning on his musket in his sentry-box, and coolly surveying the scene, "if this be soldiering and glory, give me the

plough-tail and home. Siberia be a paradise to it. What would folk say to it in England, if they could see it?"

This was on the morning after his arrival in Balaklava; he had just gone on duty.

"Grog for the camp," he cried, as a couple of stout Highlanders marched past him with a barrel slung on a pole, which they carried upon their shoulders.

"No," replied one of the men, with a grin; "pepper."

"Pepper!"

"For the soup of the Russians," added the Scot; "and I'm thinking it will make the kail mair het than they like to tak it."

"Just look ahint ye and ye'll see the pepper-box," drily observed the second Highlander, "and that'll tell ye the sort of pepper we are carrying on."

About a hundred paces lower down on the quay, Jack saw a number of men dragging a heavy gun.

It was gunpowder they were laden with.

It was in this manner, for want of a proper road, that artillery and ammunition were obliged to be conveyed to the camp. We have often wondered why large flat-bottomed sledges were never tried; but had any one suggested the experiment, in all probability, a model, in the first instance, would have had to have been made, then sent to England for the Board of Ordnance to have reported on, and by the time the navvies, who were afterwards sent out, had completed the road, permission arrived to have used them.

From the scene of confusion near him, the attention of the sentinel was soon directed to a trim-looking cutter or yacht, which had just entered the harbor. Evidently it was not a government vessel; there was no swallow tail pendant floating from the mast.

"Would I and Master Charley," muttered the honest lad, "were on board of you, and your sails set towards England. I have had quite enough of *furrin* parts. What fools men are, he added, "to leave their comfortable home, to see the world, as they call it. For my part, I wish it wor no bigger nor Suffolk, and I safe in Harleyford."

From the recollection of native place, the thoughts of the speaker naturally wandered to Susan, and the friends whom he began to despair of ever seeing again. He wondered how she looked; whether she had been faithful to him during his long absence, or had found another lover: a suspicion not altogether unreasonable when the natural inclination for coquetry of the pretty waiting-maid is taken into consideration.

For nearly an hour Jack remained chewing the cud of sweet and bitter reflections, speculating alternately on the fate of his young master, and the prospects of Susan's fidelity. During this time, a boat had put off from the yacht, which had been ordered by the harbor master to cast anchor on account of the number of vessels alongside the Quay, and rowed towards shore. A party consisting of two ladies, and the same number of gentlemen, all well muffled up in furs and cloaks, stepped on shore, and were guided by a young midshipman to a house, one of the best in the place, directly opposite.

"How like that old gentleman's walk be to Sir Edward Challoner's," said the soldier. "Pooh, I be gettin' soft and foolish loike. I shall fancy, I suppose, that I see Susan next."

Scarcely had the words escaped his lips than another boat, which had closely followed the first, came alongside, and a female, laden with a hand-box and sundry small packages, stepped on shore, accompanied by an old man in livery; but it was on the former that the eyes of Jack were fixed. Never had he seen such a likeness; he rubbed his eyes, fancying that his imagination had deceived him; and not satisfied with the experiment, next pinched his nose to convince himself that he was not dreaming.

He came at last to the conclusion, that if he was not mad, it was either Susan or her ghost, and shouted out her name.

He was right; the yacht which attracted his attention was no other than the *Mermaid*, from which Sir Edward, Beatrix, Mary, and her husband had just landed; and the second party consisted of honest old Christie and the waiting maid, who, on hearing the voice of her lover, recognised it in an instant, and dropping her packages stared around her.

"Here! Susan, here, in the sentry box," said Jack.

The girl, who really loved him, sprang across the quay, and the next instant was locked in his arms, to the great amusement of a party of sailors who were passing,—and, we might add, to their envy, for, as we have before observed, Susan was remarkably pretty.

Poor Jack was almost frantic with delight! he hugged both her and his musket in one affectionate embrace, and even went so far as to commit a petty larceny, amounting to half a dozen kisses, before she missed them.

"Heaven bless thee, Susan," he said; "I never thought to see thee again. Thee beest as handsome as ever,—what do I say? ten times more beautiful! How be Sir Edward and young lady? Thee bean't married? Who broke the bay colt? Lord! Lord! I shall go mad with joy! give I another kiss."

The waiting maid reminded him that he had taken more than he was entitled to already.

"But how didst thee get here?" demanded her lover.

"With the *Mermaid*."

"Really now," said Jack, with a look of surprise; "Well, that be curious. Tho' I've seen so much of furrin parts, I never seed a mermaid. Master Charley says there bean't such critters."

Susan explained to him that it was the name of Mr. Frank Moreland's yacht, in which she and her master and Beatrix had made the voyage.

"It was Sir Edward himself, then," exclaimed the astonished lad. "Well, I thought I know'd his walk again; and if I beant dreaming—just give me one kiss to convince me I am not—I seed old Christie—"

"Of course you did."

No sooner had the groom recognised Jack than, leaving the lovers to the transports of their meeting, he hastened to the house to inform the baronet, who accompanied by Frank Moreland, hastened into the street. Never had the poor lad felt so proud and gratified as when the old gentleman shook him by the hand, in the presence of Susan too, and called him his faithful, honest friend.

"I have only done my duty, Sir Edward," he blubbered, "and perhaps not always that, for we have seen mortal hard times of it."

"They shall be pleasant ones for the future," observed the father of Beatrix; "but where is the dear boy?"

The countenance of Jack fell; the question was a damper to his joy.

"Can't tell ee, Sir Edward," he answered, with a groan.

"Not tell me," repeated the baronet; "Why surely you have not abandoned him?"

"I abandon him! I leave Master Charley! Not for all the gold in London, and they do say there be a mortal lot there," replied the lad; "not that I ever found any," he added, with a sigh of bitter recollection. "He has left me; they say he has gone over to the enemy, but it's a lie, a wicked lie; I'd stake my life on it."

"And I mine," added the baronet, emphatically. "What!" he continued, in a tone of indignation, "Charles, who has ever shown himself the soul of honor, desert the colors of his country—go over to the enemy, draw the sword against those of his own blood and race! Impossible—the accusation is as monstrous as ridiculous, and none but a fool would give ear to it."

"Or one who felt an interest in his ruin," suggested Frank Moreland. "You forget that his cousin Cuthbert is in the same regiment, and that no tie of kindred, no sense of shame, would prevent that very politic young gentleman from using every means to blast the reputation of one who has proved his rival both in love and fortune."

"True," muttered Sir Edward, "true. Alas, the misery of evil days is not ended yet. This sad news must be kept from Tricksey," he added: "a second blow would kill her."

Both the gentlemen impressed upon the mind of Jack the necessity of concealment. They knew how cunning the affection of woman is, how persevering, that it tries a thousand means to gain the intelligence it seeks.

"You will be questioned," they said, "on every point; the slightest hesitation or discrepancy will be perceived. You must be firm—rock—marble."

"Never fear me," replied the honest fellow, "though I'd rather put my right hand in the fire than tell a lie to Miss Beatrix—still, if it is for her good, I'll not flinch. I beant the ignorant, simple critter I wor," he added, "when Sir Edward sent I to London wi' a letter for Master Charley. Siberia be a rough school, but a good one, and the Rooshans hard masters."

Satisfied with this assurance, Frank Moreland, who had made up his mind to keep the distressing intelligence even from his wife, proceeded at once to the quarters of the commandant of Balaklava, to whom he was personally known, and readily obtained a day's liberty for Jack, whose joy was sufficiently tempered by his anxiety respecting the fate of his young master, to render him cautious, and in less than an hour he presented himself at the house which had been taken by a Greek agent for the baronet.

It was a very fortunate circumstance that Susan, who, in her womanly sympathy for the feelings of her mistress, resolved to be the first to impart the joyful intelligence of her meeting with Jack, had not remained to hear the conversation between Sir Edward and her lover. There would have been no possibility of keeping a secret had she shared in the keeping of it. It must have come out, despite the promises and well-intentioned resolution she might have made to the contrary.

Mary and the heiress had scarcely taken possession of the apartments in their new abode, when the waiting-maid burst into the room, and, with a sort of half hysterical giggle, threw herself upon the couches, exclaiming—

"I have seen him! I have seen him!"

Beatrix turned exceedingly pale, and her cousin, alarmed at the imprudence of the girl, vainly attempted to check her volubility. She might as well have tried to stop the Falls of Niagara, by placing one of her tiny feet against it—or have put its waters in her reticule.

"He has got away safe from the bears and the Rooshians," continued the waiting maid, "and though they have made a soldier of him, Sir Edward will soon settle that. Oh, my lady! oh, Mrs. Moreland! you can't think what I felt when I heard his own dear voice shout out, 'Susan, here in the sentry box.'"

"Whose voice," exclaimed Mary, impatiently; for, seeing that the explanation was inevitable, she felt for her cousin's agony.

"His voice! Jack's voice! Jack in a box!"

A violent hysterical laugh closed her speech, and it

was some moments before there appeared the slightest chance of obtaining a reasonable answer from her—moments of dreadful suspense to the heart of the heiress.

"Susan," said the poor girl, placing her hand upon her arm, "for Heaven's sake tell me whom it is you have seen?"

"Jack, my lady, Jack Curlin, my own dear Jack."

"And his master!" gasped Beatrix, who dared not trust herself to pronounce the name of our hero, lest her fortitude should desert her at the word.

"I haven't seen him yet," replied the waiting maid, struck with sudden remorse at what appeared selfishness, in not having inquired after her young lady's lover. "But he is quite well. He must be well, or Jack would have told me. Of course," she added, "they would not put a true born gentleman like Mr. Charles in a box. He will be here soon; they will both be here."

When the baronet and Frank returned to their abode, with the intention of breaking the intelligence as cautiously as possible to our heroine, they found, to their vexation, that Susan had been beforehand with them. Poor Beatrix was in a state of great nervous excitement; she fixed her eyes anxiously upon her father, then directed them towards the door of the apartment, as if expecting some one to follow.

"I know it all, papa," she exclaimed, at the same time throwing her arms around the old man's neck; "you have seen him."

"I have seen one of them," replied Sir Edward Challoner, forcing a smile, "and the other is not far off. Tricksey," he added, pressing her fondly to him, "now when our troubles and anxieties are so nearly over, when happiness begins to dawn bright and unclouded, now is the time for firmness, to bear up against the transports, the madness of joy, as nobly as you struggled with grief."

"Do not fear me," replied the poor girl, cheated into happiness by these words; "it will not kill me. Charles," she whispered—"There, you see I can pronounce his name, and my lips do not even quiver, or the blood forsake my cheek. One word—one little word, and I will wait patiently, father, patiently for the rest—does he live?"

"Live!" repeated her parent, and a pang rent his kind old heart as he evaded the question. "Did not I meet you with a smile? Look at Frank—does he not partake of my satisfaction? Of course he lives."

"And is well."

Jack Curlin, who has been sent here with a portion of his regiment, saw him only three days since at the camp in perfect health. There has been no battle," he added, "no engagement since then, so we have nothing to apprehend on the dear boy's account. This is the secret I came to break to you, only, that chattering hussy," he added, glancing at Susan, "I find, has been beforehand with me."

The speaker was, perhaps, the only person in the world of whom the pretty waiting maid stood really in awe, but even her patience gave way at what she considered Sir Edward's unreasonableness. Had she reflected at the possible effect of her precipitation on the excited mind of Beatrix, it might have modified her anger; as it was, she turned her head and muttered something about the poor having their feelings as well as the rich.

"True," said the old gentleman, good humoredly, for he felt that it was useless to blame her. "And I was wrong to speak so harshly, but you forget that you deprived me of the pleasure of imparting the joyful intelligence to my daughter myself."

Susan suddenly recollected that she had done so. "And that your manner of imparting intelligence is not the most cautious in the world. But there—away with you," he added; "you will find one below, who doubtless thinks you faultless. Whether marriage may one day cause him to change his opinion, is your affair, not mine."

Glad to escape, the waiting maid hurried from the room, and descended to the apartments occupied by the servants, where, to her great delight, she discovered Jack, who had already commenced relating a portion of his adventures to Christie and the rest of the baronet's domestics, who could scarcely believe that the raw country yokel, whom they had formerly laughed at, and played so many tricks on during his short residence at the Moat, and the man who had been exiled to Siberia, escaped from thence, snared sabres, and shot a bear, was one and the same person. In their opinion, he was quite a hero. And Jack modestly allowed them to enjoy it.

After a rough but rapid outline of his and his young master's adventures, the honest lad proceeded next to describe their enlistment in the army, and the manner in which Cuthbert Vavasseur treated his cousin. A burst of indignation followed; it was succeeded by a feeling of horror at the attempt made upon the life of Charles, which the speaker unhesitatingly attributed to the instigation of his relative.

"The monster!" exclaimed Susan.

And the word was echoed by all who heard it. Christie thrust his hand into his bosom, just between the waistcoat and shirt; he appeared to be feeling for something. One of the footmen gave a knowing smile, as if he alone comprehended the action.

"And where is poor dear master Charley now?" demanded the maid, anxious to repair her former omission and have something positive to impart to her lady.

"I saw him at the camp only three days since," replied her lover.

"Was he well?"

"Quite."

"And only a simple soldier like yourself!" added Susan, in a tone of surprise. "Well, I should have thought they would have made a captain of him at the very least. But his fighting will be all over—and yours too—for I know that before we left England Mrs. Moreland had a long interview with the Queen, and that her Majesty has done something, I don't exactly know what it is, for both of you."

"Glad to hear it," observed Jack, drily. "I shall be quite content to repose upon my laurels; I don't want any fresh ones."

"Especially as you don't intend to repose on them alone," added Mrs. Moreland's own maid, with a laugh which brought a deep blush into the cheeks of the pretty Susan.

The bell rang twice: a signal that Sir Edward Challoner required the presence of Christie, who rose and quitted the room. Scarcely had he closed the door, than the footman, who had given so knowing a smile when the old man thrust his hand into his waistcoat, drew his chair closer to the table, with the air of a man who had something to communicate.

"You all remember the duel?" he said.

Every one but Jack did recollect it, and he did not think it worth while to interrupt the speaker with any unnecessary inquiries—an example we most conscientiously recommend to our readers.

"Well," continued the man, "after the great London doctor had extracted the bullet, no one could tell what became of it."

"True," observed another of the servants. "I heard him inquire after it myself, and he seemed vexed at the loss. I wonder what he wanted with it."

"I could tell what became of it," said the first speaker.

"You."

"Yes. Christie has got it," he added, lowering his voice; "he carries it sewn up in the lining of his waistcoat."

"What use can it be to him?" demanded Susan, who was a great lover of the marvellous. "Have you any idea Jack?"

"Perhaps I have," replied her lover, with a knowing look. "Christie beant the man to keep a thing of that sort without one day finding a use for it."

"Not a word," said the footman, as he heard the footfall of the subject of the conversation in the passage; "he would never forgive me, and Christie be an awkward customer to offend."

A general "not a word," and a hush followed, as the groom opened the door and appeared amongst them.

Sir Edward had yielded at last to the entreaties of his daughter, to see Jack, of whose discretion he did not feel altogether assured, and Christie had been sent to summon him to the presence of the ladies.

"If you have any bad news," observed the faithful domestic, as he quitted the room with the young soldier, "Keep it to yourself."

"Why should you think I have any bad news?"

Christie shrugged his shoulders.

"Did Sir Edward tell you so?"

"No," replied the old man; "but he bade me desire you to be cautious, and I guessed what that meant; besides, I have not lived so many years in the world without learning a lesson or two. You don't speak of Master Charley freely when any one asks you where he is, or how you left him; your eye grows troubled, and you change the subject as quickly as possible. My young lady, Heaven bless her, who is as shrewd as she is beautiful, will be sure to observe all this."

"Thee beest a cute chap," observed Jack, with a smile; "and if I had not so faithfully promised Sir Edward and Mr. Moreland—"

"Keep your promise, if you have made one," interrupted Christie, "I don't want you to break it. If the Squire—that was the name by which he generally designed his master—thinks it necessary I should know anything, he will tell me himself; and if he doesn't, I'd rather not hear it. All I have to say," he added, "is to repeat his own words: Be cautious."

Thus warned, Jack was ushered into the apartment in which the ladies and the two gentlemen were seated. The eyes of the heiress filled with tears as she placed her hand in that of the companion of her lover, whose fidelity had won him a place in her gratitude and esteem. The poor lad felt more embarrassed at the honor than when Sir Edward himself had shaken hands with him; he felt half afraid and half ashamed to grasp the delicate white palm so cordially extended to him, and stood blushing and bowing like a school-boy.

"Kiss it, Jack," said the baronet, with a good-humored laugh; "you deserve the privilege, and Tricksey is no daughter of mine if she feels offended at it."

The heiress smiled through her tears; and the rough soldier raised her slender fingers gently to his lips, kissing them as timidly as though he were afraid they should harm him, or he was committing some crime.

"No doubt you have been relating all you have seen and gone through," continued the speaker, "to Susan and the fellows below."

The lad confessed that he had.

"And you must tell us the same story," said Mrs. Moreland, "in your own homely way; here is a seat by the fire."

Jack assured the lady that he would much rather stand—an arrangement which none of the party would

CHAPTER LXXI.

He looked around, on every side beheld
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades.
MILTON.

listen to—and, despite his diffidence, he was obliged to take the chair offered to him. Although, in his modesty, he felt that it was too much honor, he could not help secretly wishing that Susan would come into the room, and see the consideration with which he was treated; and it was not long before his very natural piece of vanity was gratified. He had scarcely begun his narrative, before the waiting maid made her appearance under pretence of asking some directions from her mistress.

Beatrix understood the little manœuvre, and directed her to remain.

"You will have a hundred questions a minute to answer, at the very least," observed the baronet.

"A thousand, Sir Edward, if Miss Beatrix wishes it," was the reply.

Our readers can readily imagine the emotion with which the tale of our hero's sufferings were listened to. Tears of pity were drawn from the eyes of his hearers. The friendship of Henri, and the calm, stern character of Julian, which the speaker painted well, because he drew from nature, excited the deepest admiration. How Beatrix shuddered and clung to Mary as she listened to the dangers of their escape, the terrors of that lonely rock on which the exile had so nearly perished for want of food.

"God has indeed been merciful," sobbed the heiress. "His hand hath supported him."

Strange to say, Mrs. Moreland appeared far more curious than her cousin in her inquiries respecting Lelia. She made Jack describe, with the utmost minuteness, every incident that had occurred in which the fair Circassian was concerned; and only desisted from questioning him when she had succeeded in eliciting the fact of her love for the young Frenchman, and that the passion was a mutual one.

Beatrix scarcely comprehended the motives of her cousin. She had given her heart frankly, wholly to the object of her choice; and true hearts doubt not when they love.

Her father's indignation was chiefly excited at the harshness of General Tawn, whom he had known from boyhood. That the Russians should have treated his favorite, Charles, with cruelty and tyranny, exiled, and given out forged proofs of his death, did not so much surprise him; but Tawn was an Englishman—a former friend; and his injustice galled him.

"The old fool!" he exclaimed. "But wait till I see him! If I don't speak my opinion of his conduct more plainly than I ever yet spoke it to any man, my name is not Ned Challoner. Had he not been as blind as obstinate, he might have seen the dear boy was a gentleman: never knew a man in my life upon whose brow nature had written the character more legibly."

"Ah! sir," observed Jack, "the general beant the worst enemy poor Master Charley has had to contend with."

The baronet bit his lips with vexation; he felt that they were approaching dangerous ground, and he mentally blamed his own impetuosity.

"Enemy?" repeated the heiress. "Is it possible that Charles has found an enemy amongst his own countrymen? Who would be so cruel—so base?"

"His cousin Cuthbert," said Susan, anxious to take a share in the conversation. "He is an officer in the same regiment."

At the name of the man who had so nearly made her an orphan, her mistress felt her heart sink within her.

"Cuthbert Vavasour in the Crimea?" she faltered.

"Yes, my lady."

"And with the power as well as will to insult and tyrannize over his cousin; to goad his proud spirit by daily, hourly taunts. Father, this was the misfortune my heart divined. I felt assured there was some fresh trial at hand—some new misery to encounter; my forebodings," she added, in a tone of despair, "have not deceived me."

Mentally cursing the officiousness of Susan, the baronet hastened, if possible, to reassure his child, glad that nothing more had been elicited.

"Tricksey," he said, "you alarm yourself without cause. Although in the same regiment, Charles is not under the immediate command of his cousin; at Alma and Inkermann the dear boy distinguished himself, and has, doubtless, made friends; added to which Jack saw him only three days since in perfect health; and no quarrel or outbreak had then occurred between them."

The heiress rose from her seat, and fixing her eyes earnestly upon her lover's humble friend, as if she would read his very soul, earnestly implored him to speak the truth.

"I have spoken it, my lady," replied the lad.

"And concealed nothing?"

"Nothing," said Jack, trying to look as unconcerned as possible.

Beatrix turned from him with a look of doubt; her heart was not convinced.

That same night Balaklava was visited by a frightful storm. Ships were driven from their moorings, and dashed madly against the rocks. Vessels, which from want of room in the port, had been obliged to stand out to sea, were either lost or driven to distant ports. When morning broke, the first intelligence brought to Mr. Moreland was that his yacht, the "Mermaid," was no longer to be seen.

The baronet wrung his hands in agony. The Queen's letter had been left with his baggage on board.

CHARLES and his two companions wandered during the rest of the day in the mazes of the wood, which, at every step they took became more intricate. It was evident they had strayed from the track they should have pursued, and lost themselves in the midst of the savage solitude, where not a human habitation was to be met with.

To add to their misfortune, night began to close rapidly, rendering their position yet more difficult and dangerous, since they had not only to force their way through the thickly tangled masses of underwood and shrubs, but to risk encountering an enemy who might fall upon them before they were aware: some band of predatory Cossacks, or, what was more likely, a party of Tartar robbers, many of whom were known to infest the Crimea, plundering and murdering all who fell into their hands.

So crushing was the fatigue they had endured, that even Julian and our hero began to feel it, and relax their efforts. Not so the corporal; he seemed suddenly endowed with a will as well as a frame of iron. To him there was no terror in the deepening shadows that beset his path; and nothing would possibly have delighted him more than meeting with a party of the enemy, he cared not how numerous, on whom he could vent the rage which was inwardly consuming him; he would have attacked a host, in his present state of excitement, as readily as a single individual.

"Let us pause said the Pole," addressing our hero. "It is useless to waste our strength in efforts which only further mislead us. Should the night prove cloudless," he added, "we can easily guide ourselves back by the stars to the point from which we started, and thus renew our search afresh."

This advice was too reasonable to be rejected, and calling to Stoak, they imparted to him their resolution; but the jealous husband of the pretty Peggy refused so listen to it, and declared his intention to proceed, even if he did so alone.

"I can't remain still if I would," he added, in a husky voice; "my poor brain is too busy with me. You can remain here," he added. "If I discover any trace of the villains, I will return and inform you; should I light upon a human habitation, I will come back and guide you to it. But I must do something, or else go mad."

Without waiting for a reply, the unhappy man plunged into the thickest part of the wood, heedless of their cries to him to return.

"Poor fellow," exclaimed Charles, "his heart is nearly broken."

"He has a stong nature," quietly observed the Pole.

"Strong as it is," said the former, "it will become weak as childhood should he fail in his attempt to recover his wife."

"Because the sentiment of love is more deeply rooted in him than the passion. *It is the brain, Charles and not the heart, that kills.*"

These few words gave his companion subject for reflection. He meditated them till he fancied that he had discovered a key to the speaker's own character.

In about an hour Stoak returned; he appeared more excited even than when he quitted them; and hastily answered, in reply to their questions, that he had discovered a hut.

"Was it tenanted?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"A Tartar boy," replied the corporal. "I crept cautiously and silently, as I thought, to the window, through which the light of the wood fire in the middle of the floor was streaming, but not so silently but the young savage heard me. I felt that he was aware of my presence, although he strove to appear unconcerned, I read it in his eyes," he added.

"Imprudent," exclaimed our hero; "you should not have quitted him, he may alarm his friends."

"He will give no alarm," answered the man, doggedly; "I have taken care of that."

"A thrill of horror ran through the veins of our hearers. They imagined that in his madness he had murdered him. It was some instants before either of them could speak.

"Come! come! we lose time," said Stoak.

"Surely you have not taken the life of a mere child?" observed Julian.

"Life! his life!" repeated the husband of Peggy; "and what good would that do me? Would it restore her to me? No; I bound him hand and foot, and left him in the hut, whilst I returned for you, who speak their infernal lingo, and can understand him."

Without further hesitation his hearers arose from the trunk of the tree on which they had been sitting, and accompanied him till they reached a spot so secluded and lonely that it seemed more like the lair of some wild animal than the dwelling of a fellow creature.

A few young pine-trees resting on the top of two fragments of rock formed the roof of the hut, which had been deepened by digging away the earth in the interior. The walls were built up with sods of earth, loose stones, and mud, which cemented them together, and one very small aperture was left to admit light and give egress to the smoke.

On entering this rude cabin, they saw a boy, apparently not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age,

lying on the floor—his legs and arms securely bound by the cross and sword belts of the corporal, which, with the instinctive love of liberty, the young savage had already gnawed more than half through.

At the sight of his captor and his companions, he gave up the useless endeavor, but uttered no cry either of anger or terror, although the expression of his features betrayed both.

Julian released him from his bonds, and, addressing him in his own language, bade him not to fear.

"I don't fear," replied the boy; I have nothing to lose except my life, and it would do little good to you to take that."

"But you may have something to gain," added the speaker, at the same time showing him a piece of money.

The eyes of the young Tartar began to sparkle with cupidity.

"Will you give it me?" he said.

"On one condition."

"What must I do?"

"Answer me truthfully one or two questions. In the first place, how far are we from the Russians?"

"I won't tell you," replied the boy. "If you have lost your way, find it back to them as you can. I hate the Russians," he added, firmly; "they have taken our flock of goats from us, forced my father to serve them, and left me here to starve."

"But we are not Russians."

His hearer smiled incredulously, and glanced at the marks upon his naked ankles and wrists left by the straps from which the speaker had just released him.

The Pole had a small flask of spirits with him. He poured a small portion of its contents into a broken cup which he discovered on the floor, and gave it to his late prisoner to drink. He knew the inordinate love of liquor common to all the Tartar race.

"What is your name?" he said.

"Tral."

"Well, Tral, are you convinced now that we are not Russians?"

"I am sure you are not," exclaimed the lad, in a joyous tone. "The Russians would have beaten me; you speak soft words and have given me strong drink. The Russians would have stripped me of my goat-skin jacket; you have offered me money. What is it you want to know? Tral will tell it. Where do you wish to go? Tral will guide you. He knows every road through the forest."

"Where are your enemies and ours?" demanded his questioner.

This time the boy answered freely, that they were about nine versts from the hut.

Julian translated the above conversation to his friends.

"Ask him if he has seen any strangers," said Stoak.

On hearing the sound of his captor's voice, the young Tartar knit his brows, and relapsed into his former sullen humor, from which it required all the tact the Pole was master of to draw him.

When something like confidence was once more restored between them, they learnt that the nearest habitation was one belonging to some Greek merchant; whose servants sometimes gave the lad bread.

"But they drove me from the house this morning," he added, "because they have prisoners there."

"Prisoners?"

"Yes, women."

Here was the clue they sought. The corporal's delight on hearing of the discovery nearly drove him mad. He embraced the young savage, as he had called Tral, over and over again; and when he found that his demonstrations of amity were received with indifference, he thrust into his hand about a dozen silver rubles.

At the sight of the money, the boy began to laugh and dance, expressing the wildest delight. Never in the course of his existence had he possessed half—nay a tithe part—of the sum. In his ecstasy he demanded what he could do to prove his gratitude.

"Guide us to the house you name," said Julian.

"Willingly."

"It is far from here?"

"About two versts," said the lad, eagerly; he paused, as if struck by some sudden recollection. "You must promise me," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "not to hurt Leon."

"Who is Leon?"

"The son of the man who lives there. He has often given me bread, and always kind words. It's not his fault if they drove me from the door to-day. Promise me," he added resolutely, "or I will not guide you."

The promise was readily made, and Tral offered no further objections, declaring that he was ready to start at once.

"Kill all the rest," he said, "burn, do what you will; but, remember, not a hair of Leon's head."

Julian felt touched at this feeling of gratitude in one whom the world looked upon as little better than a barbarian, and repeated to himself the words of Scripture, "Cast your bread upon the waters, and after many days ye shall find it."

(To be continued.)

KNOWLEDGE of the world is regarded as an useful, if not an elegant accomplishment; but this advantage, like every other good, is mixed with some alloy: the acute observer of men and manners cannot but be disgusted with the scenes that take place around him, and his knowledge may at last have the effect of souring his own disposition.

Longfellow.

HENRY Wadsworth Longfellow was born on the 27th of February, 1807, at the city of Portland, in Maine, and entered, when fourteen years of age, at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, where, at the end of four years, he took his degree, with high honors. Mr. Longfellow, who while yet an under-graduate had written many tasteful and carefully finished poems for the "United States Literary Gazette," was destined to the legal profession, and for some months during 1825, was occupied as a student of law in his father's office. The embryo poet, however, appears to have found the pursuit uncongenial; and embracing the offer of a professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin College, he prepared for the discharge of his new duties by a long visit to Europe. Having passed some three or four years in England, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, and Holland, he returned, in 1829, to America, and entered forthwith upon the exercise of his professional functions.

While professor at Bowdoin College, Mr. Longfellow pursued his literary career with diligence. Besides contributing some valuable criticisms to the "North American Review," he published, in 1833, his translation, from the Spanish, of the poem, of "Don Jorge Maurique on the Death of his Father," together with an introductory essay on "Spanish Poetry," and, in 1835, his "Outre Mer." In the latter year, having already, at the age of twenty-eight, been recognised as a man of mark, he was appointed to the professorship of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard College, Cambridge. Mr. Longfellow again left his native land, and fared forth to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the languages and literature of Northern Europe. With this object, he spent more than twelve months in Denmark, Sweden, Germany, and Turkey, and again visited Europe in 1842.

Mr. Longfellow, pursuing his success, published, in 1839, "Hyperion," a romance, the scenes of which are supposed to have been drawn from some passages in his own life; and this work, which found high favor with refined and intelligent readers, was followed by "Voices of the Night," the earliest collection of his poems. In 1841, appeared "Ballads and Poems;" in 1842, "Poems on Slavery;" in 1843, the play entitled, "The Spanish Student;" and in 1845, "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," and the "Belfry of Bruges."

Having for years cultivated his natural poetic power, and made himself one of the most skilful versifiers of the time, Mr. Longfellow, in 1847, published his "Evangeline," a melancholy story written in hexameters, an experiment which, though it was, in the opinion of critics, somewhat hazardous for a poet of reputation to venture upon, he tried with no slight success,—and, in 1851, he gave to the world "The Golden Legend," a work whose exquisite passages fully maintained its author's reputation for genius, and elicited no small measure of praise.

CONVERTING THE DESERT INTO AN OCEAN.—Captain William Allan, of the British navy, has published a book advocating the conversion of the Arabian desert into an ocean. The author believes that the great valley, extending from the southern depression of the Lebanon range to the head of the Gulf of Akaba, the eastern branch of the head of the Red Sea, has been once an ocean. It is, in many places, thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and in it are situated the Dead Sea and the Sea of Tiberias. He believes that this ocean, being cut off from the Red Sea by the rise of the land at the southern extremity, and being only fed by small streams, gradually became dried by solar evaporation. He proposes to cut a canal of adequate size from the head of the Gulf of Akaba to the Dead Sea, and another from the Mediterranean, near Mount Carmel, across the plain Esdraelon, to the fissure in the mountain range of Lebanon. By this means the Mediterranean would rush in, with a fall of thirteen hundred feet, fill up the valley, and substitute an ocean of two thousand square miles in extent for a barren useless desert; thus making the navigation to India as short as the overland route, spreading fertility over a now arid country, and opening up the fertile regions of Palestine to settlement and cultivation. The conception is a magnificent one, but no sufficient survey has been made to determine its practicability or its cost.

THE VALUE OF LEAVES.—If every horti-

culturist would reflect for a moment on the nature of fallen leaves, which contain not only the vegetable matter, but the earthy salts, lime, potash, &c., needed for the next season's growth—and that, too, exactly, in the proportion required by the very tree and plant from which they fell,—nay, more, if they would consider that it is precisely in this way, by the decomposition of these very fallen leaves, that nature enriches the soil, year after year, in her great forests; it would scarcely be possible for such a reflecting horticulturist to allow these leaves to be swept away by every wind that blows, and finally lost altogether. A wise horticulturist will diligently collect from week to week the leaves that fall under each tree, and by digging them under the soil about the roots, where they will decay and enrich that soil provide in the cheapest manner the best possible food for that tree. In certain vineyards in France, the vines are kept in the highest condition by simply burying at their roots every leaf and branch that is pruned off such vines, or that falls from them at the end of the season.

THE UPRIGHT MAN OF BUSINESS.—There is no being in the world (says Dr. Dewey) for whom I feel a higher moral respect and admiration, than for the upright man of business; no, not for the philanthropist, the missionary, or the martyr. I feel that I could more easily be a martyr than a man of that lofty moral uprightness. And let me say, yet more distinctly, that it is not for the generous man that I feel this kind of respect—generosity seems to me a lower quality, a mere impulse, compared with the lofty virtue I speak of. It is not for the man who distributes extensive charities—who bestows magnificent donations. That may be all very well—I speak not to disparage it—I wish there was more of it; and yet it may all consist with a want of the true lofty unbending uprightness. That is not the man, then, of whom I speak; but it is he who stands, amidst all the swaying interests and perilous exigencies of trade, firm, calm, disinterested, and upright. It is the man who can see another man's

interest just as well as his own; it is the man whose mind his own advantage does not blind nor cloud for an instant; who could sit a judge upon a question between himself and his neighbor, just as safely as the purest magistrate upon the bench of justice. Ah! how much richer than ermine—how far nobler than the train of magisterial authority—how more awful than the guarded bench of majesty—is that simple, magnanimous, and majestic truth! Yes, it is the man who is true—true to himself, his neighbor, and his God—true to the right—true to his conscience—and who feels that the slightest suggestion of that conscience is more to him than the chance of acquiring a hundred estates.

DREAMS, THEIR INTERPRETATION.—In the nineteenth century there are books published to tell us our fortune, and how to find out our destiny by dreams. To dream of a funeral, denotes a wedding—so they tell us; of money, poverty; and so on, by the rule of contraries. But would not the following interpretations be better? We humbly submit them: To dream of a millstone round your neck, is a sign of what you may expect if you marry an extravagant wife; to see apples in a dream, betokens a wedding—because where you find apples you may reasonably expect to find pairs; to dream that you are lame, betokens that you will get into a hobble; when a young lady dreams of a coffin, that she will instantly discontinue tight-lacing, and go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. If you dream of a clock, it is a token that you will gain credit, that is, *tick*; to dream that your nose is red at the tip, is a sign that you had better leave off brandy and water; to dream of walking barefoot, denotes a bootless journey.

NOTHING appears so absurd as placing our happiness in the opinion others entertain of our enjoyments, not in our own sense of them. The fear of being thought vulgar, is the moral hydrophobia of the day; our weaknesses cost us a thousand times more regret and shame than our faults.

REMORSE is the tight-boot that pinches the soul.



THE POET LONGFELLOW AND HIS WIFE.



HAVANA—THE CAPITAL OF CUBA.

The Island of Cuba.

The New and the Old World meet in Cuba. Approaching Havana, whether from Europe or America, the eye is riveted by the variety and brilliancy of the panorama. On one side are fortifications, resembling those of Malta, hewn out of the dark gray rock, and along their parapets may be seen lines of soldiers in dark uniforms, with the ancient Spanish banner—red and gold—flying above them. Below these towers and ramparts spreads a town, not sombre, like London; not white, like Paris; but part-colored, like Damascus. The houses are blue, pink, scarlet, or yellow, with masses of green palms among them, shading the streets and squares. In the harbor float old-fashioned gondolas—not black, as those of Venice are—but brilliant and fanciful. Once ashore, you step into a quaint gig, with enormous wheels and shafts, driven by a negro, and are whirled into the court of a hotel, which resembles a vast Moorish palace. Here you live on two meals a day—on eggs, rice, fried pork, and Castilian wine: you sleep in a cot without mattress or coverlets, in a room with a red-tiled floor, without glazed windows, but with iron-barred apertures in the wall. Your walks are through narrow streets, shaded by heavy awnings; and you pass now and then, a stone-built mansion, and catch a glimpse, through its arched entrance, of an exquisite garden beyond. Havana seems like a piece of Spain that has drifted into the Atlantic. Its people are regular and serene in their actions. They pass their mornings in business, their afternoons in melting lassitude at some Creole coffee-house, their evenings in lounging on the promenade, at the opera, or in the delicious suburbs. Cuba is a festal island, and its inhabitants are as addicted to gaiety as to repose.

SOAP.—As every necessary is advancing in price with a prospect of continuance, I feel it to be the duty of every lover of his country, to prevent, as far as in his power, such an affliction, particularly to the poor. I will not enter into detail, but offer a few remarks on one article, viz., tallow: A large quantity is consumed in the manufacture of soap, and as a considerable quantity of yellow soap is used for washing of common articles, both linen and woolen, also, for scouring and cleansing tables, floors, &c. I have proved the following composition to answer, in every respect, full as well as soap for these purposes, viz., Fuller's earth and common soda, prepared as follows: Dry perfectly by a moderate heat, 7 lbs. of Fuller's earth; dissolve 1 lb. of soda, in two quarts of water (soft is the best),

which pour upon the Fuller's earth; stir them well together, so that they become ultimately mixed, and add more water, till reduced to a soft paste, so that it may be rubbed smooth with a knife, or ground as color through a mill. This used in the same proportion as soap, will be found equally efficacious, at one half the cost.

BARON O'GRADY'S WIT.—Macnally, a vulgar man, and therefore ever fond of keeping high company, was once showing off about his dinners at Leinster House, and would always bring on the subject by affecting to complain of their plainness and scantiness. "How so?" said the chief baron. "Why," says Macnally, "for instance, yesterday, we had no fish at table." "Probably," says my lord, "they had eaten it all in the parlor;" so fine was his wit. But in more broad jesting, Chief Baron Paterson was his equal. He once addressed a grand jury on the state of the country, then disturbed by the cabals, intrigues, and squabbles of the great rival powers or families of Agar, Flood, and Bushe. "It is truly painful," said his lordship, "to contemplate; but how can it be otherwise when the land is 'flooded' with corruption, each man 'cager' only for place, and every 'bush' conceals a villain?"

TRIFLES.—The best part of human qualities are the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others, the minutiae of the social virtues. Some ridicule the feminine attributes which are left out of many men's natures; but the brave, the intellectual, the eloquent have been known to possess these qualities; the braggart, the weak, never. Benevolence and feeling enoble the most trifling actions.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.—If you wish to know the political and moral condition of a state, we must ask what rank woman holds in it. Their influence embraces the whole of life. A wife, a mother, two magical words comprising the sweetest source of man's felicity. Theirs is a reign of beauty, of love of reason. Always a reign! A man takes counsel with his wife; he obeys his mother; he obeys her long after she has ceased to live; and the ideas which he has received from her become principles stronger even than his passions.

THE OLDEST RUSSIAN WORK.—The oldest work in the Russian language was produced in 863, and was a translation from the Greek of the Holy Gospels. The Russian language is derived from the Sanscrit, but the old Slavonian dialect—that which is used in the offices of the church—approaches it more closely than the modern tongue. The latter is overlaid with Tartar, Mongol, Turkish, Polish, and German words.

A WATER-SPOUT.—A serious misfortune has befallen Messina, by a terrible inundation, occasioned, it is supposed, by a water-spout; the whole country about Messina was laid under water, trees rooted up, house-gardens, furniture, cattle destroyed, and many persons drowned. Much damage has also been done in the city itself. The total loss is said to exceed two millions of ounces, or one-and-a-quarter million sterling.

HORSE-CHESNUT FLOUR.—The following is M. Flandin's plan for making flour from horse-chesnuts. Grind the horse-chesnuts and mix with the pulp carbonate of soda, in the proportion of one or two per cent. at the utmost, and then wash the produce until it is perfectly white; 1 lb. of carbonate of soda will purify 100 lbs. of horse-chesnuts, and produce 60 lbs. of flour fit for bread, as the salt removes the bitter principle from the nut.

TO MAKE SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME.—Place 5 cwt. (or 12 bushels,) of bones on an earthen floor, surrounded by a rim of ashes; pour on as much water as the bones will suck up, and then pour on 2 cwt. of sulphuric acid; it will burn somewhat violently for a while; when this has subsided it will get tolerably solid, and the ashes and all may be shovelled up together, and will be fit for drilling in a day or two.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ESTATES.—The Queen possesses estates in Lincolnshire, yielding an annual rental of about £11,000. To this have recently been added by purchase from the Earl of Fortescue, four manors at Billingsborough (3,143 acres), for £175,000; which estates, since the purchase, have been divided into eighteen holdings, at an aggregate rental (after reserving a small parcel of woodland) of £6,268 per annum.

AMBITION.—Dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. And I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.—*Shakspeare.*

BE SELF-DEPENDENT.—You can depend on no man, on no friend, but him who can depend upon himself. He only who acts conscientiously towards himself will act so towards others, and *vice versa*.

GRIEF, after all, is like smoking in a damp country—what was at first a necessity becomes afterwards an indulgence.

A GREAT deal of heartburn is caused by a man inviting you to dine with him, and giving you a bad dinner.

A NEW comet has been discovered by M. Karl Bruhus, of the Berlin Observatory. It is in the constellation of the Lion, near Regulus.

The Grey Domino.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS. AUTHOR OF "MY BROTHER'S WIFE."

"I have seen the day that I have worn a visor."
Romeo and Juliet.

MAURICE DUHAMEL was my best friend and constant companion at the time of which I am about to tell you. He lives now at Marseilles, and I in London; but that is of little importance to a friendship like ours. We write to each other once in every eight days; and were we to meet again face to face and hand to hand to-morrow, it would be with us as though we had parted but yesterday.

I made his friendship in Paris. Napoleon was First Consul then, and the English thronged over the Channel by hundreds to his civic court—I among the rest. I was young—tolerably rich—fond of fun, variety, and adventure, and aspired moreover to the honors of authorship. I had written a tragedy which was hissed, and a novel that fell still-born from the press, and now I was travelling for the purpose of gathering ideas for the future efforts, and seeing life in some of its particolored phases. In this respect I was immeasurably indebted to the kindly aid of Maurice Duhamel. I waited upon him with a letter of introduction. He gave me a cordial welcome. Our liking was mutual, and ripened speedily to friendship. He took me everywhere; initiated me into all those gradations of Paris life which are known only to the native resident; and, in fact, gave me an insight into men and manners which, as a stranger, I could not otherwise have acquired.

It was, I think, about the middle of the month of October when I arrived in Paris. By the time that the Carnival-season approached, I was familiar with all parts of the capital, and intimate with Duhamel. I had long been anticipating the advent of that giddy scene, which possesses every charm of novelty and splendor for the eyes of an Englishman; and my friend promised to take me to many students' balls, and other places of entertainment, of which the uninstructed visitor finds no mention in the pages of Galliani.

We bought our tickets for the first grand Bal Masqué at the Opera full three weeks before-hand; and I devoted myself, with boyish vanity, to the invention of a silken domino, which I flattered myself should bear away the palm for novelty and choice of colors wherever I made my appearance. Even the *costumier* under whose direction it was to be made up, confessed that my design was altogether unique.

I had for some time observed that Maurice was not so cheerful as when I first knew him; and as the Carnival came nearer and nearer, I saw him becoming daily more pale and spiritless. He no longer shared my anticipations of the festivity—he no longer entered into my plans with the same enjoyment. He sighed when I spoke of the Bal de l'Opera.

This troubled me. I could not bear to see him thus dejected on the eve of a festival during which I had hoped to enjoy so much amusement in his society. The day before the carnival commenced he was paler and sadder than ever. In the evening, when we were sitting over our coffee in my apartments, I could not refrain from asking him the cause of his melancholy.

He shook his head.

"Alas, *mon ami*," he "it is nothing—the effect of study—of late hours—of ennui!"

But I was not thus to be put off.

"I know there is something more than this," I said earnestly. "Surely, Maurice, I have a right to ask your confidence?"

"*Eh bien!*" he said, as a faint blush passed over his face. "I am in—in love, then—in love—unhappy—plunged in doubt—worried by suspense and—and—now you know all!"

I did not know all, nor half; but I could elicit nothing farther from him; and shortly afterwards he hurried away, promising to call for me the next evening at eight o'clock, that we might go together to the Opera.

The next day came at last, and the Carnival began. My elegant domino, the cherished offspring of my own invention, was to have been sent home long since, and had not yet arrived. So I had scarcely any appetite for my breakfast, and could not keep my attention fixed for five minutes together on the columns of the *Journal des Debats*. My windows looked out upon the Boulevard des Capucines; there was an unusual gaiety and bustle pervading that gayest of thoroughfares, but as yet I had seen no masks, and this somewhat consoled me for the delay of my domino. One o'clock came; a few masks were thinly scattered among the gathering throng of foot-passengers, and several had now

made their appearance in the open carriages. I leaned over the balcony, watching the passing stream, and gazing earnestly in the direction by which the garçon of the *costumier* would arrive. Three o'clock—still no domino! I wrote an urgent letter, and posted it off by one of the public messengers. M. Giroux sent back a polite reply, stating that the extreme pressure of business had unavoidably retarded the completion of Mr. R.'s costume, but Mr. R. might rely upon its arrival in time for the Bal Masqué in the evening.

Here was a provoking circumstance! I had positively ordered an open carriage for that afternoon, in which to display my domino along the Boulevards, and now—to be compelled to wait for it till evening. . . . it was too bad! I paced up and down the apartment in a fury of disappointment.

The carriage came—I sent it away again; and at five o'clock strolled into a neighboring restaurant's, to while away the hours that yet intervened. At seven I returned. The domino had not yet arrived.

Eight o'clock came, and passed away, and neither my friend nor my domino made their appearance. Nine—half-past—quarter to ten!

I was in despair. Could Maurice be ill?—must I go alone to the Ball, and without my domino! I was lying on a sofa, the image of misery, when a heavy step came slowly up the stairs. There was a knock at my door, and a man with a small box put his head into the room.

"Mr. R. from M. Giroux."

I snatched it from his hands with undisguised delight, and precipitated myself to my dressing-room. With hasty fingers I strove to undo the cord, but I only drew it tighter into a hard knot. I looked for my penknife, and I could not find it; in short, several minutes had elapsed before I succeeded in opening the box and in drawing forth—oh heavens! not my beautiful, my unique, my elegant domino, but a horrible ill-favored garment, made of coarse gray serge, and trimmed with black ribbon.

I flew to the door and down the stairs; but the man was already out of sight. What I said or did, I cannot tell, but I remember finding myself on the point of tearing the domino to pieces, and being suddenly checked by the reflection that if I did so I should have nothing else to take its place! A bill lay folded at the bottom of the box. It ran thus:

"M. l'Avocat Du Bois, a H. Giroux."

"I Costume du Bal . . . 35 francs."

"M. l'Avocat du Bois!" I said aloud; "why, certainly I have heard the name. Yes—I remember; he lives in the Rue de Richelieu—has a large practice—is rich; a miser; a bachelor! Well, he might give a better price for his domino! The deuce! perhaps he has got mine, and will be figuring to-night in borrowed plumes at some of the soirees . . . Ah, if I only meet him at the Opera!"

The theatre was crowded; the dresses various and brilliant: the whole scene was one blaze of lights and revelry.

Here were Albanians, Cossacks, Pierrots, Spanish noblemen, Italian flower-girls, Greeks, Sultanas, Crusaders, Postillions, Demons, Turks, and Debardeurs without number. Here was all the wealth, the wit, the fashion of Paris; and here was poor Frederick R. in that detestable grey serge domino!

I saw no one so meanly dressed as myself—I was pursued with jeers and impertinent questions. One complimented me upon my taste in fancy costume; another asked the address of my *costumier*; a third saluted me as "the millionaire in the grey serge domino!"

In the midst of my distress, I suddenly felt a light touch upon my shoulder, and an arm slipped through mine.

I turned, and saw a lady in the dress of a Carmelite nun, with a mask upon her face, and the hood of her robe drawn closely over her head.

"How late you are!" she said hurriedly, "I have been expecting you for the last two hours."

"*Ma foi, madame*," I replied, in the best French I could muster, "you do me great honor; and taking into consideration the fact that we are totally unacquainted, I feel particularly flattered by your anxiety."

"Alas, monsieur!" said the lady impatiently, "why this levity? Surely the moment is too serious for jesting!"

"Madame," I said laughing, "your penetration is surprising. I really have yet to discover the solemnity of a masked ball!"

"Pray, cease this acting," said the lady angrily, "and give me the reply for which I have dared to come here alone this evening. The moment is arrived when you must decide—nay, this very night I fear you will be called upon to act. A delay of only a few hours—a refusal at the last extremity,

when it would be too late to secure another agent, would be sufficient to ensure our cause? Say, monsieur, is it Yes or No?"

I was silent with amazement. The lady continued:

"If it be money that you want, you shall have it. We will double the sum the Marquis and his advisers pay you. If it be position, you know that my husband has sufficient influence to advance you. There is no motive that you can urge, to justify your connivance at this injustice, which we cannot forward for you, if you will but espouse the cause of truth. Speak, Monsieur, speak—may we rely upon you to-night, if to-night you should be called upon?"

"I fear, Madame," said I, "that you are addressing me under a wrong impression. I have not the honor of knowing you, and I do not comprehend one word of what you say."

"Can you really be so unfeeling?" exclaimed my companion. "Can you really treat thus lightly so painful a subject? If you assume this tone, this ignorance, this foreign accent, merely to turn my entreaties into jest, and to steel your heart the more effectually against the appeals of helpless sorrow, it is ill-timed, monsieur—ill-timed and ungenerous. Say at once that you will not assist us—that you are without pity; but, for Mercy's sake, cease this cruel mockery!"

"Indeed, madame," I began, "you are mistaken in me."

"On the contrary, monsieur," she replied, bitterly, withdrawing her hand from my arm, to which she had been clinging in the eagerness of her appeal, "on the contrary, I but find you what I had expected—cold, heartless, unprincipled. I was only 'mistaken' when I hoped that you had some feeling left. For shame, monsieur, thus to suffer the persecution of an innocent girl!"

"Madame, I assure you if you will but—"

"Enough, monsieur—you refuse. Alas! our trust, now, must be in Heaven alone!"

With these words she turned hastily away, and in an instant I lost sight of her amid the throng. I was greatly surprised by what I had heard.

"Bravo," I said, quite in a good humor. "Here is a capital incident on which to weave a story! I shall get 'ideas' out of this Carnival!"

So I pushed my way on through the crowd of masks, in search of new adventures.

All at once a man dressed as a Friar darted from behind a column, and grasped me roughly by the arm.

"It is well, monsieur," he said in a hoarse voice. "I have been looking for you. I have just met Madame la Baronne, and I know all. You refuse—you are inflexible! Very well—but I will have satisfaction, monsieur: satisfaction à l'outrance! You shall hear from me!"

And before I could utter a syllable he plunged into the crowd and was gone. Singular and unaccountable! it seemed to me that I recognized the voice and costume of Maurice Duhamel!

Appealed to by an unknown lady, challenged by my friend! I was half inclined to be pleased despite the anxiety I felt for Maurice. The plot thickened; the affair promised to furnish me with a comedy at the very least! I resolved that, if accosted again, I would no longer strive to undeceive those who might address me, but merge my identity in that of the absent unknown, and follow the adventure to an end. One thing was evident—that M. l'Avocat Du Bois was directly or indirectly concerned in the business, and that for all this perplexity I was indebted to the grey serge domino. Being prepared by the train of reasoning and the resolution I had taken, I was not so much surprised when, somewhat later in the evening, I found myself an object of especial attention to two men in plain black dominoes. They passed and repassed me once or twice; and I heard one of them say, in a low voice.

"Are you sure that is he?"

"Certain," replied the other; "do you not see the white cross on his shoulder?"

Involuntary I turned my head, and there, sure enough, was a small white cross, let into the right shoulder of the domino. I had not observed this before.

The two men immediately advanced, and the last speaker, bending his head towards me, and whispering in a quick, cautious voice, said:—

"We are here seeking you, monsieur. The moment is at hand, and there is no time to be lost. He cannot last many hours longer, and you must accompany us directly. Are you ready?"

This time I was determined not to discover myself; so I bowed silently and motioned to them to lead the way. Whether they feared that even

the last I might be disposed to give them the slip I know not, but they passed their arms through mine, one at each side, and so pressed through the crowd and on towards the door. A carriage waited at the corner of the street, into which they bade me mount. They then seated themselves opposite: the servant slammed the door, and we drove away almost at a gallop.

Surely I had seen the figure of a friar glide after us through the vestibule of the opera-house, and surely I heard the sound of other wheels behind.

The night was very dark, and all the shops closed as we went; but I recognized several of the leading thoroughfares—the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, the Barrière du Roule, the Avenue of Neuilly! Were we, then, bound for the country? I will not deny that I began to feel somewhat uneasy on finding myself alone with these men, so still, masked, and silent. I shuddered. Despite all my anxiety for adventure, I wished myself back again in the Salle de l'Opera.

On we went. The Avenue was deserted. Not a foot-passenger—not a patrol. Scarcely a chariot passed us on the way.

We stopped at last before a small side door that opened upon the road from the midst of a long high wall. One of my conductors leaped out. The door yielded to his touch, and we followed him into what appeared by that dim light to be a spacious garden surrounding a stately mansion. The carriage drove away, the door was closed, and we passed into the house.

I found myself in a large hall floored with polished marble and richly decorated. A broad carpeted staircase led to the upper apartments, at the foot of which a servant dressed in livery was waiting.

"What news?" asked one of the dominoes, removing his visor, and revealing a pale and deeply lined countenance, on which the most eager anxiety was written. The servant shook his head.

"M. le Marquis is now speechless," he said, "and M. le Medicin says that he can scarcely live an hour."

"Mon Dieu!" cried the domino, striking his hands impatiently together, "how sudden! He seemed as if he would last at least till to-morrow! Quick, quick! Should he lose the use of his hands, we may yet lose all! Now, monsieur, follow me. Thanks be to the blessed Virgin, the deed is already drawn up!" He strode rapidly up before me. In doing so, the hood of his domino fell back, and I saw the shaven tonsure of a Roman Catholic priest.

We traversed a suite of reception-rooms by the light of a small lamp which he carried in his hand. All in the apartments looked shadowy and indistinct in that brief passage, but the furniture seemed of unworldly magnificence. Our feet sank deep at every step into the soft carpet.

"Pshaw! not that. Why that is the old will, to sign which would ruin all!"

At this moment he drew a second paper from beneath the rest, and thrusting it into my hand, "This is it," he said. "Read it once through, quickly—quickly. See that there is no flaw or quibble to be turned against us. Make all safe, for he is going fast!"

I glanced, for the first time, towards the bed, and saw there a man of vast proportions and noble features, but ghastly and attenuated. His eyes were closed; he breathed with difficulty; and save an occasional movement of the head, he seemed unconscious of all around him. The three priests surrounded the bed; and one of them, bending low, spoke in a voice inaudible to the rest. The patient moved his hand feebly, as if in reply.

"M. le Marquis desires to make the final arrangements for his daughter, and to receive the extreme unction in private," said the priest, with a bow, turning to the physician, who yet retained his place beside the patient. "Monsieur will oblige us by retiring. His services, alas! can be of no further avail."

The physician rose. He looked doubtfully from one to another, and glanced suspiciously towards the documents on the table.

"M. l'avocat will retire with me?" he asked.

"M. l'avocat has but just arrived," said the priest, opening the door with an air of polite authority, "and his presence is indispensable."

The physician somewhat lingeringly and reluctantly withdrew. The young girl still sat pale and motionless as ever; the priests gathered round the bed, and I began hastily glancing over the contents of the deed.

Its purport was to the effect that "M. le Marquis de Saint Roche, feeling the near approach of death, and being humbly and devoutly sensible of the importance of heavenly things, the sanctity and purity of the Roman Catholic Church, the immense benefit conferred by its religious institutions upon the people of all Roman Catholic nations, and the necessity of arming the teachers of the true faith against the encroachments and enmity of heretics and controversialists, had, after mature and deliberate consideration, resolved upon bequeathing the whole of his temporal possessions, including his personal property, houses, plate, carriages, jewels, and estates, to the holy and enlightened Society of the Order of Jesus; reserving only the sum of 50,000 francs for the dowry of Mademoiselle Gabrielle, his daughter, whom he entrusted to the guardianship of the Reverend Fathers Eustache and Ambroise, directing that she should be placed by them in the convent of Les Dames Carmelites, Rue Vaugirard, Paris, and there take the veil."

I do? The priests were exhorting and the young girl never moved.

"I!" asked the Jesuit; "is it perfect?"

I made an affirmative sign. "I do," said he, "thou must suffer thyself to moment. The holy document needs courage! the Blessed Virgin herin upon thy work, and a heavenly blessing!"

My eyes for the first time since I had seen him, and an expression of religious awe lighted the pale countenance. The men in their arms to a sitting posture, and I saw his trembling fingers.

The girl rose suddenly, and fell on her knees by the bed. "Oh no, father! no! have me, with clasped, imploring hands; not, father! not the convent! any—"

"Daughter!" said the Jesuit, sternly. "Dying! Disturb not his soul with thy selfish humanity."

She moved away from the brow of the patient, succeeded by a pallor more ghastly than death.

"I!" sobbed Gabrielle—"I will be a nun! father!" she continued, "spare me! spare me! spare me to the convent, for my sake!"

A noise in the next room, a sudden knock on the oaken door, and a man's voice—"let me in! It is I—it is Maurice. Let me in!"

He seized his father's hand, and covered it with his own, father, listen!" she cried; "It is I! I love him!"

The man raised his head firmly: the cold light on his forehead: he moved his lips, but he could articulate no sound. He fell from him.

He forced it back into his hand. "My father, remember your vow. Think of your

soul! You have gone too far to retract now—to defraud the church of her dues! Will you die a sinner, a rebel, a heretic? Must I refuse to you the last consolations of religion? Shall no masses be said for your repose—no saints intercede for your forgiveness? Must I excommunicate your very memory after death?"

The wretched man quailed before these awful words.

"Back, daughter," said the priest, grasping Gabrielle by the arm, and thrusting her forcibly on one side; "speak to him no more!"

The noise in the outer chamber had ceased; the marquis was seized with a convulsive trembling.

"Quick! the paper!" cried the Jesuit.

I crossed rapidly to the bed, and held the document for him to sign. The stiffening fingers almost refused their office, and he had scarce scrawled his name, when the hand fell heavily, and the last terrible struggle began.

The priests fell upon their knees, and chanted the prayers for the dying; while Gabrielle, terrified and weeping, threw herself before a crucifix that hung beside the bed.

It was soon over. They drew the sheet across his face, and one of them opened the door. There were two persons outside, a lady and a young man. The lady wore the robe of a Carmelite over her dress, and carried a black visor in her hand. In the young man I recognized Maurice Duhamel. He no longer wore the disguise of a friar. He was deadly pale, and the traces of tears were upon his cheek. They flew to Gabrielle. The lady took her in her arms, and Maurice bent sadly over her.

"My poor child," said the former, "we have heard all: but be comforted; everything may not yet be lost. I will appeal to the law—to the First Consul himself; and if our earthly judges be against us, there is yet a Higher Tribunal, by which all virtue is recompensed, and all crime punished."

Maurice turned to me in sudden access of fury. "And you, sir—you!" he cried, "you, who might have averted this calamity, what have you to say to this poor girl? Do you not rejoice in the sight of the misery you have aided to inflict upon us?"

"Silence!" said the priest, with an air of commanding dignity; "this is no place for such expressions. Let the room be cleared, and leave us to pray for the soul of the departed. Young man, respect the presence of the dead." He turned towards the lady. "Madame la Baronne," he said, "your brother has died in the fulfilment of a sacred duty. I beseech you, retire to your apartments, and make it your task to soothe the anguish of your niece, till we, her guardians, can relieve you of that office by placing her under the protecting care of Les Dames Carmelites."

I thought it now time to interfere. I removed my mask. An exclamation of surprise burst from the lips of all present. The Jesuit turned pale and drew back. "Stop!" I said eagerly; "let us not be too hasty. Perhaps, after all, there may be no occasion for Mademoiselle de Saint Roche to enter the society of Les Dames Carmelites!" And I pointed to the deed which lay beside me on the table.

The Jesuit sprang forward, uttered a hoarse cry, and dropped into a chair.

I had substituted the old will for the deed of gift—the old will, by which Gabrielle was left sole heiress to her father's wealth; free to live, to marry, to be happy, under the care and loving guardianship of her aunt! She threw herself on her knees before me; while Maurice, dumb, flushed, and trembling, supported himself against the mantel-piece.

"Dread the vengeance of the church for this, Monsieur!" said the Jesuit, rising and moving towards the door.

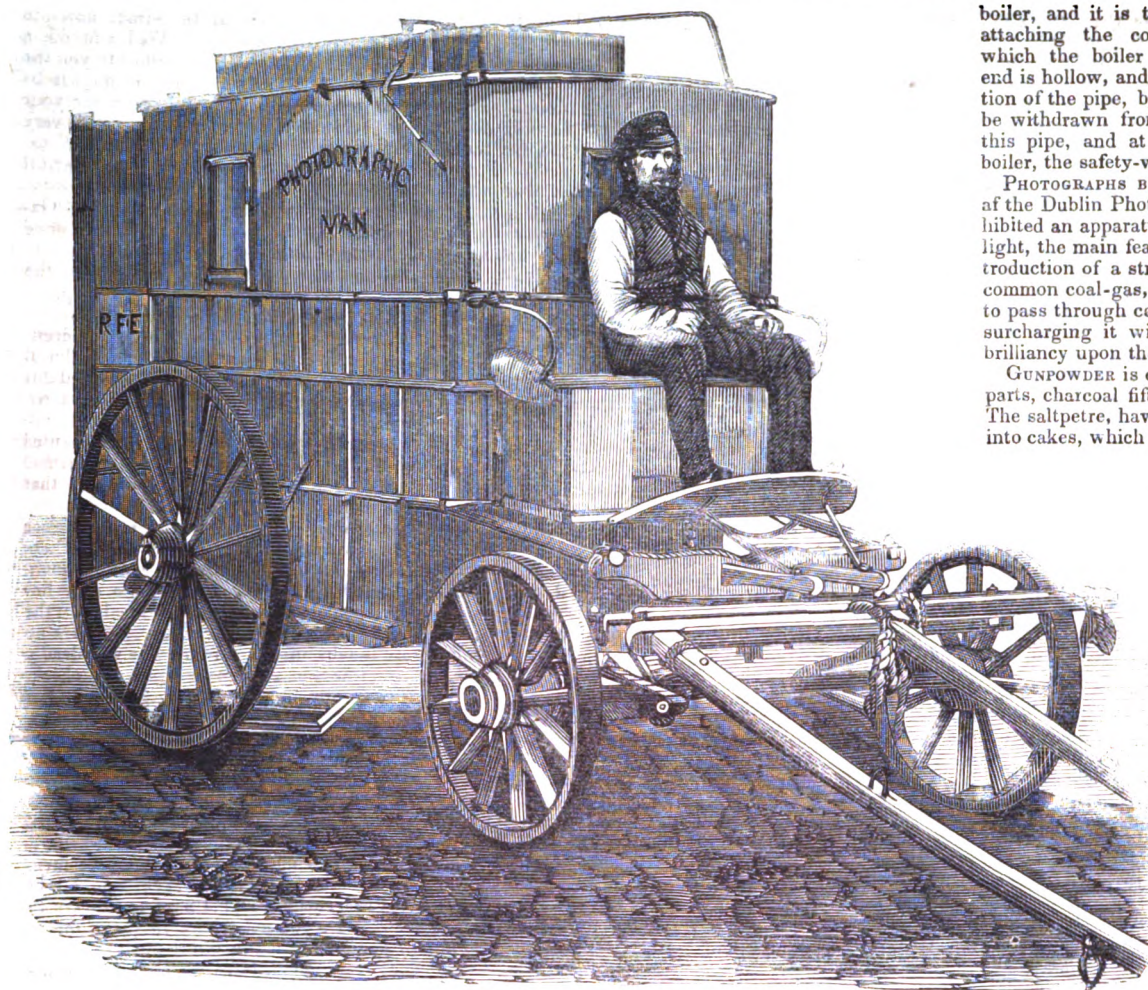
I smiled, and shook my head. "I am an Englishman," I said. "You dare not touch me. I might, if I chose, tell something of the bribe of ten thousand francs offered, by your order, for aid in extorting money from a dying man!"

"You are our saviour!" murmured Gabrielle, as I raised and led her to a seat.

Maurice came to me with extended hands. "And is it to you, *mon ami*, that we are indebted for this deliverance?" he cried passionately. "Is it to you?"

"By no means," I replied, pointing to my dress, and to the visor, lying on the floor—"you have to thank the Grey Serge Domino!"

CONTENTMENT.—The point of aim for our vigilance to hold in view, is to dwell upon the brightest part in every prospect, to call off the thoughts when running upon disagreeable objects, and strive to be pleased with the present circumstances surrounding us.



CRIMEAN PHOTOGRAPHIC VAN.

Improved Diving Dresses.

SOME interesting experiments lately took place at Paris, on and near the Seine, with different diving apparatus, &c. The experiments commenced with the life-boats. Five diving apparatus had been inscribed for exhibition, but only four—two French and two English—those of Messrs. Siebe, Heinke, Cabirol, and Ernous, were tried. All these apparatuses are constructed on nearly the same manner, being composed of a water-proof dress, terminated at the upper part by a cuirass in metal, to which, when on the body of the diver, is screwed a helmet of the same metal, having affixed to it the tube for giving air, the supply of which is kept up by means of an air-pump and a valve for letting off the breath of the diver. One of the experiments tried with Siebe's apparatus was that the diver can of his own free will come to the surface, by removing a part of the weight which keeps him under water. The four divers descended at the same time. One of them remained under water forty minutes consecutively, and the others a somewhat shorter period of time, picking up during the immersion several small pieces of metal which had been thrown down. Mr. D. Siebe (who dived) informed us that the Seine was discolored for about seven feet; but about two feet from the bottom the water was perfectly clear. The appearance of the water underneath is that of a dense fog.

A PORTABLE BRIDGE.—In the library of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. Lavanchy lately exhibited a model of an expanding portable bridge of his invention. The system had been tried at Paris, where a bridge on this principle, fixed upon a boat in the canal, had been used for permitting the passage of troops; the boat yielded considerably to the weight of the men brought upon it, but the bridge remained stiff, and the commanding officer had reported well of its properties. The principle was, that of a number of strips of iron or wood, pinned together transversely at such points as they should form a series of equilateral parallelograms, the extension being obtained by the motion upon the connecting pins, somewhat on the principle of what was commonly called "lazy-tongs." A bridge of this construction could be made very light, for any moderate span, and be conveyed upon a boat to be projected to both banks of a stream; be used for the centre, or any portion of a long floating bridge of

boats; be carried upon a pair wheels with a regiment, or used for numerous civil purposes, and its construction was stated to be not at all expensive.

STEAM BOILERS.—Mr. D. Dunn, of King's Row, Pentonville, has patented the constructing steam boilers in such a way that they may gradually revolve on an axis, very much after the fashion of a coffee-roasting machine, so that a fresh surface of the boiler may be constantly exposed to the action of the fire, instead of allowing the latter always to act on the same surface, as is usually the case. One of the ways of accomplishing this, and supposing an ordinary cylindrical boiler to be chosen for the purpose, the patentee bolts, rivets, or otherwise fastens at each of its ends an axis of a suitable length, supported on bearings in the usual way. One of these axes may be of solid iron, but it is preferred to be hollow, and provided with a stuffing-box, through which a water-pipe passes, in order to feed the boiler with water, and it is also on this axis the patentee prefers placing a water-gauge, to indicate the level of the water in the boiler. To this is fastened a cog-wheel, into the cogs of which an endless screw or spur-wheel is working, or else a pulley with a chain, by which a slow revolving motion is given to the boiler. The various means by which such a motion can be accomplished are well known to engineers. The other axis, fastened at the other end of the boiler, should be hollow, and through this hollow axis and through a stuffing-box with which it is provided, a steam pipe passes, which is bent upwards and always remains so inside the boiler; and it is by means of this steam pipe, which is provided with a steam cock at a suitable distance, that steam generated in the boiler finds an exit when wanted. The boiler is, therefore, revolving on two projecting ends or axes, one of which serves to support one end of the

boiler, and it is to this end the patentee prefers attaching the cog-wheel or other apparatus by which the boiler is made to revolve; the other end is hollow, and revolves upon the horizontal portion of the pipe, by means of which the steam may be withdrawn from the boiler when wanted. On this pipe, and at a convenient distance from the boiler, the safety-valve is placed.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GAS-LIGHT.—At a late meeting of the Dublin Photographic Society, Dr. Lover exhibited an apparatus for taking photographs by gas-light, the main feature of which consisted in the introduction of a stream of oxygen into the flame of common coal-gas, which had been previously made to pass through cotton and naphtha, with the view of surcharging it with carbon, so as to increase the brilliancy upon the admission of the oxygen.

GUNPOWDER is composed of saltpetre seventy-five parts, charcoal fifteen parts, and sulphur ten parts. The saltpetre, having been trebly refined, is melted into cakes, which are then brushed, to remove any grit or dirt, broken into pieces with a mallet, ground into fine powder in a mill, and sifted through a fine bolting sieve of brass wire. The charcoal is that of dogwood, alder, or willow, carefully burnt, and then reduced to powder. The sulphur is refined and ground to the same fineness as the other two ingredients. The three substances are then weighed out in the proper proportions, and mixed by placing them gradually in a wooden vessel, in alternate and equal layers, after which the whole is thoroughly and perfectly mixed together. The mixture is then sifted, carefully ground to a paste with water, and pressed into a hard cake, which is next broken into pieces, granulated by agitation in parchment sieves, and after being glazed by friction, and the dust separated, it is dried with proper precaution in a stove heated to about a hundred degrees.

SHELL-LAC dissolved in wood naphtha makes a good liquid glue. Proportions, a quarter of a pound of shell-lac to be dissolved in three ounces of naphtha. Put the former into a wide-mouthed bottle, pour the latter upon it, and stir the mixture two or three times during the first thirty-six hours.

Melbourne, Port Philip.

THE site upon which the city stands was, only nineteen years ago, the resort of the untutored savage, and the feeding-ground of the wild kangaroo. The population at the former period was about 700; and at the latter it had increased to nearly 300,000, or thereabouts.

The first public sale of land, which took place on the 1st of June, 1837, averaged \$320 per acre, and some of the very same land sold at the rate of \$600,000 the acre in the year 1853.

The customs duties collected in 1837 was £3000, and the probable income under the same head for the present year is taken at £1,457,700; income from gold, £320,000; from licenses, £150,000; from fines, £69,000; from fees of office, £57,000; from assessment stock, £70,000; from postage, £45,000; from port and harbor dues, £30,000; auxiliary to these there are other items bringing the revenue up to £2,400,000.

The city of Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, comprehending a municipality and suburbs, is situated on the banks of the river Yarra Yarra, and on the shore of Hobson's Bay, in the harbor of Port Philip. The municipality extends over 9000 acres, upwards of 3000 of which are public parks, squares, and reserves. The suburbs comprise 7000 acres. Like Rome, Constantinople, Moscow, and other celebrated cities, Melbourne boasts within its precincts of no less than seven hills. Part of the municipality is divided into wards: the first four form the old city; the last is also called Collingwood, or the New Town. The suburbs are East Collingwood, Richmond, and Prahran. At a greater distance, but still in a measure suburban, may be likewise mentioned the seaport town of Williamstown, and the thriving and beautiful rural township of Brighton, situated on opposite shores of Hobson's Bay; a number of villages, such as Hawthorn, Flemington, Brunswick, Footscray, &c., &c., may almost be said already to form part of the rapidly-spreading metropolis.

The old portion of the city was unfortunately laid out in a rectangular block, and squares were totally forgotten. The principal streets are broad and convenient, but between them are lanes originally intended for back entrances to the allotments, which, having become valuable, were all built upon. These are now densely populated by singularly-contrasted classes. Some are full of merchants' warehouses, and in one of them, called Chancery lane, are the chambers of nearly the whole legal fraternity. Collingwood was built on private property, and no regular plan was adopted; it forms, therefore, a heterogeneous mass of fine streets, narrow lanes, and blind alleys. The Legislative Council have voted £50,000 for opening up the streets and lanes, and as far as possible remedying the original defects. The other portions of the municipality, built upon since the gold discovery, form a marked contrast in plan to those above noticed. The streets are all wide, and large squares and parks have been judiciously reserved.

The style of architecture in the principal streets of Melbourne is singularly varied. Good stone and brick buildings, some of them of elegant and massive proportions, are very numerous; but frequently beside them may be seen wretched little wooden houses, which are not only unsightly, but are the subject of frequent fires, happily diminished by a stringent building act. In the

recently-built portions, iron, zinc, and wooden houses are numerous. During 1853 and 1854 building operations were carried on to such an extent that the number of stone houses was at least doubled.

Amongst the many buildings claiming notice is the Town Hall, in Swanston street, an imposing structure, not yet completed; it is in the mixed Italian style, reminding one of the manner of Inigo Jones. Next are the new National Schools, at the east end of Lonsdale street; the Exhibition Building in William street, not less remarkable for its artistic and tasteful design than for the rapidity with which it was constructed. The Hospital, in Lonsdale street, recently much enlarged, is also an imposing building; the Offices of Government and the Courts of Law, interspersed in various parts of the city, are massive structures. Almost every Christian religious denomination possesses several places of worship, to nearly all of which are attached excellent schools; but, with the exception of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, dedicated to St. Francis, in Elizabeth street, none lay claim to massiveness of design or size. The Anglo-Episcopal Cathedral of St. James, in Collins street, is simply a parish church, without any pretensions to architectural display. The churches of St. Paul, Swanston street, and St. Mark's, Collingwood, are spacious, roomy edifices. But, taken altogether, Melbourne is deficient in high and decorative church architecture. A University of noble design is in course of erection on a commanding site in North Melbourne.

SNAKES AT CAIRO.—The conversation turned one day on the power of charming serpents, supposed to be inherent in certain descendants of the *Psylli*. One of the Consular Staff immediately declared, that a most remarkable instance of the fact had happened in the Consul General's own court-yard the day before. That one of those gifted men had come into the yard, and declared he knew by his art that there were serpents in the stable; and that he had immediately gone and summoned forth two snakes of the most poisonous kind, which he seized in his hands and brought, in the presence of the relator, to the Consular threshold. Now, it happened to me to see the whole of this scene. I was wandering about the Consul's court, gazing at the curiosities scattered around, enough to have set up any

European museum with an Egyptian branch, and particularly, at a lame mummy's crutch, found with him in his coffin, on which it is possible the owner hopped away from the plague of frogs. An old rural Arab of respectable appearance was standing at the Consul's door, holding in his hand the crooked stick which an Arab keeps to recover the halter of his camel if he happens to lose it while mounted, and presenting altogether a parallel to a substantial yeoman with his riding-whip, come to town to do a little justice business with the mayor. A stable-keeper came and said that two snakes had made their appearance in the stable; on which the Arab, being no more in the habit of fearing such vermin than a European farmer of fearing rats, proceeded towards the stable, and I followed him. Sure enough there were two snakes in the horse's stall. The Arab ruthlessly smote them with his gib stick, in a way that showed an exact comprehension of what would settle a snake; and brought them hanging by the tails and still writhing with the remains of life, and laid them at the threshold of the house. I looked at the snakes, and felt a strong persuasion that they were of a harmless kind; but whether they were or not, it was of small moment as the Arab treated them.

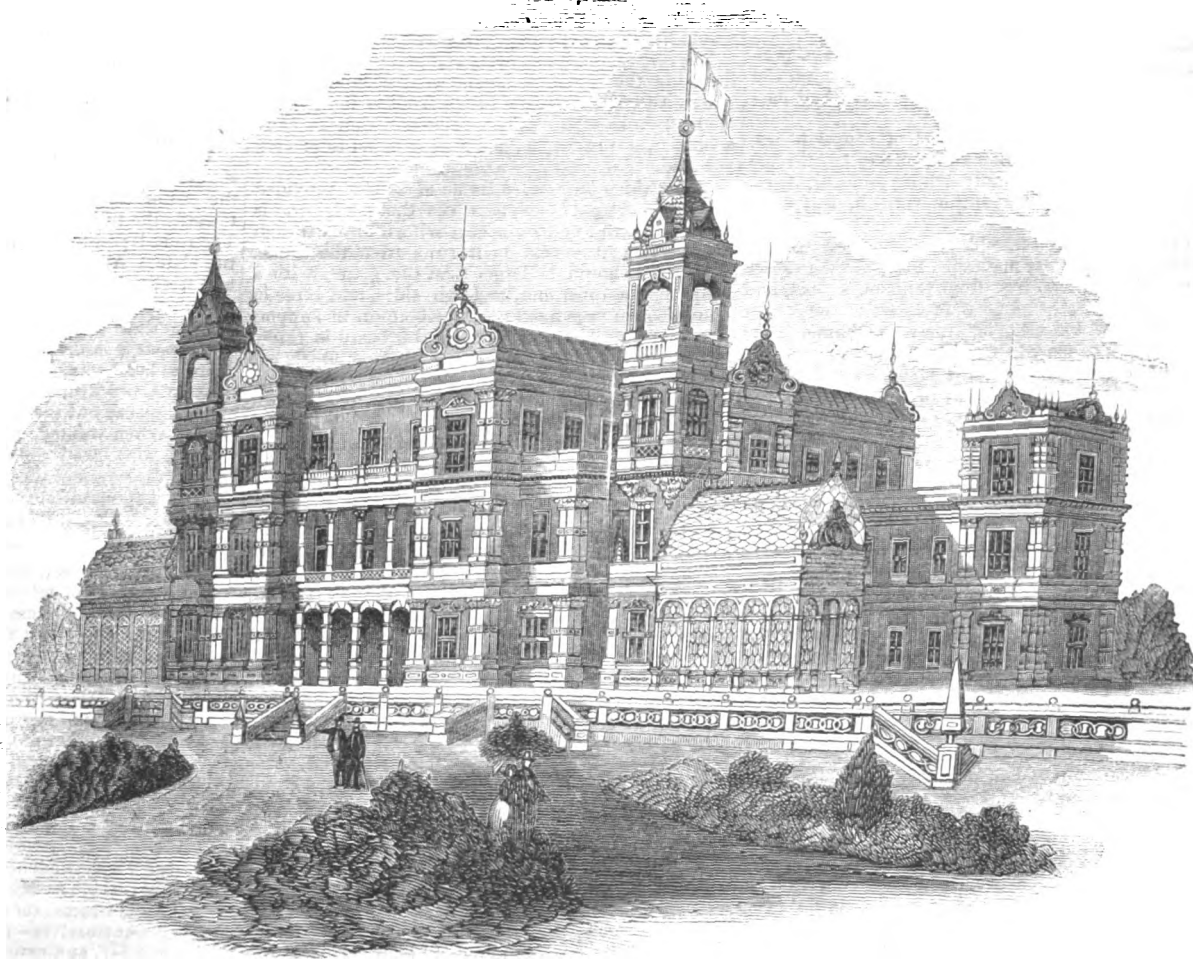
The chime of church bells is, of all sounds, that which conveys the most melancholy or the most joyous impressions to the heart, according to the circumstances under which it is heard, and the associations with which it is connected. If the feelings are not in accordance with their peal, there is no sound so unutterably, so unaccountably sad as that of a merry chime.

The destinies of a nation depend less on the greatness of the few, than the virtues or vices of the many. Eminent individuals cast further the features of her glory or shame; but the realities of her weal or woe lie deep in the great mass. The curling tops of lofty waves are the crests of the ocean, but from its depths flows the overpowering strength of its tides.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it should be enlightened.

Logic is the essence of truth, and truth is the most powerful tyrant; but tyrants hate the truth.



THE TOWN HALL, MELBOURNE.

The Amateur and Mechanic's Friend.

(Continued from Page 118.)

No. IV.—STAINING AND DYEING.

SILK.—Use the same as for cloth, but black dyeing is difficult.

Blue.—1. Wash quite clean, rinse well, and then dip in a hot solution of sulphate of iron, after a short time take it out and rinse again. Have ready in another vessel a hot solution of prussiate of potash, to which a small quantity of sulphuric acid has been added. Dip the silk in this liquid; on removal rinse in clean water, and expose to the air to dry.—2. Wash well, rinse, wring out, and then dip in the following: Boil a pound of indigo, two pounds of wood, and three ounces of alum in a gallon of water. When the silk is of a proper color, remove, rinse, and dry.

Carnation.—Boil two gallons of wheat and an ounce of alum in four gallons of water, strain through a fine sieve; dissolve half a pound more of alum and white tartar; add three pounds of madder, then put in the silk at a moderate heat.

Madder Red.—Use the dye for cloth.

Yellow.—Take clear wheat bran liquor fifteen pounds, in which dissolve three quarters of a pound of alum; boil the silk in this for two hours, and afterwards take half a pound of weld, and boil it till the color is gone. Nitre used in alum and water in the first boiling fixes the color.

Wool. Blue.—Boil in a decoction of logwood, and sulphate or acetate of copper.

Brown.—Steep in an infusion of green walnut-peels.

Drab.—Impregnate with brown oxide of iron, and then dip in a bath of quercitron bark. If sumach is added, it will make the color a dark brown.

Green.—First imbue with the blue, and then with the yellow dye.

Orange.—Dye first with the red dye for cloth, and then with a yellow.

Red.—Take four and a half pounds of cream of tartar, four and a quarter pounds of alum; boil the wool gently for two hours; let it cool, and wash the following day in pure water. Infuse twelve pounds of madder for half an hour, with a pound of chloride of tin in lukewarm water, filter through canvas, and put in the bath which is to be heated to 100°, Fahr.; add two ounces of aluminous mordant, put the wool in, and raise to boiling heat. Remove the wool, wash, and soak for a quarter of an hour in a solution of white soap in water.

Yellow.—Dye with that used for calico, &c.

No. V.—ETCHING ON GLASS, IVORY, &c.

Etching is the art of engraving by corrosion, produced by means of an acid, having for its object the saving of the time and labor expended when employing the graver or tool.

The materials required consist of copper-plates, glass, stone, ivory, or other substance to be operated on; hard, and common soft etching grounds, *aqua-fortis* (nitric acid); turpentine varnish, soft wax, and resin.

The copper plates should be of the best copper, which should be very malleable, firm, and with some degree of hardness, free from veins or specks, and of a reddish color, though the redness of the copper is not an infallible test of its fitness for etching. They may be had, prepared, in most towns.

The hard etching ground is made by melting together, upon a moderate fire, in a well-glazed new earthen vessel, two ounces each of Burgundy pitch and resin, and then adding eight ounces of good linseed oil, incorporating the whole over the fire gradually for half an hour. The mixture must then be boiled until it ropes on touching it with the finger and thumb; the pot must then be removed from the fire, and the varnish passed through a linen cloth into a glass vessel, and finally corked.

The soft etching ground is prepared simply by mixing common etching ground with tallow, previously dropping in boiling water, and allowed to cool; or veal suet prepared in a similar manner.

The common etching ground is made by mixing two ounces of asphaltum, one of Burgundy pitch, and a ounce and a half of virgin wax together; the asphaltum being finely powdered, and then melted over the fire before the Burgundy pitch is added; then the wax is added, and finally the whole being poured into warm water, is made into balls for use.

To apply the hard etching ground.—The copper-plate being cleaned by rubbing it with rag, and well washed whiting, it should be heated over a chafing dish containing charcoal in a state of combustion, by holding it in a hand-vice, and then the ground laid on thinly by dabbing it all over with the dabber, until the surface is perfectly smooth, the plate

is then to be re-warmed, and held, (face downwards) over the smoke of a wax candle, care being taken that the flame does not touch the grounding. After the plate has been moved backwards and forwards, and the whole surface uniformly blacked, it is fit for etching when set firm.

To apply the soft varnish on etching ground, as also on common ground.—The plate having been cleansed as before, it should be heated as directed above, but yet so hot that the varnish may melt when brought in contact with it. The varnish being wrapped up in taffety, or Persian silk, is to be rubbed all over from side to side, until the plate is well covered, it is then to be struck with the dabber until it is uniformly even, but if dabbed too long, the dabber is apt to raise the varnish from the plate.

To blacken the etching ground.—Pass the plate (face downwards) over the flame of four or five wax candles, or a flambeau, until properly blackened.

The instruments required.—The oil-rubber is made of swan skin flannel, and is used to rub up the plate so as to remove any slight scratches.

The dabber is made by rolling up some fine cotton wool into a ball, and tying it up in Persian silk. This is used to spread the varnish equally over the surface of the plate.

The etching needles should be of various sizes and of the best steel, so that they will bend without breaking. They should be moulded in firm, tough, wooden handles, about six inches long, and rather thicker than a goose quill, in such a manner as to leave only three quarters of an inch projecting. The points of the needles should be oval, round, and flat, or chisel pointed.

To make the oval-pointed needles, form a blunt round point in the manner described below, and holding the needle in an oblique direction, work it backwards and forwards until one side is worn down to the centre, taking care to keep the same part exposed to the friction all the time.

The round pointed needles are made by forming a channel in the oil-store, in which the needles are to be worked backwards and forwards with a rotary motion between the forefinger and thumb.

The chisel-shaped needles are sharpened in the same manner as a chisel, flat on both sides.

The stiff is made of one of the smallest round-pointed needles, by blunting and polishing the points, and is used to overtrace the design on the varnish.

The oil-stone is too well-known to need any description. In choosing one, it is necessary to observe that it is not too coarse, as it will wear away the needles too fast, and produce ragged points, which would hinder them etching cleanly.

The rest of the instruments comprise a graver for finishing the work, a hand-vice for holding the plates, a parallel ruler, a brush to clean the surface of the varnish after etching, pencils of camel's hair, a brazier, a wax candle, and a glass vessel to receive the acid.

The etching board is a frame of boards provided for supporting the plate while the *aqua-fortis* is poured over it; and connected with it also a trough for receiving the acid as it runs from the frame. The board should be larger than the plates, with a ledge at the upper end, and two sides, and three or four wooden pegs fixed near the bottom, to support the plate in its position when the board is placed obliquely. It should also have a bridge which can be moved at pleasure, stretching across from the ledge on either side, to enable the person etching to rest the hand upon it.

The trough should be rather longer than the board, about four inches deep, and six inches wide, with a hole in the centre of the bottom fitted with a plug, so that the *aqua-fortis* may be quickly discharged into the glass vessel placed beneath. The inside of the trough should be covered with pitch, or sealing-wax varnish.

To trace the outlines.—Make a design, rub the back of it all over with a piece of rag dipped in powdered red chalk, remove the superfluous chalk, place the red side upon the plate, making it fast at each corner, and round the sides with some soft wax. Lay the etching frame upon a table, and trace lightly, firmly, and evenly, the outlines, breadths, and shadows with the stiff, until the design is transferred to the etching ground, taking care to rest the hand upon the bridge of the etching frame, and not to bear too hard upon the paper as it will tear. It is advisable occasionally to inspect the work by raising a corner of the paper, to observe whether every part is transferred before removing the design altogether.

To produce an etching that is turned the same way as the original design.—Trace the design on proper tracing paper with red chalk, then transfer to the

etching ground in the manner directed above, and when printed, it will be like the original drawing.

To etch.—The tracing being completed, it now becomes necessary for our amateur to display his artistical powers and inventive genius. Shadows, demi-shadows, lights, half-lights, &c., require a different handling of the tool; distant parts, architectural pieces, &c., each require a peculiar touch, and therefore we subjoin the various strokes necessary.

Curved, or straight lines, if required to be of the same breadth throughout, should have an equal degree of pressure upon the needle along the whole course of the stroke.

Lines that diminish in breadth during their whole length, are produced by bearing strongly on the needle at first, and gradually easing of the pressure to the end, in the same proportion as the force was increased at the other extremity.

Broad lines require the use of the oval-pointed needles and a firm pressure; narrow lines, a small round-pointed needle and gentle pressure; but all lines should be clean, which means that the varnish must be cut, not pushed before the needle, and the surface of the metal fairly exposed, so that the acid may act freely upon it.

When faint lines require enlarging, a broader needle should be used at first, and the stroke re-touched with one of the round-pointed needles in the centre.

Distances in landscapes, or the faint parts of any picture, should be executed first, and are worked with a finer needle and closer strokes than the other parts. The darker parts must be etched wider, and a blunter needle and broader strokes. Very faint parts require the use of the graver.

Architectural designs, buildings, &c., must be executed with care, and the assistance of a parallel ruler; blunt needles are generally used, and the etching should always be regular, unless as a background, in which case the outline may be done with the hand, (if the eye is tolerably correct), otherwise the fore-ground would become subservient to the background.

Earths, walls, trunks of trees and foliage, require decided strokes, somewhat waving and massive, for effect is always produced by united voluminous masses, whether of light or shade, and this may be again increased by an occasional touch in the mass of light or shade.

Flesh requires touches such as will produce dots or points. Draperies should have flowing strokes, dots, or cross strokes; it is better to allow them to wind and play, and not to terminate any strokes on the outlines. Lines, light stuffs, &c., require only a light stroke with a fine needle; thicker stuffs are etched wide, except in those parts that are to be represented dull, where the strokes should be close.

Softenings to lights, &c., should be executed with very fine needles and gentle pressure, but stronger lines require greater pressure.

To hold the etching-needles.—The oval-pointed should be held the same as a pen, excepting that the cut or flat surface of the needle is to be turned towards the thumb, instead of the palm of the hand. The round-pointed should be held perpendicular to the plate. All strokes should be executed briskly and freely, so that the lines may be clean and steady, and therefore the needles should be often whetted, to keep them sharp and in good order.

To make a bordering-wax for the plates.—Take one third of bees' wax, and two-thirds of common-pitch, mix in a pip-kin, pour into lukewarm water, mix well, squeeze out the water, and form into rolls for use: When wanted, put into lukewarm water to soften, work well with the hands into rolls, put round the edges of the plate half an inch high, and mould a spout at one corner to pour off the acid.

(To be continued.)

SHAKESPEARE is the worst book in the world for young authors of talent to read: he exercises such an influence over them that they copy him, thinking all the while that they are original.

ARMY OF SWITZERLAND.—The Federal army numbers 115,000 men, with 476 guns. The organized militia consists of 10 to 20,000 men.

BUTTER SOLD IN CORK.—The quantity of butter sold in the market of Cork during the last year, exceeded 340,006 firkins, and produced over £800,000.

SARDINIA.—Sardinia has a population of less than 5,000,000, a territory of only 30,000 square miles, and that is hemmed in by Austrian bayonets.

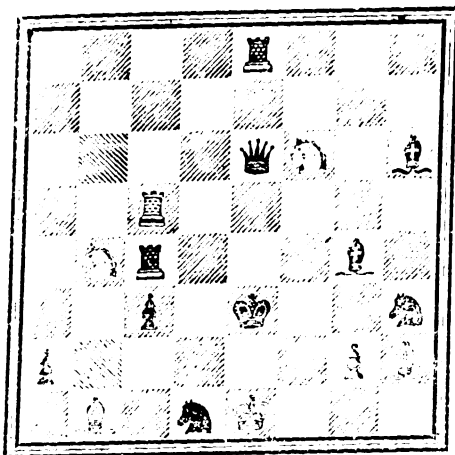
A TREE has been discovered on the island of St. Martin's, a dependency of Guadaloupe, possessing equally precious virtues with the Peruvian bark.

LOVERS conceal their faults from one another, and deceive themselves—friends confess their faults to one another, and pardon them mutually.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. XV.—By Mr. M'COMBER.—White to move, and mate in three moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. XV.—Played at Leeds Chess Club, between two of the strongest players.

White—Mr. Millard.

Black—Mr. Codman.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| 1 K P 2 | 1 K P 2 |
| 2 K Kt to B 3 | 2 Q Kt to B 3 |
| 3 K B to Q B 4 | 3 K B to Q B |
| 4 Q Kt P 2 | 4 B takes P |
| 5 Q R P 1 | 5 B to Q 3 (a) |
| 6 Castles | 6 Q to K 2 |
| 7 Q P 2 | 7 Q Kt to R 4 |
| 8 K B to Q 3 | 8 K B P 1 |
| 9 Q to Q R 4 (b) | 9 Q Kt P 1 |
| 10 At to Q R 3 | 10 Q B P 1 |
| 11 K to Q B 2 | 11 B to Q B 2 |
| 12 B to Q R 3 | 12 Q P 1 |
| 13 B to Q Kt 4 | 13 Q Kt P 1 |
| 14 Q to Q R 3 | 14 Kt to Q Kt 2 |
| 15 Q B P 1 | 15 P takes Q P (c) |
| 16 K P 1 | 16 Q B P 1 |
| 17 P takes K B P | 17 P takes B |
| 18 Q R to K | 18 B to K 3 |
| 19 Q takes P | 19 Q takes P |
| 20 Q takes P (ch) | 20 K to Q |
| 21 Q takes Kt | 21 R to Q Kt |
| 22 Q takes R P | 22 Kt to K R 3 |
| 23 K Kt takes P | 23 B to Q 2 |
| 24 Kt to Q Kt 5 | 24 B takes Kt |
| 25 P takes B | 25 K to Q 2 |
| 26 R to Q B | 26 K R to Q B (d) |
| 27 R takes B (ch) | |
- and wins

Solution to Problem XIV., p. 119.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 P 1 | 1 Kt to Q 6 (ch) |
| 2 K to Q 2 | 2 Kt takes B |
| 3 P Queens (ch) | 3 Kt covers (ch) (best) |
| | (A) |
| 4 K to Q 3 | 4 P Queens |
| 5 Q takes Kt (ch) | 5 K to R 6 (best) |
| 6 Q to Q R 6 (ch) | 6 K to Kt 7 |
| 7 Q to Q Kt 6 (ch) | 7 K to R 6 |
| 8 Q to R 5 (ch) | 8 K to Kt 7 |
| 9 Q to Kt 4 (ch) | 9 K to R 7 (B) |
| 10 K to B 2 and wins | |

- (A) If K to R 6, White checks at Q R 8, and then at Q Kt 8, and wins.
(B) If on any of White's checks on R's file Black K goes to B 8, Q checks at K Kt square.

NOTES TO GAME XV.

- (a) We do not think this a very satisfactory defence; the move recommended is B to R 4, or perhaps better B to B 4.
(b) We should have preferred playing K Kt to R 4.
(c) Overlooking White's reply of K P 1.
(d) Q to Q Square would have been the correct move, but he must then have lost the game.

FAMILY PASTIME.

Charades.

1.
My second my first need not be,
Unless we come close by his side,
And then 'twere disgraceful to see
That my first could not well be applied.
My next the philosopher thinks on
As the best of all creatures or worst;
My whole is that second's distinction,
And the birth of my whole is my first.

2.
Do not my whole too often to your glass;
Or shorten me, you to that state may pass,
And shorten health—nay, life as well, alas!

3.
My first is, forsooth, as I steadfastly hold,
Yet I own it appears somewhat strange,
Though time roll away, what will never grow old,
But remain ever new without change.

My second than my first is more mystical still,
For I swear that since first it was found,
By misfortune, by chance, by art, or by skill,
Has never been lost, being firmly bound;
My third is a thing that in Europe is seen,
In Asia, Africa, and America,
From which all mankind must confess there have been
Vast riches derived magna cura.
My whole, I maintain, when correctly combined,
The British do at present possess—
Which on the American coasts you will find,
If you'll just take the trouble to guess.

4.
My first possesses power so great,
The strongest bond to it is fate;
My second is my most despised,
And yet sometimes is greatly prized;
My third hath such attractive charms,
It wins even dulness to its arms.

Puzzle.

Get a bottle full of water, with the cork driven tightly in, and the top of it level with the neck of the bottle. You must remove the cork from the bottle without touching the cork with anything, and without injuring the bottle.

Arithmetical Problem.

An old man married a young woman; their united ages amounted to C. The man's age multiplied by 4 and divided by 9, gives the woman's age. What were their respective ages?

Transpositions.

1.
I'm a sharp little blade,
With diminutive head,
Most ladies I help to keep warm;
If it were not for me,
You quickly would see,
How soon they'd expose every charm.
Reverse me, I pray,
And then, prythee, say,
How with me you would like, sir, to deal,
If I came to your arm.
You would think me too warm,
For I'm sure I could cause you to feel.

2.
NTOAGRSI—A profession.

3.
BRIMNNOOGE—A trade.

4.
SSTAOLBRA—A bird.

5.
CASERU—A household article.

6.
ICEAREUNTO—An occupation.

7.
EARTH—A part of the body.

8.
MESHAN—An authoress.

9.
ZABER—An animal.

10.
TAMLA—A celebrated place.

11.
NELIAD—The name of a person.

12.
RAMY—Ditto.

13.
SORE—Ditto.

14.
IAMRA—Ditto.

Conundrum.

What leads you to suppose that flies are more subject to madness than any other insects or animals?

Riddles.

1.
I come with the wind in unseen force;
If I come in your hand you may mark my course.
I come with misfortune and bring my weight,
Not a pound nor a ton though oft as great;
I chiefly come down, and am received with fear,
But when I go up, worse results appear.
On the strongest I show irresistible might,
And scatter so wide they can never unite.

2.
My first is wise and foolish; my second the physician's study; and my whole suits every study.

Enigmatical List of Flowers.

1. A vain youth!
2. The support of a dairy, and a false step
3. The goddess of beauty, and the ladies' delight.
4. The name of a man, and the literary man's best friend.
5. Congealed rain, and what faint people do.
6. An emperor's diadem.
7. A cockney fop.

Queries.

1.
There are two words only in our language wherein the five vowels follow in successive order. Which be they?

2.
There are two youths mentioned in Scripture, who, in degrees of consanguinity, were so remarkably circumstanced, that their father was their grandfather—their mothers were their sisters—their sisters were their aunts—and they were each other's uncles! Who were they?

Anagrams.

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| 1. A tame sin. | 6. I start game. |
| 2. Eat cherry. | 7. I am Will. |
| 3. Our big hens. | 8. Chew in rest. |
| 4. Cool cheat. | 9. Rain. |
| 5. Peter's cable. | 10. New door. |

Arithmetical Questions.

1.
The provisions in a garrison are sufficient to last 1600 soldiers for three months; but a reinforcement being wanted, what number of soldiers may be added to the garrison on this emergency, so that the same provisions may suffice for one month?

2.
If 3 yards 2 quarters of cloth, 1 yard 2 quarters wide, will make a suit of clothes; how many yards of stuff, 1 quarter wide, will make a suit for the same person, allowing the tailor 3 quarters for cabbage?

Biographical Transpositions.

1.
ZOPIARR. He was the founder of the city of Lima—he was assassinated in six years afterwards.

2.
TLILLIANEW. A Swiss peasant. By the command of Genier, the Austrian governor of Switzerland, every Swiss who passed by was to reverence his hat, which was put upon a pole. He refused, and he was then obliged to shoot an apple placed upon his son's head, which he did without injuring his son. Soon afterwards he shot the governor, which incited his countrymen to take up arms and to effect their deliverance.

Answers to Riddles, Charades, &c.

TRANSPPOSITION.

Rat, Tar, Rat.

ENIGMAS.

Echo.

2.
The two men had been widowers, and married each others daughters.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. The Road. 2. Because he is attached to a bell(e). 3. Because he is an Ass. 4. Grow older. 5. Noise. 6. When the hedges are shooting and the bull rushes out, (bull rush is out). 7. When it becomes a lady. 8. When she is a little pale (pale). 9. When it is a little bear (bare). 10. When it is a little cross. 11. When it is a little reddish (radish).

NATURAL NOVELTY.

Now listen, Damsels, in my merry rhyme,
To clear my "Novelty" it seems quite time.
Who loves not beauty? be such but a bird,
She doth the fancy with attractions gird:
A pretty Parquet, of East, wins fame,
For favor'd graces,—such is our first's name.
Another beauty is our stronger next,
Who, for long essay, might produce fair text,
So wondrous are her ways in native woods;
Her name is Parrot, showing checker'd moods.
The Vampire is our third; a mighty pest
By the huge streams that mark the torrid West.
The Bard of Avon, in his "Hamlet" Tale,
Hath halo'd girl my fourth, of Grecian vale;
Few have not heard of such—the Porepine,
With barb like quills, that show resentment's sign.
Our fifth, the Elephant, all will allow,
Both as a Titan, by an earthworm show.
An Oran-Outan our strong sixth appears
Where Malay Palm its taking clusters rears.
Our seventh, the Pelican, of lonesome shores,
Destruction on the fin-let creatures pours.
Hamster is title of our eighth; her bags
With grain to furnish, steadily she sags.
Such is my "Novelty," when fashion'd mist
Quits all its precincts to display its list.
Sylphs of green grove! nymphs of Minerva's fame,
Try, through the product, science-lore to gain.

PUZZLES.

1.
When the first line of figures is set down, subtract 2 from the last right-hand figure, and place it before the first figure of the line, and that is the quotient for five lines. For example, suppose the figures given are 86 214, the quotient will be 26 212. You may allow any person to put down the two first and the fourth lines, but you must always set down the third and fifth lines, and in doing so always make up 9 with the line above, as in the following example:

86 214	you see that you have made 9 in the third and fifth lines with the lines above them. If the person desired to put down the figure, should set down a 1 or 0 for the last figure, you must say we will have another figure, and another, and so on until he sets down something above 1 or 2.
42 680	
57 319	
62 851	
37 145	
Qt. 26,212	
67 856	In solving the puzzle with three lines, you subtract 1 from the last figure, and place it before the first figure, and make up the third line yourself to 9. For example: 67 856 is given, and the quotient will be 167 855, as shown in the above diagram.
67 218	
52 741	
Qt. 167,855	

Four merry fiddlers play'd all night,
To many a dancing minny;
And the next morning went away,
And each received a guinea.

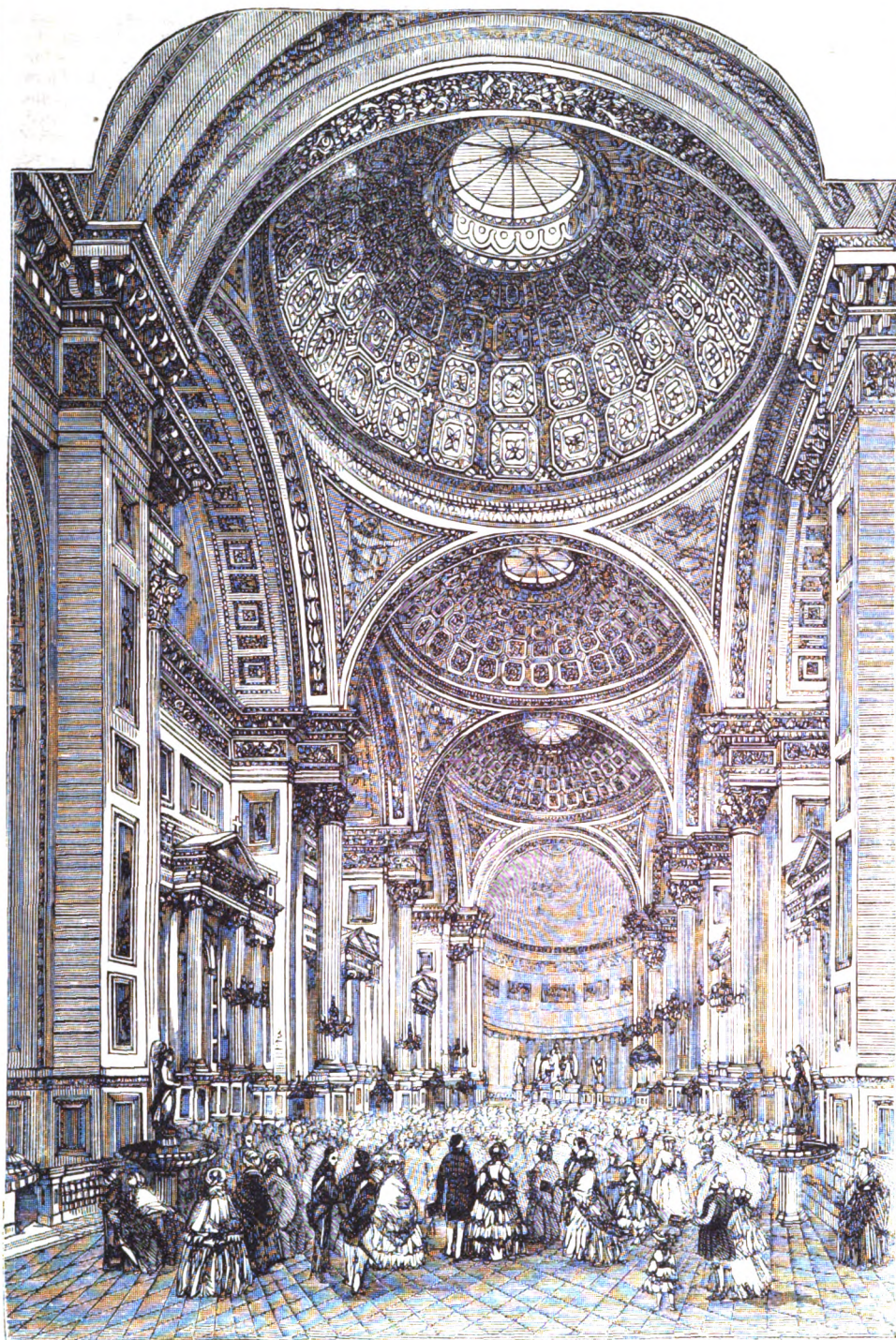
A PUZZLING INSCRIPTION.

By the use of the single vowel E, the following couplet was formed:

PERSEVERE. YE PERFECT MEN,
EVER KEEP THESE PRECEPTS TEN.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. London. 2. Solomon. 3. Olive-oil. 4. Violin.



THE INTERIOR OF THE MADELINE.

The Madeleine.

THERE is no more striking sight in Paris than that which is to be seen from the Place de la Concorde. Facing you is the Palace of the Tuileries, to your right is the River Seine, bordered with palaces behind, the vast Champs Elysees, and then up the Rue Royale you distinguish, at a distance of a few hundred yards, the Church of the Madeleine. Most of the edifices which ornament Paris have the advantage of being well situated. They are not surrounded by buildings which detract from their beauty; they are not built upon—except in the instance of St. Roch—in a way that deprives them of all architectural proportions.

This is peculiarly the case with the Madeleine. Placed at the end of a short but very wide street, its elevation is seen from a considerable distance, while every feature of its exterior can be examined by walking round the vast *place* in which it is situated. The pavement on each side of the church is some forty or fifty feet wide, and on this spot is held periodically, the celebrated flower-market, which attracts all the rank and fashion of Paris twice a week. It is perhaps difficult on these days to know which most to admire, the beauty of the flowers, or the taste and elegance of the charming creatures who come to buy them. In too many cases these resplendent creatures partake of many of the char-

acteristics of the flower; their career is as brilliant as that of the rose, and as little durable.

But passing through the flower market, and ascending the really fine flight of steps, we enter the building, and are at once struck by the gorgeous magnificence of the interior. It seems one mass of gold, silver, and precious stones, illuminated generally by a bright sun, with the peculiar transparency of the atmosphere which gives all edifices in Paris so great an advantage over those in London. Walking up the church, which is filled with chairs, which can be used in payment of a penny or two pence, according to the importance of the occasion, the really splendid character of the ornaments is more clearly seen. The principal altar is erected with great taste, while numerous paintings adorn the walls. The organ is one of the finest in the world, and if you can find your way up the stairs and along the intricate passages which lead to it, a very remarkable *coup d'œil* may be witnessed from the organ loft.

The most striking effect we ever witnessed in the Madeleine, was at a funeral of a general officer. The whole interior of the church was one blaze of light from wax tapers, especially round the mortal remains of the deceased, while the gorgeous habits of the priests, and the uniforms of his military friends, added much to the artistic effect of the whole scene.

The history of the Madeleine may be told in a very few words. It was commenced during the reign of the most profligate of the kings of France. It was Louis XV. who ordered its construction, and who gave the execution of the work to his architect, Constant d'Ivry. The first stone was laid with great state in the year 1764, but d'Ivry dying in 1770, the continuation of the task was entrusted to Conture. As was naturally to be expected, he made many alterations in the plans of his predecessor. The revolution came, and the works were suspended. On the advent of Napoleon to the throne of France, one of his magnificent ideas was to erect a temple to Glory, and he selected the unfinished Madeleine to realise his views. The task was confided by him to Vignon. Revolution in the State again modified the progress of the still unfinished edifice. Louis XVIII. naturally wished to walk in the steps of his ancestors, and ordered it to be finished by Huvé. These changes necessitated much pulling down and building up.

No man can say what Versailles cost to build. The accounts were purposely destroyed. All we know is, that the expense was so enormous as to press heavily on the whole nation, and materially to precipitate the great French revolution. In like manner no one can say what the Madeleine cost. We are told the sums spent on it were enormous, that is all. The result is great, certainly, for it is one of the most striking buildings in all Paris.

It has all the simplicity and chasteness, on the outside, of an ancient temple; in fact, it very much resembles the Parthenon at Athens. Its form is rectangular, being 327 feet by 131. It is raised upon a basement eight feet high, and is surrounded by a peristyle with fifty-two columns. The order is Corinthian. The only other building in Paris, at all resembling it, is the Bourse. It has a fine portico at both ends, surmounted in each case by triangular pediments. The front which turns to the south has a fine bas-relief above a hundred feet long and twenty high, in which the Magdalen is represented at the feet of Jesus. It must be recollected that the church is erected to the Magdalen. The nineteen figures of the bas-relief are made up, in addition to those mentioned, of angels, Innocence, Faith, Hope, Charity, while at one end, an avenging angel drives away Envy, Lewdness, Hypocrisy and Avarice. The whole is well executed. The height to the roof, which is wholly composed of iron and copper, is ninety feet.

The expense of marriages and funerals being very great here, it is the resort only of the wealthy and fashionable for these purposes, but kneeling on the stones and seated on the chairs, may be seen the poorest and most humble members of the community, the dandy in polished leather-boots and black coat; the *ouvrier* in a blouse and hob-nailed shoes.

WOOLS AT THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.—In wools the number of exhibitors was very large: probably so large and comprehensive a collection was never before got together. Specimens were sent from almost every country—from Arctic Greenland to the plains of Hindostan. The extensive display of fleeces and sample wools from Moravia, Silesia, and Bohemia, were of the highest class, and were contributed from the most renowned flocks of those countries. Those from Hungary, Transylvania and Galicia were also excellent in their class, but fell short of the fine qualities of the Moravian flocks. The Prussian collection comprised small samples merely; the quality of those from Brandenburg, Posen, Westphalia, and Silesia, made us regret that entire fleeces had not been sent. From Spain, the native pastures of the Merino, our expectations were not realized, notwithstanding their geographical advantages, these wools could not bear a comparison with the produce of German flocks. The fleeces of Leon and Segovia have no longer their ancient reputation; and, though the Government has striven to resuscitate the breed by the importation of Saxon rams, the want of more successful results indicates clearly the backward and neglected state of Spanish agriculture. The collections in the French department were comprehensive in character and admirably arranged. Here not only was the pure Merino breed represented, but also the celebrated Rambouillet and the *Métis Merino*; and these again crossed with the Leicester, Romney-Marsh, and Southdown breeds. Some few flocks still exist in France, which have preserved the ancient character of the fine, short-stapled Merino wool.

A LIFE of active exertion, of well-regulated energy, an humble mind, and a heart of faith and love, will convert the mountain of misery into a peaceful valley.

Ice.

Those huge masses of ice which float about the seas near or within the polar circles, are called by the sailors *Ice Islands*. Many of these fluctuating islands are met with on the coast of Spitzbergen, to the great danger of the shipping employed in the Greenland fishery. In the midst of those tremendous masses navigators have been arrested and frozen to death. In this manner the brave Sir Hugh Willoughby perished with all his crew in 1553; and in the year 1773, Lord Mulgrave, after every effort which the most finished seamen could make to accomplish the end of his voyage, was caught in the ice, and was near experiencing the same unhappy fate. The scene, divested of the horror from the expectation of inevitable destruction, was the most beautiful and picturesque. Two large ships are seen rowing between them, till at once the floating ice stops, either by the gulf being already closed below, or the flakes of ice freezing together, when immediately foot passengers, who have been waiting on the shores for this happy moment, go over in safety. Nothing is more common than to see boats crossing the river, and, in two hours afterwards, to behold hundreds of people going over on foot. No less rapid is the departure of the ice. In the spring, the first indication of this event is the standing of the snow-water on the ice; then the ice becomes porous, or divides into spiculae, lets the water through, and becomes of a blackish color. At length it parts, while the roads that have been well trod during the winter still remain; so that often foot passengers are seen on these roads, and between them and the floating sheets of ice, boats in great numbers passing and repassing. By the force of the current, and shocks received from the floating ice, at length the roads give way; the ice continues to fall down the stream for a day or two to the gulf, and the whole river is clear. A week or fortnight after this, the ice of the Ladega comes down, which, according as the wind may happen to be, continues a couple or more days, sometimes as many weeks, and renders the atmosphere uncommonly chill.

The ice and the cold are of service to the inhabitants in many ways. Distances are much shortened by their means, inasmuch as people, horses, and carriages of all sorts, and of ever so great burden, can cross the Neva, and the other rivers, lakes, and canals, in all places and directions; and the Cronstadt gulf supplies, in some measure, the want of navigation during the winter, by the transport of commodities of every denomination over the ice. As ice-cellars here are a necessary of life for keeping provisions of all kinds during the summer, so every house in every part of the town is provided with one of them, to be filled with large blocks cut out of the river. This operation generally takes place about the beginning of February. The ice also promotes the pleasure of the inhabitants, by giving them an opportunity for the diversion of sled and horse racing, and for that of the ice-hills, so much admired by the populace. The weight of these ice-hills, together with that of a multitude sometimes of 5,000 or 6,000 persons standing about them on holidays, gives the spectator a surprising idea of the strength and solidity of the ice. The proximate of two great fields produces a most singular phenomenon; it forces the smaller (if the term can be applied to pieces of several acres square) out of the water, and adds them to their surface; a second, and often a third, succeeds, so that the whole forms an aggregate of a tremendous height. They float in the sea like so many rugged mountains, and are sometimes five or six hundred yards thick; but the far greater part is concealed beneath the water. These are continually increased in height by the freezing of the spray of the sea, or of the melting of the snow which falls upon them. Those which remain in this frozen climate receive continual growth; others are gradually wafted by the northern winds into southern latitudes, and melt by degrees by the heat of the sun, till they waste away, or disappear in the boundless element. The collision of the great fields of ice, in high latitudes, is often attended with a noise that for a time takes away the sense of hearing anything else; and the smaller with a grinding of unspeakable horror. The water which dashes against the mountainous ice freezes into an infinite variety of forms, and gives the voyager ideal towns, streets, churches, steeples, and every shape which imagination can frame.

Another class of curious forms assumed by ice is called *Icebergs*. These are large bodies of ice filling the valleys between the high mountains in northern latitudes. Among the most remarkable are those of the east coast of Spitzbergen. They are seven in number, but at considerable distance from each other; each fills the valleys for tracts unknown, in a region totally inaccessible in the internal parts.

The glaciers of Switzerland seem contemptible to these, but present often a similar front into some lower valley. The last exhibits over the sea a front three hundred feet high, emulating the emerald in color; cataracts of melted snow precipitate down various parts, and black spring mountains, streaked with white, bound the sides, and rise, crag above crag, as far as eye can reach in the background. At times immense fragments break off, and tumble into the water with a most alarming dashing. A piece of this vivid green substance has fallen, and grounded in twenty-four fathoms water, and spired above the surface fifty feet. Similar icebergs are frequent in all the Arctic regions, and to their lapses is owing the solid mountainous ice which infests those seas.

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.

The Neglected Genius.

This illustration is taken from the original picture by Mr. W. Hunt. It tells its own tale. The poor, ignorant, loutish lad—in coarse garments, and seated on a tub—fancies that he has drawn a very clever figure on his slate; and his heavy countenance expresses stolid satisfaction. He displays his work in triumph, and no doubt believes that it is "by no means bad." Perhaps an admiring old grandmother or maiden aunt is the gratified beholder of the achievement, and vows that the boy has a "natural genius" for drawing. Were such relative acquainted with Gray's "Elegy," she would bethink herself of these lines:—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

A READY FEE.—It is related, not of Dr. Wormwood, but one to whom he bears no little resemblance, that a wealthy citizen, who had the misfortune to require his visits, was in the custom of having the gold always ready in his hand to electrify the doctor when he felt his pulse. One day it happened, on the doctor making his stated call, that the servant informed him, "All is over!" "Over?" re-echoed the doctor, as the remembrance of his customary fee flashed on his mind. "Impossible! he cannot be dead! No, no! Let me see him—some trance or heavy sleep, perhaps!" The doctor was introduced into the sable apartment; he took the hand of the pale corpse, applied the finger to that artery which once ebbed with life, gave a sorrowful shake of his head, while, with a trifling *legerdemain*, he relieved, from the grasp of death, two guineas, which, in truth, had been destined for him. "Ay, ay, good folks," said the doctor, "he is dead; there is a destiny in all things!" and, full of shrewd sagacity, turned upon his heel.

NEW METALLIC ALLOY.—Mr. F. J. Anger, of Stamford Street, Blackfriars, London, has recently discovered a compound of metals, which in many points resembles gold. In a crucible, 100 parts of pure copper are melted, and while in a state of fusion the discoverer adds 17 parts of zinc, 6 of magnesite, 3.6 parts of ammonia, 1.8 parts of quicklime, and 9 parts of crude tartar—the whole to be brought to a complete state of fusion.

From recent telescopic discoveries, a suspicion has arisen among astronomers that gravitation is not a universal principle.

A GREAT change in life is like a cold bath in winter—we all hesitate at the first plunge.



THE NEGLECTED GENIUS.

Nature—Asleep, Awake, and Aroused.

NATURE SLEPT. The sun had set with radiant glory to sleep in the glowing bed of his own retiring effulgence. Darkness crept out of her lurking place to possess the bright territory which Light had evacuated; but the moon, with placid face, surrounded with the glittering pearls of Paradise, shone like a globe of burnished gold far up in the broad, expanded vault of heaven. There were no clouds to mar her serene course; they were cradled and asleep on the dim summit of the far-off hills. Nature slept, while silence reigned, but reigned not supreme. Far, far in the depths of the sleeping forest, where Nature had reared her mightiest trees, where the thick and tangled jungle rotted in silence; where vast deserts lay uninhabited and uninhabitable; where the industrious backwoodsman lay in his castle of logs, dreaming sweet visions of toil rewarded; where the deer lay innocently slumbering in her lair; there the reign of silence was disputed by the harsh chorus of the beasts of prey howling for their victims. Still nature slept. The mighty ocean calmly obeyed the mandates of its ruling mistress the moon. The little wavelets nestled in the broad bosom of the drowsy billows, whose hoary heads nodded in a disturbed slumber, for they dared not sleep tranquilly; their destiny is, no rest, ever on! On! where? Ask old ocean itself. Dive to the depths of the fathomless deep, where, in fabled cities, fabled people hold their watery revels; ask them. Ask of the far-travelled wind, whose wings are laden with the labored sweat of the restless sea as its damp breath touches your ear. Its answer is:—On, on, on; ever on; ask not of me!

NATURE SLEPT. Earth was in deep repose. The air hung motionless like the drapery round Nature's bed. The little rivulet, which before was dancing and leaping with sparkling glee on its way to mother ocean, is now quiet, sleepily, dreamily flowing in the deep shade of its embracing banks. The mighty river sleeps on its majestic course through valley, through forest, disturbing not the repose of nature. The moonbeams, where they fell on earth, there lay and slept side and side with the dark, cold shadows; where they fell on the wide, wide sea, there paved a golden street to some imaginary city, peopled by bright celestials; where they fell on the haunts of men, there watched with borrowed brightness the silence of sleep; where they fell on the cemetery, there only tended to deepen the shades of Death's domain. The old sombre gravestones looked on with scowling look at the obtrusive beams, which grew cold in the mouldy territory of the tomb, whilst deepest silence reigned around the sleeping ashes of the dead.

STILL NATURE SLEPT. Far on the distant horizon where the "everlasting hills" were wrapt in sleep, a gray light is slowly ascending to pale the light of the retiring moon. Gradually, little by little, imperceptibly that light mounts the eastern vault of the blue sky. The mists which had slept in the deep valleys rise to meet that light; but long before they have half ascended the slope of the high hills, the beautiful moon has withdrawn her beams, and retired into misty invisibility; the refreshed sun springs from its bed in the eastern wave, and shows its bright face above the intervening hills, and

NATURE IS AWAKE. The gentle breezes bestir themselves to waft the dewy fragrance of the blushing flowers across the broad valley, up to the tops of the highest mountains, into the smoky city, across the restless sea. Nature is *awake* and *busy*. She is slowly, yet surely, fostering the corn-stalk, whilst she supplies the sap-green ash with sustenance, busily deepening the shade of green in the meadow, opening the reservoirs of stream and river, affording life and strength to the tender germ, supporting her elder works with others older still, pouring mighty draughts into the insatiable mouth of the mightier ocean.

Nature is *awake* and *working*, and with no bustle or excitement. All her labors are accomplished *silently*. The works of art, mighty, wonderful and vast, as many of them are, are carried on with ostentation and noise, so that all the world are acquainted with her designs whilst they are in progress. Not so with Nature. Silently she rears her tallest pines upon "Norwegian hills"; silently she paints the face of earth with varied hues; without attracting notice she collects the vapors in the lap of Heaven, and, suddenly drops them on the brow of earth; no bustle attends as she twists the gnarled sinews of the monarch oak; no sound attends her soft tread o'er the velvet carpet of the meadow, as she sows her wild flowers with wilder prodigality; her footprints on the mountain top are seen in the unheaven granite, the heather blossom, or the blue-bell; no eye hath seen her bed of the trackless ocean, where her wildest fancies are created unseen.

NATURE IS AWAKE AND VIGILANT.

Is there a mountain daisy fainting for lack of moisture? She sends the cool, the crystal dew-drop to sparkle, like a tear of gratitude, in its modest eye. Are any of her mighty works destroyed? From its fallen ruins she raises up a monument. She requires no new materials for her works; she remoulds the crumbs left by Time's destructive hand. She sows the ashes of the dead; and a living set arise to die and moulder into ashes in their turn. All round this pensile globe is Nature at work. Far in the tangled depths of the mighty forests, where human foot has never trod, whose wonders human eyes have never seen, she is ever on the alert, working and accumulating miracle upon miracle. Away over the immense plain where the prairie fire is raging, crackling, roaring, gleaming for miles, where the terrified buffalo flies before the rapid conflagration, his nostrils breathing out unmingled terror; where the lank and ravenous wolves tread in the smouldering wake of the devastating flames, with hungry jaws and bloody eyes, waiting to devour—to tear limb from limb—the unfortunate animals caught in the raging element and suffocated among the smoking embers; where Niagara's mighty volume thunders down the precipice with deafening din, or beautiful Montmorenci roars with impetuous haste: where lofty Chimimaree towers unseen into the sky, the monarch of mountain peaks; where Alpine glaciers crash and avalanches roll; where wild winds eddy, and whirl, and roar, on the ruffled bosom of the boundless deep, is Nature at work and awake!

Lo! a change darkens the face of Nature; foreboding calm and silence prelude a coming storm. Hark! a distant moaning from the distant main walls across the troubled waters; an aerial reverberation rolls along the mountain tops.

NATURE IS AROUSED. Across and down the murky sky vivid lightnings gleam, while the muttering thunder swells into its loudest peals. The sombre heavens open their flood-gates, and pour a deluge on the earth. The swollen mountain torrent overflows its banks, and rushes impetuously down the rocky cliff, dashes with foaming bosom through the level valley, through field, through garden, and tumbles headlong into the chafing channel of the river, big with many waters. Men stand and wonder: beasts are terror-stricken, alarmed, at Nature's wrath. On every side she rages, unmolested, unmollified. She calls out the blustering north wind from his icy den, to tear and ride rampant over the world. Huge trees are levelled, fall with mighty groan, and crash beneath the flaming sword of the lightnings, or the wild bleats of Boreas. Loud, long, and fitful howls the storm, breathing through the woods, whose boughs and branches creak and sway in terror. Nature's anger waxes deeper. Mountain's of roaring billows heave, and rise, and roll, and fall to rise again, and toss on their foaming summits the distressed, which seem disabled, birds on the tops of liquid mountains. The yawning sea gapes for human prey, with an insatiable hunger. The wind howls a frantic song, while "the mad ocean is blaspheming to the moon," now visible through the rift of a broken cloud, now sunk in deep obscurity. The rattling thunder shakes the trembling earth, from whose inmost springs gurgles forth many a young river to lash its banks with angry waters, like its older brethren, and, like them, at last to lose itself in ocean's immensity. Earth groans with inward agony, and its bosom heaves with mighty sighs. Earthquakes rumble, opening yawning graves for whole cities, doomed to stagger for a moment and be engulfed. Hecla's entrails are torn and rent with fiery anguish. The flaming crater of Italian Vesuvius belches forth a thick, murky smoke, mingled with dazzling tongues of fire, blocks of stone, and rivers of burning, melting lava. The doomed cities overwhelmed! Wretched Pompeii! Miserable Herculaneum! How great is your downfall—how terrible is your fate—how awful is your doom! Your mighty palaces, your gorgeous statuary, your magnificent streets, your miserable inhabitants, in one brief space sunk in a burning ocean, overwhelmed by the fearful wrath of NATURE AROUSED!

IMAGINATION AND FANCY.—Imagination is the power of depicting, and fancy of working and combining. The imagination is formed by patient observation; the fancy by a voluntary activity in shifting the scenery of the mind. The more accurate the imagination—the more safely may a painter or a poet undertake a delineation, or a description, without the presence of the objects to be characterized. The more versatile the fancy, the more original and striking will be the decorations produced.

Facetiae.

FAMILY QUERY.—If a cabman has fourteen children, have you a right to take his number?

USEFUL HINT.—A bank "safe" is not always a "safe bank."

When does a fast youth resemble a badly built chimney?—When he smokes, of course?

THE FIRST POST BOY.—Cadmus was the first post-boy; he carried letters from Phœnicia to Greece.

LUCRATIVE SCHEME.—"Come, Bob, tell us how much you cleared by your wild land speculation?" "Cleared! ah, cleared my pockets."

A wag once remarked that the reason why unmarried ladies looked so often at the moon, was the vulgar belief that there was a *man* in it.

A short man became attached to a tall woman, and somebody said he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it *falling* in love?" said the suitor, "it's more like *climbing* up to it!"

Mr. Hunt, in his lecture on common law, remarked, "that a lady when she married lost her personal identity—her distinctive character; and was like a dew-drop swallowed by a sun-beam."

An awkward man, attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "There now!" exclaimed his wife, "we've lost our dinner." "Oh, no, my dear," answered he, "it's safe, I've got my foot on it!"

A LOVER gazed in the eyes of his mistress until she blushed. He pressed her hand to his heart and said, "My looks have planted roses on thy cheek; he who sows the seed should reap the harvest."

An author, complaining of the injustice of the press in condemning his new tragedy, said the censures were unjust, for the audience did not *hiss* it. "No," replied the friend, "how could they *yawn* and *hiss* together?"

A PARENT'S EXCUSE.—A father being applied to for the reason of his son's absence from school, the schoolmaster received the following intelligent reply:—"Cepathomotogotaterin!"

THE TELEGRAPH.—"Wife, I don't see, for my part how they send letters on them 'ere wires without tearin' 'em all to bits." "Oh, my! they don't send the paper, they just send the writin' in a fluid state."

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER AT BREAKFAST.—(Better than *Marlamade*.)—Marry the nicest girl you know. You will then have her to preside at your breakfast table, and unless you are a sad dog indeed, you will not then require any *but* her.

LIFE IN BYE-LAWS.—A doctor, when asked how his patient was going on, replied that his constitution was gone, and his case was hopeless. "But how does he live at all," he was asked, "if his constitution is gone?" "Oh," he replied, "he is living on the bye-laws!"

A GENTLEMAN wishing to get rid of a visitor, and not liking to tell him, "There's the door," modified it thus:—"Elevate your golgotta to the summit of your pericranium, and allow me to present to your ocular demonstration that scientific piece of mechanism which forms the egress portion of this apartment!"

The following lines are taken from a hymn-book which a young lady had incautiously left behind her in a chapel:

I look in vain—he does not come,

Dear, dear, what shall I do!

I cannot listen as I ought,

Unless he listens too!

He might have come as well as not!

What plagues these fellows are!

I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,

Or smoking a cigar!

LIFE is a Library, composed of several volumes. With some, these volumes are richly gilt; with others, quite plain. Of its several volumes, the first is a Child's Book, full of pretty pictures; the second is a School Book, blotted, inked, and dog-eared; the next is a Thrilling Romance, full of love, hope, ruin, and despair, winding up with a marriage with the most beautiful heroine that ever was; then, there is the Housekeeping Book, with the butcher's and baker's bills increasing every year; after that, come the Day-Book and Ledger, swelling out into a series of many volumes, presenting a rare fund of varied information, and jingling like a cash-box with money; these are followed up with a grave History, solemnly travelling over the events of the Past, with many wise deductions and grave warnings; and last of all comes the Child's Book again, with its pages rather soiled, and its pictures by no means so bright as they used to be. To the above Library is sometimes added the Banker's Book, thick with gold, but it is a very scarce work, and only to be met with in the richest collections.

The First Quarrel.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"They never loved as thou and I,
Who vindicate the moral—
That aught which sweetens love can lie
In true love's lightest quarrel."

"It is certainly very disagreeable to love another so much."

This original remark was uttered as a stage soliloquy, the little dressing or sitting-room having no other occupant than the very pretty woman who laid down her book with a yawn, and took up her tidy in crochet, lazily netting a few stitches. To one who had never suffered from this excess of idolatry, it might be considered rather a singular complaint; but the case stood thus: Flora Hastings had been a wife the very long time of three months and a-half. Her wardrobe and house being in complete order, her husband very much at leisure in business, and with ample means, they had found nothing better to do than the modern and very selfish occupation of "living for each other." That is, they had declined all party invitations after the first gloss of the bridal dress was dimmed, and when seen at all in public, were always together, she leaning upon his arm with an enviable air of self-satisfaction, looking up into his face with a most adoring glance whenever he chanced to speak, and he in turn bending down to catch her most trivial remark with a devotion that would have become a just-engaged lover. If at a concert, he fanned her, he supported her opera-glass, he carried her hood and shawl. But even music, in which they both professed to be amateurs, seemed to have lost its accustomed charm, and they were certain to leave at the end of part first, no matter what were the attractions of the bill to less absorbed spectators.

In short, everybody said—and everybody, when turned gossip, is not over civil or complimentary oftentimes—that "they were making fools of themselves, and it could not last for ever." Some people are so envious of anything in which they do not share!

They did not live in the city in the summer season, but at Mr. Hastings's little country house—large enough, however, to be thoroughly comfortable, and well fitted, and with a head-servant who never bothered her mistress by asking instructions, which were sure to be comprehended in one sentence, "You know best, Margaret." So they lived an idle, fond, and, as they imagined, a perfectly happy life, with flowers which the gardener cultivated, a little music, and the new books of the season. They did not invite any company to Brookside; they did not wish any. Mr. Hastings rode to town between nine and ten, returning by three, and from that time they were constantly together, reading, walking, or driving in the low carriage, one of their late acquisitions.

At first they thought it delightful to sit together on the veranda, Mr. Hastings enjoying his after-dinner cigar and the newspaper, Flora with the last new novel and exquisite silver paper-cutter, that had been one of the engagement presents. But they did not get on very well, there was so much talking to do between times, and at last they conceived the happy idea of reading aloud. Four whole days this had been considered the height of enjoyment. They scarcely tasted the dessert, so anxious were they to resume the thread of the story. Then the sewing-chair and the work-basket took their place outside the casement window, and Flora, with the prettiest and most becoming air of industry, listened to Mr. Hastings, who sat with his feet supported at a considerable angle on the trellis of the porch, his chair artistically balanced, and his head adorned by a broad-leaved straw hat, not because he needed it, but Flora considered it particularly becoming to his dark, Spanish, melo-dramatic style of face and figures.

And then those little episodes of comment and criticism, the hero and heroine being in all cases judged and tested by their individual experience, and pronounced wanting, if the scales were not poised to the most minute equality.

"A quarrel! My dear Alfred, how can any woman speak unkindly to her husband? I should be ready to bite my tongue off if I could be guilty of it to you."

"My precious love would never think of such a thing, I am sure. But all women have not such angelic tempers, dearest."

"And then some men are so provoking, not in the least like my Alfred. How did it ever, ever happen you could care for me?"

Considering Miss Flora Willis was the prettiest, most admired, and wealthiest young lady of Mr. Hastings's acquaintance, it was rather singular.

"Angel!" It was well the thicket of sweet-brier formed such a perfect screen, as the heavenly epithet was emphasized with a most enraptured kiss.

"How long have we been married, love?" inquired the angel, in the most captivatingly thoughtful mood, her hand looking so very white and small as it rested on his jet-black whisker.

"Three months, fourteen days and a-half, my pet," responding the happy husband, with the precision of a country tombstone or obituary notice. "Fifteen weeks to-morrow since I was made so very, very happy."

"And we love each other as dearly as ever. How strange?"

"Yes, more dearly. Very. And they told us we should change."

Such sarcastic repudiation of the charge as was conveyed in that tone and glance! "They" would have been withered by it; even the blossoms of the sweetbrier shook and trembled.

"You could not be unkind to your poor little Flora?"

"Never, my own darling! And she would not give her husband!"

"Never—never—never."

The reader is to suppose the blanks filled by an accompaniment between the murmur of an Æolian harp and the coo of a wood pigeon. And so the poor book fell to the floor; and then it was too dark to see. A walk was proposed through the shaded lanes, and when they returned, Flora was too weary to listen. The love quarrel in the tale was left without denouement. Our actual lovers were so happy that they could afford to linger over it.

So it happened that the young wife was reduced to the occupations before described this warm summer afternoon. Her watch, again and again consulted, was held for at least three quarters of an hour in her hand, the moments creeping by, and still Albert had not come. She went out on the veranda and peered through the thickets of shrubbery; but there was no sign of either horse or rider; and while she stood there so disconsolately, she saw the book half hidden by the "Home Gazette," just as it had been dropped the night before. "What could keep Albert so long?" They might have read several chapters before dinner, and found out how the quarrel was made up. But the book must not lie there; and as she stooped to raise it the leaves whirled over, opening most invitingly to chapter sixteenth. She could not resist reading on a few pages, still leaning over the railing of the veranda, and then, more absorbed, sat down on the little sewing chair, and finished the exciting scene. She did not recollect until then the strict agreement they had entered in not to read this particular book separately; but a chapter or two could make no possible difference, she thought, walking up and down the garden path, and listening to every sound.

It was full an hour beyond the usual time. What could have happened? That horse, she was sure, was not to be trusted, and going so near the railroad especially. Oh, how dreadful it would be if he were brought home dead, or very much injured! How horrible to watch him suffer pain! And then he was obliged to go down to those dreadful wharves. Oh, if he was anything but a shipping merchant! She was kept in such constant fear of small pox, or typhus fever, or some other shocking disease, all so prevalent this season. He must be ill: yes, he had complained of a headache in the morning. If he did not come in another quarter of an hour, she would certainly go to town in the evening train in search of him. And then she imagined herself driving about in a fearful haste, in a very desolate-looking cab, so infinitely wretched that the tears came into her eyes at the very thought.

Imagine her joy, then, at the sound of horses' feet, just as this frantic resolution was taken; and she flew down to the gate to meet Alfred just as he dismounted to open it, receiving as a reward for all her anxieties a shower of kisses and loving epithets, with fond chidings for her unreasonable fears for his safety.

She forgot to inquire for the headache. "Oh, what a warm, disagreeable, uncomfortable day it had been! If people could only live without eating such days!" And yet the two managed to make a very comfortable dinner, in spite of heat and romance, with a plentiful dessert of strawberries and cream. It was later than their ordinary hour, so much so that it was nearly dark by the time Alfred's cigar was finished. Flora thought that he was much longer than usual in smoking, and discovered, with some impatience, that he had indulged himself in a second; a rather unusual and selfish proceeding, she thought, considering he was so very late,

which, by the way was not yet accounted for. The "angel" had managed to work herself into a slight nervous fever, with the heat and afternoon's restlessness. It even seemed possible, for the instant, that "the king could do wrong." However, the pouting lip was kissed into its full roundness again, as the unconscious offender proposed an adjournment to the dressing-room, and lights.

"Don't you think it rather too warm, dearest?" was the mild expostulation of the husband, as Flora prepared to make his knee her easy-chair as usual.

They would never quarrel! Oh no; they had not even disagreed as yet.

Not a word was uttered in reply; but one weatherwise might have dreaded the portentous silence more than the most abrupt retort, as the injured wife deposited herself on an ottoman instead. After she had been worrying about him all the afternoon, too! She was fairly sick with anxiety; and this was all her thanks.

"And now, what shall we do this evening, my precious? Do you feel like singing to your husband?"

Exerting herself to sing such an oppressive evening! It was just as thoughtful as men usually were. What a selfish, exacting, indifferent race!

"It was too hot!"

Well, men are only mortal, and even they may feel hurt or startled at an abrupt answer to an ordinary question. But perhaps he had been mistaken; Flora certainly could not have used that tone to him.

"Perhaps my darling would rather have me read to her?"

My darling vouchsafed to hand the book, open at the close instead of at the commencement of the sixteenth chapter.

"We did not get quite so far as this. Let me see—about half through, I think."

"I finished it this afternoon."

"Oh, Flora! you remember our agreement. How could you?"

"You did the same thing yesterday!"

"One little paragraph, when the cook called you, dear."

"Well, I can't help it. You can read up to me."

"What if I don't choose to?" And Alfred's tone was certainly approaching the key at which Flora maintained the duet. There may have been an added sharp.

"You can do as you please, my dear!"

It was not so much the words as the smile of mock courtesy, and the flash of her eyes as she rose and left him. She had not intended to speak so; she could not tell what evil spirit possessed her; nor did she feel how much expression that single sentence conveyed until she heard—

"I certainly shall, my love!" in a tone he had never used before; so firm, so compressed it seemed; and he, too, deserted the centre-table, and went out into the night air.

She threw herself on the bed, intending at first to go back to his side in a moment and "make it all up." But as she heard his retreating footsteps, a new resolve flashed through her mind. She would undress and pretend to be asleep when he came; that would punish him properly for attempting to resent anything she might say. It was scarcely an instant's work; the pile of snowy skirts, the light lawn dress, were crushed into a heedless mass of drapery, the little slippers flung carelessly away; and before Alfred could have reached the gate, the white-robed figure was resting as quiet and calm as if never disturbed by an angry or fretful emotion. One thought troubled her, notwithstanding this outward composure. Perhaps he was seriously angry, and might stay away for a long walk; but no, whatever his intentions, he returned almost immediately, and sat down beneath the shaded light. Her heart throbbed with secret exultation; he evidently wished her to come back and allow him to read. He should try a little suspense. She glanced beneath the hand that concealed her face. He looked sad and troubled; but he had resumed his book. Perhaps he thought she would return by the time the chapter was finished; but she would teach him a lesson; he should ask forgiveness, for he had spoken as grossly as herself.

Ah, what had become of all the loving fears and anxieties of that little heart, the fond, restless yearnings of the afternoon, when she thought that to see him safe and well again would be all she could ask of earthly happiness? Where was the self-sacrificing devotion that had then been ready to nurse him through the most frightful illness, regardless of fatigue, exposure, or contagion? She knew he was not happy; she heard him sigh un-



SHAKSPEAREAN SHIELD. BY LUKE LIMNER. MESSRS. LEIGHTON.

consciously as he turned the pages, and that one word, one sign from her could make him cheerful again; and yet she withheld it. She did not feel really angry; but he would be sure to come soon and sue for a reconciliation, and then she would tell him she was very sorry, and it would be ten times pleasanter than before. Still he did not come, and she was growing very sleepy. She had promised herself never to sleep at variance with her husband, and never before since their marriage had she missed the good-night kiss upon her forehead, or the whispered blessing, their last parting word. She would doze a few minutes, and then go to him perhaps, she thought; he surely would not think of sleeping so. She was very tired, and it was very warm; and then one white, round arm was thrown over the fair linen sheet, and with flushed cheek, and lips slightly apart, the little lady forgot her ill-temper and vexation together.

She woke from an unhappy dream with a feverish start, a moment after, as she thought at first. But the rooms were quite dark, and there was no sound but a monotonous ticking of the watch under the pillow. A rush of recollection succeeded the troubled waking, and she put out her arms to be sure that she was not dreaming still—that it was really so late. Her husband's pillow was empty! She thought of the lounge by the window in the dressing-room; he certainly could not intend to sleep there, away from her, all night! A grieved, sorrowful feeling took the place of the first resentful thoughts; and then pride came back again, as a sound from the next room confirmed her suspicions. It was her husband turning restlessly upon the lounge, with a long, sobbing sigh, as if even in his sleep he felt their estrangement. The first impulse, to go to him, to kneel down and wind her arms around him, and ask his forgiveness, was resisted. It was certainly unkind in him to go to sleep without kissing her good-night; she should have wakened if he had, and then it would have been all right. A long, rolling crash of thunder broke in upon her reverie; the glare of lightning which accompanied it revealed the lounge and its occupant; and then came a deluge of rain, and she heard the wind beating down the shrubbery before the window. The casements were both open, the rain came drenching in upon the new Brussels carpet, the books upon the centre-table, her work-basket; and there was Alfred, for whose health she had been so anxious, exposed to the wind and dampness. Should she go and close the casement? No! that

might waken him, and he would think she had given up to him; besides, she shrank from crossing the rooms at midnight, lighted only by those lurid flashes in the black, angry heavens. Poor, wretched little wife, miserable indeed in her self-torture, lying upon her "widowed marriage pillow," and listening with straining eyes to the crash of the storm without, and the heavy breathing of the sleeper near her! Harder than all to bear was the upbraiding conscience, and the dreary loneliness of the empty room. But, with all this, she sank again into a disturbed, unquiet sleep; and when she woke again, the cold, sickly daylight was stealing through the room.

At first she could scarcely recollect what had happened; but, as she sat up leaning upon her elbow, she saw her ornaments thrown in confusion upon the dressing-table, her dress upon the carpet, Alfred's deserted pillow, with the smooth fold of the linen undisturbed, and there he was lying, breathing so heavily that her fears overcame her self-will, and she called him to her side. But there was no answer but a half-moan of pain as he threw his arms out wildly, as one in delirium. She was at his side in a moment, lifting the damp masses of his hair, kissing his eyes, his feverish cheeks, calling him by every endearing name; but the submission had come too late—he did not know her; and though he opened his eyes, it was only to close them again, as if the light was painful, with an indistinct, incoherent mutter. She had never seen violent illness before; but she realized in a moment that the fever she had so dreaded was upon him. The headaches—and he had been detained in town only by a visit to his physician, which he did not like to explain to her, fearing to alarm his darling—had been the precursors of a threatening malady, which the heat and sudden change of temperature, lying since the midnight by the open window, had developed rapidly. The curtains, the couch, his clothes, his very hair, were drenched in the driving shower, through which he had slept heavily.

Poor little wife! indeed, fearfully punished, as she watched many a long day and lonely night ere reason returned; listening to his beseeching tones, begging her not to turn from him, not to be angry at such a trifle, to kiss him once more. And she did rain tears and kisses upon his burning forehead, his lips, his hair, without hushing those pleading entreaties that almost broke her heart. It was a long, long trial; but reason came at last, and she sobbed with joy and thankfulness, as she had done

with anguish and remorse, when she caught the first conscious glance, so full of love for her, the first faint murmur, "My own precious wife!"

Henceforth they lived more wisely; and years after, when the wife was tempted to give utterance to impatient moods, fretful and angry words died away on her lips, rebuked by the remembrance of that terrible agony, lest her husband should die with the words of forgiveness unspoken.

Shakespearean Shield.

OUR engraving shows a design for a table top in the form of a shield. It is beautifully inlaid with metal, and the designs are arranged to present illustrations of the seven ages of man, as described by Shakespeare. The central picture will be recognized by all. On the left is seen a nurse, seated in a chair and holding the infant; next her is the school-boy, who has mounted up one step towards eminence; at the next step he is a lover, and then rises to the culminating point of his ambition as a soldier, brave and fearless, mounted upon a dashing war-steed. His sun now begins to set, and he goes down the steps on the other side, until finally he reaches second childhood, and passes away.

The Pholades.

Or all animals of the shelly tribe, the Pholades are the most wonderful. These animals are found in different places; sometimes clothed in their proper shell, at the bottom of the water; sometimes concealed in lumps of marly earth; and sometimes lodged, shell and all, in the body of the hardest marble. In their proper shell they assume different figures; but in general they somewhat resemble a muscle, except that their shell is found actually composed of five or more pieces, the small valves serving to close up the openings left by the irregular meeting of the two principal shells. But their penetration into rocks, and their residence there, make up the most wonderful part of their history.

This animal, when divested of its shell, resembles a roundish soft pudding, with no instrument that seems in the least fitted for boring into stones, or even penetrating the softest substance. It is furnished with two teeth, indeed; but these are placed in such a situation, as to be incapable of touching the hollow surface of its stony dwelling. It also has two covers to its shell that open and shut at either end; but these are totally unserviceable to it as a miner. The instrument with which it performs all its operations, and buries itself in the hardest rocks, is only a broad fleshy substance, somewhat resembling a tongue, that is seen issuing from the bottom of its shell. With this soft, yielding instrument it perforates the most solid marbles; and having, while yet little and young, made its way, by a very narrow entrance, into the stone, it then begins to grow bigger, and thus to enlarge its apartment.

When it has buried its body in a stone, it there continues for life at its ease; the sea-water that enters at the little aperture supplying it with luxurious plenty. When the animal has taken too great a quantity of water, it is seen to spurt it out of its hole with some violence. Upon this seemingly thin diet, it quickly grows larger, and soon finds itself under a necessity of enlarging its habitation and its shell. The motion of the Pholades is slow beyond conception; its progress keeps pace with the growth of its body; and in proportion as it becomes larger, it makes its way further into the rock. When it has got a certain way in, it then turns from its former direction, and hollows downward; till at last, when its habitation is completed, the whole apartment resembles the bowl of a tobacco pipe; the hole in the shank being that by which the animal entered.

But they are not supplied only with their rocky habitation; they have also a shell to protect them; this shell grows upon them in the body of the rock, and seems a very unnecessary addition to that defence which they have procured themselves by art. These shells take different forms, and are often composed of different numbers of valves; sometimes six, sometimes but three; sometimes the shell resembles a tube with holes at either end, one for the mouth, and the other for voiding the excrements.

This animal is found in greatest numbers at Ancona, in Italy; it is found along the shores of Normandy and Poitiers, in France: it is found, also, upon some of the coasts of Scotland; and in general is considered a very great delicacy at the tables of the luxurious.

MODESTY is policy, no less than virtue.



HIGH-PRESSURE WHALEBONE.

Facetiae.

SYNONYMOUS TERMS.—Money and respectability. A "CHEQUERED" EXISTENCE.—A bank clerk's. CIRCLES NOT DESCRIBED IN EUCLID.—Political and fashionable circles.

AN ART-TRUTH.—No woman ever knows how handsome she is until she has had her portrait painted.

A DRUNKARD'S nose is said to be a "lighthouse, warning us of the little water that passes underneath."

A CON BY OUR UNCLE.—When is a watch like a weasel? When it goes "pop!"

The gentleman who was steeped in poverty, boiled over (with rage) upon being told of it.

"WHAT SHALL I TAKE WITH MY CHOP?"—A clean knife and fork, to be sure.

LEGACY "DUTY."—Attention to an old aunt, who has much to leave.

Does a man feel girlish when he makes a "maiden speech?"

An elderly gentleman was attacked in broad daylight yesterday, in Broadway, with a dreadful toothache. No arrest was made, as usual.

THE TRUTH OFTEN LURKS IN A PARADOX.—Any fool can make money, but it requires a clever man to spend it.

QUITE NATURAL.—The man who lately received a "lock of hair" is on the look out for a key to it.

ROBBERY.—The fellow that secreted himself under "cover of the night," was convicted of stealing away on the "wings of the morning."

MELANCHOLY FACTS.—Many die of consumption, and many from lack of consumption, having nothing to consume.

Will some mercantile friend tell us whether the rising in Greece has anything to do with the present high price of tallow?

TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.—How are the sigews of war connected with the bone of contention, and in what manner do they act upon the muscle-man?

THERE is a Yankee blade in Bangor who is so sharp that he often uses himself to shave people. Now and then he gets lathered himself, but never shaved.

A STANCHION THEOTOTALLER.—There is, down east, such an ultra teetotaller, that he has poisoned all the dogs in his neighborhood, merely because they whined.

A MATERIAL DIFFERENCE.—Some men gain a high prize for a trifle, and others pay a high prize (price) for a trifle; the latter, we believe, is the most numerous.

THINGS NEVER TO BE FOUND WHEN WANTED.—The words to express yourself when you are returning thanks; the courage to take the last fig, whilst some one is looking at you; the knives and forks when you go out to a pic-nic; the fire-escape, when there's a fire raging.



WHALEBONE COLLAPSED.

ANOMALOUS.—Diogenes says, "Notwithstanding the proverb that 'Poverty's no crime,' yet a man without money is invariably set down by the world as devoid of *principal*."

An advertisement appears in the paper, headed, "Can you draw pictures?"—to which we reply by another question, "Can you draw cheques?" and in the event of obtaining a favorable response, we shall be happy to treat with the advertiser.

AN UP AND DOWN TRAIN OF THOUGHT.—There is an up and down train of thought, which not unfrequently ends in a railway collision; and that is when an irascible gentleman in a carriage insists upon having the window "up," and another irascible gentleman insists on having it "down."

Among the list of penalties for the regulation of Queen Elizabeth's household, was the following:—"That none toy with the maidens on pain of four pence."

"Did your fall hurt you," said one Patlander to another, who had fallen from the top of a two-story house. "Not in the least honey, 'twas stoppin' so quick that hurt me."

The women of Poland have a watchful eye over their daughters, and make them wear little bells on their persons to denote where they are and what they are about.

A young dandy, who sported an enormous moustache, asked a lady what she thought of his looks. "Why," said she, "you look as if you had swallowed a squirrel, and left the tail sticking out of your mouth."

The late Rev. Daniel Isaac was both a great wag and a great smoker. "Ah! there you are," cried a lady who surprised him one day with a pipe in his

mouth, "at your idol again?" "Yes, madam," replied he coolly, "burning it."

"CHARLES," said a young lady to her lover, "there is nothing interesting in the paper to-day, is there, dear?" "No, love, but I hope there will, one day, when we both shall be interested. The lady blushed, and said, of course, "For shame, Charles!"

STAYS were quite unknown in Russia until Peter the Great danced with some Hanoverian ladies, on his journey from Pomerania. Quite astounded, the monarch exclaimed to his suite after the ball, "What confoundedly hard bones these German women have."

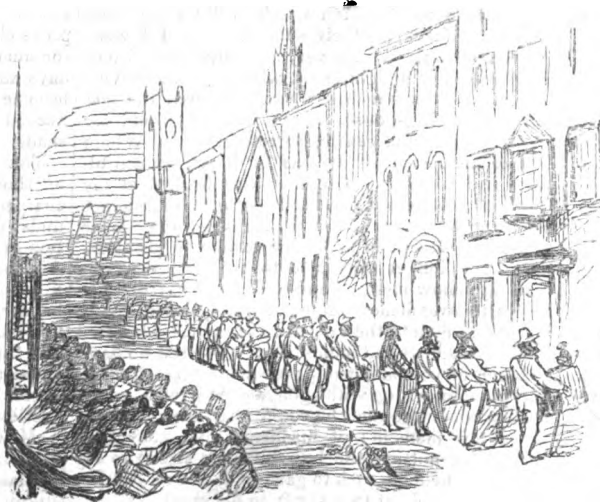
On Sunday, a lady called to her little boy, who was shooting marbles on the pavement, to come into the house. "Don't you know you shouldn't be out there, my son? Go into the back yard, if you want to play marbles—it is Sunday." "Well, yes. But ain't it Sunday in the back yard, mother?"

"A little more animation, my dear," whispered Lady B— to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph; "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

A LADY newly-arrived in the country, wishing to play the amiable amongst her friends, invited a neighbor one day to spend the following afternoon with her; the afternoon came, and with it the visitor. After the ceremonies of the tea-table had been gone through, she found the remainder of the evening would hang rather heavily on their hands, so to relieve its tedium, she said to her visitor, "Would you like a rubber?" Judge her astonishment while she received her reply, "No ma'am, thank you, I have a handkerchief!" and she (the visitor) forthwith began to rub her fingers with the said handkerchief in the most indefatigable manner.

CAPT. MARRYATT, while at Windsor, took cold, and was laid up with a fever. "I had been in bed three days," he relates, "when my landlady came into the room: "Well, Captain, how do you find yourself by this time?" "Oh, I am a little better, thank you," replied I. "Well, I am glad of it, because I want to white-wash your room; for if the colorman stops to do it to-morrow, he'll be charging another quarter of a dollar." "But I'm not able to leave my room." "Well, then, I'll speak to him; I dare say he won't mind your being in bed while he whitewashes!"

A young man stepped into a bookstore, and said he wanted to get a "Young Man's Companion." "Well, sir," said the bookseller, "here's my daughter?"



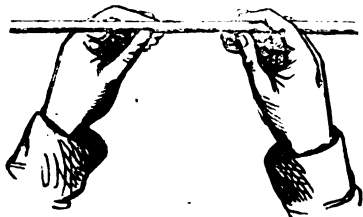
"Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me:"

Practical Science.
CHEMICAL APPARATUS.

1. *To construct a spirit-lamp.*—Procure a wide-mouthed bottle, such as is shown in the accompanying figure (d), and fit the mouth with a good stout cork (b); now take out the cork and make a hole through the centre of it, by means of a red-hot wire, but be careful not to make it too large for the tube to be fitted to it. Cut off a piece of brass-tubing, one-quarter of an inch in diameter, and of sufficient length to allow half an inch below the cork and three-quarters of an inch above it. Push the tube in (a), through the whole made in the cork by the red-hot wire, and be sure that it fits well. Pass a piece of cotton used for lamps through the tubing, and be sure that it is long enough to reach the bottom of the bottle. Fit a tin cap (c) to the cork, so as to keep the spirit of wine or naphtha from evaporating, and your spirit-lamp will be complete.

2. *To make a temporary retort.*—Procure a Florence flask, such as olive oil is usually sold in, and clean it out by washing the inside well, first with a strong solution of soda and small pieces of brown paper, and then with clean water; turn it up mouth downwards, and let it drain well. Fit the mouth with a sound cork, and bore a hole in it with a red-hot wire, as directed in § 1. The hole is intended to receive a bent tube, which we will now proceed to form.

3. *To construct bent tubes for chemical experiments.*—Take a piece of glass tubing one-third of an inch in diameter, and of the proper length—light your spirit-lamp (§ 1), and hold the tube diagonally in the flame, taking care to turn it round all the time, and to move it backward and forward, so as to heat about four inches of it in the part where it requires to be bent. When the glass begins to get soft, place the two thumbs against the glass so as to form fulcrum, as in the annexed figure, and bend it

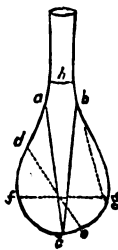


slowly backward—that is, toward your body, until it acquires the proper form, then allow it to cool gradually.

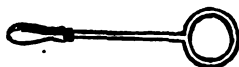
Great care is required in bending tubes; because if you do it suddenly, or bend it too violently, the tubes become puckered, and full of cracks—so that when they are heated or cooled too suddenly they are apt to break. If the tube be cooled too suddenly after being bent, it is very liable to break, because its contraction is unequal. The reason is this: glass is a bad conductor of heat, and as the radiation of heat is greater from the outer than the inner surface of the tube, the inner surface becomes expanded, because its heat is not radiated in the same proportion as the outer surface, and therefore it offers a resistance to the outer or contracted surface, which consequently snaps. The object is to prevent unequal contraction of the tube, and this is only to be done by preventing it cooling too rapidly by radiation.

When the tube has been bent into the proper shape, heat each end of it in the flame of the spirit-lamp for a minute, so as to round off the edges.

4. *To make evaporating dishes.*—Procure a Florence flask, clean it as directed before (§ 2), and be sure that it is thoroughly dry. Take a triangular file, and slightly scratch the flask with the end of it, then run the point of a piece of heated wire in the required direction. Thus, if passed in the direction d e, or f g, in the annexed figure, you will have deep evaporating dishes; if in the directions a c and b e, you will have a very shallow one for evaporating small samples of fluid. Portions of a Florence flask will be quite as useful, or remnants of retorts, which may be cut into circular dishes by bending a piece of stout iron wire into the form given in the annexed diagram, fitting it into a wooden handle, and then making it



hot, apply it suddenly to the portion of flask or retort, and then remove it. This will cause the glass to crack in a circular form. (See § 3).



5. *To make a funnel.*—Scratch the flask in a line parallel to h (in the figure above), commencing at d, and proceed as directed for making evaporating dishes.

THE COFFIN-MAKER.—The first few weeks of my employment passed pleasantly enough; my master was satisfied with me, and on Sunday evening I was able occasionally to enjoy a walk. But my spirits soon became less buoyant, and even my health began to suffer; I entirely lost the florid look which was my poor master's admiration; my very step grew slower, and there were Sundays when I declined the evening walk, which had been my only recreation, merely because the happy laugh and continued jests of my friend, Henry Richards, annoyed and distressed me, while contrasted with my own heaviness of heart. Evening after evening, sometimes through a whole dismal night, I worked at my melancholy employment; and as my master was poor, and employed no other journeyman, I worked most commonly alone. Frequently as the heavy hammer descended, breaking at regular intervals the peaceful silence of night, I recalled some scene of sorrow and agony that I had witnessed in the day; and as the echo of some shriek or stifled moan struck in fancy on my ear, I would pause to wipe the dew from my brow and curse the trade of a coffin-maker. Every day some fresh cause appeared to arise for loathing my occupation; whilst all were alike strangers to me in the town where my master lived, I worked cheerfully and wrote merrily home; but now that I began to know every one, to be acquainted with the number of members which composed different families, to hear of their sicknesses and misfortunes; now that link after link bound me as it were by a spell, to feel for those round me, and to belong to them, my cheerfulness was over. The mother turned her eyes from me with a shuddering sigh, and gazed on the dear circle of little ones as if she sought to penetrate futurity and guess which of the young things, now rosy in health, was to follow her long lost and still lamented one. The doating father pressed the arm of his pale consumptive girl nearer to his heart as he passed me: friends who were yet sorrowing for their bereavement, gave up the attempt at cheerfulness, and relapsed into melancholy silence at my approach. If I attempted (as I oft did at first), to converse gaily with such of the townspeople as were of my master's rank in life, I was checked by a bitter smile, or a sudden sigh, which told me that while I was giving way to levity, the thoughts of my hearers had wandered back to the heavy hours when their houses were last darkened by the shadow of death. I carried about with me an unceasing curse; an imaginary barrier separated me from my fellow men. I felt like an executioner, from whose bloody touch men shrink, not so much from loathing of the man, who is but the instrument of death, as from horror at the image of that death itself—death, sudden, appalling, and inevitable. Like him, I brought the presence of death too vividly before them; like him, I was connected with the infliction of a doom I had no power to avert. Men withheld from me their affection, refused me their sympathy, as if I were not like themselves. My very mortality seemed less obvious to their imaginations, when contrasted with the hundreds for whom my hand prepared the last narrow dwelling-house, which was to shroud for ever their altered faces from sorrowful eyes. Where I came there came heaviness of heart, mournfulness, and weeping. Laughter was hushed at my approach; conversation ceased; darkness and silence fell around my steps—the darkness and the silence of death. Gradually I became awake to my situation. I no longer attempted to hold free converse with my fellow men. I suffered the gloom of their hearts to overshadow mine. My step crept slowly and stealthily into their dwellings; my voice lowered itself to sadness and monotony; I pressed no hand in token of companionship; no hand pressed mine, except when wrung with agony, some wretch, whose burden was more than he could bear restrained me for a few moments of maddened and convulsive grief, from putting the last finishing stroke to my work, and held me back to gaze yet again on features which I was about to cover from his sight.

SPAIN.—Many are apt to picture Spain to their imaginations as a soft southern region, decked out

with all the luxuriant charms of voluptuous Italy. On the contrary, though there are exceptions in some of the maritime provinces, yet, for the greater part, it is a stern, melancholy country, with rugged mountains, and long sweeping plains, destitute of trees, and indescribably silent and lonesome, partaking of the savage and solitary character of Africa. What adds to this silence and loneliness, is the absence of singing-birds, a natural consequence of the want of groves and hedges. The vulture and the eagle are seen wheeling about the mountain-cliffs, and soaring over the plains, and groups of shy bustards stalk about the heaths; but the myriads of smaller birds, which animate the whole face of other countries, are met with but in few provinces in Spain, and in those chiefly among the orchards and gardens which surround the habitations of man. In the interior provinces the traveller occasionally traverses great tracts cultivated with grain as far as the eye can reach, waving at times with verdure, at other times naked and sunburnt, but he looks round in vain for the hand that has tilled the soil. At length he perceives some village on a steep hill, or rugged crag, with mouldering battlements and ruined watch tower; a stronghold, in old times, against civil war, or Moorish inroad; for the custom among the peasantry of congregating together for mutual protection, is still kept up in most parts of Spain, in consequence of the maraudings of roving freebooters. But though a great part of Spain is deficient in the garniture of groves and forests, and the softer charms of ornamental cultivation, yet its scenery has something of a high and lofty character to compensate the want. It partakes something of the attributes of its people; and I think that I better understand the proud, hardy, frugal, and abstemious Spaniard, his manly defiance of hardships and contempt of effeminate indulgences, since I have seen the country he inhabits.

STRANGE SUPERSTITIONS.—The Icelanders believe seals to be the offspring of Pharaoh and his host; who, they assert, were changed into these animals when overwhelmed in the Red Sea. The *grampus*, *porpoise*, and *dolphin*, have each from the earliest ages been the subject of numerous superstitions and fables, particularly the latter which was believed to have a great attachment to the human race, and to succor them in accidents by sea; it is a perfectly straight fish, yet even painters have promulgated a falsity respecting it, by representing it in the curved form in which it appears above water, bent like the letter S reversed. "The inhabitants of Pesquaire," says Dr. Belon, "and of the borders of Lake Gourd are firmly persuaded that the *carp* of those lakes are nourished with pure gold; and a great portion of the people in the Lyonnais are fully satisfied that the fish called *humble* and *crabions* eat no other food than gold. There is not a peasant in the environs of the lake of Bourgil who will not maintain that the *laurets*, a fish sold daily in Lyons, feed on pure gold alone. The same is the belief of the people of the Lake Paladron, in Savoy, and of those near Lodi.

ANGLING.—Every one who is acquainted with the habits of fish is sensible of the extreme acuteness of their vision, and well knows how easily they are scared by shadows in motion, or even at rest, projected from the bank; and often has the angler to regret the suspension of a successful fly-fishing by the accidental passage of a person along the opposite bank of the stream; yet, by noting the apparently trivial habits of one of nature's anglers, not only is our difficulty obviated, but our success insured. The heron, guided by a wonderful instinct, preys chiefly in the absence of the sun—fishing in the dusk of the morning and evening, on cloudy days and moonlight nights. But should the river become flooded to discoloration, then does the "long necked felon" fish indiscriminately in sun and shade.

THE IRRITABILITY OF THOUGHT.—The irritability of thought is often a consuming fire—a sort of charged jar of intellectual electricity; and the brain finds relief in the safety-valve of exalted composition or acts of absorbing interest. "The Bride of Abydos," was written by Byron to keep him from "going mad, by eating his own heart;" and Reid believed that, if John Howard had not been a philanthropist, he would have been a madman. The eccentric Charles Lamb, perchance, had been as mad as his sister, had he not written *hard*. Galileo, close on his eightieth year of age, "could not prevent his restless brain from galloping on."

MEANNESS AND CONCEIT are frequently combined in the same character: for he who to obtain transient applause can be indifferent to truth and his own dignity, will be as little scrupulous about them if by subservience he can improve his condition in the world.

Useful Receipts.

In painting upon wax or spermaceti, ox gall should be mixed freely with the colors.

Grease may be extracted from moreen by laying it between folds of blotting paper, and ironing it with a hot flat iron.

Japan.—(The article must first be painted.)—Oil of turpentine 8 oz.; oil of lavender 6 oz.; camphor 1 dr.; bruised copal 2 oz.; dissolve. Quick drying copal varnish is often substituted.

The disagreeable odor of the feet in warm weather may be remedied by frequently soaking in warm water, in which a very small quantity of chloride of lime has been added.

Soda, except in very small quantities, is injurious to plants. We cannot recommend soap-suds, except for such plants which are known to incorporate the alkalis with their tissues, as some do.

Freezing Mixture.—Pulverize 5 drachms of hydrochlorate of ammonia, and 5 drachms of nitrate of potash; then add 2 oz. of water, in a tin, stone-ware, or glass vessel. Will freeze wine, water, milk, vinegar, &c.

To Destroy Bugs. Take half a pound of common red paint, add thereto 2 oz. of white arsenic. Mix well, and brush into the crevices. This is an effectual remedy. If chemists refuse to sell the arsenic, take them the paint, and let them mix it in.

If any kind of meat, or butter, with the slightest quantity of salt, is given to a bird, the feathers will not grow. Great care must be taken with regard to food; avoid all kinds of trash, keep the bird-cage very clean, with abundance of gravel, and Poll will soon regain his coat.

Gum Cotton.—Equal measures of strong nitric and sulphuric acids, having been mixed and allowed to grow cool, dip the cotton in with a glass rod, and then squeeze between two strong pieces of glass. The mass should then be washed with water, till it gives no acid taste. The greatest care must be used in drying, which must be conducted on a water bath, or a plate warmed with hot water.

The following is the composition used for attracting Butterflies and Moths.—Boil 1 lb. of the coarsest and strongest-smelling brown sugar that can be procured in some water until it becomes a thick syrup. Before using it, add a tea-spoonful of fine old Jamaica rum to a tea-cup full of the syrup, and apply it freely around the barks of trees growing in the skirts of woods, meadows, and in hedge-rows, especially such as have a western aspect.

To Dye Feathers Blue.—The feathers must be first well washed in soap and water, then exposed to the air for several days. Lastly, after being well rinsed in warm water, they must be dipped in hot alum water. A solution of Indigo composition, commonly called *chemic blue*, having been prepared, the feathers are to be dipped therein. The immersion in alum water, and in the dye-water, to be alternately performed till the requisite shade is obtained.

Black Varnish for Wood.—Put 28 lbs. of common black pitch and 28 lbs. of common asphaltum into an iron pot: boil 9 hours, and let it stand to cool for 12 hours; then set it again on the fire, and as soon as it boils, add 8 gallons of boiled oil; introduce afterwards gradually 10 lbs. of red lead, and 10 lbs. of litharge, and boil until it will roll very hard. Leave it to cool, and then mix in 29 gallons of turpentine. This is a cheap black, and will dry in half an hour.

Red Ink.—Pure carmine 12 grains; water of ammonia 3 oz.; dissolve, then add powdered gum 18 grains. Half a drachm of powdered drop-lake may be substituted for the carmine, if not expensive. Color very rich. **Another.**—Cochineal, in powder, 1 oz.; hot water, ½ pint; digest, and when quite cold, add spirit of hartshorn quarter pint, or liquor of ammonia 1 oz.; dilute with 3 or 4 oz. of water; macerate for a few days longer, then decant the clear. Very fine color.

Etching on Glass.—Plate glass, having been covered on each side with a thin coat of wax, may be drawn upon with a fine steel point. Each stroke must go completely through the wax to the surface of the glass, which must then be exposed to the vapor of fluoric acid, in a leaden chamber. After exposure for an hour, or more, the plates may be taken out, and the wax removed by warm water. Fluoric acid is a highly corrosive vapor, produced by pouring two parts of sulphuric acid upon 1 part of fluor spar, and distilling from a leaden retort. (Dangerous.)

To make Red Sealing Wax.—Shell-lac, 4oz.; cautiously melt in a bright copper pan over a clear charcoal fire, and when fused add Venice turpentine, 1½oz.; mix, and add vermillion, 3oz.; remove the pan from the fire, cool a little, weigh it into thin pieces, and roll them into circular sticks

upon a warm marble slab; or pour into moulds while in a state of fusion. Fine wax is made by using the very best ingredients. The addition of a little camphor, or sprits of wine, makes it burn more readily.

To destroy Ants.—Drop some quicklime on the mouth of their nest, and wash it in with boiling water. Or dissolve some camphor in spirits of wine, then mix with water, and pour into their haunts. Or tobacco water; which has been found effectual. They are averse to strong scents. Camphor will prevent their infesting a cupboard; or a sponge saturated with creosote. To prevent their climbing up trees—place a ring of tar about the trunk—or a circle of rag moistened occasionally with creosote.

The following method will probably serve To clean White Ostrich Feathers.—4oz. of white soap, cut small, dissolved in four pints of water, rather hot, in a large basin; make the solution into a lather, by beating it with birch rods or wire. Introduce the feathers, and rub well with the hands for five or six minutes. After this soaping, wash in clean water, as hot as the hand can bear. Shake well until dry!

The Decoction of Box-wood is known to have been successful in cases of baldness by the Medical Referee. It is thus made:—Take of the common box (which grows in garden borders) stems and leaves four large handfuls—boil in three pints of water in a closely covered vessel for a quarter of an hour, and let it stand in an earthenware jar for ten hours or more. Then strain, and add an ounce and a half of Eau de Cologne, or Lavender water, to make it keep. The head should be well washed with this solution at least every morning.

To dye faded or soiled white kid gloves a dark color.—If not greasy, they may be dyed with any of the ordinary dyes, by brushing the latter over the gloves stretched out. The surface alone should be wetted; two or three coats given successively as they become dry. Lastly, when quite dry, rub off the superfluous color, and impart a smooth surface, by rubbing with a polished stick, or ivory handle, and then touch over with a sponge dipped in white of egg.

The best method of teaching birds to speak, is to wake them gently up at night, and repeat slowly what you wish them to learn. Let the first lessons be short and easy. A small quantity of favorite food should be given as an encouragement. The best food for parrots in general is bread made into a sop, with very little liquid, occasionally a small quantity of hemp seed, and canary seed, with a meat bone to pick. If not well a little garlic. Be careful that the meat bone has no salt. A small quantity of fruit is very acceptable to parrots. Plenty of water to drink; but if refused, half a tea-cup of warm coffee, morning and evening in winter; warm milk and bread for supper.

To paint Magic Lantern Slides.—Good slides may be made by transferring prints to glass. Spread thinly over the glass a coating of Canada balsam, then lay on the prints and press even, to prevent air bubbles, or creases. Allow a week, or more, to dry and harden; then soak in water, and when quite soft, gently rub away the paper. Then give a coat of mastic varnish. Caricatures from *Punch*, illustrations of Natural History from *Knight's Animal Kingdom*, &c. &c. afford capital diagrams for evening entertainment, and may be transferred according to the above instructions, at little cost.

A Receipt for Black Ink.—Calculated for parchment, or for paper more than usually glazed:—Bruised gall, 1lb., alum, 2oz., green vitriol, 7oz., gum arabic, 6oz., gum kino, 3oz., logwood chips, 4oz., and ox gall 1 teaspoonful. Japan, for leather, is not of the nature of ink: Japan ink is made by adding a little more gum and a little sugar to the above. For *Green Ink*:—dissolve 6 drachms of the crystals of verdigris in a pint of distilled water, and add 5 drachms of gum arabic, and 2 drachms of white sugar. A fine green ink may be made with a strong decoction of elm bark, to which green vitriol is added when cold.

French Polish.—A solution of shell-lac in wood-naptha. Or, pale shell-lac, 1lb.; mastic, 2oz.; alcohol, 1 quart. Mix cold, and frequently stir, or shake in a cold vessel. Use without filtering. **Polishing.**—Make a rubber by rolling up thick woollen cloth. The article to be polished must be finished off as smoothly as possible with glass paper. Apply the varnish, from the mouth of a narrow-necked bottle, to the flat surface of the rubber, then enclose the rubber in a soft cloth, doubled, and gathered up at the back as a handle. Moisten the face of the linen with a little raw linseed oil. Place your work opposite the light, and rub quickly and lightly until nearly dry. Repeat as before, until

the varnish has acquired some body; then wet the inside of the linen cloth, before applying the varnish, with alcohol or naphtha, and rub quickly and lightly the whole surface. Lastly, wet the linen cloth with a little oil and alcohol, without varnish, and rub as before, till dry. Extend or modify the operation according to experience.

The simple practice of washing in soft cold water, and rubbing the cheeks actively with a rough towel, as a daily habit, will do more, to produce a rosy cheek than the best artificial inventions. Not only may a natural bloom be thus secured, but the fulness of the cheek is maintained by the healthy flow of blood which feeds its muscular structure. The muscles of the cheeks have little or no action; they therefore become flabby and sunken at an early age in those persons whose habits of life are such as to maintain little energy in the general system. Attention to the bowels, and the selection of proper diet are a means to the same end. The friction of the cheeks, which we have thus commended, will do much to satisfy the fair one who may try it.

Scollop shells are cleaned by a weak solution of muriatic acid, rapidly passed over them with a feather or strong camel-hair brush; immediately after which, they are plunged into cold water to prevent injury. When dry, the smooth parts may be rubbed over with Florence oil, which should be well dried off with a piece of flannel. Such extraneous substances as adhere to the shell should previously be picked off with a pen-knife, or cleaned away with a strong nail brush, or strong soap and water. Many shells require polishing under a wheel, and cannot, therefore, be done by a lady's hand. The action of the acid upon the more beautiful smooth parts of shells may be prevented by a coating of bees-wax, applied warm, which may afterwards be cleaned off. A cement of whiting, flour, and gum, may be employed to fill up the perforations of sea-worms, and the spots may be scraped even with a knife, and colored in imitation of the shell by water-colors; afterwards slightly touch with Florence oil.

Honeysuckle may be trained along slated roofs by laying down a framework of laths.

Mastic varnish should be used for wax-fruit; it should be applied with a camel-hair brush, as evenly as possible.

No ripe fruit, taken in moderation, will produce cholera. Plums are not more likely to injure than other fruits—their skins should be rejected. Cholera arises from causes in the air, rather than in the diet.

Among the methods for preserving polished steel from rust are the following:—Mix some oil with caoutchouc, melt in a close vessel, stirring to prevent burning. A high temperature will be required. This will form a perfect air-proof skin over the surface, which may very easily be removed by brushing with warm oil of turpentine. Wrap the blade in zinc foil. These means have been very highly spoken of.

Sponge may be cleaned by soaking in very dilute muriatic acid, then in cold water, changing it frequently, and squeezing the sponge each time. Next soak in water containing a little vitriol changing the solution frequently. Lastly, wash well in clean water. If this appears too complicated for so simple a purpose, first try a strong solution of common soda with hot water.

A solution of soda or potash renders sea-water adapted to the washing of clothes.

It is not, generally speaking, injurious to sleep with a bed room window partially open. Much depends upon the age and constitution of the sleeper, the situation of the bed, the aspect of the windows, &c. It is awfully dangerous to health to repose through long nights in ill ventilated apartments. Entering a close bed-room of a morning, at once proclaims the truth, which people should profit by. A sheet of finely perforated zinc, substituted for a pane of glass in one of the upper squares of a chamber window, is the cheapest and best form of ventilation; there should not be a bed-room without it.

German Yeast consists of ordinary beer yeast, which has been pressed in a close canvas bag under a screw press, until the excessive liquid has passed off, and the residue assumes the solidity of stiff paste, or clay, after which it is preserved in close vessels.—A simple method for operation upon a small scale is, to well whisk the yeast until it forms a uniform liquid mass, and then lay it with a soft brush evenly and thinly on dishes, on which it can be exposed to the sun and air; repeat the operation as soon as the first coat appears sufficiently solid, and so on until a thick mass is obtained, which must then be detached, and preserved as before. If made quite dry, its fermentive power will be destroyed.

Holidays at Barcelona.

SPANISH life is pretty well filled up with holidays. The country is under the protection of a better-filled calendar of saints than any in Christendom, Italy, perhaps excepted. But these guardians do not keep watch and ward for naught; they have each their "solid day" annually set apart for them, or, at least, their afternoon, wherein to receive adoration and tribute money. The poor Spaniard is kept nearly half the year on his knees. His prayers cost him his *pesetas*, too; for, neither the saints will intercede, nor the priests will absolve, except for cash. But his time spent in ceremonies, the Spaniard counts as nothing. The fewer days the laborer has to work, the happier is he. These are the dull prose of an existence essentially poetic. On holidays, on the contrary, the life of the lowest classes runs as smoothly as verses. If the poor man's *porron* only be well filled with wine, he can trust to luck and the saints for a roll of bread and a few onions. Free from care, he likes, three days in the week, to put on his best—more likely, his only bib-and-tucker—and go to mass, instead of field or wharf duty. He is well pleased at the gorgeous ceremonies of his venerable mother church; at the sight of street processions with crucifix and sacramental canopy and priests in cloth of purple and of gold. The spectacle, also, of the gay promenading, the music, the parade and mimic show of war, the free theatres, the bull-fights, the streets hung with tapestry, and the town-hall front adorned with a flaming full length of Isabella the Second—these constitute the brilliant passages in the epic of his life. Taking no thought for the morrow after the holiday, he is wiser than a philosopher, and enjoys the golden hours as they fly. Indeed, he can well afford to do so; for, in his sunny land of corn and wine, the common necessities of life are procured with almost as little toil as in the bread-fruit islands of the Pacific.

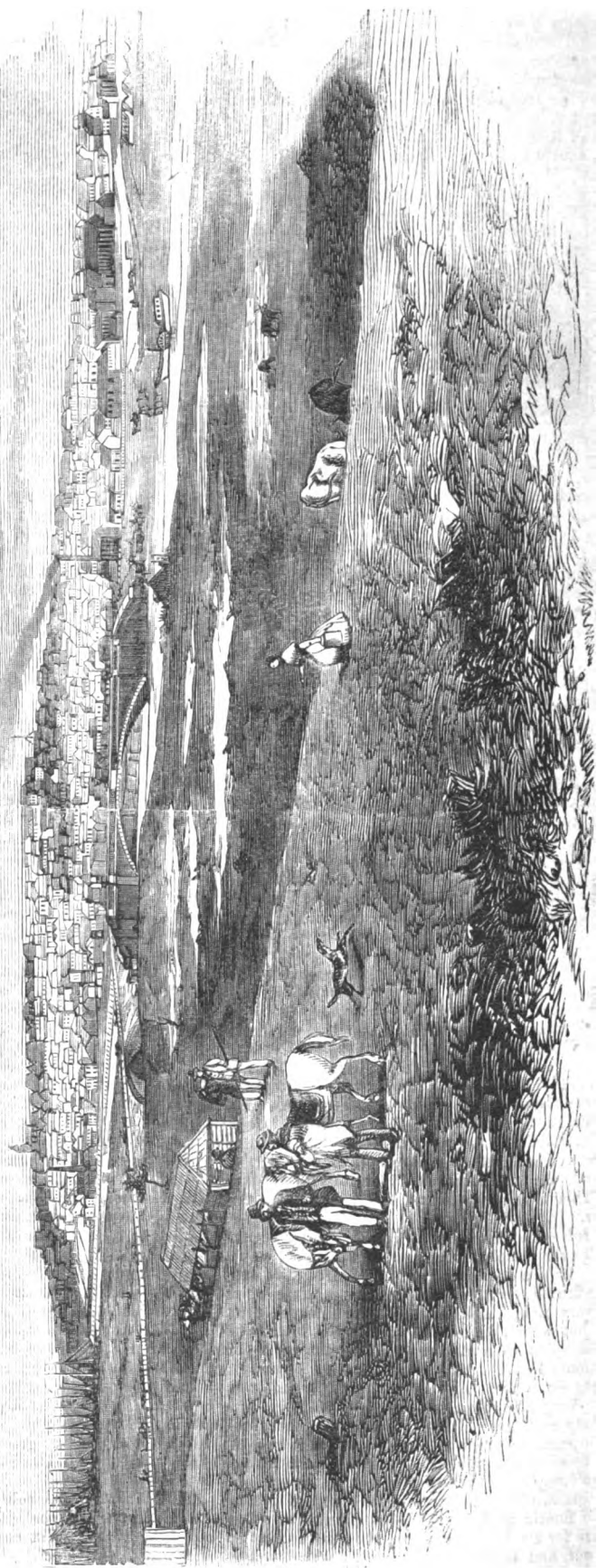
All the Spaniard's holidays are religious festivals. Being accustomed to playtime, he is not tempted to fill it up with excesses. It is in the order of his holiday to go, first of all, to church; and a certain air of religious decorum is carried along into all the succeeding amusements. Neither is his the restless, capering enjoyment of the Frenchman, who begins and ends his holidays with dancing; nor the chattering hilarity of the Italian, who goes beside himself over a few roasted chestnuts and a monkey. The Spaniard wears a somewhat graver face. His happiness requires less muscular movement. To stand wrapped in his cloak, statue-like, in the public square; to sit on sunny bank, or beneath shady bower, is about as much activity as suits his dignity. Only the sound of castanets can draw him from his propriety; and the steps of the "fandango" work his brain up to intoxication. Spanish festal-time, accordingly, is like the hazy, dreamy, voluptuous days of the Indian summer, when the air is as full of calm as it is of splendor, and when the pulses of Nature beat full but feverless.

The holiday is easily filled up with pleasures. The peasant has no more to do than to throw back his head upon the turf, and tantalise his dissolving mouth by holding over it the purple clusters, torn from overhanging branches. The beggar lays down against a wall, and counts into the hand of his companion the pennies they have to spend together during the day: unconscious the while that the

sand of half its hours has already run out. The village beauty twines roses in her hair, and looks out of the window, happy to see the gay-jacketed youngsters go smirking and ogling by. The belles of the town lean over their flower balconies, chatting with neighbors, and raining glances on the throng of admirers who promenade below. Town

song, firing the heart with passions which comport not well with Castilian gravity.

To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and sleep, is one of the best precepts for long life.



THE CITY OF MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA. (SEE PAGE 181.)

and country wear their holiday attire with graceful, tranquil joy. Only from the *cafes* of the one, and the *ventorillos* of the other, may perchance be heard the sounds of revelry; where the guitar is thrummed with a gaiety not heard in serenades; where the violin leads youthful feet a round of pleasures, too fast for sureness of footing; and where the claque of the castanets rings out merrily above laugh and

She who is not afraid of her conscience, laughs at the opinion of men.

OFFENSIVE operations, oftentimes, are the surest, if not in some cases the only, means of defence.

We observe that in our relations with the people around us, we forgive them more readily for what they do, which they can help, than for what they are, which they cannot help.

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL

Of Romance, General Literature, Science and Art.



NEW SERIES.—VOL. III.—PART 4.

APRIL, 1856.

18¢ CENTS.

LEILA: OR THE STAR OF MINGRELIA.

BY GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUTHFUL TRAVELLER.

We are about to describe one of the most beautiful districts in the known world. First of all let the reader conceive vast smiling plains, irrigated by countless meandering rivers and crystal streamlets—eminences embowered by groves teeming with delicious fruits—valleys clothed in verdure, and characterized by the most picturesque scenery—defiles which though dangerous enough for the march of an army, nevertheless afford delightful pathways for peaceful travellers—extensive plateaux where the soft grass is bedizened with myriads of flowers, as

the heaven is with its stars—and undulating prairies where cotton, flax, and hemp grow in wild luxuriance. Let the imagination of the reader carry him in the midst of those embowering woods, where the mulberry and the pomegranate, the olive and chesnut trees are covered with their fruitage; or penetrate along those defiles, where on either side the wild vines are laid with clustering grapes; or roam over those plains where the choicest exotics of our greenhouses are the common flowers of the clime; or explore those valleys where the most beautiful shrubs and plants that are reared with such care in our gardens, are to be seen scattered about on every side.

There also, peeping from amidst their broad leaves, are delicious water-melons, the spontaneous products of nature, and growing in such countless thousands that even the poorest peasants of the country value them not; and there are likewise

whole fields of wild strawberries, appearing to the eye of the uninitiated foreign traveller, to be gardens purposely laid out and diligently cared for. Currant and cranberry bushes, red with their refreshing fruitage, from the common hedges of this country which we are describing; bilberries and whortleberries are of an equally wild and even still more luxuriant produce. In the hollow of every tree, and in the cleft of every rock, quantities of wild honey may be found; and this honey possesses the exhilarating quality of wine, from the fact that the bees revel principally in the slightly intoxicating sweets of the blossom of rhododendron.

In the neighbourhood of the woods the wild turkey may be seen proudly strutting along; or the silence of the sunlit air is broken by the whirr of the wings of the immense bustard. Upon the streamlets the stately swans, both black and white, glide along as if to the rippling music of the crystal



"All of a sudden, Aladyn reached a spot where, by the side of a crystal rivulet, a young lady of exceeding beauty was seated."

17.—13.

waters on which they float; and across the prairies the deer and roebuck dash in frolicsome blitheness with their quickly glancing feet. The hare, not timid as in the regions of the western world, wanders confidently over the fields, or lazily crosses the traveller's path, which is bordered by fruit-trees on either side. Sometimes an eagle of enormous magnitude wings its flight over this delightful region; but its home is amidst those far off mountains which form the horizon of the scene, and from whose darkly shaded recesses issue the thousand streamlets that irrigate and fertilize the land of which we are speaking.

And what a contrast between this land which constitutes a paradise, and that long chain of mountain-regions which borders it upon the north! There, in those vast solitudes of mountains rising above mountain—hill overlooking hill—and height towering upon height, there are frowning rocks and frightful precipices, gloomy defiles and dark ravines, glaciers and eternal snows,—but all combined and moulded as it were in those forms which constitute the grand and magnificent, and the sublime. And over all,—over that delicious region which we have described, as well as over that stupendous mountain-boundary,—stretches the arc of heaven in the same unvaried purity of its cloudless blue!

Such, reader, is that district of Georgia upon which the traveller enters when emerging from the equally delightful province of Immeritia: and that is the Caucasian line of mountains which the wayfarer thus journeying would behold, on his left hand far to the north. Georgia, with the splendid capital of Tiflis, has for years past been included in the map of Russia—though at no time as it been so completely incorporated with the Russian dominions as to be subjected to Muscovite laws and institutions. It has suited Russian policy—for reasons which in a tale of this description we need not pause to examine—to content itself with placing garrisons of its troops in Tiflis and the principal towns under pretext of protecting Russian trade: and thus the natives have retained a certain shadow of independence with their own princes and their own laws. The Georgians—like the Immeritians, the Mingrelians, the Circassians, and all the other tribes or races of the Caucasian districts—are a fine people; the men are as remarkable for their tall athletic forms and their handsome countenances, as the women are world-renowned for the exquisite symmetry of their shapes, the regular beauty of their features, and the delicate clearness of their complexion.

It was in the middle of the summer of the year 1853, that a youth, mounted on one of those splendid horses for the breed of which all the Caucasian regions are famous, was wending his way through that delightful district of Georgia which we have been describing. He was about eighteen years of age—though his appearance, if we judge it according to our standard, made him a couple of years older. But there is a marked precocity with all dwellers in the East in comparison with the inhabitants of the Western Continent. The youth of whom we are speaking, was singularly handsome, he might almost be termed beautiful, were it not for a peculiar animation in the eyes—a vivid and startling brilliancy that seemed to shed a sinister light over features of perfectly regularity. Indeed, there were times when the expression thus imparted to the countenance might be deemed wild and fierce, as if there were something savage, implacable, and cruel in the young man's disposition. It must however be observed that this strange animation of the eyes, so far from being rare amongst the males of Caucasian population, is a very general characteristic: and their average dispositions are to be by no means judged therefrom.

The youth whom we are describing, had a complexion clear as that of a woman—but without its delicacy; for instead of a mere tinge of the sea-shell pink upon the cheeks, they were florid with the ruddy hues of health. He was beardless, with the exception of the incipient moustache, which was much darker than the color of his hair. The latter was of so light a brown that it might be almost described as a chestnut with a rich gloss upon it. He wore it rather long; and it curled in natural clusters around the edge of his cap of black Astracan lamb-skin. A tunic, made of dark cloth and braided in front, after the fashion of a military *polonnaise*, fitted tight to his form—the slender symmetry of which it thus accurately defined, at the same time allowing a natural play for its lithe and willowy elasticity. A leathern belt, plainly ornamented, girt his waist, and sustained a light sword or rather sabre, slightly curved. He wore riding-boots, which were very far from being clumsy or inelegant, and by no means concealed or disguised the admirable modeling of the lower limbs. The caparisons of his steed were

simple; and, in short, his appearance denoted him to be a kind of superior dependant, or page, attached to some wealthy individual's household.

The eyes which had so singular an expression, were large and of a deep blue; they were clear—and if they could be studied apart from that expression itself, the observer would have pronounced them, in their clearness and brightness, to be exceedingly handsome. And the effect of that expression was moreover considerably lessened by the agreeable contrast afforded in the high, open, expansive forehead, so white and smooth, that in all respects it seemed to be the throne where sat the generous frankness of youthful thoughts. All the lower part of the countenance was equally calculated to speak in the youth's favor; for the expression of the well-formed lips was ingenuous and candid; and never perhaps on the mouth of one of the male sex did a sweeter or more bewitching smile at times play. And that smile, hovering on those lips like a sunbeam upon moist coral, revealed two rows of teeth white as the loveliest pearls that were ever set in the vermilion handle of an eastern yataghan.

This youth was journeying across the western district of Georgia, as if he had come from Immeritia, or even farther off still—from Mingrelia; but instead of keeping the road which led direct to Tiflis, he presently struck into a defile which seemed to conduct straight towards the Caucasian mountains. He had evidently been travelling for several days, as he was more careful of his steed than he need have been had his journey but very recently commenced. At times he halted; and dismounting allowed the animal to banquet on the sweet grass—while he himself, reclining lazily under the shade of a tree, plucked a bunch of the rich grapes that hung just overhead in numerous and most inviting clusters. Then his journey was resumed again;—and in this manner did he travel for several hours.

The defile was a long one; but the ground itself afforded an easy pathway for the youthful traveller's horse—sometimes indeed presenting a line of soft sward for miles together. And then, too, the defile was crossed by so many little rills, that this animal might cool its feet or slake its thirst at will.

It was verging towards sunset when the traveller reached what might be termed the extremity of the defile; for after a short interval of open country, upon a plateau with precipitous ravines on either side, the mountainous range of the Caucasus was fairly reached. Into this region the youthful traveller pushed his way—the aspect of the scenery contrasting every minute more and more gloomily with that of the smiling district through which for hours previously he had been journeying. At length, as the shades of evening were closing completely in, the youth reached the verge of a dense forest, which stretched to a considerable extent over the undulating irregularities of that part of the mountainous region. But the young Georgian seemed to be fully acquainted with the way which he had to take, and to be likewise without fear of encountering dangerous characters—although the very district which he had now entered bore not the best possible repute. His keen eye discovered amidst the darkling forest-shades a path where the generality of observers would have beheld naught but the mazy confusion of the densely crowded wilderness; and in another half hour the youth perceived lights amid the foliage. A few minutes more brought him to a little encampment constructed of some half-dozen tents, consisting of the skins of goat and deer, and each sustained by a cross-beam fastened betwixt the trees.

A couple of fires were blazing upon the ground, and at these several men were engaged in cooking the evening meal. They were all fine, tall, athletic individuals; they wore lamb-skin caps, with the crown or top of red cloth—martial tunics—and leathern leggings, or mocassins, which while they protected the legs and feet, were no impediment to agility of movement. They were likewise well-armed—each having a belt garnished with pistols and a danger, and a sword suspended thereto; while a peep into the tents would show that if the men mustered a dozen in all, there was an equal number of excellent rifles at hand. In a word, the little assemblage precisely answered to the description of one of those Guerilla parties which for a series of years have been so numerous in the mountains of the Caucasus, and which have proved the most harassing and inveterate foes against whom the Russian invaders have had to contend.

We should observe that just at the time when the youth fancied the sound of his horse's hoofs might become audible to the occupants of this little encampment, his lips sent forth a shrill whistle, which rang through the forest; and this was evidently a signal to make the Guerillas aware that a friend was

approaching. When he appeared amongst them with his horse, which he had been leading for the last few minutes on account of the exceeding thickness of the wooded mazes, he was immediately recognised, as the lambent light of the fires played upon his countenance. On his side the scene which he beheld was no novelty; while the persons themselves were as well known to him as he himself was to them. Words of friendly greeting were exchanged; and one of the men took charge of the youth's horse.

"It is a fine steed, forsooth!" said the Guerilla, patting the neck of the noble animal; "and he has done you good service."

"Yes," responded the youth; "but I have ridden at my leisure throughout this day, seeing that I had my time before me, and I cared not to be here before nightfall; for such is the hour when I know that it is most certain to find your Chief amongst you."

"Unless there be work to do," answered the Guerilla with a significant smile, which the lurid blaze of the nearest fire showed forth; "and then all hours are the same to our Chief. But with regard to this steed of yours," continued the man slowly scanning the symmetry and all the points of the animal with the eye of one who was experienced in horseflesh, "he is verily a splendid creature!"

"And here is the test of his breed," rejoined the youth, pointing to a slight mark which was branded upon the haunch; for in the Caucasian regions the pedigrees of horses are preserved with as much carefulness and accuracy, as those of races amongst ourselves; and each different race has its own peculiar mark.

"True, the breed is a good one," interjected another Guerilla, who was looking on. "Yet it falls far short of that of the noble animal which our Chief bestrides—as you may well comprehend, young man, when I tell you that it bears the mark of the horse-shoe upon its haunch."

"You speak, my friend," replied the youth, "as if I had never seen your Chieftain's steed, or else as if I were ignorant that the horse-shoe stamps it as a member of the rarest equine race amongst us. But now have a care of my own good steed for me; and let me have prompt speech of your Chieftain."

The Guerilla who had last joined in the conversation, bade the youth follow him. They plunged together still more deeply into the mazes of the forest; they were soon beyond the range of the light thrown by the fires; an almost complete darkness now prevailed—but the Guerilla walked on with the quickness and steadiness of a man who knew thoroughly the path which he was pursuing; while the youth was close at his heels. The challenge of a sentry was heard breaking from amidst the silence and obscurity; the Guerilla answered it; another light was now seen shining a little way ahead amidst the trees; and in a few minutes the guide and his youthful companion reached a spot where a fire was blazing in front of a tent.

This tent was larger, and of much superior quality than any of those which constituted the little encampment. The skins which formed it had blue silken fringes; and the entrance was veiled by a curtain, also of blue silk, richly embroidered. A menial was watching an earthenware vessel, or pan, which contained food that was cooking at the fire, and whence a savory odor exhaled. The Guerilla who had led the youth thither, bade him enter the tent—he himself remaining outside.

Within that tent, upon a mat stretched on the ground, reclined a man whose age could not exceed three or four and twenty, but whose countenance seemed to indicate one of those whose nature itself intended to exercise sway over his fellowmen. He was tall and slender; but his admirably proportioned form and well-knit limbs indicated great physical powers. His hair was dark and somewhat redundant; his eyes of corresponding hue, were intensely brilliant. His features, chiselled rather largely, were nevertheless regular—his profile being slightly aquiline. He wore a moustache and small whiskers, but his chin was closely shaven. His dress, of a Guerilla style, was much richer than that worn by his subordinates; his belt was embroidered—his pistols and dagger were inlaid with silver—his sabre was of corresponding beauty—and his rifle, which lay upon the mat near him, was as exquisite a specimen of fire-arms as the best maker in London could have furnished. A silver lamp, suspended in the tent, shed its beams fully upon the countenance of this individual; and it required not many moments to survey him before observing that there was about him a certain free, bold and gallant bearing—something more than dauntless, for it was likewise dashing and reckless—which denoted the man's innate consciousness of superiority. Thus, in all re-

spects, he was well calculated to command the confidence and obedience of those who served under him, and if need were to enforce his authority as something against which they dared not rebel.

To the youth the Guerilla Chieftain was no stranger. The former bowed with a certain degree of respect on entering the tent; and the Chief at once addressed him in those terms of familiarity which a superior at times thinks it expedient to adopt towards an inferior.

"Welcome, Tunar," he said. "What intelligence have you brought me?"

"All goes well, Great Captain," replied the young Georgian, with whose name the reader has at length become acquainted.

"By this, therefore, I am to understand," continued the Chief, "that you have succeeded as fully with the Star of Mingrelia as with the young Ottoman, Aladyn?"

"In the same way that I pointed out to Aladyn the most suitable path for him to pursue in journeying from Kars," rejoined Tunar, "so have I done the same in respect to the beautiful Leila while journeying from Mingrelia."

"Tis well, Tunar," responded the Chief, with a visible satisfaction depicted on his countenance. "But once more let me ask whether you are confident in respect to every minute detail which on the former occasion you gave me?—for this is truly a venture upon which I would not care to embark, were it not for the greatness of the prize to be obtained."

"I am confident that in every detail I have spoken with the minutest accuracy," responded Tunar. "The great prize is concealed in the valley of Gulistan, which from all I have heard merits its name of the vale of Roses."

"Strange," said the Chief, in a musing manner, though speaking audibly, "that I who had flattered myself, until you first told me this tale, that there was not a nook, cranny, or crevice throughout the whole range of the Eastern Caucasus unknown to me, should yet never have lighted upon this Vale of Roses, or even have suspected its existence! And yet," he continued, "it may be so—it must be so!"

"It is so!" answered Tunar emphatically. "Surely, great Captain, those traditions which are preserved amongst the mountaineers, must at times have reached you?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the Chief; "and it was that circumstance which made me lend so attentive an ear to your tale when first you told it. I remember that in my childhood my parents—and here the Guerilla Captain heaved a sigh, while a shade came over his countenance—"I remember, I say, that in my childhood those parents of mine who are no more, were wont to tell me that the Eden of the first man and woman, Adamah and Evah, was situated somewhere among the Eastern Caucasus; but that ever since their fall, this paradise has been shut out from the access of human beings—though now and then, at very distant intervals, some holy pilgrim, led by an unknown inspiration has been allowed to approach the sacred spot and gaze down from the surrounding heights into the valley where the delicious garden is situated!"

"I do not tell you," observed Tunar, "that it is the veritable Eden of Adamah and Evah, which my tale and your forthcoming adventure bear reference to; and judging by my own common sense, I should say that it was not; for doubtless that paradise was destroyed when our first parents were driven forth from it. But this much I affirm—that there is a somewhere within the regions of the Eastern Caucasus, a valley so delicious that it bears the name of Gulistan; and from all else that I have told you, great Captain, you may judge whether it be rich in the precious metals. Indeed, the fact itself is in strict accordance with those very traditions whereunto we have been alluding—"

"And which declare," resumed the Chief, speaking in a low soft tone, as if he were under the influence of a subdued ecstatic feeling, "that there are amidst our mountains several delicious spots answering such a description—valleys where only the loveliest flowers can bloom or the choicest plants flourish—where there is no rank herbage to nurture the reptile, and into whose ambrosial solitudes the fierce tiger or the prowling jackal cannot penetrate, where the precipitous girdle of mountains serves not only as a screen against the view and a barrier against the footsteps of mankind without, but also as a shelter against the too cold winds of winter and the too sultry beams of summer—and where, lastly, in these delicious valleys, there are mines of gold and silver as well as of precious stones!"

"Since you have so well treasured up the traditions which from generation to generation are

handed down amongst your mountaineer race," said Tunar, "I marvel that even for an instant you should have doubted the tale which I told you."

"I did not doubt it: I have never doubted it from the first!" replied the Chief, with a solemnity of tone which threw a kindred expression over the habitually bold, dashing recklessness of his air. "I have merely put questions to assure myself that you are accurate in all your other details."

"And why should you suspect my accuracy?" asked Tunar.

"May not a person in my position be allowed to make sure doubly sure," inquired the Chief, almost impatiently, "without positively suspecting either the accuracy or the sincerity of his informant? But, listen to me, Tunar! The thoughts that have been revolving in my mind since last I saw you, are to this effect, that instead of plunging headlong into the complex and intricate scheme which you have suggested, it were infinitely shorter and therefore far better to pounce upon him who can tell the secret. Believe me, if I once had your master safe in my custody amongst these mountains—"

"He would perish," exclaimed Tunar, confidently, "sooner than divulge that secret! Did I not watch for an opportunity to follow him when he last set off on a journey, after I myself had begun to obtain an insight into all these affairs—"

"Well, well," interrupted the Guerilla Chief, with returning impatience; "it shall be as you have suggested, Tunar? If I seemed to argue the point, it was only to arrive at the conclusion that there was really no other alternative than that of following out the scheme which you have devised. Nor do I hesitate to give you full credit for its excellence. Indeed, if I spoke of it as complex and tortuous, it was not that I shrink from difficulties when a great good is to be gained: but it is my fashion, friend Tunar, to take the shorter and more direct way towards a given point when that path is practicable—and if I find it impracticable, then as a matter of course the more circuitous and tedious route must be adopted. But enough of explanations! The evening meal must be by this time in readiness: we will partake of it—then shall you stretch yourself by my side on the mat for a few hours' repose—and at daybreak away with you back to Tiflis, to rejoin your master!"

CHAPTER II.

THE ATTACK.

THE scene which we are about to relate, occurred three or four days after the incidents described in the preceding chapter.

Soon after sunrise six men—who, by the condition of their horses, had evidently been travelling for some hours during the night—halted in the shade of a copse near the road leading from Kars to Tiflis. The spot was within the Georgian frontier, some forty miles distant from Tiflis itself. It was one of the most delicious of mornings, in a climate where for three-parts of the year the weather is always delicious. The birds were singing in the trees; the swans were proudly floating upon the streams; the flowers gave forth their fragrance to the atmosphere; and the sunbeams played upon the deep, the rich, or the glowing hues of grapes, citrons, and pomegranates, as if gems in countless numbers and of vast magnitude formed the fruitage of every bough. There was not so much as a single fleecy speck of vapor to be seen upon the canopy of heaven; but its arch was one unbroken uniformity of clearest azure, save where the sun, shining like brightest gold, diffused its sheen around until it imperceptibly mingled with that light cerulean tint.

The six men who sought the copse, belonged to that band to which we introduced the reader in the opening chapter. They were now dressed and armed as we then described them,—with the difference that on this occasion they had their rifles conveniently slung at their backs.

"This is that spot," said one who appeared to be the leader of the little party; "and according to the information which we have received, our adventure will be accomplished within the hour that is passing. Come! let us lead our horses into the copse, and afford them all the remaining leisure for banqueting upon this rich grass."

"And those special instructions to which you are now alluding, Khazi?" said one of the men in a tone of inquiry.

"They are brief, yet imperative," responded Khazi,—"imperative as all the mandates of our chieftain are."

"And ambiguous too, perhaps?" added another Guerilla.

"Yes—ambiguous," returned Khazi: "for not even to me has our Chief, the great and terrible Kyri Karaman, made known his views nor his ulterior intentions. 'Tis however to be surmised that the expedition on which he himself set forth at the same time that he despatched us upon our present mission, bears reference to some information given or to some project suggested by the youth Tunar."

"And who is that youth Tunar," inquired another of the Guerillas, "who has on three or four occasions visited our Chief of late?"

"I know no more of him," answered Khazi, "than that he belongs to the household of a wealthy citizen of Tiflis. But while we are wasting our time in idle gossip, my lips ought to be employed in communicating the instructions issued by Kyri Karaman. Listen! We are six in number; and it is known there will be but three with whom we shall have to deal. These three consist of a young Osmanli gentleman of rank and his two attendants. Doubtless they will be well armed and, well mounted, while their bravery may be reckoned upon. Yet it is for us to take them all three prisoners, if possible—and to avoid the spilling of blood."

"Which will be a difficult matter," interjected one of the subordinate Guerillas, "if fire-arms should be used."

"It is precisely against this extreme alternative that I am now about to counsel you" continued Khazi. "The feat will be all the more glorious, and our Chieftain's mandates will be all the more completely fulfilled, if those three Turks be borne as living prisoners to our fastnesses in the mountains. Therefore, my men, in self defence only, and in case of the extremest need, are your pistols or rifles to be handled. Such are the orders of Kyri Karaman."

"It were strange," said a Guerilla, "if half-a-dozen stalwart mountaineers such as we are, were not capable of capturing three Osmanlis almost in the twinkling of an eye."

Khazi proceeded to examine the road along which the travellers who were to be waylaid were expected to pass; and he selected for the theatre of the contemplated exploit a place where the copse itself joined and even overshadowed the winding route. Into the immediate neighborhood thereof the horses were conducted; and the animals were suffered to feast upon the rich grass,—each Guerilla however being in readiness to mount at a moment's warning.

Nearly an hour elapsed; and at the expiration of that interval three travellers were discerned advancing from a distance. By the red caps and the flowing purple tassels which they wore—as well as by their number, the direction in which they were journeying, and the time at which they thus made their appearance—the Guerillas had no doubt that they constituted the party for whom they were on the watch. One of the three horsemen rode a little in advance of the other two; and the sunbeams were reflected by the gold lacings which covered the breast of his closely buttoned frock-coat, as well as by the gilt sheath of his sabre and the rich trappings of his steed. There could consequently be no doubt that this was the young Osmanli gentleman of rank, who, attended by his two followers, was journeying from Kars to Tiflis. As the unsuspecting travellers drew nearer, the concealed Guerillas could note that the foremost was indeed young, and that he was exceedingly handsome; while both his dependants were somewhat past the prime of life.

On a sign given by Khazi, the Guerillas all mounted their steeds amidst the trees; and they stood upon the very verge of the copse, ready at the next signal to dash through the clustering vines forming the screen of foliage which effectually concealed them from the view of the approaching Osmanli travellers. And that second signal was now quickly given. All in a moment there was a rush as if a herd of deer or a number of wild beasts were breaking through the barrier of foliage and of fruitage; and while a couple of the Guerillas rushed at the young Aladyn—for we may as well at once designate the Osmanli gentleman by his name—the other four surrounded his two followers.

But quickly as the movement itself was executed, so quickly flashed the sabres of the three Turks from their sheaths; while the left hand of each drew forth a pistol from its holster. The exploit was not therefore attended by the success which the Guerillas had anticipated; and they instantaneously found themselves engaged in a conflict. Khazi and another mountaineer had sprung at Aladyn whose sabre swept round to deal a blow at once, while his pistol

struck down the other a corpse from his steed. Khazi dexterously avoided the blow which was aimed at him: and with his own weapon in one hand, he stretched out the other to tear the young Turk from his horse. But Aladyn had as complete a mastery over his steed as his mountaineer opponent; and reining back the animal, he compelled Khazi to defend himself. The combat was thus continued for a few minutes, until Khazi suddenly disappeared from the back of his horse; and yet the blow which Aladyn had at the instant dealt him was scarcely one that seemed so effective as to produce such a catastrophe. A suspicion that it was a mere stratagem on the Guerilla's part, therefore dashed through Aladyn's brain; and instead of springing from his own steed to seize upon his fallen foe, he paused for a moment to examine the present circumstance of the strife.

It was indeed a mere ruse on Khazi's part. He had practised one of the feats in which the mountaineers of the Caucasus excel, by throwing himself under the belly of his steed,—with a hand however upon the mane and a foot still in the stirrup, so that in the twinkling of an eye he could have raised himself up again into the saddle. His design was to induce Aladyn to dismount—in which case the wily Guerilla would have sprung upon him like a tiger and by superior brute force would have accomplished his design of capturing him alive.

A glance convinced Aladyn of the justice of his suspicion in respect to the good faith of his opponent; and seizing the remaining pistol from the holster, he in a moment presented it at Khazi's head, calling upon him to surrender. Meanwhile several shots had been fired between the belligerent parties behind; and now two of the Guerillas came galloping past, exclaiming to Khazi "Save yourself!"

Quick as the lightning flash Khazi's steed bounded away, while the bullet from the young Turk's pistol whistled past the ear of the discomfited and flying Guerilla. At a distance of about a hundred yards Khazi stopped; and as he wheeled round his steed, he unslung the rifle from his back. But Aladyn's keen eye had caught the movement; and knowing how skilful marksmen were the Georgian mountaineers, he did not choose to become a target for the bullet of his late foe. He therefore spurred his steed towards the thicket of the copse; and the proceeding saved his life—for the rifle bullet whistled close behind him as he thus turned away. Khazi saw enough to convince him that the enterprise had completely failed; and again wheeling round his steed, he galloped off.

Aladyn had already at a glance perceived how it had fared with his own followers and the four Guerillas who had attacked them: but he had now leisure to examine more minutely into the results of the conflict. The reader will recollect that there were six Guerillas in all—two of whom had attacked the young Turk himself. Of these two, one lay dead; and the other (Khazi) had fled. Of the four who had assailed Aladyn's followers, two were stretched corpses upon the ground, each shot through the heart; and the other two, being severely wounded—one with his sword-arm disabled by a sabre-blow, and the other with a collar bone shattered—had taken to flight in the manner already described. Aladyn's dependants had thus borne themselves as valiantly as their master; and with the exception of a slight wound received from a sword by one of them in the fleshy part of the left arm, they had as much reason to congratulate themselves as their young master upon the result of the conflict.

The horses of the three Guerillas who were slain, had galloped away from the spot, and were no longer to be seen. Aladyn and his followers removed the three corpses from the middle of the road into the shade of the embowering vines; and they then continued their way,—naturally entertaining the belief that their recent assailants were merely a gang of brigands, without any ulterior view, beyond that of plunder, for the attack which they had made and in which they were so completely worsted.

"Nevertheless," said Aladyn, "it certainly strikes me as being strange that those villains did not in the first instance fire at us from the copse, instead of rushing out to dare us to the battle. Had they adopted the former alternative, ill might it have fared with us; for there can be no doubt in reference to the skill of those mountaineer marksmen."

"But perhaps, your Excellency," said the elder of the two followers—a stout, strongbuilt Ottoman, with a thick grizzled beard, and a countenance in which courage, firmness, and benevolence were blended, as the characteristics of his race,—“perhaps, your Excellency, it was the main object of those brigands to take us prisoners, not merely in

the hope of plundering us of all that we might have about our persons, but likewise of conveying us to one of their fastnesses until by suitable ransoms we should be delivered.

"The surmise is a good one my trusty Ibrahim," responded Aladyn; "and if such were the calculation of the desperadoes, they are indebted to it for their defeat, and we for our victory. For by abstaining in the first instance from the use of their firearms, and by coming to close quarters, they put Georgian against Osmanli prowess to the test."

"And yet, your Excellency," remarked Hafiz, the junior of the two followers, "the couple of villains who took to flight first of all, had recourse to their pistols when they found it was going hard with them; and were it not for the docility of my good steed—which wheels, retreats, or advances at a word as well as at a touch—it would have fared but badly with your Excellency's faithful servant who is now speaking."

"And I also can testify," added Ibrahim, "that a bullet whistled so close to my ear, that it seemed like a current of air passing. However, Allah, he thanked! the victory is our own; and with the exception of the scratch which Hafiz has received in his arm, we have come off with impunity that is truly marvellous."

While thus conversing, Aladyn and his two followers continued their way—the young gentleman now keeping more closely to his attendants, and all three taking the precaution to reload their weapons, so as to be upon their guard against another attack, if such were meditated or should take place.

"Has it not occurred to your excellency," asked Ibrahim, after a pause, "that our assailants may have belonged to the band of that Chief who, half-Guerilla, half robber, has for some little while past been a terror alike to the Russians and the inhabitants of certain districts of Georgia?"

"You allude to Kyri Karaman?" answered Aladyn. "It is true that singular tales relative to such a personage have travelled even across the frontier and reached the ears of us dwellers at Kars; but to tell the truth, I had always treated them as mere idle rumors, and Kyri Karaman himself as a myth—a phantom of the imagination."

"Kyri Karaman may be a myth, your Excellency," observed Ibrahim; "but our experience within the past hour has taught us that there are veritably armed and banded robbers in Georgia, notwithstanding the assurances to your Excellency that you might travel in all security with a very small escort."

"It was from the lips of a certain Georgian youth that I received those assurances," replied Aladyn,—"indeed the very youth who brought me the message which induced me to undertake the present journey. Doubtless he spoke that which he honestly believed; and as I was moreover bidden to travel under circumstances which should as much as possible avoid attracting notice or exciting curiosity—But, Ah! there is a hamlet ahead! Let us speed forward and give due notice to the authorities of all that has occurred; so that they may take their own measures for the removal of the corpses which we have left by the roadside."

The hamlet was reached; and the communication was duly made to the Georgian Elder of the place. This functionary was evidently much surprised that such an outrage should have occurred at so great a distance from those regions, which bordered upon the Caucasus and which were more especially pointed at as the theatre of the exploits of Kyri Karaman. But he was still more amazed to learn that the three Osmanlis should have so completely vanquished six stalwart Guerillas; and he even seemed incredulous, until they assured him that the bodies of the trio of slain desperadoes would be found by the roadside.

Having thus discharged his duty towards the Georgian authorities, and having halted for a brief space at the inn of the hamlet, Aladyn pursued his way, attended by his two faithful followers. These followers were not mere menials, as the reader may have perhaps supposed; but they were gentlemen—for Aladyn was of Bey's rank, as his title of "Excellency" indicated.

And here, while he is continuing his journey, attended by Ibrahim and Hafiz, we may avail ourselves of the opportunity to say a few more words in respect to his personal description. That he was exceedingly handsome has been already stated. He had dark hair and eyes; and a glossy moustache, finely pencilled and curling at the points, crowned his lip; his nose was slightly aquiline; but this as well as all his other features, was somewhat delicately formed. His complexion was not tinged with that swarthiness which characterizes many of the oriental races; indeed it would have been fair, were it not for a slight shade of embrowning hue caught

by exposure to the sun, and giving a certain manliness to his otherwise youthful appearance. For Aladyn delighted in field sports and in all exercises which become the male sex. As a hunter he was most daring; as an equestrian his skill was perfect; and his valor had been tried on even sterner occasions than that in which he had acquitted himself so well, as we have just described to the reader. His disposition was amiable and generous; while there were in his character all the elements of a chivalric greatness. Fear was unknown to him; he could laugh at the idea of danger; and yet the tear would trickle from his eye at the spectacle of a fellow-creature's suffering, or if a tale of woe were breathed in his ear.

His age was about one-and-twenty; in person, he was tall, slender, and well-formed, with a remarkable uprightness of figure and of Apollo-like straightness of limb. So perfect was his symmetry that he might have served as the model for a statue, which, if sculptured according to his proportions, would have constituted the most faultless effigy of masculine beauty. His was a noble forehead; the brows, dark but not thickly pencilled, were highly arched; the eyelids were well opened: the eyes themselves were large, but they were fringed by lashes of ebony blackness, and as thick and long as those of a woman. There was no insolent nor self-sufficient boldness in his regards, nor a presumptuous arrogance, nor yet a dashing recklessness; but there was something of that natural and lofty confidence which a high spirited and chivalrous minded young man feels in himself, and has a right to feel. He wore neither beard nor whiskers; but the black moustache, the softly embrowning tint of his complexion, and the frank fearlessness of his looks, imparted a manliness to the general expression of his countenance.

Such was the young Aladyn. In respect to his apparel, he was dressed entirely in the modern Turkish costume of personages of rank. A dark green frock coat, richly embroidered with lace upon the breast and cuffs, set off his figure to the utmost advantage: broad red stripes to his pantaloons elegantly defined the position of his lower limbs as he gracefully and fearlessly bestrode the mettled steed that bore him. His sabre has already been alluded to as having a gilded sheath; the hilt was set with precious stones; and the caparisons of his horse were embellished with rich arabesques worked in gold. Altogether, the young Aladyn was a cavalier whose appearance could not fail to excite the interest and attention of the charming Georgian peasant damsels who came forth from their cottages to gaze upon him as he passed; while the male beholders failed not to observe the manly bearing of the youthful Osmanli, the easy firmness of his seat upon the steed, and the splendid points of the noble animal itself. Thus, though he travelled with but a very small escort for a young gentleman of his position, yet his appearance in those Georgian regions attracted more attention than he would willingly have excited.

His way was continued; several hours passed; and after he himself and his followers had made several halts to rest and refresh their steeds, they reached a point where three roads branched off. They were now uncertain which to take; and they were looking about for some cottage where they might inquire which of the three paths conducted direct to Tiflis, when Aladyn beheld an old man seated on a bank at a little distance. He was dressed in the rude costume of one of the lowest order of the Georgian peasantry; and he appeared to be a laborer who had sat himself down there to rest while journeying in quest of work. To him the query was put; and he indicated the very road in which he himself was seated as the one leading to the Georgian capital. Aladyn threw him a piece of money, which constituted a gratuity so liberal that ninety-nine poor peasants out of a hundred would have almost gone down upon their knees to thank the donor; but this man picked it up with a careless indifference, bordering almost upon indifference. What little gratitude he did express, was conveyed curtly and churlishly; and he continued his way in a direction different to that which he had just bidden the Osmanlis take.

Plunging into a wood at a little distance, this uncouth peasant, as he seemed to be, sought a cottage that was concealed amongst the trees; and entering it, he tossed the coin contemptuously upon the floor, exclaiming with a vindictive bitterness, "Oh! that I should even for a moment be compelled to take money from the hand of one whom I have sworn to regard as my foe, because he vanquished me—he humiliated me!"

A middle-aged peasant, who was seated in the cottage, hastened to pick up the coin which was so indignantly flung away, exclaiming, "Why,

what ails you, friend?—what mean these vociferations?"

"No matter!" cried the other. "Here! take back the disguise you lent me, and give me my own apparel! While in the serf's garments I feel like a serf—and I have been treated as one! And yet my part was played up to the moment when the proud Moslem tossed me that coin! Here! let me have water to wash away this grime from my face, and that flour which has powdered the natural darkness of my hair!"

The peasant owner of the cottage, having picked up the discarded coin, gazed with astonishment upon the individual who was evidently but very little known to him, although from a well-meant motive he had styled him "friend;" and he said, "Have you failed, then, in the purpose, whatever it was, for which you assumed the disguise?"

"No matter!" again ejaculated the other. "Give me water, I say!—produce me my own garments—my weapons likewise—and bring forth my horse! I long to breathe the fresh air of my native mountains once again!"

The individual's mandates were quickly complied with; and when his ablutions were performed—when the peasant-garb which he had borrowed was thrown off—when he had resumed his own apparel—and when he had sprung, without touching the stirrup, upon the back of his steed, it was none other than the Guerilla Khazi who galloped comparatively light-hearted away from the cottage.

But let us return to Aladyn and his two followers, who in the meanwhile were pursuing the route indicated by the false peasant.

"Did it occur to your Excellency, asked the shrewd and cautious Ibrahim, "that there was something more than uncouth about that individual? Methought there was even a sinister appearance. He looked not your Excellency full in the face—but with his staff played with the scattered stones while answering you."

"You must not expect, my faithful Ibrahim," answered Aladyn, with a smile which revealed his pearly teeth in dazzling contrast with the black line of his moustache, "to find the manners of a palace practised by a Georgian peasant. Provided that he has guided us aright, little care we for the churlishness of his humor."

"Yes—provided he has guided us aright," responded Ibrahim: "but this remains to be proved. Methinks, with all due deference to your Excellency, that this narrow road, which is gradually diminishing into the insignificance of a bye-lane, can scarcely be the highway to Tiflis."

The path was certainly narrow; but the more limited it became, the more picturesque was its beauty. The trees, meeting overhead, formed an umbrageous arch, sheltering the travellers from the sun; myriads of flowers covered the banks—as if Nature, wearied of carrying her burden of floral beauties, had thrown them down all there: the vines were laden with the most luscious-looking grapes; and numerous other fruits were within the reach of the travellers' hands as they passed along.

"Assuredly I hope it is the direct route to Tiflis," said Aladyn, "and that it will go on thus increasing in loveliness as it proceeds. At all events we will inquire again of the first wayfarer whom we may meet, or at the first cottage which we may reach.—Hark! there is the ripple of a streamlet! It makes sweet music to my ears, for I am athirst; and one draught of the pure water is more grateful to the parched palate than all the wine that was ever pressed from even such rich fruitage as this. Come! let us press onward; and we shall soon find an avenue to the stream which is assuredly gurgling near."

Thus speaking, Aladyn pressed his steed into a gallop; and in a few minutes the lane widened until it appeared to merge into the open country, so that all trace of a beaten route was lost.

"There is a tent!" exclaimed Aladyn to his followers, as he discerned the canvas dwelling almost completely embowered amidst the foliage of densely grouped trees. "We shall here find some one of whom we can make inquiries!"

The murmuring of the stream was now heard more distinctly than hitherto; and all of a sudden Aladyn reached a spot where, by the side of a crystal rivulet, a young lady of exceeding beauty was seated, apparently in a mood of such deep abstraction that her ears had not even caught the sounds of the approaching horses' hoofs.

CHAPTER III.

THE VALE OF BRIGHT WATERS.

ALADYN reined in his steed; and by degrees as he obtained a better view of the lady's countenance, he drew the bridle more and more until he at length brought the horse to a complete halt. He was wrapped in amazement at the superb beauty which he thus beheld, and which having at first broken upon him with a dazzling effect, now appeared to be stealing over him as if with the softer and more gradual development of charm after charm. She was seated by the side of the rivulet, in which she had perhaps been laving her feet; for they were naked, and the elegant slippers lay at a little distance. By her side there was a musical instrument very much resembling a guitar: but the lady was absorbed in such deep meditation that her music as well as everything else around appeared to be far absent from her thoughts.

From beneath a small elegantly embroidered cap, or diminutive fez, flowed the long tresses of her raven hair, which by its natural gloss was rendered bright and shining in the sunbeams. The thin muslin veil which was attached to that cap, and which was sufficiently ample to envelope almost the entire figure, was thrown completely back,—its folds resting upon the green sward behind her. The rich luxuriant masses of that raven hair floated upon shoulders that were sculptured to the most exquisite symmetry,—sloping in such a manner that their outlines seemed to flow continuously into the well-shaped and finely rounded arms. These the short sleeves of the elegant tunic left almost completely bare; and superb bracelets circled the wrists. The lady was somewhat tall of stature; and there was all the gracefulness of a faultless symmetry as well as the richness of womanhood's well-developed contour in her shape. Her complexion was that of a delicate brunette, far from merging into swarthinness—with a transparent and pure-grained skin, and the rich blood mantling upon the cheeks. Her countenance formed a perfect oval: her head was admirably poised upon a neck arching with unstudied gracefulness like that of the swan. For the first few minutes that Aladyn thus contemplated the lady, her eyes were concealed beneath their long ebony fringes, the ends of which rested upon her cheeks: but presently when she opened those eyes, their light burst forth upon him like two mystical and magnificent dreams surprised in their jet embryos, and carrying an intoxicating sense to the innermost depths of his soul. We have already hinted that her dress was rich: we may add that the tunic, or upper garment, was of dark silk braided with gold: a girdle, similarly ornamented, was fastened by a magnificent clasp brilliant with gems; and the skirt of her apparel, of a light-colored silk, was ingeniously worked with arabesques. Thus, by her appearance, she seemed to be a lady of some rank and distinction—an opinion that was further corroborated by a glimpse which Aladyn obtained of two well-dressed female domestics reclining on the flower-bespangled grass before the entrance of a handsome tent at a little distance.

And no wonder that the youthful Osmanli should have been ravished and enchanted by all that he thus beheld; for the entire scene was only too well calculated to delight and intoxicate the senses. That crystal streamlet, so pellucid that every pebble might be discerned in its depths—those umbrageous trees, the boughs of which seemed all golden with their rich fruitage, as if they had imprisoned the sunbeams and treasured them up for months, now to pour them in a rich shining flood over their entire foliage—the myriads of flowers, of endless varieties of beauty that were scattered upon the grass—and the soft fragrance which their perfume lent to the atmosphere—together with the cloudless azure of the over-arching sky—all combined to render this a perfect elysian scene, well worthy to become the retreat of the houri who was resting there. And it moreover seemed to Aladyn, in the enthusiasm of his youthful feelings, as if he had suddenly lighted upon one of those fable-haunted and mysterious spots, tenanted by a congenial being that he had read of in romantic legends and fairy-tales connected with those climes through which he was travelling.

Was it really that the lady did not immediately perceive him—that she was so absorbed in her own reflections as to have remained unconscious even of the trappings of the horse which heralded his presence?—or was she with the coquettish consciousness of her splendid and remarkable beauty, odly prolonging that air of pensiveness, in order that he might feast his eyes with gazing upon her, before she thought fit to raise her own? We know not.

But certain it is that not merely for moments, but even for minutes, did she continue to have that air of a softly sensuous self-abandonment to her thoughts, before she turned upon the youth a look which for an instant expressed surprise and confusion, and then again hid itself under the long lids bordered with their ebony lashes. Again she raised those lustrous eyes, and bent their regard more lingeringly upon the young Osmanli; and then, as if startled with the sudden consciousness of a duty that she owed to her own self-respect, she began to draw the veil over her countenance—yet not before she had thrown upon Aladyn one of those soft lightnings which seemed to languish in the depths of the large black pupils.

The young Mussulman gracefully saluted the lady by raising his hand to his cap and then lowly inclining his head; and by this time he was joined by his two faithful followers, who reined in their steeds close by the spot where he had halted his own. The matter-of-fact Ibrahim beheld nothing more in the presence of the lady than the wished-for opportunity of inquiring whether they were on the direct road for Tiflis: but Hafiz being a younger man, and more susceptible of the influence of feminine charms, exclaimed, "By Allah! she is beautiful!" for he had caught a glimpse of her features before she drew the veil over them.

"Beautiful!" echoed Aladyn; "she must be one of those houris who belong to our Prophet's paradise! It is impossible she can be an earthly creature!"

The countenance of Ibrahim showed that he liked as little as could be this rapturous enthusiasm of his young master; but the habit of respect towards a superior kept him silent.

Aladyn now made his horse advance a few paces, until he was within half a dozen yards of the spot where the beautiful stranger sat; and with another respectful salutation he said, "Lady, might I so far venture to intrude upon your privacy by inquiring whether this be the direct route to Tiflis?"

"According to the direction from which you seem to have come," replied the lady, in a sweet melodious voice, "it is not the proper route."

"I had my suspicions of that uncouth peasant," muttered Ibrahim aside to Hafiz.

"But there is a path," continued the lady, "which leads hence into the main road, though it is difficult to find, by one unacquainted with these regions. I myself am traveling to Tiflis."

Here, however, she stopped short, as if she suddenly felt that she had said too much, and that her words might seem to convey a proposition of companionship during the journey to the Georgian capital.

"If you had no better escort, lady, and would accept of ours," Aladyn hastened to exclaim, "proud and happy should I be to avail myself of the opportunity of protecting you on your way."

The lady made no immediate answer; and enough was discerned of her countenance through the folds of her veil, to show that she was again reflecting deeply. At length, as if suddenly making up her mind in respect to the course which she should adopt, she said in even a sweeter tone than before, "There can be nothing unseemly in such companionship—especially as, to confess the truth, I am disappointed with regard to the suitable male escort which ought to have overtaken me, or which I ought to have found waiting for me in this neighborhood. My attendants are close at hand and they will receive yours with civility. If you will condescend to accept of such fare as I may be enabled to set before you, it were perhaps well that you should partake of refreshments ere pursuing your journey."

Aladyn leaped from his horse and tossed the reins to Hafiz who was in readiness to receive them. Ibrahim looked as if he regretted the adventure which was now occurring, but he dare not give utterance to a syllable in the shape of remonstrance with his young master; and he accordingly accompanied Hafiz towards the spot where the lady's two female attendants had now risen up from their lounging position in front of the tent. In the immediate neighborhood of that tent three beautiful steeds were banqueting upon the rich grass; and their caparisons, including the capacious and handsome saddles, were within the tent itself. One of the dependants was a negress—an Ethiopian, whose skin was as dark as jet, and whose features possessed all the characteristics of her race; the other was a young and handsome Georgian female.

But while the young Osmanli's followers are forming the acquaintance of the lady's two attendants in the vicinity of the tent, let us return to Aladyn and the beautiful stranger themselves. With a slight but graceful motion of the exquisitely modelled hand, she invited Aladyn to seat himself near

her upon the grass; and now—as if their agreement of companionship during the journey to Tiflis, had broken down the barriers of a cold formality, and had at once placed them, as it were, upon a species of friendly footing—the lady again raised her veil. The nearer view which Aladyn thus obtained of her beauty, confirmed the impression which at a greater distance it had first made upon him. She appeared to be almost twenty years of age; and she was in the splendid bloom of that period when girlhood has completely expanded into a glorious womanhood, but still without losing any of the first freshness of youth. Her features were perfectly regular; her eyes were large and variable in their expression—sometimes appearing to be of a brilliant lustre, at others soft and languishing—sometimes flinging, but only for an instant, the full power of their light upon the young Osmanli, and then veiling themselves beneath the curtains of their long dark fringes. Her mouth, small and narrow, but with full lips of the richest hue, revealed, when she spoke, teeth white as the pearls that circled her own neck; and her breath appeared to have slightly caught the fragrance of the ambrosial atmosphere itself. Thus, on a nearer view, Aladyn's opinion of the lady's beauty was confirmed; but when the first intoxication of wonderment and sense of enthusiastic admiration had passed, it appeared to him as if there was wanting some of that feminine softness—something of that unstudied artlessness and modest diffidence, which can alone render a woman permanently bewitching, and which rivet the spells that her beauty has for a moment flung upon the heart.

"To the false information given me by a churlish peasant," said Aladyn, as he seated himself near the lady upon the grass, "I am indebted for the pleasure of forming your acquaintance."

"And I," she responded, flinging upon him one of those looks which might mean so much, or which on the other hand might seem to belong to an unintentional and unconscious habit—"am indebted to a disappointment with reference to a promised escort, for the safety and security which the presence of yourself and your followers will afford me."

"That these districts of Georgia are not altogether secure for the progress of travellers," observed Aladyn, "I myself have had recent experience."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the lady, now gazing with an air of mingled sympathy and interest upon the young Osmanli. "Is it possible that you have encountered any of those, at the very thought of whom I have been trembling lest I should fall in with them?"

"If you allude, lady," answered Aladyn, "to the predatory band of Kyri Karaman, I do verily believe that my own experience justifies me in affirming that this redoubtable robber has a veritable existence, and that he is not the mere hero of a tale fabricated only to amuse the listless in their abodes, or to scare children."

The lady's countenance expressed terror as Aladyn thus spoke; and she said in a tremulous voice, "And you have fallen in with those banditti?"

"In the morning of this very day," responded Aladyn. "But little had they to rejoice in the issue of the conflict—or else I should not be here to tell the tale, lady, to your ears."

Aladyn then recited the facts of the encounter with the Guerillas, as they are already known to the reader; and the superbly handsome countenance of the lady expressed all the varying sentiments of terror, dismay, fear, suspense and admiration. This last feeling remained imprinted upon her features, as in fervid tones she congratulated the young Osmanli upon his escape, as well as upon the prowess of himself and his followers. She then proceeded, as if in the natural interchanges of confidence, to inform Aladyn that her name was Myrrha—that she resided habitually at Tiflis—that the death of her father, who was a rich merchant, and who had perished suddenly some twelve months back, had compelled her to undertake a journey to a distant town—and that having accomplished her business there, she had set off on her return homeward.

"The friends with whom I have been staying," continued Myrrha, "furnished me a suitable escort for the first stage of my journey; and arrangements were made for a relay of guides and defenders to proceed with me on my road. Lured by the loveliness of the morning, and forgetful of the dangers of travelling unattended, I set out with my female dependants, thinking that the new escort would speedily overtake us—and indeed leaving word that I should halt during the sultry hours of the day in this very spot, which is known as the Vale of Bright Waters. But for some unaccountable reason the escort has not made its appearance;—and alarmed as well as annoyed at the disappointment, I was giving way

to my painful reflections, when you, signor, and your followers, reached the spot."

"And you, beautiful Myrrha," answered Aladyn, "you have no need for further annoyance or apprehension, inasmuch as accident has enabled me to offer you that escort without which it were indeed dangerous for you to travel. I myself, as you are already aware, am bound for Tiflis—where, I believe I have some little business of importance to transact."

Further than this Aladyn volunteered no explanation in respect to his own social position, his personal circumstances, nor the business which was taking him to Tiflis; and the lady was evidently too polite, well-bred, and courteous to question him on those subjects. He however informed her that his name was Aladyn, and she saw enough by his appearance, as well as by the mode in which he travelled with a couple of retainers, to prove that he was at least of a gentleman's rank.

The superb Myrrha now summoned her domestics by gently clapping her hands; and they quickly spread upon the grass a variety of light and elegant refreshments, together with claret and wine; while the dessert was furnished from the richly laden boughs of all the surrounding trees. Myrrha, being a Georgian and holding Christian tenets, was under no religious restraint in respect to the use of wine: yet she touched it not, but drank only of the cooling sherbet. On the other hand, Aladyn, though professing Mussulman doctrines, did not acknowledge the prejudice held by ascetic Moslems in respect to the fermented juice of the grape: but it was from a real dislike to inebriating beverages that he abstained. Thus, during their repast, both the gentleman and the lady left the wine-flask untouched, and partook only of the lighter fluids. They conversed on general topics—principally upon the beauty of the scenery; and Aladyn had as much reason to be pleased with the taste and intelligence of his new acquaintance, as she had to admire those mental accomplishments which in the unstudied frankness of youth, he betrayed rather than displayed.

The horses were now mounted, and the journey was commenced. Aladyn rode by the side of the splendid Myrrha,—his two male followers keeping company with her female dependants—if indeed the bearded Ibrahim could be said to keep any company at all, seeing that he remained profoundly silent, in a gloomy reflective mood, resisting all the attempts of the negroes to draw him into conversation: while Haflz, on the other hand, chatted gaily with the handsome Georgian girl. As for Aladyn—who, with Myrrha, rode some twenty yards in advance of their respective followers—the young Osmanli could not help admiring the ease, the grace, and elegance with which his companion sat upon her steed. She was evidently a perfect mistress of the equestrian art; and it was an animal which though sufficiently good-tempered, yet had so much spirit that none but a bold rider would have ventured to get upon its back. It had a certain brand, as usual, upon its haunch to indicate its breed: but Aladyn knew too little of these matters out of his own country to comprehend to how rare and splendid a race that steed belonged.

He and Myrrha continued to discourse upon a variety of subjects; and she gave him to understand, but quite in a delicate and casual way—partly by inference, and partly by words which she seemed to drop without any intended significance from her lips—that being a wealthy heiress, she was entirely her own mistress, that she had the control of no relatives to care for, and that she was free to follow her own inclinations in all the circumstances of life. But although she thus spoke with an air of complete artlessness, and as if merely in those natural confidences that resulted from a temporary friendship arising from circumstances, and which would probably cease at the termination of the journey which had thrown them together—Aladyn could not help thinking there was too little reserve, if not an actual boldness, and a too familiar communicativeness on the part of this lady: so that although his eyes still acknowledged and admired her beauty, his heart was far more free from its spells than it was in the first few moments of their meeting. And as he felt and knew this, he was for that very reason itself all the more polite towards her, lest he should seem to fail in those little attentions which the intercourses of travelling in such companionship necessitated on the part of a gallant cavalier toward a beautiful lady.

As the shades of evening closed in, and twilight came with its witching stillness, its softness, and its calming effects alter the excitement of a heated and busy day, the voice of Myrrha grew more tender—her language acquired a deeper pathos—and she

appeared to feel the influences of the hour. By some means or other—Aladyn scarcely knew how—the conversation turned upon love; and Myrrha, with a soft sensuous sigh, declared that she had only dreamt of it, but had never experienced that passion. She went on to observe that situated as she was—wealthy, her own mistress, yet with no other friends than those whom her riches congregated about her—it might be deemed strange that she had not as yet settled in life: she intimated that she had not wanted suitors; but she added that she had never as yet encountered one to whom she dared entrust her happiness.

"Because," she continued, "having read the romances of my country, and all the beautiful tales which have been written by authors of your own—having listened likewise to the legends of oral tradition which treat of love, but which have not found their way into print—I have been enabled to form the ideal of my own heart—or shall I say of my own imagination?"

"And this ideal?" asked Aladyn, by way of sustaining the discourse, rather than because he thought the topic a very suitable one for a young gentleman and lady who had only known each other a few hours—who were riding as it were alone together, their attendants being beyond earshot—and whose route lay in the embowering shade of trees, in the soft twilight hour.

Myrrha proceeded to sketch what the French would term the *beau ideal* of her imagination—the only being, as she said, whom she could ever love, or who might ever hope to win her heart, her hand, and her fortune. She went on speaking as if in a half-musing abstracted strain—with a voice and manner as if she utterly lost sight of the individual to whom her confessions were being revealed, and as if she would have spoken in precisely the same style and to the same effect to one of her own maids or to the most indifferent person in the world. But though Aladyn could not at first believe his ears—and though through his utter deficiency in conceit or boyish vanity, he was unwilling to acknowledge the suspicion which was gradually strengthening within him—he at length could not blind himself to the conviction that the splendid Myrrha was drawing a sketch of himself. She depicted him in his personal beauty and in his prowess—in his manly frankness and his mental accomplishments—in the generosity and the chivalric heroism of his character; so that while she on the one hand proved her powers of keen insight into all those mortal traits, he on the other hand, by having the conviction forced upon him that it was his own portraiture which was thus being drawn, learnt more of himself than ever he had known before.

"Such," concluded Myrrha, "is the ideal of my imagination. Think you, Signor Aladyn, that there exists a being in the world who can fulfil it?—and if so, that I dare hope of winning the heart of such a one?"

For an instant the young Osmanli felt all the awkwardness of his position; but the next moment recovering his self-possession, he said with a gay courtesy, "The charms and accomplishments of the Lady Myrrha must assuredly win whatsoever heart it may choose her to captivate."

There was just sufficient light remaining to show Aladyn that Myrrha flung upon him a look in which vibrated a trembling joy and an expression of triumph mingled with doubt and suspense; and after a few moments pause, she said in a tone so deep and rich that it revealed the concentrated luxury of her hopeful sentiments, but likewise in a voice so low that it seemed to throw a veil over the words themselves,—“And dare I indeed indulge in so fond a dream?—dare I flatter myself that when my ideal is found, there will be a reciprocity of sentiment?”

"Your ideal, lady," answered Aladyn, laughing, with a gaiety which he purposely intended as a means of throwing away from himself the soft imputation that he comprehended in what position he stood in the lady's thoughts,—“your ideal is too perfect an object for you to find the reality so easily.”

"That reality is found," responded Myrrha, her steed having been brought so close to the one that Aladyn bestrode that the soft low melting whisper in which she spoke was distinctly audible.

"Indeed!" he ejaculated. "But there are lights ahead!—and doubtless this is the friendly tower at which, as you have intimated, we may find an asylum for the night? Let us urge our horses onward—because methinks that for the last hour we have lingered somewhat on the way."

Through the deepening obscurity there flashed a lightning look—a vivid, vibrating, and searching glance, thrown from the eyes of Myrrha towards the

countenance of Aladyn, as if to assure herself of the real effect which her discourse had produced upon him, and whether she was an object of positive indifference to him, or whether he felt that she had not been quite explicit enough to warrant him to take her language unto himself. He saw not that glance: he was suiting the action to the word by pressing his steed onward at the moment; and Myrrha said, "It is not the tower whereof I spoke; we have at least another hour's ride before us. Those lights are shining in a poor hamlet; for I have passed this way before, while journeying in the contrary direction—and I remember every inch of it."

"We will at least halt at this hamlet for a few minutes," replied Aladyn, "to rest and refresh our horses; for without such bait they are unequal to even another short hour's ride, after the heavy toils they have this day sustained."

"Be it as you will, Signor Aladyn," responded Myrrha. "You are the escort," she added, with a smile; "and you must command our proceedings."

CHAPTER IV.

THE TOWER.

The little hamlet was quickly reached; and the travelling party stopped at the only inn, or hostelry, of which the place could boast. They alighted from their animals. Hafiz, who was a sort of superior valet, followed his master into the establishment—while the two females attended in a similar way upon their mistress. Ibrahim remained outside to see that the horses were properly baited; for the inn could furnish but one hostler to minister to the six steeds.

The hostler was a shrewd-looking, cunning-faced, shrivelled old man, with all his mental faculties well about him, and with sufficient physical activity to render him equal to the ordinary requirements of his situation. He carried a torch in his hand; and he first of all examined the six beautiful steeds with the eye of one who was well skilled in horsemanship, and who loved to gaze upon a fine specimen of the race. Suddenly, while examining one of the animals, an ejaculation escaped his lips—an ejaculation which Ibrahim immediately noticed, and which led him to put a few questions to the hostler. What the nature of their conversation was, we need not here relate: suffice it to add that Ibrahim concluded by saying, "Mention not these things, my worthy friend, to any other living soul! Hold your peace—and here is the wherewith to purchase a flagon of whatsoever you love best in the shape of good liquor."

The hostler took the liberal donation which Ibrahim placed in his hand; and the business-like, matter-of-fact Turk kept close by the old man during the remaining quarter of an hour or twenty minutes that the horses were being refreshed. When the steeds were again in readiness, our travellers remounted into their saddles; and as the party rode forward, Ibrahim flung a look of mysterious intelligence upon the old hostler.

While continuing their way, Ibrahim made several endeavors to obtain secret speech of his young master—but all in vain: he could not, without being pointed in his conduct, succeed; for Aladyn was still bent upon paying courteous attentions to Myrrha. Indeed, he now monopolized the conversation—keeping it rambling over various topics, so as to prevent it from reverting to the subject which she had introduced, previous to the arrival at the hamlet. In this manner the short distance was accomplished which led to the tower, where they were to repose for the night.

It was a square stone building, with small windows, and of sufficiently gloomy appearance. But there was nothing extraordinary, much less sinister in its aspect; for it resembled the usual habitations of the Georgian chiefs, or landowners, who dwell in the rural districts. Myrrha had informed Aladyn that the occupant of the tower was a wealthy landed proprietor—a friend of her deceased father—that he was a widower and childless—and that he possessed a hospitable disposition, so that a cordial welcome might be anticipated. There was, however, but a single light shining in a window; and thus, there were no indications of a very extensive or convivial establishment. Aladyn spoke in this sense as he and his companion, together with their followers, approached the tower; whereupon Myrrha observed that it was possible her old friend might be absent—but this circumstance, she assured Aladyn, would not prevent them from experiencing hospitable treatment on the part of his domestics.

Everything, indeed, occurred precisely as the

beautiful lady had thus foreshadowed it. On arriving at the tower, the gate was opened by a well-dressed, respectable looking menial, who, immediately recognising Myrrha, saluted her with the utmost respect; and in reply to her questions, he stated that his chief was absent—but that herself, her companion, and their followers, should be treated with all possible distinction.

They accordingly entered the tower; and in the midst of the court-yard a groom received the horses, the respectable-looking attendant assisting him, as it appeared that they were the only two males belonging to the establishment. There were however, a couple of females to attend to the guests, so that Aladyn and Myrrha were speedily conducted into a comfortable parlor, while Ibrahim, Hafiz, and the lady's two female dependants were escorted to another room.

In the parlor to which the young Osmanli and Myrrha were thus shown, an excellent repast was speedily served up. There were dishes of venison cooked in various ways—a splendid wild turkey—a bustard, which is most delicious eating—fish and game. There was likewise confectionary; and the beverages consisted of sherbet and wine. In the centre of the table was a porcelain dish filled with wild honey. Myrrha gaily and courteously presided at the festival: she evidently endeavored to perform the part of hostess in the most hospitable and fascinating manner; and Aladyn forgot his recent impression of her somewhat hardness and boldness, in the blandishments and witcheries which she now put forth. She filled her own glass with wine, smilingly observing that though she was an habitual drinker of lighter beverages, yet that after the fatigues of the day she felt the need of a stimulant; and she added, with another smile which revealed her pearly teeth in all their faultless beauty, that for very hospitality's sake she must set the example to him towards whom, in the absence of her friend the Chief, she was appearing in the light of a hostess. Aladyn felt that it would be churlish and uncourteous on his part to refuse the challenge thus gaily and gallantly conveyed; and he accordingly filled his own goblet with wine. He quaffed its contents: his laugh grew merrier, his conversation became more animated: he found himself paying compliments to the beautiful Myrrha—he endeavored to check himself, for he felt that he was acting unwisely, and even wrong, as she had not obtained the slightest hold upon his heart. He grew confused, for the first time in his life he floundered in a mass of verbiage, the precise sense of which he himself could not rightly comprehend; and thus, in a sort of desperation, he at length abandoned himself to the circumstances of his position. His brain grew bewildered: there was a species of golden mist enveloping him; but through it he beheld the luminous eyes of Myrrha fixed upon him, brimful of love, from the opposite of the table.

Carrying out the hospitalities of her position as hostess, she insisted that he should partake of all the choicest luxuries which appeared upon the well-spread board; and last of all she helped him copiously to some of the wild honey. Aladyn had had never tasted it before; and partly because it was exceedingly palatable, and partly because he found necessity of yielding to the hospitable pressure put upon him by the beautiful lady who presided for the absent Chief, he ate this wild honey. The seeming mist grew more dense around him—the eyes of the lady became more luminous as they gazed upon him through it—she appeared more ravishingly beautiful the more he contemplated her; and a species of vertigo seized upon him as she suddenly said in the most musical accents of her voice, "Aladyn, thou art my ideal—and I love thee!"

He knew not what he replied: he never afterwards could recollect—though he had the dim and obscure consciousness that he must have something which was not altogether unflattering Myrrha's hopes and expectations: for he distinctly remembered that she exclaimed, "Pledge me, then, my well-beloved!—pledge me in one more goblet of wine!"

Then she passed round the table: she drew near him—she filled his goblet; and bending down, she touched his sword, saying, as she looked up with eyes full of love into his countenance, "That sabre which is by your side, shall henceforth be drawn in the name of one who will pray for you when in the warfare—and who, when you return laden with honor and spoil, will proudly welcome her hero home. Noble Aladyn, let me consecrate with kisses this martial weapon which you wear!"

Thus speaking, Myrrha bent her splendid head over the sabre suspended to the youthful Aladyn's

side; and for some moments she seemed to play with it, as if it were a toy and she were a girl—at the same time pressing it to her bosom. Then suddenly rising to her feet, she exclaimed, "Now, my Aladyn, pledge me in this goblet!"

The young Osmanli was not the master of himself: he was under the influence of various intoxicating spells: there was vertigo in the head and the heart; and as a child is powerless in the hands of a giant, so was he completely at the mercy of that lady. Her voice had a strange wild music for his ears: her eyes had a preternatural and weird-like lustre, as they gazed upon his own: he felt as if he were surrounded by enchantments; and stretching forth his hand, he took the goblet which she presented to him. At that very instant the door opened: Myrrha sprang back a few paces—Aladyn deposited the still untasted goblet upon the table—and the faithful Ibrahim advanced towards him.

The young Osmanli rose—he knew not precisely with what motive—whether to rebuke the attendant for his intrusion, or whether to welcome one who was rescuing him from spells the danger of which was glimmering into his comprehension. But he staggered forward, and would have fallen if Ibrahim had not caught him in his arms. Aladyn lost his consciousness; and everything was a blank for him—until reason, dawning again, began to awaken to the knowledge of some new incident that was taking place.

He was lying upon a couch: a light was burning feebly in the chamber; and it was further darkened by the shadow of a man who was bending over him. This individual had his hand placed upon his shoulder of Aladyn, whom he was gently shaking in order to arouse him, at the same time saying, in a hurried voice, "Rise, dear signor!—rise, I implore your Excellency!"

Aladyn endeavored to raise himself upon the couch: but he felt that his head was as heavy as lead: he sank back again upon the cushion, and gazed up vacantly, with dull half-closed eyes, like one who was under the influence of opium. He could not even recognise the person who was thus endeavoring to arouse him.

"In the name of the Prophet, waken!" said that individual: and in a still more urgent tone he added, "Wake, for heaven's sake! You are environed by perils!"

Amidst the confusion and bewilderment of Aladyn's brain, the sense of some unknown danger now stole in upon him; and with a mighty effort he aroused himself.

"What! is it you, my faithful Ibrahim?" he said at length, recognising his senior dependant.

"Ah! here is water!" ejaculated Ibrahim: and rushing to a table, he drenched a napkin which he placed upon his young master's heated forehead.

He then filled a cup with the crystal fluid; and he assisted Aladyn to swallow the contents. The effects were more speedy and powerful than Ibrahim could have possibly hoped that they would prove; and Aladyn was in a few minutes restored to complete consciousness. He glanced around: he was not in the same apartment where the banquet had taken place: it was in a bed-chamber that he now found himself.

"Let us hasten to depart while it is yet time!" said Ibrahim; "for I repeat, your Excellency is surrounded by dangers!"

"Ah! is there indeed treachery?" ejaculated Aladyn. "Yes—there must be!" he added, as the recollection of much which had taken place at the banquet-table flashed to his mind; and at the same moment his hand instinctively sought the hilt of his sword.

Ah! he could not draw it from its sheath. He pulled with greater strength: but no! it was as tightly fixed there as if blade and scabbard had all been molten into the same mass. What could this mean? A glance quickly solved the mystery. A piece of wire had been so ingeniously attached to the hilt and to the upper part of the sheath, that therein the blade was fixed immovably.

"I will unfasten it," said Ibrahim; for we may all three have need of our weapons ere we quit this tower."

"Where is Hafiz?" demanded Aladyn.

Scarcely was the question put, when the door opened, and Hafiz himself made his appearance.

"Is she secured?" asked Ibrahim, whose movements and whose speech were now all characterized by a rapidity and an energy quite consistent with the full extent of that emergency of which he seemed to be so entirely conscious.

"Yes, she is secured—that treacherous woman?" responded Hafiz. "The sedate-looking domestic

is likewise bound hand and foot—powerless for mischief. We have now only to deal with the groom."

"Unless indeed," added Ibrahim quickly, "the hordes of Kyri Karaman swoop down upon us before we are beyond the precincts of the tower."

"Kyri Karaman?" ejaculated Aladyn. "Is it possible? And that lady, the beautiful Myrrha—"

"Come, signor!" cried Ibrahim: "we have no time for explanations now! Your sword is again free! Allah grant that you may have the strength to wield it in case of need!"

"Oh, yes! I have the strength!" exclaimed the young Osmanli. "I am now myself again!"

He and his two faithful followers now issued from the chamber, Hafiz carrying the light. The room opened upon a passage, which, as Aladyn remembered, likewise communicated with the apartment where the banquet had taken place. The door of that apartment stood open: lights were burning there: the well-spread board remained just as it was when Aladyn was seated at it; and as his looks now plunged into the room, he beheld Myrrha, bound hand and foot, lying upon the sofa, round which a cord was likewise fixed the more effectually to keep her a prisoner there.

"What if you were laboring under some fearful misapprehension?" said Aladyn, quickly to his dependants. "The outrage towards that lady would be terrible!"

"Aladyn—Signor Aladyn!" exclaimed Myrrha, in a plaintive voice: "have you the heart to behold me thus treated?"

"Come on, signor!—in the name of the Prophet come on!" ejaculated Ibrahim. "We know what we are doing!"

The young Osmanli was convinced by these words there was no leisure to demand explanations; and he hurriedly accompanied his attendants down the staircase. They passed into the courtyard, and proceeded to the stabling department, in a room attached to which they found the hostler, lying fast asleep upon his straw pallet.

"We need have no further concern for the man than in this wise," said Ibrahim, as he closed and bolted the door of the room.

The three horses were quickly caparisoned; they were led out into the courtyard; and Hafiz producing a massive key, unlocked the great gates. In another minute the three travellers were beyond the precincts of the tower.

"Now must we ride at random," said Ibrahim; "for we are utterly ignorant of the district to which we have been beguiled."

Away they sped, urging their animals to such a swiftness that there was no possibility for Aladyn to receive the explanations he was so intensely curious to learn. Still he was busied with his own thoughts. Although for an instant at the open door of the banquetting room, he had trembled lest his followers should be acting under erroneous impressions,—yet it required but a few minutes of serious reflection to convince him that they must be right and that some foul treachery had been intended; though he was still utterly unable to conjecture how his dependants could have discovered that the tower was menaced by a visit from the followers of Kyri Karaman. Still, that the lady had harbored traitorous designs, was only too well proven by the circumstance of the sabre fastened to its sheath; for Aladyn recollected with what consummate artifice she had obtained the opportunity to render his weapon useless, when bending down beside him at the well-spread board, and affecting to consecrate that sabre with her kisses and her toyings.

It was a lovely night: the heaven was crowded with stars, keeping a silver moon in chaste company. It was almost as light as day; and an argentine flood of lustre was poured upon the entire scenery amidst which Aladyn and his followers were spurring on their steeds. For upwards of half an hour they thus rode without drawing bridle,—until the buildings of a town reached their sight. Still they relaxed not their speed, until they were fairly within its precincts; and then they felt that they were safe. A commodious hostelry was soon reached; all its occupants had long ago retired to rest; but the summons of the newly arrived travellers was quickly answered. The steeds were stabled; and suitable apartments were provided for Aladyn and his dependants.

Now at length the young Osmanli might receive the explanations which he so much longed to learn, and without which he could not tranquilly retire to rest. The rapid ride through the night air had tended to dispel whatsoever remnant of lethargic feeling had hung about Aladyn; and beyond a slight headache he experienced no evil effects from what-

soever it were that had exercised such intoxicating influences over him. Ibrahim and Hafiz were by no means unwilling to give the required explanations; and thus, before they retired to rest, they conversed with their young master for some little while in the chamber which had been allotted to him at the hostelry.

"I know not exactly how it was," said Ibrahim, "but from the very first I liked not our meeting with that lady. Perhaps it was because I was under the influence of certain misgivings and suspicions in respect to the churlish peasant who had pretended to place us in the right road for Tiflis. And then, your Excellency will excuse me for observing that methought there was something strange in the readiness with which the lady seemed to throw out a hint that your escort, if proffered, would be accepted. Moreover, the seductive looks which she flung upon you, signor, were not lost to my notice. Still I had nothing more than a vague uneasiness in my mind—and for which, to speak soothly, I almost blamed myself—though your Excellency knows I am one of the cautious portion of the human species."

"Proceed, good Ibrahim," said Aladyn, with a smile. "Henceforth, I shall consult that cautious quality of yours more than I have hitherto done."

Ibrahim bowed in acknowledgment of the flattering compliment thus paid to him; and he continued in the ensuing manner:—

"Your Excellency remembers that we halted to bait our horses at a little hamlet within a hour's ride of the tower. The hostler was a cunning old man, well skilled in horsemanship, and fond of admiring a fine animal. While inspecting the steeds by aid of the light which he carried in his hand, he suddenly uttered an ejaculation as he beheld the brand upon the haunch of the beautiful animal belonging to the lady herself. I questioned him. At first he regarded me with suspicion—and naturally enough under the circumstances, as your Excellency shall immediately learn. But I speedily convinced the old hostler that we were honest folks; and with the promise of a bribe I elicited explanations from his lips. In a word, signor, that lady's beautiful steed belongs to Kyri Karaman himself."

"Ah!" ejaculated Aladyn. "And who, then, is the lady?"

"That I know not, signor. She may be wife or sister, for aught that I can tell. However, certain it is, signor, that the old hostler recognized the steed as that of Kyri Karaman, the famous Guerilla and brigand; but how he came to be thus acquainted with the animal, he would not tell me—nor cared I very particularly to learn. Doubtless his relations with Kyri Karaman may at some time or another have been such that he would rather keep to himself."

"But wherefore, on making that discovery," asked Aladyn, "did you not immediately communicate the intelligence to me?"

"Ah, signor," responded Ibrahim, "did I not perceive that you were infatuated with the lady? And it was natural enough—for you are young and she is beautiful—"

"By Allah, you wrong me!" ejaculated Aladyn. "For the first few moments I was fascinated—or rather dazzled and bewildered; but the feeling passed when I beheld something in her look and manner—"

"Well, well, signor," interrupted Ibrahim; "perhaps I misjudged you—but only partially, as your Excellency must confess; for at the banquetting table you were completely subject to her spells."

"With shame do I admit," responded Aladyn, blushing, "that I partook of a goblet of wine; and yet it was strange—the lady drank of it likewise—and I remember now, it was not until I had partaken of the wild honey that my reasoning faculties seemed to become so bewildered."

"And no wonder!" exclaimed Ibrahim; "for the wild honey of the Caucasian districts, where the bee sips the intoxicating juice of the rhododendron, produces a powerful effect upon the human brain."

"Then that portion of the mystery is solved," said Aladyn; "for the treacherous lady compelled me to eat copiously of that honey, so artfully and effectually did she ply me with her hospitalities. But pray proceed, Ibrahim."

"Although fancying that your Excellency was so deeply enamored of that lady," continued the faithful follower, "I did make several attempts, after we left the hamlet where the steeds were baited, to obtain private speech of your Excellency—but all in vain. Indeed, to speak truly, I feared there would be little use even if I succeeded; for methought that your Excellency would laugh in your usual merry way at my suspicions, and would find a thousand reasons to account for the fact of Kyri Karaman's horse being in that lady's possession. How-

ever, I resolved to watch everything and to be upon my guard. We arrived at the tower. Your Excellency and the lady were conducted to the banquetting room; Hafiz and myself supped in company with the lady's female dependants. At our repast wine and wild honey were likewise served; but I found an opportunity of whispering to Hafiz to partake of neither. The women pressed us; and when we both steadily refused, I saw that those two females flung rapid looks at each other, as if mutually asking the reason; and thus my suspicion was strengthened that some treachery was indeed intended. The women at length retired to their own chamber; and when they had withdrawn, I communicated to Hafiz all my misgivings, as well as the cause. We both agreed to remain upon the watch; and under pretext of looking after the steeds, I sallied forth into the court yard to see what might be going on in the tower; there was a light in the stables; and as I approached I heard voices conversing. I listened. That sedate looking domestic was speaking to the hostler. Little enough could I gather of their discourse; but I gleaned sufficient to make me aware that we were inveigled into a snare, and that some man by the name of Khazi had ridden fleet and fast to one of Kyri Karaman's haunts, and that in a short time there would be a detachment of his band at the tower. I returned to Hafiz; and our resolves were speedily adopted. Your Excellency was to be at once warned of the impending treachery. I ascended to the banquetting room, and found you, signor, under those influences to which we need not now more particularly allude. Apprehensive that if I proceeded in a manner to excite the suspicion that I myself suspected everything, some signal would be made—perhaps by a beacon-fire—to hurry the expected banditti to the spot before we could effect our escape, I preserved an air of respect towards the lady, and suffered her to believe that I merely entertained the idea that your Excellency had been too free in your potations. She indicated a bed-chamber; and thither you were removed. She herself lingered until she had seen me retire. Then I rejoined Hafiz, and gave him his instructions."

"And I forthwith," said Hafiz, now temporarily taking up the thread of the narrative, "sought the sedate-looking menial, whom I found alone in one of the domestic offices. I quickly overpowered him—bound him hand and foot, and took the keys of the gate from his girdle."

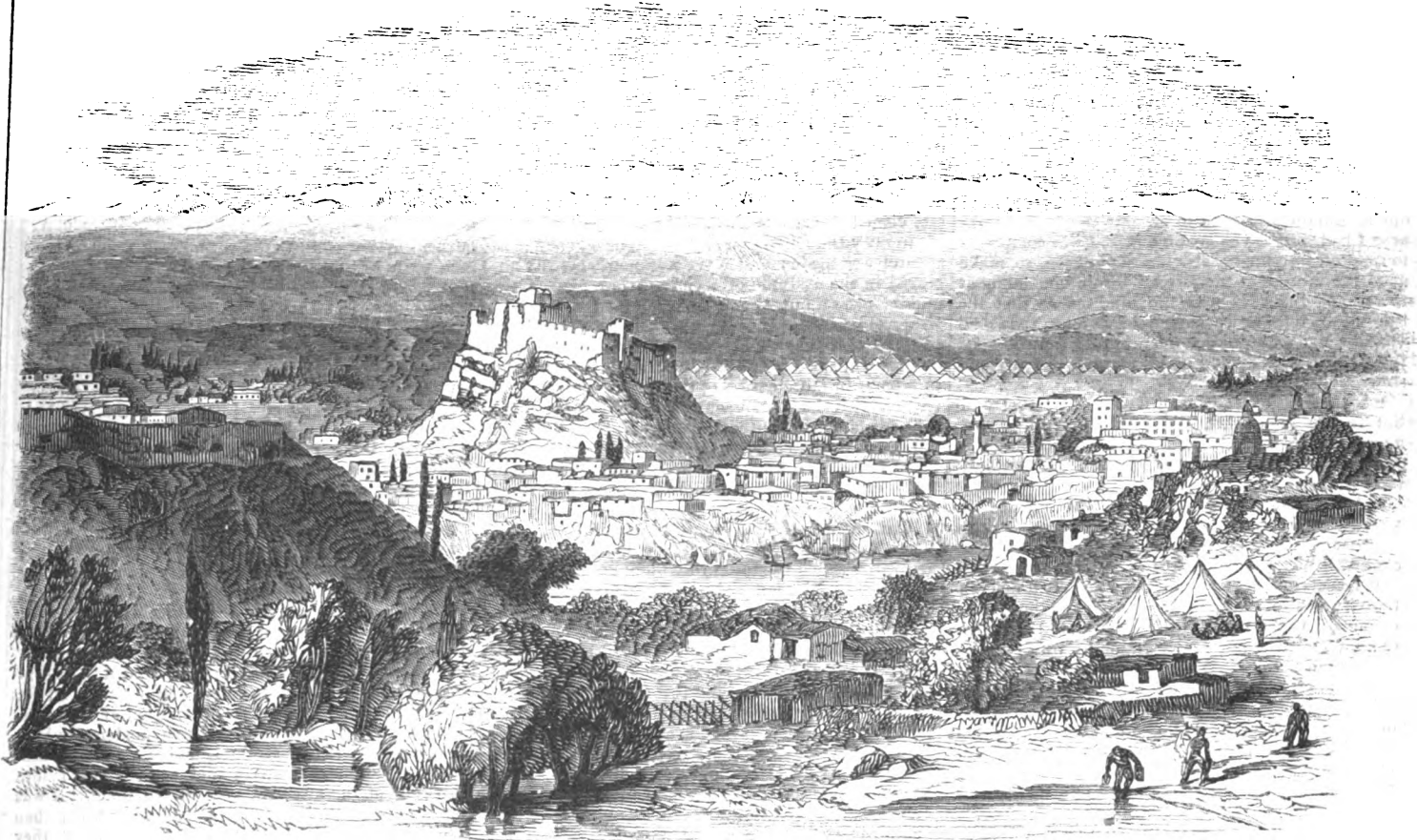
"Shortly after I had issued my instructions to Hafiz," resumed Ibrahim, "I stole up towards your Excellency's apartment; and I met the lady in the passage. She was evidently proceeding thither likewise. For an instant she looked disconcerted; but my plan was now ripe for execution, inasmuch as I felt assured that Hafiz had by that time possessed himself of the keys of the tower gates. I therefore bade the lady understand that she was my prisoner; and as a cry was about to burst from her lips, I placed my hand upon her mouth. Hafiz made his appearance at the moment; I consigned the lady to his charge; and then I entered your Excellency's chamber to arouse you from the stupor into which you had been plunged. You know the rest."

The young Aladyn sincerely thanked his two followers for the important services they had rendered him; he especially commended the shrewdness and wariness which had characterized Ibrahim's conduct; and he sought his couch—where the slumber which quickly overtook him was filled with visions wherein banditti conspicuously figured, and where the splendid countenance of the treacherous Myrrha seemed again to be looking in upon him, through a golden mist, with those dark black luminous eyes of hers.

CHAPTER V.

KYRI KARAMAN.

It was late in the afternoon; and in an umbrageous spot a couple of men were reclining upon the grass. There was a sufficient distance between them to indicate a conscious inferiority on the part of one, which led him to maintain that interval; or perhaps it might have been that there was a conscious superiority on the part of the other, which by a tacit influence, as it were, compelled him to keep such distance. Both were attired in the Guerilla dress, but the apparel of one was much richer than that of the other. Indeed there is no necessity to preserve any mystification on the point; and therefore we may as well at once observe that the superior was none other than Kyri Karaman—while the inferior was Khazi. Nor can the reader be in any doubt as to the fact that the formidable Kyri Karaman was the same chieftain whose tent the youth Tunar had sought in the forest amidst the incipient slopes of the Caucasus.



KUTAIS, THE CHIEF TOWN OF MINGRELLA. (SEE PAGE 207.)

But at a considerable distance from that forest was the spot where we now find Kyri Karaman reclining negligently upon the grass, in companionship with Khazi. Their rifles lay by their side; their horses were feeding hard by; and they seemed to be altogether alone there, as well as without any purpose of tarrying long on the spot—for no tent was erected amidst the adjacent trees.

Upon the handsome countenance of Kyri Karaman there was a certain shade, as if matters were not progressing altogether according to his wishes and interests; while his subordinate Khazi had a cowed and despondent look, as if he felt that he stood not so highly in the opinion of his Chief as he had been wont to do. There was a long interval of silence following whatsoever conversation had previously taken place; and at length it was broken by Kyri Karaman himself, who accompanied his first words with a species of impatient start and petulant gesture.

"Over and over again, must I repeat, Khazi," said the Guerilla Captain, "that it all appears to me a dream, and that I cannot even now convince myself I have been awake while listening to your tale of how yourself and five followers were so utterly vanquished by three Osmanlis."

"I explained to you," responded Khazi, "that the very injunction which you gave us in respect to our fire-arms, proved fatal from the outset."

"Then you should have used those fire-arms," answered Kyri Karaman, with a fierce angry expression of countenance. "Dead or alive, I demanded the person of Aladyn Bey. I told you that infinitely would I prefer having him brought a prisoner into my hands; because he has done me no injury—indeed I never saw him in my life—I am no cold-blooded assassin—nor do I relish the idea of sacrificing a human existence without sufficient cause. But still, in such circumstances—and especially when called upon to act in self-defence—"

"Now listen to me, Captain!" exclaimed Khazi, his countenance for an instant wearing an angry and rebellious expression. "Some of my men did use their fire-arms; but it was too late—they were sorely wounded, and compelled to fly. They now lie in a cavern not far from the scene of the strife—and to which, as you already know, I have sent them assistance. As for myself, I hesitate not to confess that it went harder with me in that conflict than it ever had previously been within the

range of my experiences. With difficulty did I escape: but when at a sufficient distance, methought that I could at least bring young Aladyn down with my rifle;—and therein also I failed. Permit me to add, worthy Captain, that you have levelled at me reproaches enough for this failure, which is the first misadventure I ever sustained since I have had the honor of being your lieutenant."

Kyri Karaman reflected profoundly, and made no answer.

"Rest assured, illustrious Captain," proceeded Khazi, "that I have the greatest reason to experience all the humiliation of this defeat; and I have sworn to myself that when you shall have fairly done with Aladyn Bey—whatsoever your designs concerning him may be—I will seek the earliest opportunity of provoking him to mortal combat: for never shall I again be enabled to lift up my head a bold Guerilla until I have wiped away the stain upon mine honor in the blood of the young Osmanli. And after all, great Captain, there is but little harm done in respect to the progress of your own plans: for doubtless long ere this the young Aladyn is a prisoner in the hands of that detachment of our followers."

"And yet, even upon this point," rejoined Kyri Karaman, "I have my misgivings: for if it were as you seem to hope and promise, how is it that the tidings have not hours back reached us? The lady Myrrha is not one who tarries in sending off favorable intelligence—"

"Doubtless some good reason will be presently afforded for the delay in transmitting that intelligence," answered Khazi: "for the whole plan was so well arranged that it is impossible to experience failure."

"Ah! methinks we are out of our element," ejaculated Kyri Karaman petulantly, "when we fling down the rifle and the sword, and have recourse to intrigues and subtle machinations. I for one am little skilled in such a system of warfare!"

"And yet, Captain, I repeat," insisted Khazi, "that the details of the scheme were well planned. But you listened so impatiently when I first gave you the particulars, that I am scarcely surprised if you even now understand them not."

"Tell me then, with the minuteness of your own fashion," said the Chief, almost sneeringly, "how you arranged this precious proceeding that is to atone in every sense for your defeat. Perhaps your

narrative will give me hopes—which at present, I must confess, I am somewhat far from entertaining."

"To enter upon such details," answered Khazi, "I must revert to the moment of my defeat—that defeat, worthy Captain, to which you somewhat ungenerously allude more frequently than you need."

Kyri Karaman evidently considered this to be a piece of impertinence on the part of his subordinate; and it were impossible to describe the haughty look of autocratic authority which the proud chief bent upon Khazi.

"I crave pardon if I have offended," said the lieutenant, with every appearance of humility. "But to enter upon my explanations. When the conflict was over, I fled with my two wounded followers; and having seen them safe to the cave, I sped onward at a pace which the celerity of my good steed warranted me in calculating to be beyond the possibility of pursuit. Nor did the Osmanlis attempt such pursuit: it was natural they should remain contented with the victory which they had won. I had the previous knowledge that the Lady Myrrha was journeying towards the tower, which was to be her halting-place on her return from the visit she had been paying to her relations. I likewise knew that there is no project in which you, great Captain, are engaged, wherein the Lady Myrrha will not cordially co-operate. It struck me that if I could possibly contrive to throw the young Aladyn in the way of the Lady Myrrha, she might be enabled to beguile him to the tower—though far out of the way of his own direct route to Tiflis; and she might detain him there during the few hours that would be required for me to rejoin you and send down whatsoever followers you might have in your company to secure the persons of that Osmanli chief and his adherents."

"The scheme was not badly conceived," observed Kyri Karaman, "but for its execution—"

"Listen, illustrious Captain, to the residue of the details," interrupted Khazi. "Habituated as a peasant I took my post at a point whence three roads diverged—well knowing that travellers in a strange country would be certain to inquire at the spot which was the proper route for them to take. And it happened as I had foreseen. I sent them along a lane at the extremity of which I had previously acquired the certainty that the Lady Myrrha was re-

posing with her attendants. Need I add that in the hurried interview which took place between myself and the Lady Myrrha, she readily fell into the plan which I sketched forth?"

"No doubt of it," ejaculated Kyri Karaman. "And then having thus successfully beguiled the travellers—"

"I sped to the tower," replied Khazi, "where I gave the requisite instructions; and thence I galloped on to this neighborhood, where I knew that I should find my gallant Captain with half a dozen of our brave men."

"And these half-dozen brave men," responded Kyri Karaman, "whom I had brought hither from our mountain-fastnesses to execute the special purpose I had reserved as my own task, I was compelled to send off in a hurry, at your suggestion, to make good the capture at the tower. From one moment to another I may receive the intelligence that the Star of Mingrelia is journeying along the road yonder; and if my brave men return not in good time, how can I reckon upon making her my prisoner?"

"If the beautiful Star of Mingrelia travel with but female attendants, illustrious Captain," suggested Khazi, "surely you and I would suffice to take them captive and hurry them off to the mountains?"

"And what if, disregarding the counsel of the youth Tunar," responded Kyri Karaman, "Leila, the Star of Mingrelia, should have chosen to be accompanied by a male escort more or less strong?"

"True," said Khazi, and then he added deferentially, yet also inquiringly, "But you have condescended to tell me so little relative to these plans of yours, that I am scarcely able to volunteer advice or opinion."

"Neither advice nor opinion do I seek from my subordinates," responded Kyri Karaman, with another haughty look. "I command—and they are bound to obey. Yet have I already informed you," he continued in a milder strain, "that while you and your party were sent out in one direction to capture Aladyn Bey and his followers, journeying from Kars to Tiflis—I had posted myself in this district with my party, to capture Leila and her followers, while they were journeying from Mingrelia to Tiflis also. Nothing could be better arranged; and yet the plans have been disorganized. The annihilation of your party, Khazi, has compelled me to send off mine to the tower, in order to accomplish that portion of the task you failed to achieve."

"Let us hope, Captain, that Aladyn Bey," said Khazi, "has been long ere this a safe prisoner in that tower. But in respect to the Star of Mingrelia, is there nought that I can do? Shall I ride as far as the road and keep watch?"

"Think you that I am so barren in precautions," interjected Kyri Karaman, "as to have left the road unwatched? But, ah! hither rides the very person whom I had appointed to be on the look out!"

Kyri Karaman sprang up to his feet—an example that was immediately followed by Khazi; and in a few moments an individual, in the plain costume of a Georgian citizen, galloped his steed up to the spot, "What tidings bring you, Masoud?" asked the Captain anxiously.

"Tidings in one sense good," responded the messenger as he leapt from his horse, "and in another sense unsatisfactory."

"Explain yourself," ejaculated Kyri Karaman.

"The birds are found, Captain. A beautiful young lady, answering the description you gave me," continued Masoud, "was anon riding along the broad road at an hour's distance hence; and she was attended by two charming girls, likewise well mounted. I watched them for a while; but instead of pursuing that road, they suddenly turned sharp off to the left."

"Malediction!" exclaimed Kyri Karaman; "they will seek quarters in the town instead of pushing on to the village! For if they had sought the hostelry in the latter place, their capture was secured: whereas at the town they are safe—and moreover, the shrewd money-making landlord of the inn where they will rest, is certain to recommend them an escort on the morrow. He will fill their weak heads with terrible tales of Kyri Karaman, in order that his own sons, nephews, and cousins—of whom he possesses a shoal—may be the gainers of the gold to be given by conducting them on their way!"

The Guerilla Chief paced to and fro for some minutes with an air of considerable excitement, as if bewildered how to act. Khazi and Masoud watched him, without daring to intrude upon his humor, by a single syllable or suggestion—even if they were capable of offering any at all under existing circumstances.

"Everything goes wrong!" muttered Kyri Kara-

man to himself; "and it was not without good grounds that I gave Tunar to understand my distaste for the tortuous scheme he had sketched out. But, Ah! an idea strikes me! Yes!—I will at least secure the talisman—that precious key to the secret of enormous wealth which the Star of Mingrelia bears about her person!—and then may I trust to the chapter of accidents, so far as she herself is concerned!"

Having thus made up his mind to some particular scheme, Kyri Karaman turned abruptly towards Masoud, saying, "Change apparel with me?"

Masoud—who was not himself a Guerilla, but one of those ready agents whom Kyri Karaman had established in various parts of the country—hastened to obey the Chief's mandate. The exchange of apparel was made; and Kyri Karaman speedily appeared in the costume of a Georgian civilian of the middle class; but though he retained no visible weapons upon his person, yet had he secured his pistols and his dagger beneath the tunic of his newly assumed attire. Having issued some instructions to Khazi, in anticipation of the speedy return of the party which had been sent off to the tower, many miles distant in a southerly direction, Kyri Karaman mounted Masoud's horse, which was of an inferior breed to his own, and therefore more consistent with the humble character he himself was now personifying.

The shades of evening were closing in, when Kyri Karaman disguised in the manner just described, reached the town to which, as he had been informed by Masoud, the Star of Mingrelia and her two attendant damsels had bent their way. Riding straight to the principal hostelry—where he felt assured that he was not known—Kyri Karaman desired accommodation for himself and his steed; and under pretext of seeing that the animal was properly cared for, he repaired to the stable. There he beheld three beautiful horses, answering the description which Masoud had given him of those that were ridden by Leila of Mingrelia and her two maidens. Thus the Guerilla Chief acquired the certainty that those whom he sought were beneath the roof of that same hostelry.

He had inquired for a private room; and from the attendant who served his repast, he elicited such little facts as it was necessary for him to learn in respect to Leila and her dependants. This he did in an easy, off-hand, conversational manner—as if discoursing on perfectly indifferent topics while the attendant himself possessed all the characteristic garb of hotel domestics. Thus the Guerilla Captain discovered that the lady of his research was travelling under an incognito—a fact of which the attendant was himself ignorant, inasmuch as he suspected not the real rank and position of Leila; but on the other hand Kyri Karaman had learnt these particulars from Tunar. He likewise ascertained where the apartments occupied by Leila and damsels in the hotel were situated.

A couple of hours passed; it was verging towards midnight, and silence reigned throughout the hostelry. Kyri Karaman now tore off a piece of the dark lining of Masoud's tunic which he wore; and therewith he formed a mask for his countenance by perforating it with eyelet-holes. With this mask ready for use, he stole forth from his apartment, and reached the little ante room leading to the suite occupied by the Star of Mingrelia and her damsels. A light was burning there; but the Guerilla Chief found the room unoccupied. He listened at the inner door, and all was still, except the low, soft, regular breathing of those who were evidently sleeping therein.

Kyri Karaman now adjusted the mask upon his countenance—drew his dagger from its sheath—and stole lightly into the chamber, where the lovely Leila was sleeping in the tented couch, and her damsels were reposing upon the divans in the vicinity of that bed.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STAR OF MINGRELIA.

A BEAUTIFUL scene it was which met the eyes of Kyri Karaman when first he looked into that chamber. The room itself belonged to the best suite of apartments in the hotel, and was therefore elegantly furnished. The bed—according to the Georgian fashion—was raised to a distance of about two feet from the floor; and the bedstead was of a light wood elegantly carved. It was surmounted by a canopy, to which the flowing draperies of blue silk were attached; and the cushions or pillows, covered with velvet, were of an enormous size. Upon this couch reposed Leila, the heroine of our tale, who, on account of her extraordinary beauty, was sur-

named *Dizila*, which in her own native language, signified the "Star."

She was dressed in an elegant *deshabille*; for with oriental ladies the night-toilet is not an almost complete disapparel, but it is merely the substitution of a light, loose, and flowing costume for the more precise and formal one worn during the daytime. A lamp which burnt in the chamber shed its beams fully upon the beautiful recumbent form which occupied that couch, and which in its light draperies was thrown out as it were into full relief by the dark shade formed by the curtains. The light of that lamp moreover defined the exquisite profile of the Mingrelian lady—showing the faultless regularity of her features as well as the delicate fairness of her complexion. She was about seventeen years of age, possessing a development of form that would give her the appearance of nineteen, if judged by the standard of English beauty. Her luxuriant hair, of a golden hue, flowed in rich shining masses over the cushion on which her beautiful head reclined; her brows, several shades darker, and delicately pencilled, were beautifully curved, and set off the dazzling whiteness of the polished temples. The closed eyelids were large—thus indicating the fulness of the orbs which they now concealed; while their thick fringes, darker still than the brows, contrasted with the stainless purity of the cheeks on which they rested. Her complexion can only be described as the delicate tint of the rose combining with the animated whiteness of the lily, shining through a skin that was pure-grained and without a blemish,—having all the polish of the pearl of the sea-shell, and in its lovely transparency serving as a medium for the blush which any emotion might conjure up to that beautiful countenance. The cheeks were just sufficiently rounded to be consistent with youthful freshness and health—and yet without marring the oval configuration of the countenance itself. The forehead was moderately high—the nose perfectly straight, and of a pure Grecian type in conjunction with that brow. The mouth was one of the sweetest ever looked upon. It was narrow, with the upper lip considerably fuller than the lower; so that as they were slightly apart, they resembled a cleft in a bursted fruit of luscious redness, revealing glimpses of the pure white kernels within. The chin was just elongated sufficiently, and likewise rounded so softly, as to complete the oval of the face; and the general expression of this lovely countenance, even while she slept, was that of the chastest and most charming innocence.

There was not a single fault nor blemish in respect to the beauty of that head. All was perfect, even to the small, delicately folded ears, which seemed to be fitted with a sculptural accuracy. The neck was like polished alabaster, but without the marble's inanimate whiteness. Its complexion was as pure as snow, yet far from having a glacial coldness; it appeared softly warm to the eye that gazed upon it. The drapery, which ascended almost to the throat, defined the rounded contours of the bust which it modestly concealed, and one fair hand dropped over the edge of the couch.

On a divan behind the head of the bedstead, was a sleeping damsel in a sitting posture; while a second handmaiden occupied another divan at the foot. These young females were themselves of a beauty sufficient to suggest and justify the simile that they were two inferior angels surprised by sleep while watching over the slumbers of the far transcending divinity who reposed in the couch.

Such was the scene which met the view of Kyri Karaman when he peeped into the chamber. This was the first time he had ever seen Leila; and he was instantaneously struck with the idea that she did indeed well merit the appellation of the Star of Mingrelia. Though his heart was truthfully and fervently devoted to another, yet was he for a moment ravished and enchanted by the exquisite loveliness of the form which lay half-reclining upon that couch. There was so much softness in all the flowing outlines of the figure itself, as well as so much beauty in the countenance, that for an instant it actually appeared to Kyri Karaman as if he were gazing upon some lovely vision from another sphere, instead of upon a being of earthly mould.

Leila Dizila was indeed slumbering at the moment when Kyri Karaman gently opened the door of the chamber. But that slumber had not long stolen over the young lady: it was still rather of the character of a dreamy repose than of a profound sleep. She was not actually startled by the opening of the door: perhaps indeed she heard no sound at all; but there was rapidly creeping into her mind the consciousness that something strange and unusual was taking place. The reader may perhaps have experienced that condition between

sleeping and waking, in which the mind has a hazy comprehension of what is passing around, but yet so dim and indistinct as to be unable to define whether it be real or ideal. Such was the state of Leila's mind at that instant: but as she grew somewhat more awake, she partially opened her eyes—so slightly indeed, that but a single beam shone forth from the imprisoned light of each beautiful orb. Thus the action itself was much too insignificant to catch the attention of Kyri Karaman; while, on the other hand, it was just sufficient to show Leila that there was a fearful peril impending.

Though endowed with all the softness of her sex and age—though never having had her courage put to the test by any sudden or severe trial—yet Leila was now all in a moment inspired with a preternatural fortitude. Quick as the conviction smote her mind that an armed and masked intruder had stolen into her room—with equal suddenness was she completely awake. But she kept her eyes shut: no start nor abrupt movement betrayed her consciousness of what was passing; nor did she for an instant check or alter the regularity of her breathing.

And it was with lightning rapidity that several considerations flashed through her brain. The apartments which she occupied were sufficiently isolated to render it impossible for any cry that she might send pealing forth, to reach the ears of those other inmates of the hotel who, if alarmed, might come to her succor: while, on the other hand, she knew that at the first vibration of such a sound from her lips, that moment would be her last! Her only chance of safety was in continuing to simulate sleep. That the masked intruder came for the sake of plunder, was to be surmised by his stealthy entrance and by the seeming caution with which he had remained for a few instants standing near the doorway, as if assure himself that the occupants of the chamber all slept. Leila, in the artlessness of her mind and in the total absence of feminine vanity, did not for a moment think that the vision-like spectacle of her own transcending beauty had anything to do with the temporary halt which the masked intruder made at the entrance of the chamber.

The reader has thus seen that the Star of Mingrelia displayed an extraordinary presence of mind, and which could only have been the result of a desperate sense of her position. Kyri Karaman was completely deceived: he felt convinced that Leila still slept. Noiselessly he approached the couch. Several moments were thus occupied—short fleeting moments in which only half-a-dozen respirations could be taken by the human lungs; and yet they appeared whole ages to Leila. Nearer drew the masked man. Not even in the most infinitesimal degree dared the Mingrelian lady now raise her eyelids; and yet she had the intuitive consciousness that the dagger was so held in the intruder's hand as to be ready in a moment to be plunged into her at the slightest sign of awakening. It was wondrous that the young Leila—so inexperienced in the world's trials—so unaccustomed to exercise her fortitude—could have thus maintained her presence of mind with a perfection that would have done honor in similar circumstances to the greatest heroine of any age or country.

Still she seemed to sleep: and still Kyri Karaman advanced nearer to the couch. He bent over her; his very breath now fanned her cheek. Good heavens! did he mean to take her life? We have said that one fair hand was drooping over the side of the couch; and upon one of the taper fingers there was a ring, of strange and peculiar workmanship, set with a single stone. This was a ruby; and upon it a cipher was engraved. The fingers of the masked intruder delicately touched that ring; he began to draw it gently from its place upon the fairest hand which a jewel ever glanced.

This was the most trying moment for Leila. Upon the toilet-table were gems of considerable value: a string of rare pearls circled her neck; while upon her other hand were rings of costly worth. The masked plunderer might have taken all those; and Leila would only have smiled at their loss when reflecting that her life was saved. But to deprive her of this one ring—this ring which had for her a value far beyond its own intrinsic worth—this jewel which for certain seasons she regarded with the veneration that she would have paid to a talisman—Oh, it was enough to make her send forth the hitherto suppressed cry from her lips! And yet, she still retained all her presence of mind: she moved not—she altered not that regularity of breathing which is one of the indications of sleep. She knew that the dagger was

close by to do its frightful work in case the plunderer should deem that there was a need to render himself an assassin likewise. Perchance there was for a moment a variation of the color upon Leila's cheek: but if so, it must have been so slight as to pass unperceived by Kyri Karaman; or he must have taken it for the fitful play of the lamplight upon Leila's countenance.

The ring was removed from her finger; and a faint rustling of the plunderer's garments made her aware that he was retiring from the vicinity of the couch. She now ventured to raise her eyelids in the slightest degree; she just caught a glimpse of the tall form of Kyri Karaman; and the dark fringes of those lids again rested upon her cheeks, as he turned to fling another look upon her. She heard the door gently close behind him; a few instants more, and she felt convinced that he had passed the outer threshold of the suite of apartments. She was safe: the danger was over! But now that wondrous strength of mind which had sustained her throughout the dread ordeal, all in a moment gave way: it was only natural that such a preterhuman control of the feelings should be followed by a corresponding reaction. Thus, at the very instant that the Star of Mingrelia was about to raise her voice and waken her handmaidens, a sudden faintness seized upon her—and she was entombed in unconsciousness.

Thus she lay for hours; for when returning sense began to dawn in upon her brain, the lamp was extinguished—the sunbeams were penetrating through the lattices and between the openings in the draperies. Leila by slow degrees awoke as if from a troubled dream which had left a prostrating and exhausting effect behind it. She lay for a considerable time without moving—scarcely able to rescue her thoughts from confusion, or to collect her ideas. At length the suspicion began to steal into her mind that it was not all a dream; and yet so languid was she—so devoid of vital energy (the natural consequences of her long swoon), that some minutes still elapsed ere she had power to make the movement and cast the glance which would at once clear up all doubt and prove that it was indeed no dream. Finally, however, she raised her hand—she looked upon it—the ring was gone.

Now she awoke her handmaidens, who were still slumbering profoundly after the fatigue of the previous day's travelling; and the two damsels were smitten with a dread that something had occurred of a calamitous nature; for the voice of their young mistress was full of excitement and alarm. They flew towards her: they were struck with dismay on beholding the pallor of her countenance—that countenance where the healthful rose-tint was wont to blend, though softly and delicately, with the animated fairness of the lily. And her eyes too—those large, beautiful blue eyes, which were wont to seem as if heaven itself were in their depths—had now a wildness of expression, such as the handmaidens had never noticed before. It was only in excited language, with troubled accents, and in broken sentences, that Leila could tell the tale to which Zaida and Emina listened with horror, suspense, and fearful interest. They gathered from the language of Leila that she prized the lost ring more than all the others which she possessed,—a piece of intelligence that was entirely new to the damsels, who had never before heard her make the slightest allusion to that ring; and indeed, so far as their remembrance went, it was only very recently that they had even seen it upon the finger of their mistress at all.

Zaida and Emina, who were devotedly attached to Leila, poured forth the most heartfelt congratulations on her escape from the masked plunderer's dagger, and it was with a bewildered astonishment that they expressed their admiration of that presence of mind which had evidently alone saved her life.

"Should your ladyship know the wretch again?" asked Zaida, the elder of the two damsels—a dark-haired beauty, with large eyes of a soft blackness like those of a gazelle.

"No—I saw not his countenance," replied Leila. "His form was tall—and so far as I could judge, slender."

"And his dress, my lady?" was the excited question interjectingly put by Emina—a beautiful girl with light brown hair and hazel eyes, which constituted a rare style of loveliness in the Caucasian climes.

"I could not describe it," responded the Star of Mingrelia. "And yet methinks it was that of a Georgian citizen—But no! I could not tell!" she added, passing her fair hand across her brow as if to steady the bewilderment of her thoughts.

"Who could he have been?" asked Zaida, musing in vacant astonishment: then suddenly smitten by

a thought, she rushed to the toilet table, exclaiming, "No! As your ladyship has said, he has taken nothing but your ring."

"He could have been no ordinary robber," suggested Emina: "he must have had a motive—"

"Yes!—assuredly he must have had a motive beyond the mere intent to plunder!" cried Leila. "The idea did not strike me before. What can it possibly mean? That it should have been this ring—this very identical ring—"

She stopped short, as if she did not wish to communicate to her handmaidens what was passing in her mind, and she reflected profoundly.

"Let us raise an alarm!" cried the dark-haired Zaida. "Perchance the plunderer may still be within the walls of the hotel!"

"Yes!" cried Emina, dashing aside the brown tresses that in her excitement had fallen all dishevelled about her fair countenance; "the authorities must be sent for!—there must be search and investigation!"

"Stop!" ejaculated Leila, as both her handmaidens were rushing towards the door. "It were useless to take any step, which our own common sense would, with a little reflection, tell us beforehand will be ineffectual. It is now eight o'clock," she continued, consulting an elegant little watch which she drew from beneath the cushion of her couch. "The sun has already risen many hours; and if the plunderer were an inmate of the hotel during the past night, rest assured that by this time he is far away."

"Will your ladyship then do nothing," inquired Zaida, "towards discovering the lost ring?"

"And towards the punishment of the offender?" added Emina, as she and her companion returned to the side of the couch, where her young mistress had now raised herself to a sitting posture.

"I fear—nay, more, I am convinced," answered Leila, with looks and accents of profoundest mournfulness, "that it will be useless. Listen to me calmly. That man, whoever he were, had some deep motive, which I myself cannot understand, nor even conjecture, for depriving me of the ring. See how his precautions were taken! A mask upon his countenance—his proceedings conducted with the most mysterious stealthiness—perhaps his very garb at the time? mere disguise which he will never wear again! Rest assured, therefore, that having succeeded in his object, he failed not to ensure his own personal safety with as little delay as possible."

Zaida and Emina acknowledged by their dejected looks the truth of Leila's observations.

"You know," my dear girls," continued the Star of Mingrelia, "that I am travelling in a manner to attract as little attention as possible—"

"Oh, if your ladyship," cried Zaida, "had only condescended to follow my advice to travel with a suitable male escort!"

"Especially to such a distance!" interjected Emina.

"I do not think, Leila," with a faint smile at the simplicity of her handmaidens' observations, when viewed in reference to the present calamity, "that if a whole army had been our escort, its protection would have sufficed to guard me against a misfortune which is the result of the most treacherous cunning and not of actual violence."

"But does not your ladyship think that it will be as well," asked Zaida, "to mention the circumstance to the master of the establishment?"

"I was about to touch upon that point," replied Leila, "when you interrupted me with your remarks. Indeed, I had already begun to remind you that it suits my purpose to travel under circumstances wherein my identity is concealed; and I do not therefore wish to attract any particular attention to myself. If therefore I were to follow your counsel and address my complaint to the master of the hostelry, he would at once, for the credit of the establishment, insist upon the most thorough investigation: the aid of the authorities would be invoked—I should be questioned and cross-questioned in order to elicit a clue to the motive which any individual might have to possess himself of that ring—and all this is an ordeal through which I do not choose to pass. Therefore, everything considered, I must suffer my calamity in silence."

"And yet it is hard to bear it so, dear lady!" said Zaida, taking Leila's hand and pressing it with mingled respectfulness and affection to her lips.

"Yes, hard indeed!" added Emina, taking the other hand and treating it in the same manner.

"Hard though it be, it is a necessity which leaves us no alternative," rejoined Leila. "Therefore I charge you, my maidens, to mention not this loss to a soul. We will pursue our journey to Tiflis; and the lesson we have received shall have the effect of placing us more than ever on our guard. Alas!"

added Leila, in a low musing strain to herself, as the handmaidens turned away to prepare for the toilet of their young mistress, "perhaps now that the ring is lost, the aim of this mysterious journey will be lost also! Yet I must persevere: for to him into whose hand I was charged to deliver the ring—to him, I say, may I explain the misfortune which has deprived me of it!"

These words were spoken in so low a tone that they reached not the ears of Zaida and Emina, who were at different extremities of the chamber; and Leila, now considerably recovered from the effects of the long swoon which had followed the dread adventure of the night, exerted every effort to rally her spirits.

Her toilet was accomplished—the morning repast was partaken of—and orders were issued to prepare the steeds for departure. But the landlord now made his appearance; and with an air of becoming respect, he requested permission to communicate something to his fair guest. Leila bade him speak; and it was with some degree of suspense and anxiety that she did so; for she fancied that the forthcoming intelligence might relate to the incident of the previous night.

"You purpose, lady, as I understand," continued the master of the establishment, "to prosecute your journey with the attendance of your handmaidens only? I would differentially submit that such a course is most unwise—for indeed it is most dangerous."

"Explain yourself," said Leila, with increasing anxiety.

"Have you ever heard, lady," proceeded the landlord, "of a character who is a Guerilla in some sense, but a bandit in others—and who, though he may have done much harm in the former capacity towards our natural enemies, the Russians, yet in his latter quality has inflicted an equal amount of injury upon his own fellow-countrymen? We could well dispense with such champions of our cause, when they at times turn their weapons against ourselves."

"You assuredly must be speaking of Kiri Karaman," remarked Leila.

"And of none other, lady," rejoined the landlord. "It is not often that he or his vile horde have shown themselves in these parts. But—"

"Is it possible," exclaimed Leila, her cheeks becoming pale, "that the dreaded Karaman and his rapacious followers are now infesting this district?"

"Is it but too true, lady," answered the landlord.

"And yet I was assured," said Leila, that if I travelled a particular line of route, I should be as safe from his predatory enterprises as if escorted by an army. Nay, more—I was even told that it were needless to be accompanied by an armed escort; and thus you find me travelling only with my handmaidens. It was a young man from Tiflis who gave me these assurances—a well-meaning and faithful youth, as I have the best possible reasons to believe; inasmuch as when he sought me in my own home, it was a mission of trust which had been confided to him. Methought that being a dweller at Tiflis, he must be well informed in respect to the usual practices of the Guerilla-bandit Karaman; whereas I, who live at a greater distance and in another province, had known those practices only by vague rumor and imperfect report."

"Your informant, lady," responded the landlord, "doubtless spoke according to his convictions; and indeed to a great measure he spoke truly, inasmuch as Kyri Karaman is like the eagle which habitually remains amidst its own native mountains, only to pounce upon its prey in the vicinity thereof. But still the eagle at times will wing its way afar from the Caucasus, and swoop down upon the lamb in the smiling plains. So it is with Kyri Karaman. Several of his followers have been recognised within the last day or two in these parts. And what is more, lady—But do not start—do not be frightened—the danger is past!—Kyri Karaman," added the landlord, in a low voice as if dramatically suited to the intelligence he had to communicate—"Kyri Karaman was last night an inmate of these walls!"

Though so earnestly desired neither to start nor be terrified, yet the beautiful Leila did give a sudden and very strong start, while affright was depicted upon her countenance. At the same time that the landlord had communicated his intelligence, did an idea flash to her mind. Was it possible that the masked intruder to her chamber could have been the redoubtable bandit?

"Ah! no wonder you are thus startled, lady," resumed the landlord, "although I begged that you would compose yourself; for it is a dreadful thing to reflect upon, that so terrible a person should have been harbored beneath this roof!"

"Describe him to me," said Leila quickly: "depict him from head to foot as minutely as you can; for such intelligence might prove only too useful to whomsoever affairs of business take upon a journey."

"I myself saw but little of him, lady," replied the landlord: "but this much I can tell you—that though old in iniquity, he is young in years,—so young indeed, that I, who am but five-and-forty, might be his father. Then, as for his personal appearance, he is tall and slender—his hair is dark—his eyes are fine; and he wears—yes, I recollect—he wears a moustache."

"Tall—and slender—and dark-haired," said Leila, in a tone of terrified musing. "But how was he apparelled when here last night?" she quickly demanded.

"In sooth, I noted not his raiment with particular nicety," replied the landlord; "yet to the best of my remembrance it was plain and simple. You must not however be deceived by his dress, should it chance you to fall in with one whom for other reasons you may suspect to be he; for if Kyri Karaman possesses the velocity of the eagle when swooping down from the mountains upon his prey, and the strength of a tiger when battling against those who resist him, he is also endowed with the cunning of the fox when occasion requires exercise of his duplicity. Thus all disguises are ready to his hand. In the mountains he may be habited as a Guerilla; but if he visits the towns, it may be as a simple citizen. Nay, more—it is said of him that he has been known to dress as a Turk or as a Kurd—as an Aræmian merchant or as a Persian—or even as a Jew. In short, lady, if I were to tell you all that has reached my ears at various times—"

"And what object, think you," interrupted Leila "had he in visiting your hostelry?"

"Who can tell lady?" exclaimed the landlord.

"Perchance merely for a few hours' rest and refreshment; perchance to see what he may pick up within the house itself; or perchance—which is indeed more probable—to learn in which direction the various parties or travellers might this day journey, so as to be upon their track. Ah! if I had known that it was he! The reward which is set upon his head would have added comfortably to my profits of the current year. And seeing that times are none of the best—"

"But how discovered you," inquired Leila, thus interrupting the landlord at the moment he was about to descend upon matters which are subjects of complaint all the world over,—how discovered you, after his departure, that it was Kyri Karaman whom you had harbored?"

"The villain!" ejaculated the landlord; "he knows how to give trouble in more ways than one. Conceive, lady, that in the dead of the night he descends from his apartment—which, by the way, was at no great distance from your's: he speeds to the stable—he knocks up the hostler—he saddles his steed—and he prepares to depart. I must confess however that he had left on his table a sum more than sufficient to liquidate my demand upon him. Just as he was mounting his horse in the yard of the hotel, a traveller entered—an Immertan merchant, I think—who had been belated, and was therefore sufficiently rejoiced to find any one up to receive him. But how the poor merchant began to quake and quiver, when by the torchlight he caught a glimpse of the countenance of his departing guest. Away sped the latter, his horse's hoofs clattering fast along the street; and it was not until the sounds had died away in the distance that the trembling merchant was enabled to falter forth the name of Kyri Karaman."

"Ah!" said Leila, in a musing manner; "and thus he departed in the middle of the night!"—then she inwardly added, "I thought so."

"Well, lady," continued the garrulous landlord, "it was too late for the hostler to raise a cry after the departed guest whom he thus discovered to be none other than the redoubtable Kyri Karaman; and he did not think it needful to alarm me nor my menials by at once imparting the intelligence. But when morning came, I was told what had happened; and the first thing I did was to speed to the room which the Guerilla bandit had occupied. Nothing was taken away; but a broad piece of gold had been left upon the table."

Leila had now not the slightest doubt that the masked intruder to her chamber was none other than the formidable Kyri Karaman; and deeply did she shudder at the thought of having been placed in the power of the dreaded bandit. But, for the reasons which she had already explained to her handmaidens, she did not think fit to mention the incident nor the loss of her ring to the landlord: for if

she had done so, he would doubtless have insisted upon a judicial investigation, if only for the purpose of detaining so good a customer as Leila for several days at his hostelry.

"Therefore you perceive, lady," he continued, little suspecting how much Leila had to deplore the visit of Kyri Karaman to the establishment,—it will be expedient for you to take a fitting escort, at least for a stage or so: and then, if it suit you better, you can proceed alone with your handmaidens. For should Kyri Karaman at present happen to mean you any especial mischief, he will alter his mind when a few leagues hence he sees from his ambush that you are well guarded."

Leila did not really imagine that the Guerilla bandit had any ulterior design with regard to her; she thought that his object, whatever it were, was accomplished when once he had obtained possession of the ring. For if he had meant to plunder her of all she possessed at the present time, what opportunity could have better served than when he was in her chamber, and deemed that she slept, during the past night? Thus, though she had no further apprehension upon the point, she nevertheless yielded to the landlord's solicitations in respect to an escort—for being rich, she reckoned but little for the expense—and she moreover feared lest it would seem strange were she to neglect such a precaution. She therefore replied in the affirmative; and the master of the establishment hurried off to give the requisite orders.

This interview between Leila and the landlord had taken place in the ante-room, while the two handmaidens were busied in the bed-chamber in completing their preparations for the renewal of the journey. The two damsels did not therefore overhear the conversation which we have recorded; and Leila resolved not to terrify them by repeating a single syllable she had heard in respect to Kyri Karaman. On rejoining them, she simply stated that as an armed escort was proceeding for the first half-dozen leagues in the same direction as that in which her own route lay, she purposed to avail herself of it.

Twelve well-armed men were marshalled by the landlord to form this escort—he having an interest in swelling its number as much as possible, from the simple fact that he stipulated for precisely one-third of the emoluments they were to receive. Thus attended, Leila, with her two damsels, resumed her journey towards Tiflis.

CHAPTER VII.

A MEETING.

Three beautiful steeds were those which were mounted by the Star of Mingrelia and her handmaidens. The tall figure of Leila—of slender symmetry—but yet modelled to a sufficient development of proportions to constitute perfect beauty—was set off to all the greater effect by her graceful posture upon the steed, the unstudied elegance of her carriage, and the easy flexions with which she adapted herself as it were to the movements of the superb animal.

She was apparelled in a handsome travelling costume. The open caftan or tunic, was richly embroidered with gold—that embroidery having been partially the work of her own leisure hours, and partly ascribable to the skill and ingenuity of her maidens. The under-garment was fastened up to the throat; but in its shapely fitting it defined the rounded contours of the bust. The short-sleeves of the tunic revealed a considerable portion of the admirably modelled arms, which were of milk whiteness—the transparent skin displaying the delicate tracery of the blue veins. An upper-skirt, reaching nearly to the knees, had a golden fringe of great depth; and this, falling over a long-underskirt of a light-colored silk, gave a most picturesque effect to the costume. A turban, formed of a light gauzy shawl of brilliant colors, was arranged as the head-dress; and thence floated the long muslin veil down the lady's back—sometimes fluttering in the gentle breeze—sometimes resting in graceful buoyant undulations upon the body of the steed.

The two damsels were apparelled with taste and neatness, not deficient in elegance, though far less rich than the raiment of their young mistress. The reader will bear in mind that as Leila and her handmaidens were of the Christian persuasion, they did not, as a rule, conceal their countenances with their veils, according to the habits of oriental women of the Mussulman faith.

That beautiful lady, with her two well-looking attendants, and all three seated upon steeds handsomely caparisoned, formed a most interesting group, in strong contrast with the dozen armed Georgians who constituted their escort. No incident of any

consequence occurred during the first few leagues of the journey, after leaving the hostelry; but at length the point was reached where the Star of Mingrelia and her attendants were to repose for a couple of hours, while their horses were refreshed, and also where their present escort was to separate from them. Leila had to decide whether she would now journey alone with her handmaidens—or whether she would procure another guard. For the reasons which we have already set forth, she was inclined to adopt the former alternative; but a piece of intelligence which she received at this halting place, induced her to change her mind. This intelligence had no reference to Kyri Karaman—but to an enemy which, singly, was perhaps even more formidable than the bandit himself. In short, a stray tiger had been seen in the neighborhood. Zaida and Emina were sadly alarmed by this announcement, and Leila was not without her apprehensions. It was therefore determined that a couple of armed men should be obtained as an escort; and this arrangement was in due course effected.

It was at about three o'clock in the afternoon when Leila set out again, followed by her damsels, and attended by a couple of stalwart Georgians. These men were mounted on strong horses and were armed to the teeth; they kept their hands in readiness to seize upon the pistols in their holsters, in case of the appearance of the savage animal. The way was pursued through a beautiful tract of country—where trees laden with fruit, and vines rich and heavy with their clustering grapes, shaded the roads and formed screens for the lanes; and where behind these verdant barriers, large tracts were covered with wild strawberries and water-melons—a spontaneously flourishing wilderness of fruitage!

An hour had thus elapsed since the departure from the last halting-place, when it suddenly struck Leila that she heard a species of subdued growl coming from a little distance: and reining in her steed, she was in a moment joined by her maidens and her escort, who were a few paces behind. Zaida and Emina had likewise heard that portentous sound; and their countenances were white with terror; but the Georgians quickly spoke encouraging words; and they so stationed themselves as to place the females between them. Their pistols were already in their hands, and their keen countenances were sweeping their glances all around.

For a few moments there was a dread silence; but it was suddenly broken by a fearful sound, resembling alike a howl and a roar. It was instantly followed by a rustling and crashing amidst the trees; and through the screen of vines the huge monster sprang forth at the nearest Georgian. The report of the man's two pistols—which, we should observe, were almost as long as carbines—rang through the air. Shrieks burst from the lips of Zaida and Emina—and perhaps a cry of terror from Leila herself; while their steeds became almost unmanageable. Down from his horse the unfortunate Georgian was dragged by the tiger; his companion sped to his assistance, but the animal, as if resolved to overcome its enemies in succession, made one terrific spring at its second opponent.

It was a scene of the wildest horror and most fearful interest. Again had the sharp crack of the pistols rang through the air; the savage brute was wounded—but not slain. On the contrary, it seemed to have been maddened into a more terrible vitality by whatever injury it had sustained. As if stricken from his horse by a thunderbolt, down to the earth, the second Georgian was torn; and then might be seen two frantic and bleeding steeds galloping away, both riderless, and flying as if borne on the wings of the wind. At the same time, too, the frightened and unmanageable horses of Leila and her maidens were dashing off in different directions. But in the midst of all this wild confusion—when incidents were succeeding each other as quickly as the second-hand of a clock marks moments—there was another sharp report of fire-arms; the tiger, with a yell of mortal agony, rolled over upon his back—then another shot was fired, with such precision, too, that the bullet went crashing through the animal's skull; and three horsemen galloped up to the spot.

Leila had by this time succeeded in obtaining complete control over her steed; and though now at a considerable distance from the spot where the horrible strife had taken place, she heard the shouts and beheld the signs of those who were thus giving her to understand that all danger was over. Zaida and Emina—who could almost vie with their mistress in equestrian skill—had likewise managed to keep their seats upon their steeds, though the animals had dashed through the thicket of vines, to the partial injury of the apparel of both maidens. This

was however a matter of very light account, indeed, considering that they had escaped with their lives, and that, with the exception of a scratch or two, they had sustained no personal injury.

The chief of the three horsemen, who had so opportunely appeared upon the scene—having issued some hasty instructions to his two followers—galloped forward to meet Leila and her maidens, who had by this time collected themselves and were grouped at a little distance along the road. It was an elegant young Osmanli, who with a graceful salutation and with reassuring words, thus sped to accost the females. Indeed, we may as well at once inform our readers that this was none other than the gallant and beautifully handsome Aladyn—his two followers being Ibrahim and Hafiz.

Although the issue of the dread conflict had not been observed by Leila and her maidens yet they were already aware that it was over; and they now gathered from the young Osmanli's words that it was his hand that had dealt death to the tiger. Leila poured forth her thanks; and with looks and accents of frightened suspense, she inquired the fate of the two Georgians who had formed her escort.

"From the hasty glance which I threw over those unfortunate men," replied Aladyn, "I am enabled to give you the assurance, lady, that both live; but I fear that they are seriously mangled. My two dependants are rendering them all possible assistance; and it was as much to spare you the spectacle of their bleeding wounds, as to communicate the issue of the dread adventure, that I have thus ridden forward."

"Tell me, signor," exclaimed Leila, with much humane concern and anxiety on behalf of the injured Georgians, "can I and my maidens render any assistance? Perchance we may be enabled to bind up wounds more skilfully than your followers; for such is rather the duty of our sex."

"My followers, lady, have had experience in scenes of warfare," responded Aladyn; "and the binding up of wounds is to them no novel process. Be pleased to tarry here until my return: I will speed back to the scene of the disaster; and in a few moments I shall be with you again, to report the condition of those in whom you are so generously interested."

With another courteous salutation, Aladyn Bey wheeled round his horse; and he galloped away from Leila and her maidens.

"Let us dismount awhile," said the star of Mingrelia. "We must not pursue our journey until we have assured ourselves that those two unfortunate men are in every sense properly cared for. Moreover our steeds are all trembling and quivering, and it will soothe the poor animals to suffer them to pasture for awhile upon the rich grass."

Leila, Zaida, and Emina accordingly dismounted; their horses were suffered to wander by the wayside; for those sagacious and faithful animals were wont readily to return each at the summons of its mistress. Leila, seating herself on a bank, made a sign to her damsels to rest themselves likewise.

"Most fortunate was it," said the Star of Mingrelia, "that this Mussulman gentleman and his followers should have made their appearance at the moment!"

"And what an elegant young man," exclaimed Zaida.

"A perfect hero in his looks—and yet also youthful and beautiful!" and Emina.

"Hush, maidens!" said Leila, somewhat severely. "Think rather of his prowess than of his good looks: and think likewise of the gratitude which we all owe to heaven for this escape!"

There were a few moments' silence—during which Leila inwardly offered up her thanksgiving to her Maker: while the two damsels, comprehending what was passing in her thoughts, followed her example.

Aladyn now returned to the spot where the Star of Mingrelia, Zaida, and Emina were seated; and he said, "I am happy to report, lady, that the wounds sustained by your escort, though severe, excite no apprehension with regard to the result. It was by means of a bye-lane converging towards this road, that I and my followers arrived so opportunely on the spot;—and embowered amidst yon trees, there is a little hamlet. Thither it is my intention to transport the wounded men; and rest assured, lady, that I shall not leave them without amply furnishing the means to ensure the kindest treatment, as well as to indemnify them for all the injuries they have sustained."

"A thousand thanks, signor, for the kindness you are thus testifying!" said Leila. But it is for me to provide for the necessities of those men, and to remunerate them adequately for their sufferings

while engaged temporarily in my service. Will you consent to be my almoner?" asked Leila, with a smile of modest sweetness, as from her purse she drew several pieces of gold, which she proffered to Aladyn.

The young Osmanli instantaneously perceived that it would be improper and indelicate for him, as an almost total stranger to the lady, to insist upon what in plain terms would be paying the expenses which she herself had incurred; and therefore, as he took the gold, he said; "I shall not the less fulfil my own original intentions towards these two poor wounded men; and it will be a double meed of recompense which they will thus receive."

Having thus spoken, he was about to gallop away again—when, as a thought struck him, he said, "Now that you are deprived of your escort, lady, will you condescend to avail yourself of such defence and protection as I and my followers may be enabled to afford? We happen to be journeying towards Tiflis; and from something which one of those injured Georgians just now said, I gleaned that such is likewise your destination."

Leila hesitated what response to give: but on glancing at her maidens, she observed that they fixed upon her such earnest looks of appeal that her decision was quickly taken.

"The experience I have just acquired from this frightful adventure shows me, signor," she answered, "that it were rashness on my own part and cruel inconsiderateness towards these trembling girls of mine, to refuse the proffer which you have so generously made. With gratitude, therefore, do I accept it."

The young Aladyn felt a thrill of joy within his breast as he thus received the decision of that being of angelic beauty: and subduing his emotion beneath an air of suitable respect, he said, "I now speed, lady, to assist in the removal of those men to the hamlet. Rest assured that my absence will not be prolonged one moment more than is absolutely necessary."

Again the young Turk bounded away upon his gallant steed; and when he was beyond earshot, Leila said, "We could not do otherwise than accept the escort so graciously offered."

Perhaps, with all the virginal purity of her thoughts—with all that innate chastity of soul which was as pure as the eternal snows that rested upon the not very remote mountains of Elboruz and Ararat—the young maiden experienced a secret sentiment which certainly was not one of displeasure at the thought of seeing something more of Aladyn. For it was impossible that a youthful couple who might be regarded as the most beautiful types of their sex, could have thus been by accident thrown together without experiencing some slight mutual feeling of interest.

Nearly an hour elapsed before Aladyn reappeared; and this time he was accompanied by his two followers. He had previously informed them that it was arranged to journey in company with the lady and her handmaidens,—an announcement which Hafiz received with pleasure, for he delighted in the society of the female sex: whereas Ibrahim, on hearing it, wore a gloomy expression of countenance. He feared lest his young master should fall in with another false-hearted syren; but on the other hand, he was not so ungenerous as to offer a remonstrance under the peculiar circumstances of the case. He naturally felt that three defenceless females, who had just escaped from a frightful peril and from a terrific alarm, might well be anxious to insure an escort instead of that which they had lost—and that indeed, according to all the laws of humanity and social intercourse, they had a right to claim it.

But when Aladyn and his followers joined Leila and her handmaidens, Ibrahim's looks gradually cleared up: for there was something so ineffably sweet, so expressive of a guileless heart, so fascinating and so interesting, in the countenance of Leila, that not even the mistrustful and cautious Ibrahim was proof against the evidences written on that angelic face. The comparison he rapidly instituted in his mind between the dark-eyed Myrrha, glowing and voluptuous—and the blue-eyed Leila, invested with a halo of chastity and innocence—could not be otherwise than most signally in favor of the latter. And then too, there was something so artless, frank, and ingenious—so modest and so fraught with propriety, in the bearing of the two handmaidens, that Ibrahim no longer regretted this new companionship which his young master had obtained; but he felt a sensation of pleasure and satisfaction stealing into his mind at the thought that such amiable beings should not have been suffered to pursue their way without escort or protection.

Aladyn rode by the side of Leila Dizila. Ibrahim escorted Zaida—Hafiz attached himself to Emina. If in the mind of Ibrahim a contrast had suggested itself in reference to Myrrha and Leila, it was not less so on the part of Aladyn. He wondered how even for a single instant he could have been dazzled by Myrrha's beauty, when his heart ought only to have shown itself susceptible of such a charm as that which existed in the sweet and interesting loveliness of Leila. It is true that when he beheld Myrrha he had never seen Leila, and could not suspect that the world contained so peerless a specimen of the female sex; but even this consideration did not prevent him from feeling that the temporary homage, transient though it were, which he had paid to the superb sensuous beauty of the dark-eyed Myrrha, had almost disqualified his heart for that purer incense of worship which was alone befitting the chaste virgin loveliness of his present companion.

"I have been informed, signor," said Leila, after a conversation upon a variety of general topics, "that the presence of a stray wild animal was not the only danger to be dreaded in this district."

"Indeed, lady?" exclaimed Aladyn. "And what other peril has been conjured up to excite your alarm?"

"Nothing less," responded Leila, "than that the dreaded Kyri Karaman—"

"Ah!" ejaculated Aladyn, in accents which sounded so strange that Leila could not help looking at him for a moment. "Yes," he hastened to observe, fearful of enhancing the fair young creature's alarm, "I too have heard something of the sort; but be not afraid, lady?"

"For my part," continued Leila, "I really have very little apprehension on the subject; and therefore I would not even instil alarm into the minds of my maidens."

"And you were right, lady," responded Aladyn. "It is sufficient to meet evil and danger when they present themselves, without rushing forward to encounter them half-way. To-morrow we shall be at Tiflis, and therefore in complete safety."

Neither Aladyn nor Leila dropped the slightest hint to each other concerning the nature of the affairs that were respectively taking them to the Georgian capital. Their explanations had been limited to the mere mention of their names; but even on these points there had been a mutual suppression; for on the one hand Aladyn had not announced that he bore the patrician rank of Bey—nor on the other hand had Leila intimated that she bore the surname of Dizila. Both, from circumstances, were thus reserved; for both, as the reader has seen, had been strictly enjoined to journey under a sort of *incognito*, and with as little pretension as possible.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when our travellers came in sight of the village where they were to halt for the night, and whence Tiflis was at a distance of about twenty-five miles, or another day's journey. Aladyn and Leila were still riding a little way in advance of their respective followers—when an incident occurred, which, trivial in itself as it might have seemed, was nevertheless fraught with important consequences. By the wayside sat a miserable-looking old man and an equally wretched old woman,—both maimed—both cripples—both dressed in the rags of beggary. As Aladyn and Leila advanced, these two beings hobbled forward to implore charity. Our young hero and our young heroine were both alike touched by the pitiable condition of the mendicants; and both drew forth their purses. Leila placed a silver coin in the hand of the crippled female; while Aladyn manifested a similar bounty towards the decrepit old man. But just at that instant Aladyn's horse made some impatient movement, and the consequence was that some of the contents of the purse fell to the ground. The grateful old cripple hastened to pick them up and restore them to their owner; but amidst the gold and silver coin which had thus fallen, was an object which suddenly fascinated Leila's eyes as if with the glare of a reptile. It was a ring! Yes—a gold ring of peculiar workmanship, and set with a single ruby! Aladyn hastily consigned the ring and the coins to his purse; and Leila averted her dismayed looks, while a sickening sensation smote her heart.

A thousand wild ideas flashed through her brain. She remembered everything that the landlord had told her relative to Kyri Karaman. He was young—so young indeed that he might well be that landlord's son! He had dark hair and a moustache. He was tall and slender; and so indeed Leila recollected him to be, from the glimpse which she had of the masked intruder in her chamber. But all that description corresponded with Aladyn! And

then, too, Kyri Karaman assumed all sorts of disguises, and dressed at one time as a Turk as well as a Georgian; for he left no device unpractised that might forward his dark sinister aims. In a word, Leila was smitten with the terrible, the sickening conviction that it was none other than Kyri Karaman, the formidable Guerilla-bandit, who now rode by her side.

Her countenance remained for some time averted as she and Aladyn pursued their way after the little recurrence with the mendicants. During this interval she composed her features—she regained her self-possession. She had made up her mind how to act; for she saw that there was no immediate danger; the little hamlet was now close at hand; and if her companion and his followers had meant speedy mischief to herself and her dependants, would they not have accomplished it when further away in the open country and in lonely spots?

"Come, signor," she said, in a voice which indicated no emotion; "let us press forward!"

"Willingly, lady," responded Aladyn, in a cheerful tone of friendly courtesy; for he was utterly unsuspecting of the terrible idea which Leila had just formed of him.

In a few minutes the hamlet was reached. It consisted of but a wretched hostelry and half-a-dozen poor cottages, with only one good house, which stood a little apart. This house was in the occupation of a wealthy Armenian, the owner of an adjacent windmill. On reaching the hostelry, Leila at once inquired whether it were not possible to obtain the hospitalities of the master of that good house for herself and her dependants! It happened that the Armenian miller was standing in front of the hostelry at the time; and on announcing himself as the proprietor of the house to which Leila had alluded, Aladyn used his own intercessions on behalf of the lady and her attendants. The Armenian was a man of churlish disposition and misery habits. He hesitated; and Aladyn, penetrating his character, hastened to whisper in his ear, "Be not niggard with your hospitality towards this lady and her maidens, and your recompense shall be liberal."

This promise settled the question; and the Armenian was now all cordiality in granting Leila's request. Still without betraying aught that was passing in her mind, but by a strong effort maintaining the appearance of an affable courtesy, Leila took leave of Aladyn,—giving an affirmative reply to his proposal that their journey should be renewed in companionship on the morrow. The handmaidens likewise bade what they however only considered to be a temporary farewell to Ibrahim and Hafiz; and while the three Osmanlis proceeded to take up their quarters at the miserable hostelry, Leila and her damsels followed the Armenian along a lane leading towards his house.

In a few minutes the house was reached. Then Leila, suddenly exclaiming, "Follow me, maidens! Away, away, for your lives!" pressed her steed into the fleetest gallop.

Zaida and Emina mechanically followed her example, though bewildered and affrighted by the strange words which had thrilled from her lips, and by the unaccountable flight to which she was thus taking.

As for the old Armenian,—he remained gazing after them in speechless astonishment—with staring eyes and open mouth; and thus he stood for some moments even after they had disappeared from his view.

CHAPTER VIII.

Away sped Leila, followed by her two handmaidens—all three urging their steeds to the fleetest pace; so that if an observer had been by, as they galloped along the lane, he could not have admired the exquisite equestrian skill displayed by that lady and her damsels. Thus fleeing away from what the Star of Mingrelia conceived to be a situation of imminent peril, they proceeded without the slightest consideration for the particular route which they were taking: and indeed, on reaching a point where the lane was crossed by another, Leila purposely diverged into one of the byways in order to render the chances of being overtaken all the less probable in case pursuit should have been entered upon. At length the steeds, which had done good service that day, began to exhibit such unmistakable signs of distress, that Leila drew in the bridle of her own animal—an example which was followed by her maidens. In a few more minutes the pace was further slackened into a walk; and now Leila had leisure for those explanations which she could not give during the rapidity of her flight, but which her handmaidens nevertheless awaited with so much anxious suspense.

"Doubtless, girls," said Leila, "you have been as much bewildered as affrighted by this strange and abrupt proceeding on my part. But you little suspect the danger from which you have escaped. Prepare yourselves for a startling announcement. That young man whose conduct in the first instance appeared to be fraught with so chivalrous a prowess—whose good looks you both admired so much—whose address and whose manners were so well calculated to inspire confidence,—that young man, in short, who wore the apparel of a Turkish gentleman of some consequence, was none other than the terrible Kyri Karaman! That young man under whose escort we have travelled for hours, was the masked intruder who sought our chamber last night and who deprived me of my ring!"

Leila reminded her maidens of the encounter with the two mendicants, and of the circumstance of the young Osmanli accidentally dropping a portion of the contents of his purse.

"It was then that I caught sight of my ring; and, as you may easily suppose, maidens, I was smitten with astonishment and terror. But I quickly averted my countenance, so as to prevent Kyri Karaman from suspecting that I had caught a glimpse of the ring; and by his subsequent manner—which indeed continued precisely the same as before—I feel convinced that he flattered himself with the hope that it had passed unnoticed by me."

"Previous to the incident of the ring there was a little circumstance which for a moment struck me as being singular. I was discoursing with the seeming Turk, when I made some allusion to Kyri Karaman; and he gave vent to an ejaculation in such strange accents that I could not help regarding him with attention. Not that I then entertained the remotest suspicion that he himself could be identical with the famous Guerilla-bandit. Ah! now I remember, too, that he sought to lull me into a false security!—he made me have no fear of Kyri Karaman; and he even spoke approvingly of my conduct when I informed him that I had abstained from saying aught to you, my maidens, that was calculated to inspire you with terror on account of that dreaded brigand during our journey of this day. But now the truth need be no longer concealed from you;—and the truth is that I received many warnings from the landlord of the hostelry where we slept last night and where the robbery of my ring was effected. Yes—and I moreover acquired sufficient information in respect to the personal appearance of Kyri Karaman, to have the effect of convincing me when I caught a glimpse of the ring which he accidentally dropped, that he himself it was who then rode by my side! You do not even yet know all the dangers that beset us at the moment when you followed me in my sudden flight. That Armenian was no doubt a creature of Kyri Karaman's—or at all events in some manner leagued with him. Did you not observe that when, on reaching the hostelry in the hamlet, I made inquiries relative to the possibility of obtaining quarters at the inviting tenement which we beheld at a little distance—and when that old Armenian stood forward to announce himself as the owner—that seeming Osmanli at once threw in his own intercessions, as if generously supporting mine? Did you not notice likewise that when the old Armenian hesitated—perhaps smitten with remorse at the idea of working an injury to three defenceless females—Kyri Karaman bent down and whispered something which at once decided the Armenian how to act?"

"Yes, my lady, I noticed all this!" exclaimed Zaida.

"And I likewise," added Emina. "But holy saints! how far was I from suspecting—"

"And then you see, maidens," interrupted Leila, "how it may happen in this world that when we deem ourselves most secure, we may in reality be surrounded by perils. What the Guerilla-bandit's intentions were towards us I am utterly unable to conjecture; but that he meditated some deep and disastrous treachery, there cannot be the slightest doubt. Suffice it, however, for us to congratulate ourselves upon our escape; and we must now think, maidens, where we are to find an asylum for the night."

The shades of evening were closing in—dusk was gathering around the Star of Mingrelia and her two damsels—and the bye-lane in which they found themselves appeared to lead through the district where no habitations were to be found. The steeds were every moment giving fresh symptoms of uneasiness; the lady and her maidens were alike much fatigued. They therefore proceeded slowly and in a short time the lane joined a wider road. Along this latter route they proceeded at hazard, utterly ignorant whether they were drawing nearer to Tiflis,

or whether every step was taking them father away from the city of their destination. They, however, felt assured that so good a road must have some habitations near it, or must presently lead to some village or town.

Presently a light was seen glimmering ahead; and in a few minutes a farm-homestead was reached. There Leila requested hospitality on behalf of herself and her handmaidens for the night; and the favor was willingly accorded by a middle-aged female, who by her appearance seemed to be the mistress of the place. A laborer was summoned: the weary steeds were stabled; and in the humble but neat parlor of the homestead a substantial meal was served up to the equally weary travellers.

As Leila had conjectured, the hospitable woman who had first answered her summons at the door, proved to be the mistress of the place. She was a Georgian, and retained the traits of her great beauty, but the evidences of care and suffering were visible upon her countenance. She was a widow; and two sweet interesting girls—whose ages might be seventeen and nineteen respectively, and who spread the repast upon the board—were her daughters. Her husband had met his death a few years previously, through being bitten by a black snake when walking in his fields; and the whole care of the farm had since devolved upon his widow. She, however, conducted it successfully; and in a pecuniary sense she had no reason to complain.

They now escorted Leila and her handmaidens to the chamber that was prepared for their reception. There the Star of Mingrelia conversed with her damsels for a little time upon the mournfully interesting narrative they had just heard, until slumber stole upon their eyes.

When they left their room in the morning, they found that the widow and her two daughters had prepared to render their hospitalities as acceptable as possible; for a repast, consisting of several viands as well as of farm produce, with fruits and refreshing beverages, was spread upon the board. Leila thought of soliciting an escort of armed men from amongst the laborers employed by the widow; but she learnt, from an accidental observation which the woman let drop, that they had all gone for a holiday to some merry-making at a distance; and therefore the Star of Mingrelia contented herself with the resolve of obtaining a suitable escort at the nearest town or village which might be reached while pursuing the road towards Tiflis.

It was with many acknowledgements and expressions of gratitude for the kind hospitality which they had received, that Leila and her damsels took leave of the widow-woman and her two daughters. Though the hostess was far from expecting or wishing any recompense to be given for that which was afforded from the most generous motives, yet Leila seized an opportunity to bestow by stealth a couple of gifts respectively on the two girls;—and we now once more behold our fair heroine upon her travels, accompanied by her faithful maidens.

We have not hitherto interrupted the course of our narrative to make one or two little observations which are more or less necessary to be recorded; and we will now therefore seize the occasion. When after the excited flight from the vicinage of the Armenian miller's house, Leila had leisure to reflect upon the circumstance of her temporary acquaintance with that youthful Osmanli whom she was now firmly convinced to be none other than the formidable Kyri Karaman himself, she experienced a feeling of deep pain to think that one in whom she had for a short while been interested, should prove so utterly unworthy of such a sentiment. We have already said that it was impossible for two beings who respectively personified all the handsomest or most beautiful physical attributes of their sexes, to have been thus thrown together without experiencing some such feeling of interest. The sentiment with which Aladyn was inspired by the transcending charms, and amiability, and the intelligence of Leila was already something very much akin to love; but the milder, far less fervid in her thoughts and far less impulsive in her disposition, had merely been touched by a sentiment of interest. Still it was painful for one, who, in the freshness of her youthful feelings yearned to place confidence in human nature, to have that confidence cruelly shocked, or rather destroyed, as it had been in respect to Aladyn. Thus it was no wonder she deplored that it should have been so; and that apart from the lingering sensation of dismay and astonishment at the idea of the formidable Kyri Karaman having been her travelling companion, she should feel depressed in spirits at the thought that one so young, so fascinating in his looks, and so agreeable in his manners, should be a man whose deeds inspired terror and alarm.

While we leave Leila and her handmaidens to pursue their own way, we must turn the reader's attention for a while to other topics. And first, before concluding this chapter, we will revert to Aladyn—whom, with Ibrahim and Hafiz, we left at the wretched hostelry after he parted from Leila. The three Osmanlins, having seen their horses stabled, sat down to such fare as the larder of so poor a place could supply. Aladyn, however, ate but little—not because the frugal fare was distasteful to him, for he had no luxurious or dainty appetite—but because his mind was filled with the image of the charming Leila. Never had his eye gazed upon such ravishing beauty; never had so musical a voice vibrated softly upon his ear or pour forth a melody which sank so completely down into his heart. Ibrahim and Hafiz were well satisfied with the agreeable companionship they had that day encountered; and the former beheld with Leila's out the slightest regret the impression which charms had made upon the heart of his young master.

But all of a sudden the door of the room in which the three were seated—for the dimensions of the hostelry were too circumscribed to admit of separate apartments for master and dependants—was thrown open; and the Armenian miller made his appearance.

"A pretty bevy of women," he exclaimed, "did you, young signor, endeavor to foist upon my hospitalities!—and for the insult I have sustained it would afford me pleasure to assemble half-a-dozen of the stoutest villagers and inflict severe chastisement on yourself as well as those catiff-followers of yours! I suspect that ye are none of the best of characters—or the lady and her maidens would not have conducted themselves thus."

"Insolent old man! what do you mean?" exclaimed Aladyn, springing to his feet.

"I mean," replied the miller, with dogged look and tone, "that the lady and her damsels must have had some good cause for seizing the opportunity to separate themselves from such escort as that which you Osmanlins afforded."

"Separated themselves?" ejaculated Aladyn. "What on earth do your words signify?"

"They have fled," answered the Armenian. "No sooner—"

"Fled?" cried Aladyn; and the word was echoed by Hafiz—while Ibrahim, though he remained silent, expressed astonishment by his looks.

"Yes—fled," rejoined the Armenian miller; "and they must doubtless have had good cause for such a proceeding."

"By Allah and his Prophet!" exclaimed the young Turk, fearfully excited, "it must have been your churlish and inhospitable conduct that drove the lady and her handmaidens elsewhere to seek for that hospitality which you doubtless made the subject of bargain and of price!"

"Swear as you will by your Allah and your Prophet," returned the Armenian; "but I swear by all the Saints of the Christian Calendar that you speak falsely! It was with due courtesy I conducted the lady and her maidens to the door of my house; and as I turned to open it, away they sped like arrows shot from a bow. 'Fly for your lives!' were the words which rang from the lady's lips; and off they went,—their steeds galloping so that but for the clatter of the hoofs they seemed not to touch the ground!"

Despite the churlish manner of the man, there was a certain unmistakable sincerity in the way in which his tale was told, and which was further supported by the respectability of his position. Besides, Aladyn remembered that when influenced by the promise of reward, he had shown alacrity enough in offering his hospitalities; whereas now, by the flight of Leila and the maidens, he had lost the hoped for remuneration. The young Turk could not therefore disbelieve the story—nor even imagine that it was in any way tortured or misrepresented. He altered his demeanor towards the miller, whom he invited to sit down at the table—and he questioned him closely. The Armenian repeated the particulars of his story; but he had none to add. It was, however, only too clear that Leila and her maidens were gone; but what was the source of their affright, those who now deliberated together were utterly unable to surmise.

Aladyn's hope of renewing the journey on the morrow with the beautiful lady was completely destroyed; but he felt as if he had lost something essential to his happiness—as if a dark cloud had cast its shade over a prospect that was all bright and smiling before; and it was with a heavy heart that the youthful Osmanli that night retired to rest.

(To be continued)

Kutais in Mingrelia.

KUTAIS is the chief town of this mountain land—the ancient Colchis, memorable in classic story for being the country to which the Argonauts voyaged in the search of the golden fleece.

As there is in many of the incidents of war a degree of romance, which no coloring can heighten beyond the effect of their naked reality, so is there, sometimes, in the scenery amidst which it rages, a natural beauty and richness which no effort of the imagination can invest with greater charms. The country in which the operations of Omar Pasha have recently been carried on, is of this kind. His actions have been performed upon a magnificent stage. He has had before him grand and extensive views of a land clothed with forests, bright with autumnal tints, and veined with streams which looked like threads of silver. He has had the Caucasus behind him, throwing their peaks, dazzling with the brightness of perpetual snows, into the clouds. He has seen rich and beautiful valleys stretching at the foot of the hills upon which his army encamped. He has beheld the sun rise and set in a country replete with mountain majesty, whence he might draw the inspiration which prompted him to tower, by conquest, over his enemy.

Amid the southern and western slopes of the Caucasus the hamlets are few and far between. The small thatched konaks—as they are technically called—are sprinkled here and there, on the hill-sides, surrounded by meagre patches of maize or millet, and overshadowed by the wide-spreading chestnut. The grain is generally stacked in trees, or on raised stages, out of the reach of cattle. In such a country it is scarcely necessary to point out the danger to a traveller of being overtaken by night. It is a hundred chances to one if he could then find a konak. If he was, in this, successful, however, and was received in the character of a guest, he would have no need to say of what his supper should be composed. He might require only a chicken, but a fat ox, perhaps, would be slaughtered for his use.

It was through this country, then, that Omar Pasha led his army to the banks of the Ingour, where he fought and conquered. The Russians were driven from their position, and he took up his residence in Sugdidi, the second town of Mingrelia, situated upon an eminence, and overlooking a landscape diversified by every kind of rural beauty. This town is composed of two streets of wooden houses, shaded by avenues of beech-trees, and it is adorned by the magnificent residence of the Princess Dadian, only one wing of which is completed. In order to give our readers an idea of the taste of this eastern princess, who holds her court amidst the mountains of Mingrelia, we will briefly describe the state in which her palace was found by Omar Pasha and some of the followers of his army. On entering the drawing-room, the most magnificent collection of furniture was found. It was evident, from the number and value of the articles left behind, that her highness had calculated upon a more protracted resistance on the part of the Russians than had been made. A very handsome picture of the Emperor Nicholas was still in its case, and had evidently been packed, but considered not worth carrying away under the circumstances. Chairs and couches covered with crimson velvet, beautiful inlaid tables, magnificent chandeliers, and articles of *vertu* , which looked like importations from Paris, were all so carefully arranged, that he would have been a ruthless conqueror who could have destroyed them. After satisfying his curiosity, Omar Pasha accordingly placed guards at all the entrances to the palace and to the gardens, which are extremely beautiful, and laid out with great taste. There are the choicest flowers in vast profusion, and extensive fruit gardens and orangeries, while the deer and pea-fowl wander about, completely their own masters.

The Princess Dadian, who is said to have been very beautiful, was married to Prince Dadian, who had by her one son. Since the death of her husband, she has been acting as regent for this boy, who is about eight years old. Her husband had two brothers, Constantine and Gregoire, both of whom fled with their sister-in-law to her residence in the mountains, about a day's journey distant from this town. The sister of the princess is married to Prince Michael, of Abasia.

Such is the principal object of attraction in Sugdidi. The capture of Kutais, we hope, will soon furnish us with additional facts to illustrate yet more fully the manners and customs of Mingrelian life.

The invention of clocks is claimed by the Saracens. In the year 807, the king of Persia presented one, moved by water, to Charlemagne.

Kiel.

This city is situated at the extremity of the Kieler-haven, and possesses a harbor capable of accommodating a vast number of ships, the water being deep and well-sheltered from the violent storms which, at certain seasons, prevail in the Baltic. The advantages of this harbor render it a place of considerable commerce, which has risen in importance since the construction of the railway from Hamburg. In the winter, as well as during the bathing season, the town is resorted to by numbers of the nobility and gentry of Schleswig and Holstein, and may be said to form a point of attraction to the social and intellectual life of these Duchies. It also holds a large annual fair, at which a great deal of business is transacted.

The population of Kiel does not number more than 12,000 souls, and some of its public buildings are worthy of notice. The most prominent of these is the palace and residence of the Duke of Glucksburg, who married one of the Princesses of Denmark. This is an ancient building, but exhibiting great beauty in its architectural details. The Church of St. Nicholas presents us with all the characteristics of its antiquity, having been built during the middle ages. The convent church, in which Duke Adolphus of Holstein is buried, to whom the city owes its first rise, is also another interesting structure, and so is the University, to which about 300 students are admitted. In connection with this seat of learning, there is a library containing 60,000 volumes, a museum of natural history, extremely rich in some of its departments, and another museum of northern antiquities, of which many distinguished men of letters and science enjoy the advantage.

In the immediate neighborhood of Kiel there are many spots from which charming views of the scenery of the Baltic may be obtained. About four miles from the town, the Sleswig and Holstein canal, which connects the Baltic with the Eyder river, commences, and by which the traffic with the North Sea is carried on. By means of this canal the danger and distance of sailing round by Jutland are saved, consequently, to the trading and shipping interest, its construction has been of incalculable benefit.

Here, then, the homeward bound ships of the fleet of the north are now making their appearance. It seems that already they have suffered to such an extent, from the series of gales which they have encountered, that they will have to be placed under the hands of the workmen of the dock-yards, before they will be fit to brave the perils of the deep again.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—We are inclined to think that "love at first sight," if it ever happens at all in these modern times, never takes place in society, where the impression made upon susceptible gentlemen by one fair face is very quickly effaced by the sight of another equally fair. On the part of the ladies, we should suppose it can

hardly happen in any case, for with them, esteem and respect, gratitude or pity usually pave the way to love. The truth is, our first impressions of the opposite sex are seldom confirmed by a further acquaintance, and are sometimes ludicrously reversed before long. We assure our readers that the following anecdote, *appropos* of this subject, is perfectly true. About twenty-five years ago, two young ladies were walking together on the beach at Workington. Presently they saw coming towards them two gentlemen on horseback who were strangers to them. This was rather an unusual thing in that country place, and the ladies looked at the gentlemen as they passed with some surprise, which was increased by the oddity of their appearance. The ladies agreed that they had never seen two uglier looking fellows in all their lives. They laughed at the idea of two men of such strangely unprepossessing appearance being found together. It was admitted that they had the air of gentlemen, but they were both "so excessively plain." Two years afterwards those ladies were married to those two gentlemen. We do not pretend entirely to account for the circumstance, but so it was. And this is how it came about. The gentlemen, who were on a visit in the neighborhood, had been struck with the appearance of the ladies, ascertained where they lived, and obtained an introduction to them. One of the lovers was more successful than the other, and was married in a few months afterwards. The other fair one was not so easily won, but as her suitor was a determined man, and returned to the attack with a constancy quite unshaken, she gave in at last, as ladies generally do in such cases. And, as we have already stated, two years after their first interview, the second couple were married.

A FANCIFUL COMPARISON.—An intelligent woman said, when she heard a quartette of Haydn's, she fancied herself listening to the conversation of four agreeable persons. She thought the first violin had the air of an eloquent man of genius, of middle age, who supported a conversation of which he had suggested the subject. In the second violin she recognised a friend of the first, who sought by all possible means to display him to advantage, seldom thought of himself, and kept up the conversation rather by assenting to what was said by the other than by advancing any ideas of his own. The alto was a grave, learned, and sententious man. He supported the discourse of the first violin by laconic maxims, striking for their truth. The bass was a worthy old lady, rather inclined to chatter, who said nothing of much consequence, yet was always desirous to put in a word; but she gave an additional grace to the conversation, and while she was talking the other interlocutors had time to breathe.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF CHEESE.—Considerable interest was lately excited in Gloucester market by the exhibition of an "apparatus for cutting, filtering, and pressing the curd, and for

more readily and effectually separating the whey from the curd." The apparatus, which promises to be exceedingly useful in the manufacture of cheese, is the invention of Mr. Keewil, of Stroud Farm, Lacock, near Chippenham, Wilts. By the process hitherto observed, after the milk has stood to curd for one hour it is broken up with the "stirring-stick," which generally badly bruises the curd, and separates much fat or whey cream from it—a source of complaint among the cheese-factors, and a continual and serious loss to the farmers. By the use of this apparatus these evils are entirely avoided; the curd, with very trifling labor, is cut sufficiently small, by means of a set of knives, which pass gently through the curd and cut it so cleanly that no whey, cream or fat is separated from it. The cutting of the curd is thus effected with very little labor, no waste, and in such a simple manner that the most inexperienced dairymaid can readily perform the operation. The labor and waste attendant upon the existing process of separating the whey from the curd, after the latter has been broken up, are also obviated in this apparatus by the use of a self-acting filter and tap, through which the whey is drawn off.

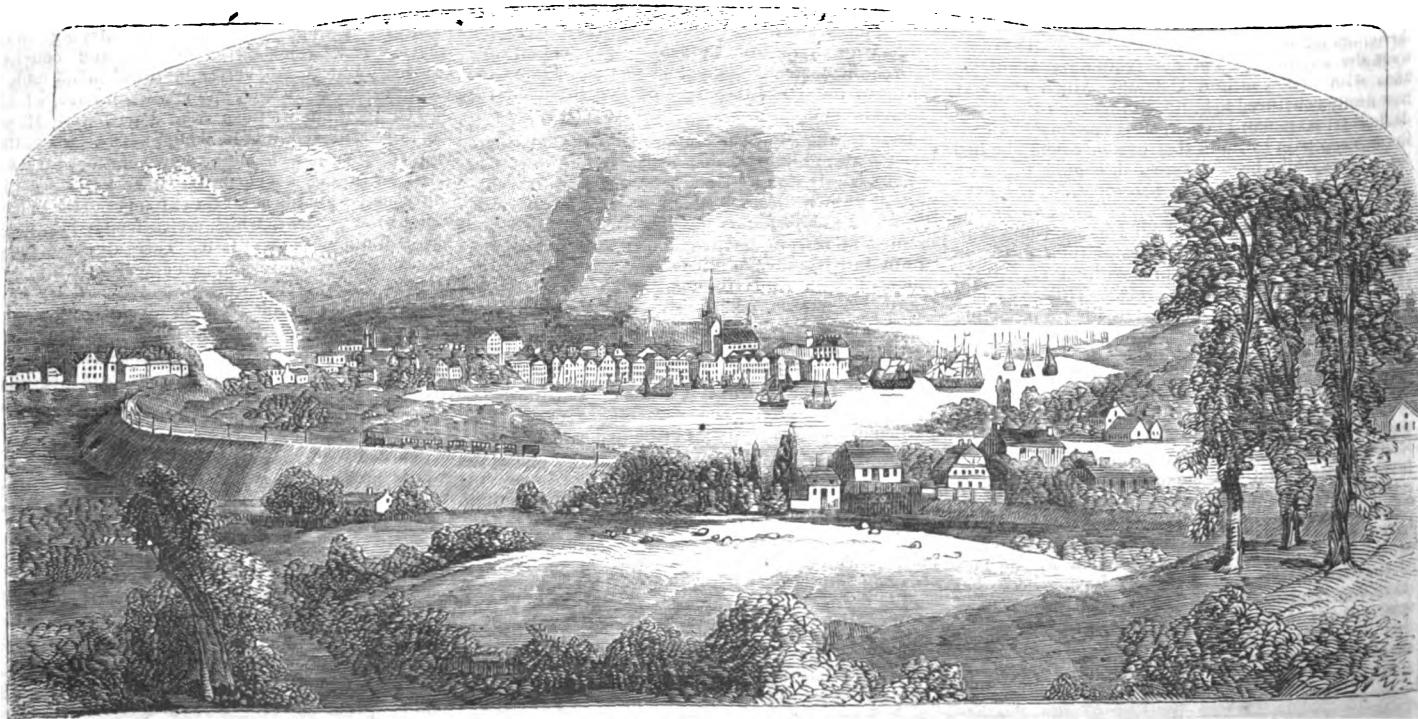
A LITERARY BLOW-UP.—When we read the account of the "Explosion of three Magazines," we thought it just possible that there might have been a blow-up among some of our monthly periodicals. We, however, soon discovered our mistake, and, indeed, it is obvious that the magazines which are most liable to destruction are those which do not go off, and which are safe, as far as any chance of explosion is concerned, for they have neither the fire of genius, nor a spark of talent about them.

WHAT AN EXTRAORDINARY method of reducing oneself to beggary is gambling! The man who has but little money in the world, and knows not how to procure more without risking his life and character, must needs put it in the power of fortune to take away what he has. Put the case in the opposite light, it is just as absurd; the man who has money to spare, must needs make the experiment whether it may not become the property of another.

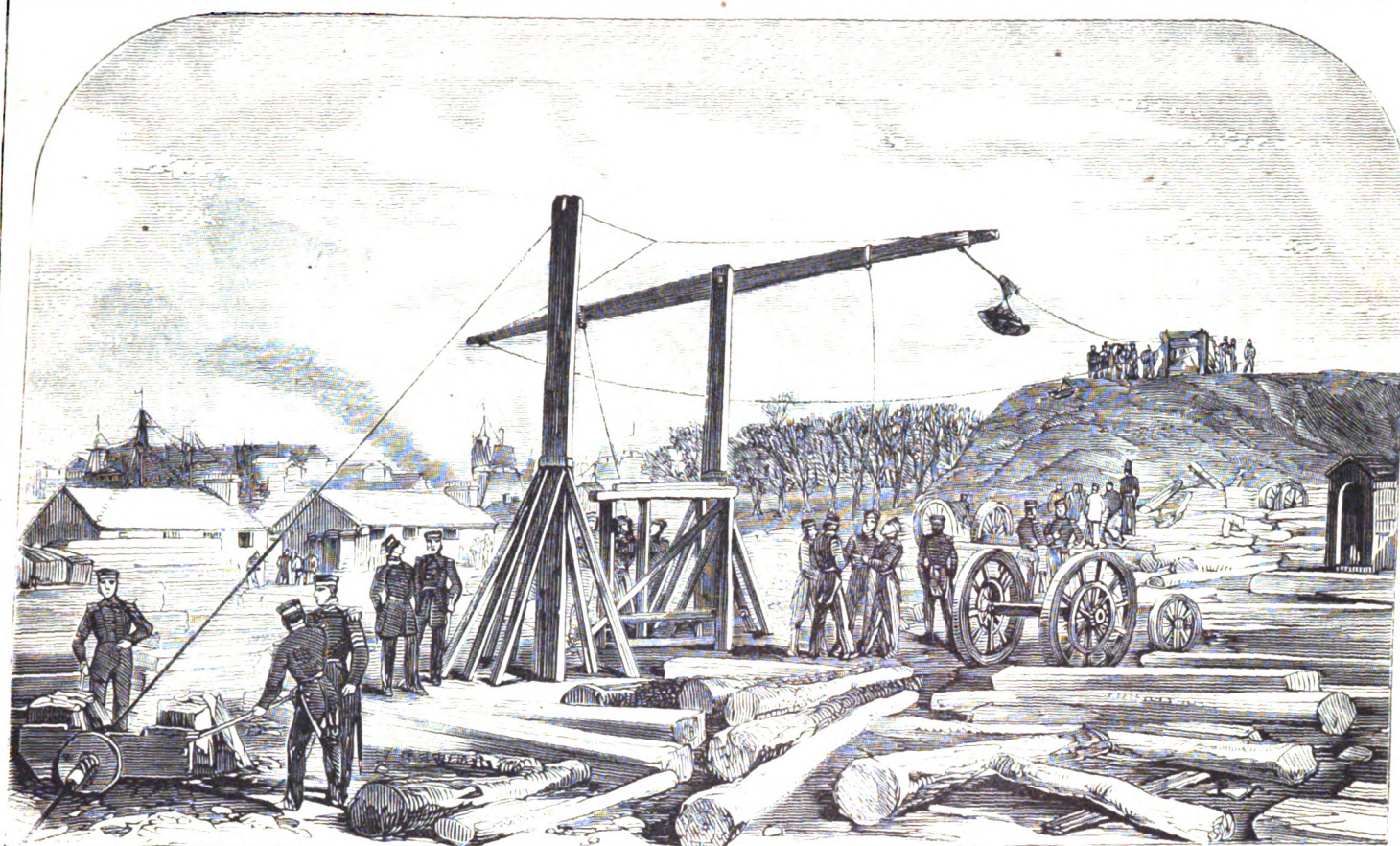
The most important advantage we enjoy, and the greatest discoveries that science can boast, have proceeded from men who have either seen little of the world, or have secluded themselves entirely for the purpose of study. Not only those arts which are exclusively the result of calculation, such as navigation, mechanism, and others, but even agriculture, may be said to derive its improvement, if not its origin, from the same source.

ST. PETERSBURG, Moscow, and Odessa are the only cities in Russia whose population exceeds 100,000. There are only four towns containing more than 50,000 inhabitants each, and eighteen or twenty with a population exceeding 25,000.

PRESUMPTION.—We may forgive ignorance, but not presumption. He who has nothing to say should say nothing.



THE TOWN AND HARBOR OF KIEL.



BALAN'S AERIAL RAILWAY MODEL AT WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.

The Aerial Railway.

TRULY we live in a wonderful age. A tremendous war does not damp the ardor of science, or pluck one feather from the wing of invention. The tide of thought, if possible, is moving more rapidly than it did before the west precipitated itself on the east, and in the sacred cause of justice involved civilized Christendom in a modern crusade against barbarism.

Nay, every thinking person must admit, after a careful survey of what is passing round him, that the war, instead of clogging the mental faculties of the ingenious and the studious, rather spurs them on to those new and more vigorous efforts which lead to great achievements and grand discoveries.

Every day brings to light some fresh invention, some novel application of power, some brilliant adaptation of mechanical force to the numerous wants and exigencies that hourly arise. To such an extent is this virility of mind now exercised, that the Patent Offices of London and Paris threaten, as is predicted of the promised new State Paper repository, to sink into the earth from the sheer weight of innumerable specifications.

But it was the same during the last war. "Necessity, the mother of invention," is always busily engaged during periods of violence and commotion, and what it cannot accomplish by superior strategy, it endeavors to effect by taxing the brain of the philosopher or the mechanist for some practical development of the riches which intellect, rightly directed, rarely fails to extract from the inexhaustible mines of science and art.

During the last great war, steam navigation was introduced, chemistry brought to a magnificent perfection, and all the arts elevated to a height from which, instead of descending, they have since risen to a dazzling grandeur.

The almost similar circumstances of the present time seem to be producing similar results, as if war, with all its hardships and horrors, instead of casting a funeral pall over mental ability, rather tended to impart to it fresh strength, a more active vitality, and a wider territory for the performance of its Herculean labors. By the aid of the electric telegraph, the governments at Paris and London receive intelligence from the Crimea, a distance of three thousand miles, in an incredibly short time—the leading details of a battle, occupying some fifty lines of print, only occupy about an hour in their transmission! Nor is this all. It has been demonstrated to be practicable, and measures are now being taken to connect the Old World with the New, by means of the submarine telegraph; and when that unexampled feat of its kind has been accomplished, the talking-wire will no doubt traverse the bed of the Southern

Atlantic Ocean, then pass along the coral bottom of the mysterious Pacific, find its way to Japan, Borneo, China, India, and obligingly return homewards, through Persia, Asia Minor, and Turkey, to the very offices in London, Paris or Vienna from which it started, with a more than lightning-borne message of peace or war, prosperity or adversity. Truly this is a great age; for while contention saddens the heart, the imperishable glories of science bring fire to the eye, and infuse steel-like ardor into every nerve of the human frame.

We have chronicled a number of these mental progresses, these aids to a future and brighter civilization, and as they occur we shall continue to do so; but we must confess that the number is so startling that it is only possible to bestow attention on the most prominent.

No sooner had our wonder somewhat subsided at the project of a tunnel between Dover and Calais, for the purposes of a railway between France and England, than we were called upon to contemplate—"An Aerial Railway!" At first we thought of balloons, flying machines, winged monsters snorting in the air like locomotives on land, or metal lines running above our heads from pole to pole, like the wires of the electric telegraph; but a visit to the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, put a stop to our imaginary excursions, for we there beheld, in actual operation, the subject of our illustration—"The Aerial Railway;" why so called, we are at a loss to determine, for the principle on which it is constructed is neither more nor less than a skilful, nay, exceedingly clever application of the law of gravity for the conveyance of heavy bodies from place to place.

The invention belongs to M. Balan, a young French engineer, who has obtained a patent from the British Government. Our engraving gives an accurate representation of this the latest exposition of human ingenuity as applied to locomotion, and the working may thus briefly be explained. The apparatus propels cars or wagons by their own weights on inclined wire ropes. These ropes are firmly attached at the extremities, and at the ends where the materials or goods are to be unloaded they are kept apart by a lever, the length of which varies according to the inclination required. The centre of this lever is attached to an upright post by a bolt. When the lever is horizontal the ropes are horizontal, and when one end of the lever is depressed the ropes will be inclined in a reverse way, and the cars, travelling on rollers, will go in opposite directions.

For earthworks, such as cuttings, embankments, quarries, &c., this apparatus will be found useful, as it requires few hands to work it, the weight of

the load depressing the rope so that the car travels without assistance to the lever, where it is unloaded, and, the other rope being raised, the car slides to its loading place. It may be advantageously used for crossing rivers, where bridges would interfere with the navigation, and in any place where the distance does not exceed 400 yards, to convey either goods or persons. Beyond that distance the ropes must be supported by uprights placed according to the undulations of the ground. To enable the cars to pass the supports, a framework is fixed in front of each, on which framework is laid a moveable frame, with ropes attached, so as to pass over pulleys set in the stationary frame, the other ends of the ropes having counterbalancing weights. The moveable frame is laid near the ground, and is maintained in that position by a trigger, so that when the car arrives it touches the trigger, the moveable frame is released, and drawn up by the counterbalancing weights, thereby giving the rope a greater inclination and allowing the cars to pass over the upright, and giving them a sufficient impetus to reach the next frame, where the same operation takes place. It is likewise adapted for the purpose of the electric telegraph, copper wires being placed inside the ropes in the same way as in the submarine telegraph.

At the experiment at Woolwich, represented in our engraving above, a ton weight was carried with comparative ease and facility, and subsequent experiments have fully confirmed the utility of the apparatus. At present, we are informed, it is to be used for the conveyance of stones and earth to form batteries, to transmit shell, shot, and ammunition from battery to battery—in fact, perform all the work of a railway, suspended in the air, without the aid of steam, or any other power save that derived from the law of gravity, controlled and directed by machinery of the simplest construction.

THERE is no doubt that memory, although it may be cultivated, is originally a gift of nature; so, also, application must be regarded as a natural endowment; for there are some men, however well disposed, who can never bring themselves to grapple closely with anything.

WAR.—Were the disputes between great and rival nations to be settled by single combat, by those through whose ambition, pride, or other cause they were occasioned, millions of lives might have been saved.

It is a mistake to suppose a great mind inattentive to trifles; its capacity and comprehension enable it to embrace everything.

A Race for an Heiress.

SIR HERCULES TUFTON was intent on his "Times." Lady Tufton played with a piece of dry toast and sipped her tea. Miss Tufton had finished her breakfast and was absorbed in Tennyson's last new poem, trying to admire it all, but failing now and then. A very little King Charles's spaniel, with the most orthodox snout of the most diminutive size, lay on the hearth-rug, drowsiness struggling with greediness for ascendancy over him; for he one moment pricked up his ears and wagged his tail, as he saw a fresh mouthful of toast being conveyed to Lady Tufton's lips, and the next moment involuntarily closed his eyes, over-come by the genial warmth of the bright fire.

Lady Tufton hemmed once or twice in a significant manner, and glanced towards the "Times," behind which sat her lord. Lady Tufton had evidently a communication to make, or a favor to ask: she was dying to speak, but she had been married long enough to know that disturbing a man over his paper is only less dangerous than interfering with a bear over his dinner, and very similar to it in effect. Lady Tufton therefore waited in anxious exaltation while her husband ejaculated an occasional growl over "that vile 'Times,'" which was eternally writing up free-trade and ruining landlords; but which, in spite of its villany, Sir Hercules still continued to peruse day by day, though he might, like a consistent man, have had the "Morning Milk-sop" for the same money.

Sir Hercules Tufton was a baronet with a four-hundred years' pedigree, and a rent-roll of twelve thousand per annum. He was about fifty-two years of age, a handsome, healthy, good sort of man; hospitable to his friends, and benevolent to the poor; proud of his good name in every sense of the term; proud of his daughter; proud of his stud; affectionate to his wife; a hearty hater of new-fangled fashions, whether in politics, religion, farming, or top-boots; with just enough brains to make his friends pronounce him a sound, sensible fellow, and with little enough of knowledge or talents of any kind to enable his enemies to abuse him as a "ponderous country gentleman," *par excellence*.

Lady Tufton was a character less easily described, and therefore we will not attempt it just now, but leave it to develop itself—that favorite phrase for everything now-a-days from Puseyism to French revolutions—in the course of these pages.

Jessie Tufton, the daughter of this worthy couple, was nineteen years of age, and as charming a girl as this world of imperfections is likely to behold. Some thought her hair a shade too light; some declared that her nose was a trifle too aquiline; some objected to her mouth as rather too large; in fact she had plenty of minor defects, like every other woman whom it has been our lot to behold; but most people, nay, all admitted that a finer pair of dark eyes, a more brilliant and regular set of teeth, a more graceful figure or a prettier hand and foot than Jessie Tufton's seldom fell to the lot of any one favored descendant of mother Eve.

She was an heiress, too! heiress to the Tufton estate of the twelve thousand a year! Would she not have been a goddess with one-half of the charms we have alluded to? As it was, beauty and heiress, she had suitors and admirers, secret and declared, without number. But she had hitherto manifested little disposition to favor any. It is true, that the specimens of the male sex she had seen and met at her father's table were by no means calculated to fascinate a young lady of taste; for Sir Hercules lived in the country, and his intimate friends were chiefly neighboring squires, with souls devoted to turnips and South Downs, and very clerical clergymen with ideas almost as contracted, though within a different sphere. Suffice it, however, that the few who made direct advances received such very unequivocal proofs of what would be their fate if they persisted, that, like prudent generals, they effected as orderly a retreat as possible.

Hitherto the Tuftons had lived entirely in the country. This year, however, was their first season in town, and Jessie had "come out," or made her *debut*, as it is more fashionably termed of late. It was only now the very commencement of the London season, viz., early in the month of April, that most uncomfortable period, when fires and great coats are debatable questions, and Rotten Row is impossible; when the trees in Grosvenor Square thrust forth sickly-colored infantile leaves from their soot-begrimed branches, and the sun dries up in one hour the damp which a wintry-looking cloud had showered on the pavement in the previous one; when the Operas are open, but

all the best singers have the influenza; and when the relative attractions of an ice *a la Vanille*, or a glass of marischino, puzzle the brains of many a loungee at Grange's or Verrey's.

A long yawn from Sir Hercules warned Lady Tufton that the baronet had finished the most interesting portion of his paper, and was vainly endeavoring to find entertainment in some remote corner of it, devoted to wonderful phenomena or the new melo-drama at the Surrey. She saw that she might venture to speak.

"Don't you think, dear, that Mr. Percival is a very sensible young man?" she began, feeling her way cautiously, and cleverly too, for this same Mr. Percival had been agreeing most cordially the night before with all Sir Hercules' old-fashioned politics.

"Very," replied her husband. "What a pack of infernal lies!" he continued, *sotto voce*.

Lady Tufton stared; but found, on enquiry, that the latter part of the sentence referred to a flowery account which Sir Hercules was reading of the new opera produced last night, and at which the worthy baronet had "assisted," to his great disgust; for he had little taste for music, and no knowledge of Italian, so that the three hours he spent in their box on the grand tier had been just so many hours of purgatory to him.

"Very sensible indeed, my dear wife," he continued, laying down the paper; "if it hadn't been for his conversation last night, I should have gone mad at that screeching-place. He was the only person I heard speak a word of sense the whole evening."

"Thank you, papa! London is making you quite polished," laughed Miss Jessie.

"Ah, Jessie, darling! you there? What are you reading? A novel for a guinea?"

"Wrong, sir—guess again."

"A poem then? I suppose that fellow Moore is writing more 'Loves of the Angels,' or something of the kind, eh?"

"She's reading Tennyson, said her mamma. "Don't you recollect Mr. Tennyson, that very gentlemanly man we met at Lady Rushout's?"

"Indeed, Lady Tufton, I don't recollect him at all," growled the old gentleman; "and I don't want to recollect him or any other poets, or that sort of people. Bless my soul!—in my younger days I should as soon have thought of visiting my tailor as a poet. I wonder where all these abominable republican changes will lead us. Society's going to the dogs as fast as it can, that's clear."

"Well, well, my dear Hercules, you may hate poets with all your heart—though *entre nous*, I prefer them to politicians. But this Mr. Percival I was speaking of, is neither a poet nor a *parvenu*. You know his family of course?"

Sir Hercules nodded assent.

Lady Tufton proceeded.

"Now, I want your permission to cultivate his intimacy closely. You know," she added, with a significant glance in the direction of her daughter, "that he intends to purchase the Verney estates, adjoining ours."

Sir Hercules looked serious. However, he expressed his willingness to be as intimate as Lady Tufton might please with Mr. Percival. He then called for his boots; Lady Tufton retired to her boudoir; and Jessie sought her own room, to write eight pages of earnest nonsense to her bosom friend, Miss Julia somebody, in the country. It is scarcely right to peep into a lady's letter, but we cannot forbear giving one sentence:

"This Mr. Percival is handsome, well-bred, and all that—but I see through mamma's design, and so I shall hate him from henceforth. He may purchase the Verney estates; but I don't intend him to buy the Tufton ones also."

"Isn't it enough to make a fellow wild?" asked Frank Phillimore of his bosom friend and chum, Mr. Richard Fenntorn, "isn't it enough to make a fellow wild to read every day about the abundance of capital, the Bank gorged with bullion, money never so plentiful, &c.; and then to get a letter from your governor, or your mother, to say that they can't send you a halfpenny at present, for money is so scarce!"

"I don't believe a word about the 'glut of gold,' replied his friend; "for, hang me! if I know a man in the whole range of my acquaintance with ten sovereigns in his pocket at this moment."

"Very true," sighed the response. "But what's to be done? There must be some way of making money, Dick."

"Of course. Opening a betting-office, for example, and bolting on the Derby day; starting a 'hell' in Jermyn Street; inventing a new pill to

cure everything; keeping a ginshop; giving a pictorial, musical, facetious, serious, descriptive, personally adventurous 'entertainment' on the capital of unbounded 'cheek,' a grand-piano, and a picture or two; lecturing against Popery and Cardinal Wiseman. All these things, my dear fellow, are highly profitable."

"Yes—but they wouldn't suit a fellow like me."

"Perhaps not: you're too honest for some of them—too modest for others—too lazy for others—and not quite sharp enough (don't be offended) for the rest of them."

"Then," said Frank, "it's useless to talk about those means. Are there no others?"

"Yes," replied Dick, "there are. What say you to a New Mining Company?"

"Surely, there are too many of them already. They can't all pay."

"The subscribers—no. The promoters—yes."

"Then I doubt their honesty."

"Que voulez vous?" said Dick with a shrug.

"The maxim of the present day, practically carried out, if not actually uttered, is 'Every man for himself;' and the promoters of mining companies are about as honest as tradesmen in general."

"Tradesmen—humph!" growled his friend, as though he loved them not.

"Precisely so my dear fellow,—tradesmen. Now, you have an aristocratic dislike to tradesmen and their doings, therefore have nothing to do with business. But what say you to marrying an heiress, by way of raising the wind?"

"It would suit my book exactly," replied Frank, looking in the glass and settling a stray curl at the same moment; "but heiresses are not to be found, or if they are, they're *frumps*."

"I can recommend you to one who is extremely handsome, young, and heiress to twelve thousand a year," answered Dick, quietly.

"The deuce you can! who is she? where is she?"

"She is Jessie Tufton, and she is in Lower Brook street," was the reply.

"Jessie Tufton! What, daughter of Sir Hercules? Hang it! I've been plagued by my mother eternally to go and call on them, for we know something of them, though I have never seen Jessie since she was a baby; for I hate the country, and she has never been in town. But is she really pretty?"

"Go and see her;—go and win her," replied Dick.

Frank Phillimore looked serious and reflective. After a minute or two he said,

"Dick, what makes you so very generous in these matters? Pray, why don't you think of winning her yourself?"

"Because, my dear boy, I have two great impediments. In the first place, I don't know who my grandfather was—in the second place, I believe I'm married already."

"Married already! you!"

"Don't look so dreadfully astonished. Yes; it's a fact, though really I never thought it worth while to mention it before. When I went over to the West Indies two years ago I married a Spanish Creole;—devilish handsome, and poor."

"And where is she? what became of her?"

"She ran away three months later with a son of a skipper; but I believe she's alive."

"Why don't you get a divorce?"

"Too expensive a luxury! Besides," said Dick, smiling, "I rather like being married; it keeps me from doing it again."

That same afternoon Frank Phillimore called on the Tuftons.

Frank was the younger son of a country gentleman with no very large estate, but a most unexceptionable pedigree. His elder brother was a delicate young man, whose life would hardly have been accepted by any insurance office in the kingdom, so that some people fancied that Frank, though only the second son, was pretty sure of inheriting the family estates. Without exactly hoping the same thing, which involved his brother's death, Frank was apt to feel something like certainty about it; and, therefore, instead of pursuing his studies in town, whither he was sent to keep terms for the bar, he spent all the money he could get and lived the life of a *fleur-de-lis* about town. The "governor" growled as governors always do in such cases; but the mamma made excuses and helped master Frank out of the many scrapes he was weekly getting into. She entertained the hope that Frank, who was so handsome and so clever (in her estimation and his own), would make a good marriage and then settle into a respectable family man.

If ever Frank felt disposed to realize his mother's hopes, it was decidedly on seeing Jessie Tufton,

with whom and with whose future fortune he felt violently in love. Whether he produced a corresponding effect on the lady's heart will appear in the sequel.

He wrote home to his mother to tell her he had seen the Tuftons, that Jessie was an angel, and that really he thought a fellow might do worse than marry her. By return of post his mother sent him a twenty-pound note, and Frank dined the same day at the Star and Garter, with his friend Dick.

In olden times, we believe that daughters did as they were bidden in matrimonial matters; and a young lady would have considered it not only wickedly disobedient, but highly immodest also to act in opposition to the wishes of her parents, or to have any wishes of her own on the husband she was to accept. But *now avons changé tout cela* in these days, and young misses have a far higher opinion of their own taste and judgment in selecting a partner for life, than of their parents. And so it came to pass that Jessie Tufton determined to dislike Walter Percival, Esq., because she guessed that her mamma had fixed on that gentleman for her spouse.

Mr. Tufton was puzzled to know what Jessie could find obnoxious in the man. Percival himself was rather astonished too—not that he expected to find Jessie in love with him, or manifesting any decided alacrity to become so, but it certainly struck him that he had as yet done nothing to justify her very palpable dislike of him, and it may have crossed his mind for an instant that he was not altogether the most disagreeable fellow in person or manner in the world. However, the effect was evident enough; and all Mrs. Tufton's attempts to cultivate the very close intimacy she hinted at, failed entirely, seeing that Percival himself avoided it as he perceived how distasteful his company had become to one of the party.

Meanwhile Frank Phillimore pressed his suit most warmly. Jessie appeared to like him very well, but was not yet in love with him. Sir Hercules was also pleased with him; for he was a good-looking fellow, and exceedingly well-born—the greatest of all personal advantages in the old gentleman's eyes. Lady Tufton, on the other hand, manifested the strongest repugnance to him because he was a younger son, or even if he inherited his father's estates, what were they? Three thousand a year at the very outside. And to think of accepting such a man and rejecting Walter Percival, Esq., worth five times the income. Birth was all very well, but not worth much in her opinion. There was a little flaw in her ladyship's own pedigree, by the way. At all events the conjunction of the Verney estates and the Tafton estates, and their joint rent-rolls appeared to her of far greater importance than a mouldy parchment of long descent and little money.

But in spite of all the good lady's exertions, Frank was the most constant of visitors at the house, and continued to talk, walk, and laugh with Jessie Tufton, more than any man in London, except perhaps, Dick Fennithorne, his inseparable friend, who generally accompanied him, and always took Jessie in hand when anything called Frank off from his delightful duty. But then wasn't Dick a married man? It is true that Frank was under a promise not to divulge that little secret, but he felt that it was a perfect safeguard, nevertheless, against rivalry, in that quarter.

Dick was one of the merriest and cleverest fellows in the world. He stated frankly that he never knew who his grandfather was, but his father had been a West-Indian merchant, and had made a decent little fortune in "auld lang syne," for its not so easy to screw a fortune out of the West Indies now. Dick had been sent to Eton when a boy, and there he first became acquainted with Frank Phillimore, and they had remained friends ever since. Their ways of life, however, had been very different, for while Frank had gone to college, and thence to study for the bar in London, Dick had come into his little fortune by the death of his father, and was fond of roaming about the world, so that you might see him one month in London, and have a letter from him dated "Nova Zembla" the next, and "Calcutta" one or two months later. He was always happy and always contented, but he had an odd kind of way of doing everything and telling everything, so that Frank had been far less astonished at the revelation he made touching his marriage, than he would have been in the case of any other man.

The ladies liked Dick, as they generally do like a handsome, clever, good-humored fellow, who thinks more of them than of himself—a grievous sin against

the spirit of dandyism, but very successful with the fair sex.

The London season was drawing to a close, and people beginning to make their arrangements for country quarters. But there is a pleasant little season intervening between the two great ones of balls and operas in town, and partridge and fox-hunts in the country. It is the yachting season, when people rush off from the stifling heat and dust of London, to taste the sea-breezes of Cowes and Ryde, get up regattas, and sailing parties, and picnics, and make July and August endurable.

Percival had a yacht at Cowes, and he had also a marine villa there; and in spite of all the coolness he had experienced from Miss Jessie, he mustered up courage to invite the Tuftons down to his house. Sir Hercules, who liked yachting, though he was very sea-sick in rough weather, accepted with pleasure for himself and his family. Lady Tufton was delighted to give her favorite scheme one more chance, and Jessie was not unwilling to go, as she found that Percival never annoyed her with attentions.

"And so you are going to Cowes next week, Miss Tufton?" asked Dick.

"Yes; I believe so."

"I'm delighted to hear it, for your own sake, as it is really delightful that yachting life, and for mine, as I am going also."

"Indeed!" said Jessie; and as sure as she possessed pretty eyes, they sparkled with pleasure, and she felt a little more delight than she could quite account for. Whether Dick saw it we can't tell.

"Ah, I never miss Cowes," pursued Dick. "I once came from Egypt, where I was very busy poring over antiquities, to be at the regatta."

Jessie smiled, and then, not knowing exactly what to say, she added—

"Then you have been to Egypt?"

"Yes; five times. In fact, I think I've been everywhere, except to Greenland, and I never have had a taste for Arctic expeditions."

"You have been to the West Indies, I believe," she said significantly, so significantly, in fact, that Dick wondered what the deuce she could mean.

"I have been in every one of the West Indian islands," said Dick. "I was there two years ago." Suddenly he stopped, for he saw something like a smile on Jessie's face, and it struck him instantly that Frank had betrayed his confidence, and "peached" about his Spanish Creole wife.

Just then Frank was announced, and, as he entered the room, Dick felt the greatest desire to kick him on the spot: but he had a tolerable command of his temper and his countenance, and he kept both in order on this occasion.

What an amusing sight is an amateur sailor! To see a West-end dandy, with elaborate moustachios, rigged out in loose white ducks, short jacket and anchor buttons (or R. Y. S. ditto), blue shirt, and little round glazed hat, the shape and size of an inverted cheese plate, on his head. But the costume is only half the sport. His walk is delightful. How hard he tries to convert the St. James's Street lounge into the free-and easy swinging gait of a jolly tar! And then his conversation. How knowingly he talks of craft and their different rigs, and how careful he is to give the true nautical name to everything, feeling that his character as a "sailor" would be gone for ever if he called descending into the cabin anything but "going below," or instead of "turning in," should utter that perfectly-unheard-of-in-the-nautical-world phrase of "going to bed." He is dreadfully alarmed lest you should suspect him capable of sea-sickness, and to hint that he perhaps prefers the Solent to the Atlantic, he would take as the greatest of insults.

Well, laugh as we may, yachting is very pleasant, and we enjoy nothing better than a day or two's cruising off the Isle of Wight, though we most cordially detest a long voyage, such as we have too often made. The regatta, too, is a pretty sight, and a gratifying one to English pride—except when a "tarnation Yankee clipper comes and whips all our best yachts on their own water. We have heard a whisper—we don't want to frighten the Earl of Wilton into fits—that another Yankee is coming over this year. We hope that the R. Y. S. is prepared with something new and dangerous to meet her—and beat her too; but we doubt it.

Jessie Tufton was enraptured with a yachting life, and looked handsomer than ever—except when she hid her face beneath one of those vile blue shades or "pokes" that the ladies seem to think absolutely necessary at the sea-side. Percival was very attentive to his guests, and for a time he seemed determined to try his fate with fair Jessie. But that very wayward young lady became frigid and almost disa-

greeable the instant he became tender; and so he not only gave up the pursuit, but felt so piqued, that he would have been ready to assist in punishing Miss Jessie for her haughtiness, if he could have hit on a scheme for that purpose.

One fine day, as Sir Hercules Tufton was sitting in the little room appropriated to him in Percival's marine residence, he was surprised by Dick Fennithorne walking in and requesting a few minutes' private conversation with him. The old gentleman expressed himself quite ready to hear Dick's communication. Dick took a seat, put down his hat, and without further circumlocution, said:

"It's about your daughter, sir, Miss Tufton, that I wished to address you."

Sir Hercules looked puzzled, but bowed.

"The fact is, sir," said Dick, in the easiest manner in the world, though without a sign of flippancy, "I have formed a deep attachment to Miss Tufton."

"Sir!" exclaimed Sir Hercules in surprise.

"Pray, hear me quietly sir," said Dick, calmly. "I have formed, sir, a deep attachment to your daughter, and I have come to ask your permission to declare it to her."

"My permission, sir! D—n it, sir, what do you mean! Do you suppose, sir, that I'd grant permission for my daughter to marry a man that—that—don't know who his grandfather was?"

Dick smiled blandly; but evinced no annoyance and no disrespect for Sir Hercules.

"Pardon me, my dear Sir, but am I to understand that you would ground your refusal on that circumstance alone?"

"Decidedly so, sir, decidedly. There might be other grounds too, but they're nothing to that one in my estimation."

"Will you kindly state the other grounds?"

"I really don't feel called on to do anything of the kind sir; the one I have mentioned is insuperable to me."

"As you please, my dear sir," replied Dick, "my object in asking was, that I might not be like Hercules with the Hydra, a new head springing up as soon as I had battered in the old one."

Sir Hercules had forgotten his classics, and so he felt savage at allusions he did not understand, like the Irishwoman, who objected to being called "nothing better than a pronoun."

"I believe, sir, you have heard of Colonel Fennithorne of Franklands," asked Dick.

"Certainly, certainly, knew him well, some of the best blood in England in his veins."

"He was my grandfather," said Dick.

"He! why he had but one son, who—"

"Who went to Jamaica," interrupted Dick, "who became a merchant there in consequence of his father's death, with the Frankland estates mortgaged to their full value; who made money, returned to England, became a merchant in London, married Miss Verney, daughter of Sir Miles Verney, and had by her one son—your humble servant."

And here Dick pulled out a parchment to prove the truth of what he said, and handed it to Sir Hercules. The old gentleman stared, read and re-read the thing, then looked at Dick, then swore he saw a strong likeness between him and his grandfather, then declared he was perfectly astonished with his explanation, and then shook his head and said, "but after all, it won't do."

"Why not, sir?" said Dick.

"Because you've no money," but really the old gentleman looked as if he did not care so much for that point, as he knew somebody else (Lady Tufton) would.

"I shall not have much soon," said Dick, "for I am going to invest it all in the purchase of the Verney estates."

Here was another surprise; and Dick now proceeded to inform Sir Hercules that he had inherited a very good fortune from his father, but not sufficient to make the purchase he now contemplated, and which he had long desired. Therefore he had saved three-fourths of his income during six years, and by prudent investments and speculations, he was now in a position to buy the property which had so long been in chancery, and was released from that pleasant place only (as was always anticipated) to be brought to the hammer.

When the old gentleman heard this, he thought Dick the finest fellow in the world, and gave him permission to win the lady, if he could.

"Sir, this is a gross insult!" cried Miss Jessie, springing from her seat, and addressing Dick, who had just been asking the momentous question.

"Insult!" said Dick, puzzled: but a thought struck him. "Pardon me, Miss Tufton, but had I known—had I even guessed that your affection-



WAX CAST OF THE FACE OF NAPOLEON I.—SIDE VIEW.

were bestowed elsewhere, I would not have pained you by—"

"Stop, sir, and leave the room!" said Jessie, with the air of a tragedy queen; "you *know* that you are now only seeking to insult me further by insinuating things you knew to be false."

"In Heaven's name, what do you mean?" asked Dick, very energetically, and rather out of humor.

"Leave the room, sir, or I will send for my father, and ask whether he allows a *married* man to address such insults to me as you have."

Dick gaped for a moment in surprise, and then burst into the loudest fit of laughter, which he could not control, and Jessie at the same instant burst into a flood of tears. This recalled Dick to what was due to her and himself.

"For God's sake, don't shed tears through my folly, Miss Tufton,—but—upon my soul, I'm *not* married."

"What, Sir!" cried Jessie, "did you not confess it yourself?"

"To poor Frank! ha! ha! Yes, I believe I told him something about a Creole wife and a Yankee skipper,—and to think of the rascal repeating it to you, and you believing it!"

"It is false, then?"

"False as—!" Dick was going to utter something very energetic, but he altered his mind, and caught Jessie in his arms—where (lucky man) we will leave him.

Our story is told: the only two persons displeased at the *denouement* were Percival, who was outbid for the Verney estates, and Frank, who was distanced in the race for an heiress.

A Russian Husband's Revenge.

BY CHARLES LESLIE.

GENERAL PRINCE — was a man of about fifty, of a frowning aspect and harsh features, and wearing long gray mustaches. The princess, his wife, was, on the contrary, a young and lovely creature, with blooming cheeks, flaxen tresses, and large blue eyes, that seemed redolent of love.

How in the world had this charming creature become the Princess —? The answer lies in the sad fact, that the General was all-powerful in Poland, and that Varinka was a Pole. Her father was at the eve of being brought to the scaffold,—her fondly-loved brother was about to be captured, when death would await him. The general alone had the power to save them both. Being madly in love with the beautiful Varinka, he offered to save her

father and brother, on the condition of her giving him her hand, to which the poor girl consented in an agony of terror.

It is not that the prince was quite unworthy either of the treasure he had appropriated. Under the rough coating of a Russian soldier there beat a noble heart. He was wealthy—was the representative of an illustrious family, and had acquired both fame and glory in his own person. But he was old—he loved with a kind of savage love—and was, moreover, jealous to a pitch of frenzy.

No sooner was the marriage celebrated, or rather the bargain concluded, than the prince hastened to conceal his young wife in a dismal old castle, that seemed to have been hung by giant hands on the edge of a steep rock, whose basis was lashed by the foaming waters of a rapid torrent. It was like some culture's eyrie, or the inaccessible stronghold of a magician, or rather Blue Beard's gloomy abode itself!

For a time all went on smoothly enough; the young wife appeared, if not happy, at least resigned to her fate. The leaden atmosphere of *ennui* that breathed around her had not yet blanched her cheek, and she even occasionally endeavored to smile. But one evening, on returning, after a short absence, and before he was expected, the prince crept up stealthily to his wife's room, situated in the turret projecting beyond the rock, and whose balcony overhung the yawning abyss below: and as he paused a moment before he opened the door, he started on hearing a strange voice in the chamber—and that the voice of a man!

He looked through the keyhole, and could see a young man seated beside the princess. He now listened to their conversation.

"And what was your dream about, my dear Varinka?" asked the stranger, in a tone of tender solicitude.

"Oh! it was frightful!" replied the young wife, shuddering: "I fancied we were both clinging to the rope by which you climb up to my balcony from the bottom of the precipice; and that the rope, though so securely fastened, suddenly snapped asunder."

"Poor Varinka!" exclaimed the young man.

"And then we were dashed against the rocks, and swallowed up by the torrent!" resumed she. "Oh! I shudder at the bare thought of that frightful dream!"

"At any rate," observed the young man, after a pause, "we should have had no more sad partings; and death would have gathered us into one grave."

"Yes," replied the princess in a melancholy voice; "I should hail the thought that nothing more could part us,—that the winter winds would moan, and the summer's bright sun would smile over our watery grave, and that we should still be together!" The husband could scarce restrain an outburst of rage.

"I think I hear some one," said the young man. "At any rate, it is time to go, for dawn is advancing. So, farewell!"

Then, embracing the princess, he climbed over the balcony railing and disappeared.

"Farewell till to-morrow!" cried Varinka, leaning over the chasm.

"Till to-morrow!" echoed the young man's voice from the depths of the abyss.

"Aye—till to-morrow!" muttered the husband, who retired as stealthily as he had come.

On the morrow the prince's nephew arrived at the castle. He was quite a young man—a mere cadet—entertaining the most enthusiastic admiration for the hero he was proud to call his uncle.

"Alexis," said the old man with a fierce look, "is the honor of our family dear to you?"

The nephew, as in duty bound, replied by a glance and a gesture worthy of the Cid.

"The uncle was satisfied, and said, "Then follow me."

In a short time, after wading through some nearly impassable paths, they had reached the brink of a torrent, but at a distance from the castle.

"Now look, Alexis," said the general, pointing to the reefs nearly level with the water, whose sharp peaks rose close to the basis of the rock overlooked by the princess's balcony—"a man will come hither to-night, in a boat, which he will probably moor to one of yon reefs. The boat will perhaps be his only chance of safety—and mark me! he is not to escape from the just punishment that awaits him."

"I understand," replied the nephew.

"What do you understand?" asked the general.

"That as soon as this man shall have secured a footing on the rock, I am to cut the cable of his boat, which the waves will presently dash to pieces," said the hopeful cadet.

"But are you aware, boy, that you risk your life by plunging into the torrent?"

"Did you not say that it was a matter of more than life or death, and that your honor stood on the die?" said Alexis.

"Well said, youngster," answered the uncle.

Not a word more was exchanged between them on the subject. At night the youth was at his post. It was a lovely starry night in August, but the depths of the abyss were dark and gloomy. Alexis flung himself unhesitatingly into the roaring torrent. Being an expert swimmer, and by dint of clinging occasionally to the rocks that tore his flesh, Alexis managed to reach a reef just beneath the window, behind which he could watch what was passing.

A slight noise soon met his ear. It was the bark putting off from the opposite bank. It certainly seemed as if he who moved it must be impelled by a mad and headlong passion, for it was little short of tempting Providence!

It was the boat-hook rather than the oars, and his hands still more than either, that stood the stranger in good stead, and enabled him to reach the foot of the sloped granite crag, to which he moored his bark.

On gaining the rock, he proceeded to scale it with superhuman efforts, the ascension being even more perilous than crossing the torrent had been. But it was so dark in these solitary depths, that Alexis soon lost sight of the stranger. His immediate business, however, was to cut the cable, which he accordingly did, when the fragile bark was drifted by the torrent and speedily dashed to pieces. But the noise was lost in the roaring of the torrent, and never reached the ears of the daring adventurer!

After fulfilling his mission, the general's nephew raised his head, out of curiosity, towards the higher regions that were bathed in moonlight, and could perceive the stranger standing on a narrow ledge that bulged out over the waves of the precipice, some five and twenty fathoms above the torrent.

"How could he manage to climb up to that ledge?" thought Alexis—"and how will he ever be able to proceed a step further, now that the rock is as steep as a wall?"

A rope was now let down from the balcony, as if to answer his silent query. The stranger seized it eagerly, and began to scale the intervening space with fearful rapidity, till he had reached about three quarters of the distance. At that point, however, although his arms and legs continued manœuvring after the same fashion, the stranger seemed not to advance a step farther.

By and by he appeared to be coming down again.

Yet no! it was not the man, but the rope that was being slowly lowered. Still his efforts seemed more desperate than ever. It looked as if he would fain have leapt at a bound to the window he longed to reach, and whither his whole soul seemed to aspire. But the rope kept lowering and lowering still!

Let us now take a peep at the interior of the princess's room.

The window was open to receive the gentle breezes of the night, and the fair young woman was sitting in her evening dishabille, with her beautiful hair flowing down her back, unconfined by pin or comb. Her exquisitely moulded chin was resting on her hand, in the pensive attitude of one in whose mind youthful hope is struggling against the blighting influence of stern reality.

Presently, the clock struck one, when a signal reached her ear—but so cautiously was it transmitted, that it did not even disturb the nightingale singing on its spray,—it seemed as if she alone in the whole creation could have heard it.

Varinka started to her feet, and ran and opened a cupboard, from whence she drew a rope as long as a fathom line for sounding the ocean. She then proceeded to fasten it solidly to one of the marble pillars supporting the mantel-piece; and after trying its strength, and answering the signal from without in a still lower key than it was given, she rushed towards the balcony, and lowered the rope over the balustrade, still grasping it with her delicate fingers, as if to ensure the safety of the beloved object it was to poise in mid-air.

And now the marble pillar squeaked beneath the pressure of the noose, as the anxiously expected guest had seized the other end of the rope from below. Varinka leaned over the balcony, with a strange mixture of joy and anxiety, when suddenly she felt a hand upon her shoulder.

She turned round—it was her husband!

Varinka remained speechless, motionless, and terror-stricken.

The prince was silent likewise, but there lurked a diabolical smile upon his rough countenance as he drew forth his hunting-knife.

Yet think not, reader, he was about to plunge it into his wife's bosom. No, the old general was too refined a gentleman to think of any such Plebeian revenge! He slowly stooped down, and began deliberately sawing the rope tightly drawn across the chamber.

Varinka could not utter a syllable. Her senses seemed petrified by terror.

Meanwhile the husband continued sawing away at the fatal rope, with a kind of sardonic coolness, until it hung together by a few threads only.

"Make haste, madam," cried he,—"make haste and seize the rope, or all will be lost for him who is hanging over the abyss."

As if galvanized into action by these taunting words, the young wife darted upon the rope, and by a superhuman effort of strength on the part of so fragile a being, she wound it three or four times round her arm with frantic haste.

Dragged violently by this one arm towards the window, while the rest of her body clung with desperation to the inside of the chamber, she fixed her looks on her husband, and once more became motionless.

"Vastly well!" said the general, coldly. "You forbear screaming, because you justly surmise that at the first hint of the kind you give him, he will generously relinquish his hold. This is excellent: it is neither he nor I, but you who will kill him!"

Then sheathing his hunting-knife, he sat down quietly opposite his wife, folded his arms, and enjoyed his horrible revenge, tasting it drop by drop, as it were.

If there be an earthly punishment equal to the tortures experienced by the jealous, it must surely be the prolonged agony endured by this unhappy young creature, as she kept twisting the cord around her bruised and fragile wrist, beneath the basilisk gaze of her revengeful husband.

She kept clutching the cord with the frantic energy of despair, terrified by the faintness stealing over her, which forced her to recede inch by inch towards the balcony; while he without, not understanding her delay, kept gradually ascending higher and higher still: and there sat the husband chuckling in a dark corner of the room!

What pen can describe the unhappy creature's sufferings? How mighty were the efforts she made to resist a few seconds longer, till her wrists were numbed with intense pain, and her hands, from which all the blood had retreated, felt powerless to retain the cord on which depended a life so unutterably dear to her.

And now she is dragged into the balcony—yet one hand still grasps the balustrade with a convulsive gripe! But, oh! the weight from below still

drags her on and on, her body is now lifted into an upright position; anon, it leans over the abyss—the tips of her feet alone rest on the balcony—she loses her equilibrium—she hovers over the chasm like a spirit of the air.

"Together," cries she, in a dying voice—"we'll die together, as in my dream."

And still clutching the rope, she disappears in the yawning precipice.

A cry of anguish, and then another—the dull, heavy sound of a body falling on the rocks below—then again another fall, and all was silent save the roaring, splashing torrent, that bore away the two corpses in their foamy winding-sheet!

High above stood the pitiless general on the balcony from whence his wife was dashed headlong into the jaws of death, smiling with an infernal smile as he watched the horrible catastrophe of this fearful domestic tragedy.

Below stood the nephew, who, on witnessing this agonizing scene, understood too late the dreadful import of the part he had so imprudently consented to perform. He covered his face with his hands, and remained absorbed in the most painful reflections.

In an hour's time, the youth felt a hand upon his shoulder, and on raising his eyes, he perceived it was his uncle, bearing a torch in his hand.

"Follow me," said the general, in an authoritative tone.

The uncle and the nephew proceeded to thread their way back amongst the reefs in profound silence, till they reached the torrent on the other side of the castle; and following along the rocky banks of the river, they at length discovered one of the bodies.

It was that of the young man. Alas! the features were no longer recognisable.

The murderer now coolly searched the victim's pockets, choked up as they were with mire and gravel, and at length found a letter. The lines had evidently been traced by his wife's hand, and were signed "Varinka."

By the flickering light of the torch, he next proceeded to scan their import, but at the very first words he started back, exclaiming, in the wild accents of despair, "Her brother, Venceslas! Oh! accursed be my revenge!"

The next morning the prince's hair had turned as white as snow.

The brother and sister were buried together, and three days afterwards the jealous husband's dead body was found beside their grave.

Blind jealousy had led him to murder, and remorse impelled him to expiate his crime by suicide!

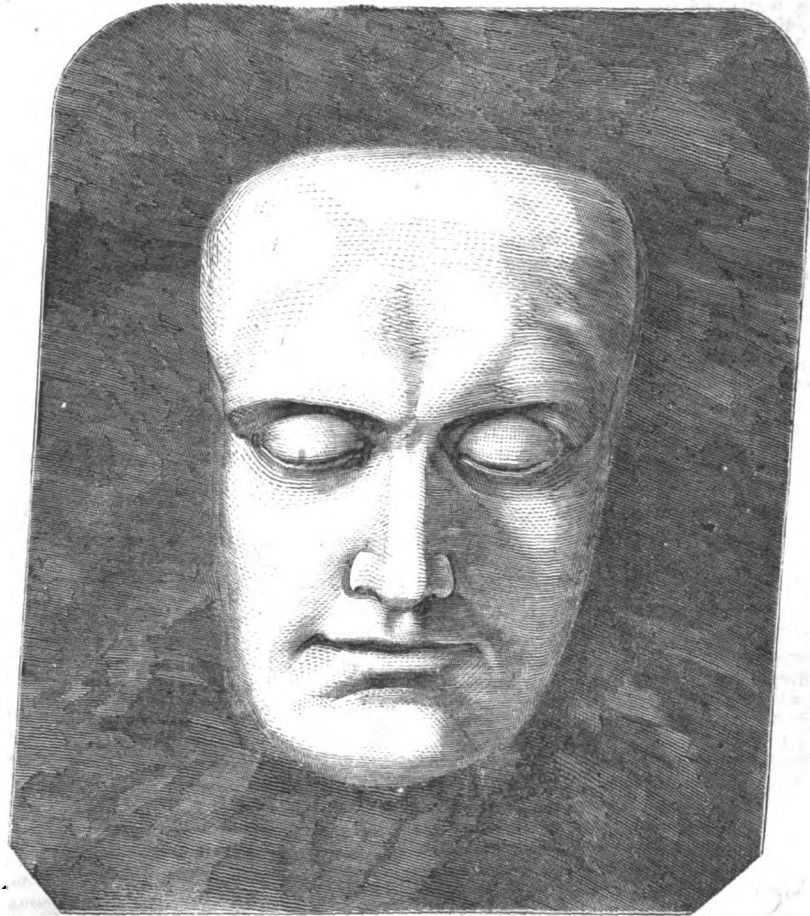
DUELING.—A late publication, after stating that the consequence of the duel, in modern times, is frequently deplorable from the cause of quarrel being the unsubstantial point of honor, or difference of opinion on trifling subjects, relates the following appropriate anecdote:—"A traveller, describing to a company the many wonders he had witnessed, stated, among others, that he had seen anchovies growing in a field in Egypt. They stared at him, and at one another; but one of them was not content with this silent indication of opinion; he expressed his disbelief in rather unequivocal terms; at which the angry traveller reiterated protestations of the truth of his assertion, adding some menaces and observations offensive to the sceptic. A hostile rencontre followed, when chance gave the traveller the privilege of firing first, which he had no sooner done, and before his adversary could return the compliment, than he dropped his pistol, and clapping his hand to his forehead, exclaimed, 'I protest to God, 'twas capers I meant!' which explanation, together with a suitable apology for his mistake, terminated the affair."

LAUGH ON.—Laugh on, and never mind the censure of cynics. Joy is one of the greatest panaceas of life. It braces the nerves, makes the heart dance to pleasant music, and the very soul ring again with harmonious sounds. It is the delight of the good, makes sunshine where there would be all shadow and gloom, promotes domestic happiness, drives away sorrow, and prepares the mind for the exigencies of the future; so laugh on, but laugh discreetly, and in due season. Exuberant mirth does not become any.

PENALTY OF REVEALING STATE SECRETS.—The parties accused of betraying the secrets of the Prussian telegraph have been found guilty. The telegraphic clerk has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment and other penalties; and the banker Meyer, the source of the corruption, to two years' and a half imprisonment and loss of civil rights for three years. The conviction of the banker was not expected.

MOSQUITOES IN BEHRING'S STRAITS.—It seems that these insects flourish even in a high northern latitude. Some of the officers of the British sloop of war *Trincomelee*, recently at San Francisco, from Port Clarence, in Behring's Straits, say that the mosquitoes were more numerous than in Central America. They inhaled them by the mouthful, and could not walk out without a handkerchief or veil over their faces.

The ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster.



WAX CAST OF THE FACE OF NAPOLEON I.—FRONT VIEW.

The Rag Market of Paris.

NEAR the Rue du Temple, on the site of the ancient Temple, stands the rag market of Paris. One word must be allowed us on the subject of the Temple before we deal with the rags. The order of the Templars was first founded at Jerusalem, during the crusades of the eleventh century. The six monks who at first were the only members of the order, came to Europe in 1128 to make proselytes. Settling in Paris, they soon acquired a large space of ground, then of comparatively little value, in the fauberg named after the Temple, which they erected, and which they made one of the strongest fortresses in the kingdom. On account of its strength, this fortress was used as the depository of the treasures of the kings of France whenever they left home on a foreign expedition. In the course of a century the order became exceedingly rich, and, according to the custom in those times, began to abuse their power and prerogatives. Their haughtiness and turbulence grew with their wealth, and at length increased to such a pitch, that Philippe le Bell suppressed their order in 1312, putting many of them to the torture, and burning two of them alive. As a matter of course he seized their possessions; but he made over a part of them to the brethren of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, who became the knights of Malta. He retained the old stronghold for political purposes, and it remained standing through succeeding centuries down to our own day. The immediate precincts having been ecclesiastical property, had the privilege of sanctuary, and became the refuge of debtors, rogues, and even of assassins, from the grasp of the law. For their accommodation hotels were erected and pleasure grounds laid out, where an equivocal sort of gentry, who wished to avoid arrest, took up their abode. In 1566 Jacques de Souvré built the palace of the grand prior of the order of Malta; this building having fallen into decay, was restored in 1721, but the order being abolished towards the close of the century, the palace passed into private hands, and at length, after undergoing a variety of fortunes, was finally pulled down in 1853, and the place on which it stood planted with trees.

The heavy square tower, flanked with four turrets, which constituted the original stronghold, is best known to us as the prison in which the unhappy Louis XVI and his family were confined in 1792, and from which he departed only to ascend the scaffold. Subsequently the same prison received Sir Sidney Smith, who had the address to escape from it in disguise; the unfortunate hero, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who perished the victim of Napoleon's bad faith; and the generals Moreau and Pichegru. Whether Napoleon bore any malice against the stone walls which could not hold Sir Sidney Smith, we need not inquire, but he had the old tower pulled down, and in 1809 converted a good portion of the site of the ancient temple into the present *Marché du Vieux Linge*, or rag market.

And truly, of all the rag markets that ever were conceived, this unique assemblage of diminutive bazaars presents the most astonishing specimen. When we say that there are 1888 different shops, each under the direction of different proprietors—all of precisely the same dimensions, and all huddled together in a space that measures exactly 580 feet in length by 250 in breadth—some idea may be formed of this strange nucleus of traffic. At a little distance, the whole has an aspect not very dissimilar to one vast area of sheep-pens in a cattle-market under cover, and it does not appear by what means a customer is to make his way through them. On approaching, however, we discover that the little shops stand in blocks of four each, so that each presents two of its sides to the public. Between each block of four shops runs a narrow passage less than three feet in width, and along these, those who come to buy or sell have to proceed. It is impossible to pass another person without jostling and being jostled, but at the same time, so numerous are these thin avenues that it is easy to step aside in one of them and make way for an advancing stranger. Right in the centre of this odd establishment stands the office of the superintendent, to whom is confided the surveillance of the whole concern, and who can at any time overlook a good part of it through the windows of his bureau, which face in every direction. From the bureau proceed four wide and convenient avenues dividing the whole market into four equal parts, to which different departments of the rag trade are allotted. They are denominated respectively the *Palais Royal*, the *Carré*, the *Carré Neuf*, and the *Forêt Noir*, or Black Forest.

On entering the quarter of the *Palais Royal*,

which is that to which we happen first to turn, all our prepossessions and prejudices on the score of rags are suddenly put to flight. Instead of rags, we find every shop crammed to overflowing with all that is beautiful and tasteful in ladies' attire—silk and satin dresses, charming little bonnets of the newest fashion, caps without number, and artificial flowers, delicate and spotless and rich in all the hues of the rainbow. The bonnets alone, all apparently in the newest mode, are an innumerable multitude, and as we pause in admiration of their brilliant arrangement and color, a well-dressed damsel steps forth, and seizing us by the button, demands, "Qu'est ce que vous cherchez, monsieur?" (What are you looking for, sir!) "Step in, if you please—let me sell you a handsome bonnet for your good lady or your little daughter;" and we are compelled to put ourselves in motion to escape her solicitation. But we have scarcely gone ten yards, when another bars the narrow way with outspread arms, and half singing, half saying, "Achetez quelque chose de moi, M'sieu," (Buy something of me, sir), points to her little shop, the stock of which consists mainly of bracelets, neck-chains, hair-pins, cameos, and the requisites of the toilet. On our assuring her that we do not come to buy, she lets us pass; but a few yards farther on we find ourselves in the kingdom of parasols; and though it could hardly be expected that a gentleman of our years would be equal to a bargain in such articles, yet we are solicited to buy a parasol quite equal to new, from more than one polite saleswoman, who assures us that, beautiful as they are, we may have them for next to nothing. We have come rather early, and as yet business is not very brisk; but here and there a lively young Frenchwoman is cheapening a new bonnet, or a new shawl, or trying on a pair of gloves, or holding a glossy silk up to the light, or matching a gay ribbon, with the aid of the mirror, to the hues of her own complexion. Then there are one or two matronly looking personages, evidently mothers of families, who have come to recruit the wardrobes of their children, and who are stolidly overhauling the stocks of upper and under garments, with a knowing pertinacity in discovering their weak points, and remorseless candor in exposing them to the shop-keeper.

"That's a spot of grease," says one discriminating dame.

"Pardon me, madame," replies the saleswoman, with the gentlest suavity of voice and manner; "a stain of coffee, I admit—nothing more, and you see it is concealed by the flounce—*ça n'importe*—but, say fifteen francs instead of sixteen."

"Twelve," says the matron, in a decisive tone.

"I shall not debate with you, madame—I would prefer to lose my profit; it is yours—I look upon you as a friend."

We can but admire the ceremonious politeness that prevails. It is the same everywhere, whoever may be the contracting parties; the poor market-woman in search of a new handkerchief to bind around her brows, is treated with the same deference and assiduous attention as the rich tradesman's wife or the wine-seller's daughter. Did we not know beforehand that the whole mass of the brilliant properties before us is second-hand ware, which has already shed its virgin bloom in the social circles of the upper classes, we must confess that we should hardly have suspected that fact from the condition in which it is offered for sale. The art of revivification must be perfectly well understood by these ingenious dealers in cast-off finery, who almost rival the fashionable *modistes* of the West End in the fanciful display of their goods.

In the *Carré Neuf* we encounter still more millinery, but of a humbler and more decidedly second-hand description, suited to the wants of a humbler class. The bulk of the stock in this quarter is, however, of a less showy and more substantial kind, consisting of domestic linen, table-cloths, towels, sheets, bed-furniture, drapery and hangings, and curtains of various descriptions. Moreover, the costume of the shopkeepers differs as much from that of those in the *Palais Royal* as do the wares they sell. Their stocks of goods are heavier and more massive, and nearly block out the light from some of the small cells in which they are crammed almost as in a packing-case. These wares are, doubtless, tempting to those who stand in need of them, but their fimsiness and shabby inferiority to the British stuffs appropriated to similar purposes impress us with a notion of their worthlessness which we find it difficult to get rid of. They are in demand, however, even more than the charming fashions we have just left, especially the bed furniture, which may have been at a premium lately, in consequence of the daily increasing influx of strangers. Mattresses and beds, down pillows and bol-

sters, blankets and counterpanes, piled in solid heaps, shut out the light of day from the narrow cells, in which the proprietor has scarcely more room to move than a snail in his shell; while ever and anon dealers are coming in with fresh loads of goods on their shoulders, and depositing them on the overloaded counters. There are the symptoms of a lively trade visible and audible around us; and as everybody is tempted to furnish who has an apartment to spare, and this is the place to do it cheaply, the shopkeepers are all on the alert, and one may see by the expression of their faces that their prospects are looking up.

We have but to step across the central avenue, and we are in the *Carré*, where affairs put on a different aspect. Here, if you like, we come into contact with something in the shape of rags yet not altogether past the stage of usefulness. Old sheets, which may invite the weary workmen yet once more to repose, or shall be cut up for the manufacture of lint and paper—old curtains and scraps of towelling—remnants of faded carpeting—sheep-skin mats, decayed ottomans, inky table-covers and done up embroidery—all these things, and a hundred more besides, are mingled together, oddly enough, with every conceivable utensil of the kitchen and the scullery. Pots and pans, trays, waiters and salvers, in brass, in copper, in tin, in iron, in plated metal, in bell-metal, and mixed metals of all hues, in metal glazed with earthenware, and in earthenware without any metal at all. There is the urn, the spirit-lamp kettle, the kettle ordinary, the tea-pot in ten thousand shapes, the coffee-pot in as many, drinking goblets a multitude, knives, forks, spoons, grills, gridirons, frying and frizzling pans of all shapes, deep as a basin or shallow as an oyster-shell, and of all diameters from that of fifteen inches to that of five. In addition to these, there are a multitude of those ingenious machines in the contrivance of which the French are so clever, and which make every man his own cook, and enable him to carry his own kitchen under his arm wherever he chooses—machines which will grill a chop, boil a stew, bake a pie, steam the potatoes, simmer the soup and make the coffee—and all at the expense of two or three lumps of charcoal which cost less than a farthing—machines which, strange to say, though they are among the neatest contrivances in the world, are sure to find their way to the *omnium gatherum* depository before their virtues have been tested by a dozen experiments. There they stand in the glory of polished brass and steel, and imitative silver and gold, shaming by their refulgence the sooty complexions of their rusty and battered complexions.

"Does Monsieur desire any article for the kitchen this morning?—stew-pans—a neat stove for the bed room? Be at the trouble to mention what you seek. I shall have the happiness of serving you well. Linen for domestic use—"

We are scarcely out of the range of this *batterie de cuisine* when we are under fire from another.

"Give yourself the trouble to enter Monsieur; you will find everything you desire within. I execute every species of order in connection with the kitchen and the cook. Confide your wishes to me. I send in every article in its integrity, and it is not known that one ever objects to my prices"—and so on.

We have a notion that there is a different amount of truth in what this good man says, for his magazine is a perfect hive of kitchen curiosities and devices of all conceivable forms—numbers of them familiar to us through such accidental experience as we all unavoidably meet with, but the majority of them of a description perfectly novel to us, and of the uses of which we can form only a remote conception. We pass him with a bow, which he politely returns, and, solitary traveller as we are, pursue our way to the Black Forest.

The Black Forest, be it known, is the sombre realm—we had almost said the sepulchre—of old leather and old iron. Shoes, boots, slippers, dancing pumps, in all stages of mouldy dilapidation—wrecks of old harness and horse wrappings—abandoned leather aprons and overalls—old chair and sofa cases—fragments of old folio book covers—straps, belts, and travelling bags—coach aprons, and linings void of their padding—parlor mats worn bald—coils of rotten hose—spatterdashies, shoulder-guards and leggings; such are a few of the objects which, heaped in heterogeneous masses, lie stacked in piles around us. Here the gaping soles of a gone pair of aristocratic boots hang suspended in the loop of a decayed horse collar; there a pair of gouty slippers, bulging in frayed morocco, served as a sarcophagi to a brace of the neatest pumps, in which the tiny feet of childhood tripped on some birth-day *fête*. From the mass of lumber destined

for whatever ultimate purposes old leather can be applied to, all that can possibly fulfil one more career of usefulness—and much, we suspect, that cannot—is carefully selected, and by dint of cobbling, and stopping, and sophisticating with wax, end and heel-ball, and furbishing and polishing up is again prepared for the market, and offered for sale. So there are rows and ranks without end of boots and half-boots, of shoes, and bluchers, and ankle jacks, that lace, and tie, and button, and that do neither; and they may be had in all conditions, from serviceable articles with two or three good months of life in them yet, down to the patent, but not patented, ventilators which allow the toes of the pedestrian to look out upon society and enjoy the variations of the weather.

Together with the old leather, but also carefully separated from it, lies the old iron, which exists in forms, if possible, still more diversified. The contents of what is called a junk-store in New York, will give the reader a fair notion of what he will meet with here. There are the same collections of old nails, old keys, old tools, old iron hoops and bars, old chains, old pipes, and old fire-irons, which last-named implements, by the way, cut a very puny figure—the poker being comparable to a stair-rod, the shovel to a moderate sized gravy spoon—and the tongs, so far as size is concerned, having an equal right to figure in the sugar basin as in the fender.

Emerging from the Black Forest, we proceed eastward towards the Rotunda; but to get thither we have to pass an open space of ground, which this morning happens to be crowded with a mixed assemblage of traffickers doing business in the open air, and in a style which we suspect few Americans have ever witnessed. This area between the Rag Market and the Rotunda is in fact nothing more nor less than an old clothes exchange. The crowd through which we have to make our way, consists of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty people of both sexes, among whom we notice several mere boys and girls, every individual of whom is loaded more or less heavily with the cast-off habiliments of the male sex. Here is a man sweating under the burden of a couple of dozen coats, the sleeves of which embrace him round the throat, while their backs and multimiform tails hang in front of his breast. There is a girl with a score of pantaloons of all colors, their waists form a mountainous cape upon her shoulders, and the legs crossed on her bosom. Then there is an old dame who displays on her ample person the hues of fifty different waist-coats; while another is stuck about with an odd collection of hats, caps, "casquettes," and wide-awakes. Some confine themselves to one particular article, and others with more extensive views comprehend the garments of the whole man. All are declaiming and gesticulating, with an earnestness and vivacity which give a characteristic interest to the scene. Each overhauls his fellow's stock and submits his own to inspection with the utmost frankness. An evident cordiality prevails through the whole circle, and the clatter of tongues is enlivened with many a humorous joke and repartee; the liveliness, however, does not interfere with business, and, as we stand and look on the throng for a few moments, we notice that a large portion of the stock changes hand by way of barter, and that sundry sales are effected among a group of workmen in blouses who have come to the cheap market. As far as we can see, very few of these people are Hebrews, though they pursue a traffic which with us is monopolized by Jews alone.

The Rotunda, as its name implies, is a circular building. It was originally built for the tradesmen who supplied the prisoners and refugees of the Temple with the necessaries or luxuries of life, and it is composed entirely of shops in a series of arcades, the front ones sheltered by a projecting roof. When the Temple was destroyed, the Rotunda was destined to become a part of the Rag Market, and of this, in fact, it may be considered to form a fifth department. It is devoted exclusively, with the exception of a few portions set apart as provision and wine stores, to the commerce in second-hand military clothing and accoutrements. It is beyond all question the most curious museum of the whole five, and the most suggestive. Here are the uniforms, or the fragments of uniforms, of every regiment that has ever mustered on the soil of France since the old régime, and of every grade in the regiment, too, from that of the poor private up to the commander-in-chief. Here, we have a notion, might be found the identical rags in which the bare-footed patriots of the revolution thrashed the foreigner on the frontier, before Napoleon came and covered their naked valor with decent broad-cloth. Here is the redoubtable cocked hat which haunted the dreams

of Prussia for years after the battle of Jena; and here, too, is that three-cornered mystery which we remember to have seen burnt on the head of a straw-stuffed effigy a dozen times in days of yore, when the name of "Boney" was a terror to the lieges of George III. Here are shakos without number, sword-belts, epaulettes, scarlet tufts, military chests, red coats, blue coats, green coats, buff coats, white coats, yellow coats, and brown coats, with any amount of buttons you like upon them in big, embossed brass. Here are braided jackets, gold-laced jackets, frogged jackets, and jackets of no note or respectability whatever. Here are trowers of all colors, for long-legged men or men with short legs—of canvas, of leather, or of kersermere—braided and striped, or varnished, or plain. Here are alps of knapsacks and pouches and canteens, and pyramids of gaiters and gloves and old sashes. In short, here is a chaos of the wrecks of the barrack, the drill, the review, and the battle-field—all doomed, after the overturning of empires and dynasties, to supplement the profits of the rag-shop, and to descend from the heights of military glory to the bathos of "Fifteenpence, your honor, for the cocked hat." And what is more than all, here is the history of France revolutionary, consular, imperial, vanquished, restored, and revolutionary again; here it is, for those who have the wit to read it, in fifty thousand memorials of those whom the world has decreed shall be the makers of history, and whose old clothes, it too often happens, are the only legacies of any value which they leave behind them. Some wayward thoughts flit across our mind as we turn away from the site of the old Temple. We image to ourselves the enthusiasm of the crusading monks; the wealth and turbulence of their successors; the savage tyranny of Phillippe le Bel; the pomp and dignity of the old grand prior; the sufferings of poor Louis XVI.; the anguish of Toussaint; the impassive cruelty of Napoleon; and, after all these, and on the spot that witnessed them all, the establishment of a kingdom of "shreds and tatters" and second-hand finery. And, in the mood which these thoughts give birth to, we almost wish for leave to erect a broad banner over the centre of the Rag Market, with a very legible "SIC TRANSIT" for a motto.

All Difficulties to be Overcome.

THERE are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance. A passionate desire and unwearied will can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and the feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open upon the hills. We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent disproportion between the results of single efforts and the magnitude of the obstacles to be encountered. Nothing good or great is to be obtained without courage and industry; but courage and industry might have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effect of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled. All exertion, too, is in itself delightful, and active amusement seldom tire us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play on an instrument all day long. The chase, we know, has always been the favorite amusement of kings and nobles. Not only fame and fortune, but pleasure, is to be earned. Efforts, it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not to be circumnavigated by one wind. We should never do nothing. "It is better to wear out than to rust out," says Bishop Cumberland. "There will be time enough to repose in the grave," said Nicole to Pascal. In truth, the proper rest for man is change of occupation. As a young man, you should be mindful of the unspeakable importance of early industry, since in youth habits are easily formed, and there is time to recover from defects. An Italian sonnet, justly as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river, and is lost in the sea. The toils as well as risks of an active life are commonly overrated, so much may be done by the diligent use of ordinary opportunities; but they must not always be waited for. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but till "it is made hot." Herschel, the great astronomer, declares that ninety or one hundred hours, clear enough for observations, cannot be called an unproductive year. The lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful, should patiently see the active and the bold pass them in the course. They must bring

down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble, and should not vainly hope to unite the incompatible enjoyments of indolence and enterprise, of ambition and self-indulgence.

THE GERMAN STUDENTS' "COMMERS."—The Commers is a meeting of all the "Chors," or fighting societies of the students, which takes place at the beginning and end of each term. That at the beginning, of which I am about to give a description, is the challenging *commers*; the other is simply a social meeting. I happened to be staying at Heidelberg at the beginning of a term, and was invited by a student to accompany him to the *commers*. This meeting is always held at an inn called the Hirschgasse, situated on the bank of the Neckar, opposite to the town. We found the inn brilliantly lighted up for the occasion. In the large room, where the students' duels (as we call them, though in reality they are but trials of skill) are fought, four long tables were arranged with benches. At the ends of each of the tables were laid two crossed swords, with the colors and badges of one of the chors. A brass band was stationed at one end of the room, who, from the way in which they blew, must certainly have been supplied with unlimited beer. Each chor took possession of its own table, and after an interval the first song was sung by all the students, accompanied by the band. A paper of the songs was given to everybody. Before each song two "seniors" of the chor put on the bands lying at the end of each table and also a pair of gauntlets, and took possession of two chairs placed there. At the end of every verse they struck the tables simultaneously with the swords, making the glasses dance. The intervals between the songs were passed in smoking and drinking beer; an incessant talking going on meanwhile. It was twelve o'clock before the *Landeswater* or "sacred song" of the German students was sung. During this song each man in turn stands up with the one opposite to him, and having first drank to the prosperity of their fatherland the seniors give the two men their swords, and they cross them over the table, keeping time to a stave of the music. Then each man runs the sword through his cap, and as the verse begins again, the next men go through the same ceremony. Of course the swords, as they pass down, get full of caps. When this part of the performance is ended, the last verse of the song is sung and the caps are returned to their owners in turn, the seniors grasping the hands of the two men and striking them on the head with the flat of the two swords till the verse is finished. All this time the band is putting forth its full power, and the whole of the students singing in chorus. The effect is fine. This is the ceremony of initiation, by which the freshman is received into the brotherhood of the students. After the singing of the *Landeswater* the challenges took place. Any student who wished to have a set to, after their custom, with another, called out his name, and addressed to him the words *Dummer Junge*, "Stupid youngster," which is the form of challenge. Nothing more was said on either side, but the affair was considered settled. These words were shouted on all sides of me, and it was evident that every man there must have been challenged, except, perhaps, a few old ones, who were too cunning of fence, or who would not fight. The business of the night was now over, and the great majority of the students took their way homewards. I ought to have mentioned a curious character who is to be found at the Hirschgasse, and who is called the "Red Fisherman." He is the students' master of the ceremonies, the aider and abettor in their frolics, and their friend and counsellor. At the beginning of the Commers, he came into the room with his shirt sleeves tucked up from his brawny arms, and holding in his hand a bumper of beer. He made a speech to the students and concluded by drinking their health, after which he smashed the glass on the floor, according to an old custom. I believe that he also said something in honor of a few others who were present, and whom he alluded to as the "Beef Chor." *Der Rothe Fischer* is, however, useful as well as ornamental. I believe that he has saved the lives of several students as well as civilians, and his attachment of the *Burschen* is so strong that he never hesitates to risk his life in any service that may be required of him. As the ivy twines around the oak, so does misery and misfortune encompass the happiness of man. Felicity, pure and unalloyed felicity, is not a plant of earthly growth; her gardens are in the skies. GRIEF is lessened by common endurance; joy and hope are sweeter by common enjoyment.



INDIAN TAPPAL RUNNERS.

Indian Tappal Runners.

THERE is an old proverb, the force of which I am inclined to dispute, namely, that "No news is good news." Now, in my humble opinion, there is something very pleasant in the sharp rap-tap of the postman. It gives rise to a variety of pleasing expectations, and if you are an honest man, with the *mens conscia recti*, I should like to know what cause of suspense or anxiety the postman's rap should occasion, except it be in cases where the health of some friend is in danger. Should the letter brought even prove a denial to some much-prized request, it is far better to know the worst at once than to be left to build up false hopes upon a fragile foundation, only after much tarrying and anxiety to have them all annihilated at one fell blow. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" therefore, as I said before, I am inclined to deny, as a general proposition, that no news is good news, thinking that any news is better than none.

Apropos of this, I come to the immediate subject of the sketch; namely, the means of postal conveyance in India, and the comparative inconveniences there encountered and experienced by all Europeans given to a love of correspondence. Any gentleman in the City of London, who may chance to have a friend or a relative in Glasgow, for instance, with whom he wishes to communicate of some important matter, pays down his penny, and posts his letter, and in a day or two, in all probability, he has received his answer. Now, taking the same distance in India, if old Mr. Muggins, the resident at Hyderabad, wished to know how his son was getting on at Bellary, in the first instance, for the lightest imaginable letter he would have to pay (I speak of things as they were in my own day) just two rupees, or about one dollar, and then would consider himself a fortunate man if he received an answer within the three weeks; for it takes ten days to go and ten days to come, thus allowing your correspondent only one day to digest the contents of your letter, and write you a satisfactory answer.

But this is not the only inconvenience of the postal system in India. The most serious one con-

sists in the fact that, with very few exceptions, there is hardly a station in India where there is a post delivery more than once a week; but when the old tappal peon does make his appearance, with the long loose robes and bright yellow cross belt, whereon in a brass plate are inscribed "*post-office peon*"—I say, when this dark official does make his appearance, with a huge sack full of newspapers and letters, everybody in every house is on the *qui vive*, more especially if any English mail should be expected. On such occasions, ladies accustomed carefully to shelter their fair complexions from the fierce glare of an Indian sun, rush out unprotected into the fiercest heat, and almost snatch the letters out of the postman's hand. As the superscriptions are recognized, hearts palpitate, balanced between joy and fear, and with a trembling hand the letters are turned seal-side uppermost. Should all be well, the seals are instantly broken, and the happy recipients are plunged deep into the perusal of every minutæ of home intelligence, pausing here and there to give utterance to some ejaculations, or to convey some startling intelligence to some other member of the family, all of whom are sitting upon thorns of impatience, wishing that Sophy, or mamma, or whoever it may be that is reading, would come to the end of the letter, so that it might be taken up by the next in succession and read *pro bono publico*. There are some few, however, who have received letters with ominous dark seals; and who can tell the secret anguish of their hearts—the overwhelming sickly sensation between hope and fear that seizes upon them?—hopes that it may not be the best beloved who has been torn by death from them, and fears that it may be; while yet they want courage to burst open the letter and come to a knowledge of the worst at once. Perhaps the reader would hint, that in such a case as this at least, no news would have proved good news; but, remember, delay might have brought the unwelcome intelligence at a time when sickness had crippled the constitution, or some other heavy calamity occurred, and at a time when such an additional woe might have deprived one of reason, or even life. Therefore, as I said at the commencement, the postman to me is always

a welcome messenger; and if any one merits a Christmas-box, in my humble opinion that functionary does so.

Apropos of postmen, I will now take leave to tell my readers, as briefly as I can, what kind of people they are who carry letters about from one extremity of India to another. In Madras they are called tappal runners, and consist principally of chooliahs or pariahs (the lowest but most useful caste in India), who are regularly ticketed and registered by government, and who reside at the different villages through which the tappal passes. The distance they have to carry the letters is stipulated for, and arranged by the collectors of the various districts, and the native cutwalls are held responsible for the integrity of the men thus employed; but, inasmuch as they are mostly fathers of families, with small landed properties in the immediate neighbourhood of their native villages, there is small fear of any of them absconding; besides which, money is never transmitted by post in India, except it be in the shape of bank notes or bills of exchange, of the value of which these poor benighted people are comparatively ignorant. The only valuables entrusted to their charge are watches and other jewelry, which, however knavishly disposed, they could not make off with in a country where the native police is so efficient. To do them justice, the greater mass of the tappal runners are an honest, humble people. Their pay, like that of the postmen in England, is small, and the labor and fatigue often excessive, especially in those districts infested with jungles, and where the heavy falls of rain during the monsoons render travelling not only arduous but perilous in the extreme.

Nor is the weather the only difficulty these poor people have to encounter; swollen nullahs, with almost impassable rapids, venomous serpents, and ferocious wild beasts that infest the jungles—these are an every-day occurrence with those who carry the letter-bags in the districts that lie in the immediate neighborhood of the Malabar coast. Armed with a long pole, at one end of which are suspended the sealed bags, whilst the other is encircled with a number of brass rings, which, tinkling together, serve to intimidate serpents and other unwelcome neighbors, these tappal runners, usually two or three in number, set out at all hours of the night, and face sometimes the most appalling hurricanes. This, in a dense jungle, is anything but an enviable position; for, although they are invariably accompanied by torch-bearers, one preceding and the other following them, and although the whole company assist in raising a continued string of most appalling and unearthly yells, which are intended to terrify the fierce denizens of the forest, it not unfrequently happens that some sudden winding amongst the ghauts brings these poor tappal runners upon scenes quite sufficient to freeze the blood within their veins. Only fancy coming along the verge of a precipice, somewhere about two hours after midnight, not a star to be seen in the heavens, and a tempest sweeping with fury through the dense and gigantic trees of an impenetrable forest. Ever and anon there is a fearfully vivid flash of lightning, succeeded by deafening peals of thunder. Then come torrents of rain, sweeping everything before them, the torches, of course, meanwhile burning dimly; whilst louder than the thunder itself, is echoed from hill to hill the funeral knell of some huge giant of the forest that has been prostrated by the gale. To this succeeds the terrified roaring of frightened tigers, the trumpeting of elephants, the bellowing of half-rabid bison, and, amidst all, the dismal screaming of the peacock. Now you are half blinded by a sulphurous stream of electric fluid; a huge teak tree has been riven as a child shivers a fragment of glass; while a dense smoke, palpably white against the black atmosphere of the night, rises up higher and higher. Then fierce flames will shoot up, and that part of the jungle is on fire. Whilst hurrying away as rapidly as our legs will carry us from the unpleasant neighborhood of these calamities, the torch-bearer who is ahead of us is suddenly brought to a stand-still by the hideous apparition of a huge cobra de capello, that has reared its envenomed head right in the centre of the pathway, too fearful of the bright blaze of the torch to advance, and yet apparently unwilling to retreat.

In this state of affairs, the torch-bearer who closes in the rear, gives the alarm that there is a huge chetah crouching on the branch of a tree overhead. We look to our right, and there discover inaccessible rocks, whilst on the left, to our utter consternation, is a huge wild elephant, who, with his small inquisitive eye, is scanning our party, meditating the chances in his favor should he charge and stick half a dozen of us with his long sharp ivory tusks. But here again, as with the snake and the chetah, the

torches are our safeguard. In addition to these, we exert our united lungs and utter hootings and howlings that would do credit to any wild tribe in central Africa. A thievish monkey, who has been fast asleep on a neighboring cocoa-nut tree, tumbles off in excessive alarm at the sudden outbreak of this riotous turmoil; but speedily recovering central gravity, clammers up the nearest tree with amazing agility, jabbering and chattering the while with the utmost volubility at the elephant. The serpent is speedily despatched. The cheetah sneaks away in search of easier prey. The unwieldy elephant wheels round and charges heavily into the dark mysterious recesses of the jungle; and the last faint echo of his distant tramp lulls the comforted monkey to slumber again. We and the tappal runners are once more in motion, running all the faster in consequence of what we have just witnessed. The jungle is distanced, the moon bursts forth from behind a heavy bank of storm-clouds, and we have reached our destination just as the day is breaking in the east. Having delivered over the charge of the letter bags to those appointed to receive them, we gladly turn in, weary and saturated, for a few hours' refreshing nap. To-morrow night the letters going in an opposite direction will arrive, and then we shall return home again, and have a week or eight days' repose from the fatigues and perils of tappal carrying in the jungle.

Such is the method by which the postal arrangements are managed in India. In a few years, railways, no doubt, will have done away with the necessity of employing these native runners; and when trains do pass through the jungles, it strikes me that not the least astonished and terrified spectators of King Steam will be the elephants and tigers that now lord it over the bush.

Zermatt, and How to Get There.

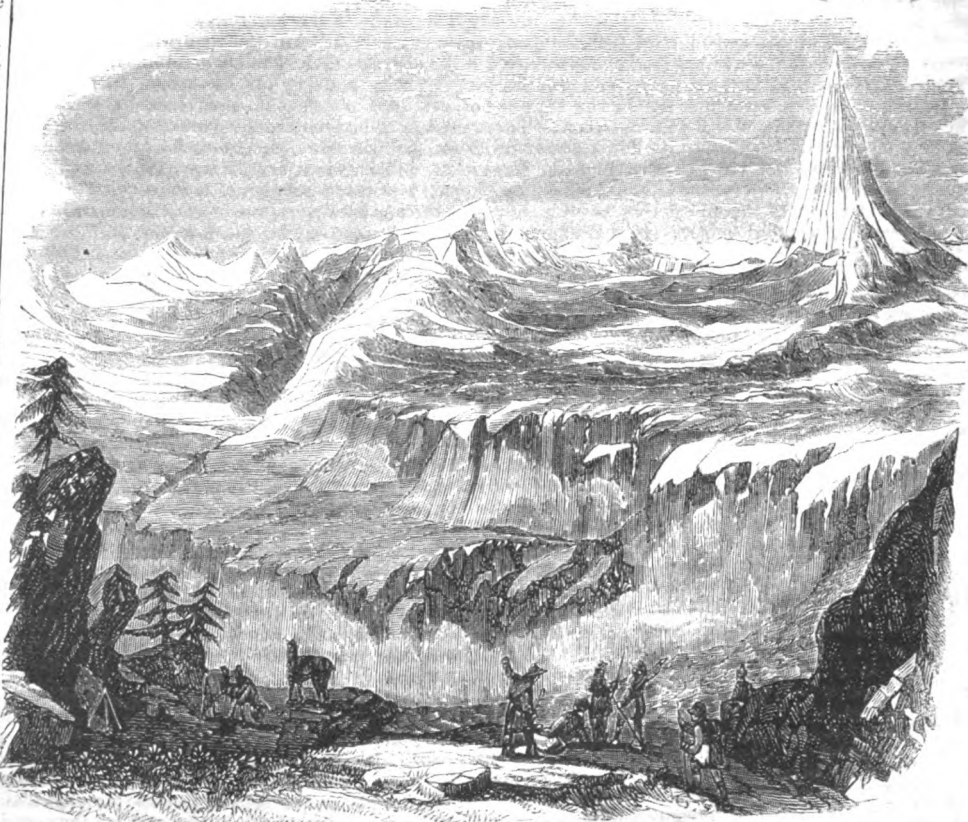
A RIVAL to Chamounix! Ay, and a rival that will attract the rush of summer visitors as soon as its beauties are known. Hitherto, the tourist has taken the Bernese Oberland, and exulted in the sunrise from the Righi; or, from the summit of the Wenger Alp, has listened with awe to the roar of the avalanche on the Jungfrau. And then he has found his way to Mont Blanc, has mounted the Montanvert to gaze upon the Mer-de-Glace, and if he has been wise he has crossed the *ports*, passed over the yawning crevasses of the glacier, and climbed to the Jardin, where he has sat amid virgin whiteness that foot of man or chamois never yet defiled. These spots have become household words amongst us. Zermatt will one day be known as well, and will excite recollections of equal if not of greater delight. A fortnight will give ample time to see its glories, to those who have no occasion to pause on the way.

Starting from Paris, by express train to Strasbourg, through the plains of Eperney, where we taste champagne such as we are strangers to elsewhere; and from Strasbourg to Basle, while the sun sets behind the beautiful range of the Vosges mountains, is the work of one day. We stay not at Basle, though on the banks of the "mighty and exulting river," and though its old ramparts form such grateful walks; but we take the diligence the next morning to Berne. The day is fine, and we have obtained seats in the lofty *banquette*, and thus secure a commanding view. What a ride it is! Through valleys broader, deeper, and more wooded than the lovely vale from Chepstow to Monmouth; over plains whose richness of fertility rejoice the heart; while on the horizon, peering above the silvery clouds, are the sharp peaks and whiter snows of the Jungfrau and her sisters. Berne itself is beautiful for situation, and grotesque for its bears; but we only pause here to change diligences, and away to Thun. The sun was near his going down as we rattled through its quaint old narrow streets. We immediately sprang up the steep pathway to the churchyard, from whence a good view could be obtained. There was the foaming river gushing from the lake, which spread in calm beauty to the foot of the mountain which girdled it, and beyond which rose in majesty the bloomless Alp. We were in time to witness the golden glory with which his snows were tinged; gradually it faded into a light pink, and at last subsided into the deathlike pallor that seems to cast a chill over the heart. The next day we took a private carriage. Our route lay for some time by the banks of the lake, and in the nearer presence of the mountain, which afforded an opportunity of marking all its indentations. As we left it behind, we came in view of another called Athel. Gazing upon this—for the wooded ridges upon either side

seem to lose all power to charm when a snowy peak terminates the view—we mounted upwards and upwards still, to Kandersteg, where we halted for the night at a decent inn honored with the name of Victoria. The evening set in with clouds and rain; but there is never any want of amusement to an observer of mankind in a foreign hotel, especially in the Alpine regions. A German family furnished us with much amusement and a little annoyance. It consisted of a grave papa, three comely daughters, and a particularly round-faced brother. At dinner, utterly regardless of what others might think, they kept up incessant volleys of gutturals, which they seemed to fling at one another with surprising fierceness. The young ladies, unfortunately, slept in the room next to ours, and as the partition was only a thin plank of pine, we were compelled to listen to their uproar. Such a cataract of words is not often heard. Sleep was impossible. We tapped at the wall to remind them that there were others in existence besides themselves; gently at first, but, as that was unheeded, more loudly, and yet found it difficult to make a sound superior to their din. Young ladies, however, cannot talk for ever, and even these energetic performers sunk into silence, and we to sleep. The next morning horses and guides were in requisition for the pass of the Gemeni. Up we mounted an almost perpendicular path through a dense forest. Then we crossed a kind of table land, where a lake seems once to have spread its waters, but which now affords pasturage for cattle. On every side there bloomed about us, in richest profusion, the wild flowers which adorn the lofty regions. The Alpine rose, a diminutive rhododendron, the hare-bell, the gentian, the panzy, the forget-me-not, and a thousand other brilliant little beauties, form a mosaic work of crimson and gold and purple and blue on the green sward. At last, after some more heavy climbing, which brought us to the base of a glacier whose name we know not, we dismounted from our horses and began the descent. It was indeed stupendous. The mountain on this side is composed of perpendicular rock piled in monstrous masses one above the other. On the side, a zig-zag path has been carved with immense labor. It runs in parts in the cleft of the rock, and while you can scarcely see the bottom, you can almost touch the opposite side. As we descended we met some guides returning. They were merry fellows and strong. They congratulated us on making the pass of the Gemeni. We murmured something about the steepness and difficulty of the path. "Ah, sir," said one, "it is a promenade. Had you seen it fifteen years ago, you might have complained. It was then something for a man to boast of having done; but now it's quite a promenade." And the

honest fellows in the joy of their hearts, sprung upwards, singing, in the peculiar falsetto which best suits these regions, snatches of songs which awoke the echoes. We heard them far above as we wended our way downward and downward still. Our knees trembled as we reached the Leuke des Bains, where we were fain to rest. While waiting for a *char-à-banc* to convey us onward, we strolled into the public bath, for which the village is remarkable. Let no one pass it without a visit, for he will never see such a sight again. The bath is sufficiently spacious to hold a large number of patients. Each one is clad in a black gown, and under his chin is a little wooden table, which he shoves before him as he moves about. Men and women spend many an hour in this watery purgatory. Some strive to amuse themselves with books, and some even venture upon chess; but all look melancholy and disconsolate, and appear more like slimy things as they glide about, than like terrestrial animals of the human species. From the baths we descend a magnificent mountain gorge. As we advance, the valley of the Rhone, for which we are bound, opens upon us. We saw it at a happy moment. The sun was near his setting. The strong and rushing waters sparkled like polished steel, while the mountains on either side were bathed in light. That evening we rested in Courtmagne, at an inn which can be strongly recommended for its cleanliness and comfort.

And now for Zermatt. Two hours' riding, the next morning, brought us to Visp—a village at the entrance of the gorge we were about to ascend. Here, manifestations of the destructive earthquake, which a few weeks before had shaken the valley, and still slightly continued its shocks, began to exhibit themselves. The inn was a wreck. Many of the houses had their walls thrown to the ground and the whole interior exposed. The churches were rent. That at St. Nicholas afforded a melancholy picture. The ceiling lay in heaps upon the floor. The roof gaped apart one side from the other. The organ pipes were flung one upon another, in inextricable confusion. The altars were displaced, and the images seemed to reel against the wall like drunken men. The thought naturally arose: thus shall the whole system be destroyed. Popery has been built up for ages, cemented with skill, adorned with the highest art. It even now lifts itself up with more than its former pride and arrogance. But its end is not far distant. Earthquake and tempest among nations will lay it low. The first shocks have been already felt. The future will follow in quick succession. From these scenes and thoughts it was a relief to turn to sublime heights, which rose on either side, shutting in the valley



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from the noisy world, and revealing but a strip of the heavens, which become more intensely blue as the space is narrowed. Then there were the rocking pines, which lay hold of every crevice, and clothe the otherwise too savage rocks with a solemn beauty. Then there was the stream, roaring below as it rushed on in cascades from one boulder and another which formed its bed. For nine long hours did we traverse the winding path, through this wondrous blending of the sublime and beautiful. In many places the way was dangerous, owing to the falling of the mountain. Some parts that were solid and safe as we ascended, had slipped away, and left only falling debris as we came back. But whatever the apparent danger, he has no reason to fear who is mounted upon an Alpine mule. Every traveller has realized the truth of the description given by the polished Rogers:—

"He was not dull nor contradictory,
But patient, diligent, and sure of foot,
Shunning the loose stone on the precipice,
Snorting suspicion, while with sight, smell, touch,
Trying, detecting where the surface smiled,
And with deliberate courage sliding down,
Where in his sledge the Laplander had turned
With looks aghast."

As the evening closed, we drew near the head of the valley. The hotel and village were backed by a glacier, whose green fissures were distinctly visible; and a field of snow beyond it terminated the view. The cold of the atmosphere rendered additional clothing necessary, and we no longer refused the eider down covering of the beds, with which we had previously dispensed. The morning sun was hidden behind the mountain mists, yet we determined in hope to mount the Reiffburgh. Onward we went up almost perpendicular pathways. Still the vapors hung about the summits, or moved lazily along, like the wings of some guardian spirit seeking its resting-place after a weary flight. Arrived at the little refuge for travellers built on the top of the ascent, the cold was still more intense, and the snow fell in thick flakes. It was curious, in the midst of a warm summer, to be rubbing our chilled hands over a wood fire that refused to burn. Notwithstanding the weather, we pushed on to the point of view, and were not unrewarded. Now and then the vapours would part and disclose the masses of fair white snow, which they were veiling from our view. And, as they assumed at the point of contact the whiteness they were concealing, the snow seemed to be a boundless sea, spreading away into the infinite.

As we could not use our eyes to our full satisfaction, we employed our voices. We uttered the names of those dear to us in England, and echo after echo, fuller and more faint, gave us back the sounds.

They who wish to see snow mountains should not hurry away because the weather seems unfavorable. The changes are rapid in these lofty elevations, and if to-day be wet, to-morrow may see the sun shining in his strength. Thus it was with ourselves. The next morning was brightness itself. Cheered in spirits, we started for the Schwartzen. Our way passed through fine old groves of pine, which had grown to the size of giants. As we ascended, we were perpetually refreshed with peeps of the snow tops which came successively into view. Some three hours brought us to the point for which we were bound; but no pen can convey the impression of the scene. The mules were turned adrift; our limbs were stretched at their ease upon a mossy sward. On the right hand shot up into the sky the stupendous rock of the Mount Cervin. So steep are its sides that even the freezing snow can find no hold. It is alone in its rugged glory. At our feet lay a fair unspotted glacier, free from the imperfection of the great moraine. Above it, a field of snow swelled gently on the horizon. As the eye followed its course, to the left there rose the mass of the Brighthorne, and then a valley, within which lay the twins that bear the names of Castor and Pellux; and then the Lys, succeeded by another depression, and then the magnificent elevations of the Monte Rosa. The attraction amounted to a fascination. Although the eyes prickled at the glaring light, and the face began to blister, it was impossible not to look. Admiration increased as the mind by degrees became conscious of the stupendous size of the mountains which were thus crowned with their sparkling diadem. We lingered for some hours on the spot, and then wound around the base of the pillar of the Cervin to catch further varieties of the still varying crystallizations. Whoever wishes to enjoy the rapture of such scenes without any special labor, need not traverse on foot the Mer-de-Glace to

sit in the retired bay of the Jardin: for a mule will carry him at Zermatt to more extended views of the Alpine summits, than any he can obtain at one glance from the stand-points of Mont Blanc. Other excursions may be made of a more difficult character; but, if time is short, these will have been enough; and returning to Viap, the diligence may be taken to Vevay; a steamboat will thence bear the traveller across the lake to Geneva, and a few days will suffice to reach home again.

For ourselves, we went up to the valley of the Saas, which is still more splendid than Zermatt; thence we climbed on foot over the snows of the Monte Mero to Macuguaga, at the foot of Monte Rosa; then we passed through the Val Anasca, the most lovely of any we had as yet seen. From it we emerged on the highway of the Simplon, and prolonged our route to the superb Genoa. Enough, however, has been said, to make our readers acquainted with the possibility of reaching the noblest scenes of Europe in a short time, and there is no necessity of traversing other ground which has frequently been described before.

Ballooning.

Not because my thoughts have been unusually aspiring of late, nor yet that I have grown weary of the monotony of the earth's surface, and am anxious "to go up" (as Mr. Miller's votaries term it), but I have recently been ballooning a little; and if the reader will step on board by aeronautic car a brief while, I will tell you what I have ascertained concerning that curious machine for "skylarking," à la Français yelet the balloon.

The word, you know, is French, and signifies a little ball, from the circumstance, probably that the earliest made were mere toys of paper or of soap-buds. The appellation, as applied to some modern machines, so-called, is entirely a misnomer, they being characterized by anything rather than minuteness.

A desire to navigate the great atmospheric ocean above and around us has ever been prevalent in our world; and the means wherewithal to do it have severely tasked the ingenuity of man from early times. Taking a clue from the feathered voyagers which glide through the liquid expanse with a motion so enviably fleet, easy, and graceful, the speculators on the subject have often racked their inventions for a proper construction of wings that should enable man, therewith equipped, to compete with the eagle in his own element, and distance the condor. But experience demonstrated that all attempts on the part of the unfeathered dwellers of earth to rise into the air above it, must inevitably fail, from the disproportion of their muscular power to the force necessary to move wings of magnitude sufficient to support their weight.

It was only in the latter half of the last century that chemistry detected the nature and differences of the specific gravities of æriform fluids. In some experiments made by Mr. Cavendish, in 1766, hydrogen gas, which was discovered by him, was found to be sixteen times lighter than common air. This gas, therefore, if prevented from diffusing itself, will rise to a height at which the air is sixteen times more attenuated than at the surface of the earth. No sooner was this fact announced, than Dr. Black inferred that a thin receptacle filled with it would mount to the ceiling of a room. Through some imperfection, however, the experiment failed, and it was several years before an envelope was devised sufficiently light to succeed. In 1782, Cavallo experimented with the gas, but could raise nothing heavier than a soap-bubble.

With the respective specific gravities of hydrogen gas and common air for data, it is easy to ascertain of what size a balloon must be to carry a given weight into the atmosphere. A globe of air one foot in diameter, at the level of the sea, weighs about one twenty-fifth of a pound avoirdupois. An equal globe of hydrogen is about six times lighter; consequently five-sixths of its whole buoyant force will act in impelling upward, and a sphere filled with it will tend to rise by a force equal to five-sixths multiplied by one twenty-fifth, that is, by one thirtieth of a pound avoirdupois. The ascensional forces of different spheres, filled with the same material, will be, by a well-known law, as the cubes of their diameters. Thus a sphere, twelve feet in diameter, will rise with a force of fifty-seven pounds; and one of twenty-four feet diameter, with a force eight times greater, or four hundred and fifty-six pounds. This is irrespective of the weight of the envelope, which should therefore be of the lightest possible material that is sufficiently strong. The substance most generally used for this purpose is silk, varnished with India-

rubber. A sphere of this kind, one foot in diameter, weighs about one twentieth of a pound; one of twelve feet diameter, about seven pounds; one of twenty-four feet, twenty-eight pounds; so that the actual weight, which a globe of twenty-four feet diameter, will carry up will be four hundred and fifty-six minus twenty-eight, or four hundred and twenty-eight pounds. At this rate, a balloon of sixty feet diameter, will raise about seven thousand pounds; and one of one and a half feet will barely float—the weight of the envelope being just about equal to that of the imprisoned gas.

As the buoyant force is proportioned to the density of the air, it is evident that a balloon can rise only to such an elevation as will render the density equal to the machine and its appendages. That elevation will be retrenched by the fact that the expansive force of the gas constantly increases with the distance upward, and will ultimately overcome the resistance of any material of which a balloon can be made. An envelope quite filled at the surface of the earth, would be torn to shreds at a few miles above it, unless a portion of the gas were allowed to escape. For this purpose, the balloon is furnished with a safety-valve, capable of being opened and shut at pleasure.

Although balloons are commonly filled with hydrogen, it is evident that any other substance specifically lighter than air would answer the purpose. In fact, the first balloons raised into the air were filled with rarefied air. As this rarefaction was produced by a fire kindled under them, they became filled with smoke, and were called smoke-balloons. The ascensional force obtained by this means is not great, and is attended with the inconvenience of carrying fuel, and the danger of the presence of fire.

The honor of sending up the first balloon is claimed for two brothers in Annonay, France, named Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, in June, 1783. The material used in its construction was linen cloth, and the distension was produced by bundles of chopped straw. From the fact of this occasioning a great smoke, it would seem that the principle of ascension was attributed to the smoke rather than to the rarefaction of the air. On being let slip, it ascended rapidly; reached an elevation of about a mile; remained suspended about ten minutes, and fell at the distance of one and a half miles from the starting-place. When the news reached Paris, it created general surprise, and the virtuosos immediately began to consider the means of repeating the experiment. It was determined to employ hydrogen, and Monsieur Charles, a celebrated lecturer on natural philosophy, undertook the supervision of the process. On the 26th August, 1783, the preparations being completed, the balloon was transported with great ceremony to the Champ de Mars. Intense interest was excited everywhere, and all Paris and its suburbs came forth to witness the novel phenomenon. The next day, at five o'clock p.m., the discharge of cannon announced to the multitude that the critical moment had arrived. A writer, who was among the spectators, thus describes the scene:—"The globe, liberated from its stays, shot upward, to the great surprise of the lookers on, with such rapidity that in two minutes it had reached a height of three thousand feet. It traversed successively several clouds, by which it was repeatedly obscured. The violent rain which began to fall at the moment of ascent, did not retard its rapid progress, and the experiment was attended with complete success. The satisfaction was so great that even elegantly dressed ladies remained with their eyes intently fixed on the balloon, regardless of the rain which fell on them in torrents." After remaining in the air three-fourths of an hour, it fell at the distance of fifteen miles, when it was discovered that a rent had been made in its upper part, through which the gas had escaped.

No one had yet voyaged in these aerial carriages; but that feat shortly transpired. The honor of accomplishing it belongs to a young naturalist, named Pilatre de Rosier, and the Marquis d'Arlandes, who, on the twenty-first November, 1783, took their seat in the basket of a smoke-balloon, and after ascending more than three thousand feet, returned safely to the earth. The second experiment of the same kind was made by MM. Robert and Charles in a hydrogen balloon, on the first January, 1784. After a flight of an hour and a half, they landed twenty-five miles from Paris, without accident. The balloon still retaining considerable buoyant force, M. Charles made another ascent alone. He rose to a height of two miles, and had the satisfaction of seeing the sun, which had set when he left the earth, again rise above the horizon. After remaining about thirty-five minutes, he descended about nine miles from where he had risen.

These successes encouraged other attempts, and no accident occurred until June 16th, 1785. On that

day, the accomplished Rosier, who made the first ascent, and a companion, named Romaine, attempted to cross the Channel from Boulogne to England. Under the principal balloon, which was filled with hydrogen, they had suspended another, a smoke balloon, for the purpose of increasing or diminishing at pleasure the ascensional power. After rising about three thousand feet in fifteen minutes, the whole apparatus took fire from the latter attachment, and the unfortunate voyagers were dashed to the ground and instantly killed. This disaster, however, did not dampen the courage of other aeronauts; and so numerous have balloon ascensions become, as now to be not an uncommon spectacle in the principal cities of Europe, and scarcely a novelty in America. Among those most distinguished on this side of the Atlantic, as aeronauts, are Messrs. Lauriat, Clayton, Durand, and Wise, the latter of whom has, if we are not mistaken, made more than one hundred and fifty ascensions. A most graphic account of one of these went the rounds of the public journals some years since. Leaving Cincinnati, Ohio, late one afternoon, he rose to an immense height; entered a current of air blowing with a whirlwind velocity; remained suspended all one night, and well-nigh frozen to death; and after the most singular experiences, landed next morning somewhere on the frontiers of North Carolina. I am not aware that any catastrophe has attended the many daring adventurers of America, although M. Lauriat was once dangerously soused in Boston harbor.

Somewhat large expectations were entertained at one time that balloons might be made to subserve several important purposes of science and utility. These, however, have not hitherto been realized. The great lack and desideratum is a controlling and guiding power over the machine while in the atmosphere. In one or two instances, however, they have been successfully used in military reconnaissance. The victory of Fleurus, obtained in 1794, by the French, under Jourdan, over the Austrians, is attributed to knowledge acquired by the French commander, of the enemy's movements, by means of a balloon.

Some interesting facts in science also have been elicited by the same means. In 1804, Gay Lussac and Biot made some ascensions, with a view to meteorological observations in the upper strata of the atmosphere. In one ascent they found that at an elevation of between ten and thirteen thousand feet, the oscillations of the magnetic needle were performed at the same time as at the surface of the earth. At twelve thousand eight hundred feet, the thermometer, which stood at sixty-three and a half degrees at the observatory, had sunk to fifty-one degrees of Fahrenheit, being a decrease of one degree for every thousand feet. The dryness was proportional to the elevation. In another ascent, the variation of the compass, at the height of twelve thousand six hundred and eighty feet, remained unaltered. At fourteen thousand four hundred and eighty feet, a key, held in the magnetic direction, attracted with one end, and repelled with the other, the north pole of the needle. The same phenomenon was observed at twenty thousand one hundred and fifty feet. At eighteen thousand feet, the thermometer fell to freezing-point, and at twenty-two thousand nine hundred and twelve feet, seventeen degrees lower. At above twenty-three thousand feet, an empty flask was opened and filled with the air of that elevation, and on a subsequent analysis, gave the same proportion of the constituent gases as at the surface of the earth. These philosophers reached the highest point yet attained by man—about twenty-three thousand feet, or four and a quarter miles above the sea—considerably higher than the loftiest peak of the Andes.

The above facts, it is believed, comprise all that has accrued to science by aeronautic expeditions. The difficulty of steering the balloon at will has hitherto operated to prevent its use for any higher purpose than the gratification of curiosity. It has, however, been suggested that the buoyant gas be manufactured from coal, a much cheaper material, and the feats of Mr. Green has drawn public attention anew to the subject. That gentleman, with two companions, ascended from Vauxhall, London, with a stupendous balloon, carrying with him a ton of ballast; crossed the Channel, and after a flight of eighteen hours, descended safely in the territory of Nassau, in Germany. This bold adventurer into ether, if we remember rightly, has since met a terrible death, being dashed to pieces by a fall from a tremendous elevation. The immense aerial ship, building a few years since at Hoboken, perished, *moriens nata*, we believe.

But who, in view of the constant advance of inventive science, may say that human ingenuity will

not eventually overcome the obstacles at present attending atmospheric navigation, and render the balloon as common a vehicle of conveyance as are now the steamboat and locomotive drawn car? To the eyes of a former generation, the latter would seem as great a wonder as regular lines of balloons could possibly be at the present day. It may perhaps be the destiny of some successor of James Watt to achieve the performance of establishing such a mode of conveyance, and thus rendering the balloon something more utilitarian than at present it seems to be—a sublime but profitless philosophic toy.

Attempt to Dig out a Wombat.

In Howitt's "Two Years in Victoria" we have the following interesting account of an ineffectual attempt to secure possession of a wombat, by digging it out of the subterranean passages in which it conceals itself:—

Before leaving our creek, in the woods round which wombats abound, we determined to make a resolute attempt to dig one out. Though there are such numbers, neither last summer nor this have we been able to get sight of one. They appear amazingly cunning animals. They make their holes where the scrub is so high and thick that you cannot possibly get a glimpse of them during the moonlight nights, and night is the only time that they come out. Then they dig their holes so deep and to such a length that it is almost impossible to come at them. They make their holes so large that a good-sized boy might creep into them, but not a man, and these holes gradually descending to a depth of ten or twelve feet, proceed under ground for twenty or thirty yards. In the next place, they make their dens often near to each other, so that there are a sort of subterranean villages of them, and most of them have two entrances, if not three, while some have holes communicating with their neighbours' dens. From these causes you may judge of the difficulty of coming at them.

I have mentioned to you the perpendicular circular holes which descend into them, dug by the natives. But how they dig these holes is a profound mystery to me. They are so narrow that no white man can stoop in them, and are commonly from eight to ten feet deep. How they manage either to dig these holes, or to throw the earth out of them, is amazing; we could not do it. The only way that we can imagine is for them to crouch down and dig between their legs; for they can crouch in a much less compass than we can. But what a labor to dig in this manner through eight or ten feet of hard gravel! And then how they can contrive to keep the beast exactly under the hole that they dig, while it is doing! It is said that they set a child with a stick to hem in the animal, but when it has two or three outlets it would require two or three children.

As we had no black children, or white either, we were compelled to trust to our dogs. We sent them down, one at each end, and soon heard them furiously barking at the creature a long way under ground, while it kept up a constant low deep growl. We got Prin out, and then sent him in with a string tied to his leg, by which means we ascertained how far he was from us. The other end we stopped up, and then sank a hole down to where he appeared to be. We sank ten feet there. There, however, he was not, but had contrived to move himself a good way towards the other end, spite of the dogs, one of which we had sent in each way. We then sank another hole down to where he then was—ten feet again; but on getting down, he was not there either, but about halfway between our two holes. The dogs were still furious. Pincher, the bulldog, had a regular fight with him, and Prin repeatedly came out with mouthfuls of the Wombat's hair. Before we could get our third hole down, night came on, and we barricaded him in, and left him. Had we left our hole open, and dug a pitfall at its mouth, we should have been pretty sure of him. But we seemed so secure of him now, hemmed in between our two holes, that we were confident of his speedy capture in the morning. By that time, however, he had burrowed in a new direction, and that to the extent of twelve feet. Here our dogs from some cause refused to follow him, and on putting down a candle tied to a long stick to ascertain the reason, we found that the burrow was filled with choke-damp (carbonic-acid gas) which the dogs could not breathe.

The wombat had no doubt broke a way into an old run filled with this gas. From this old burrow he had made his escape, and so we gave up our pursuit of him, after having dug thirty feet in depth and six feet by three in length, after him through hard gravel. We came to the conclusion that it

is useless to dig for a creature which digs as fast as you do, and that the only way is to trap him.

INFANTICIDE IN CHINA.—There are various opinions as to the extent of infanticide in China, but that it is a common practice in many provinces admits of no doubt. One of the most eloquent Chinese writers against infanticide, Kwei Chung Fu, professes to have been specially inspired by "the god of literature," to call upon the Chinese people to refrain from the inhuman practice, and declares that "the god" had filled his house with honors, and given him literary descendants, as the recompense for his exertions. Yet his denunciations scarcely go further than to pronounce it wicked in those to destroy their female children who have the means of bringing them up; and some of his arguments are strange enough: "To destroy daughters," he says, "is to make war upon heaven's harmony," in (in the equal numbers of the sexes), the more daughters you drown, the more daughters you will have; and never was it known that the drowning of daughters led to the birth of sons." He recommends abandoning children to their fate "on the wayside," as preferable to drowning them, and then says, "there are instances of children so exposed having been nursed and reared by tigers." "Where should we have been," he asks, "if our grandmothers and mothers had been drowned in their infancy!" And he quotes two instances of the punishment of mothers who had destroyed their infants, one of whom had a blood-red serpent fastened to her thigh, and the other her four extremities turned into cow's feet. Father Ripa mentions that of abandoned children, the Jesuits baptized in Peking alone not less than three thousand yearly. I have seen ponds which are the receptacles of female infants, whose bodies lie floating about on their surface.

THE Chinese have no prejudices whatever as regards food: they eat anything and everything from which they can derive nutrition. Dogs, especially puppies, are habitually sold for food; and I have seen in the butchers' shops large dogs skinned and hanging with their viscera by the side of pigs and goats. Even to rats and mice the Chinese have no objection—neither to the flesh of monkeys and snakes. The sea-slug is an aristocratic and costly delicacy, which is never wanting, any more than the edible birds' nests, of a feast where honor is intended to be done to the guests. Unhatched ducks and chickens are a favorite dish. Nor do the early stages of putrefaction create any disgust; rotten eggs are by no means condemned to perdition; fish is the more acceptable when it has a strong fragrance and flavor, to give some gusto to the rice. As the food the Chinese eat is for the most part hard, coarse, and of little cost, so their beverages are singularly economical. Drunkenness is a rare vice in China, and fermented spirits or strong drinks are seldom used. Tea may be said to be the national, the universal beverage; and though that employed by the multitude does not cost more than 6 to 12 cents per lb., an infusion of less costly leaves is commonly employed, especially in localities remote from the tea districts. Both in eating and drinking the Chinese are temperate, and are satisfied with two daily meals—"the morning rice" at about ten, and "the evening rice," at five p. m. The only repugnance I have observed in China is to the use of milk—an extraordinary prejudice, especially considering the Tartar influences which have been long dominant in the land; but I never saw or heard of butter, cream, milk, or whey, being introduced at any native Chinese table.

THE Japanese are taught to make tea, and serve it in a genteel and graceful manner, just as we receive instruction in dancing and other accomplishments. This system also existed in England, when Addison wrote, and the "particular behavior for the tea-table" had its professors; the dainty rounding of the fingers in poisoning the transparent cups without handles, and the proper manner of pouring out and presenting a dish of tea, were, like the fan exercise, matters of study and fashion. Nothing, indeed, in those times, appears to have been left to natural good taste, or to the intuitive sense of ease and grace, which is the reflection of mental cultivation, and an innate sense of propriety and beauty. Then all the world of fashion took tea as frequently in public as at home, and people are apt to study effect more abroad than in their own houses.

It is stated that diseased teeth have been rendered insensible to pain, by a cement composed of Canada balsam and slackened lime, which is to be inserted in the hollow of a tooth, like a pill.

It is said that six thousand Irishmen, besides other laborers, perished in the construction of the Panama railroad.



Fig. 21.—Mongolian.

Man.

CHAPTER II.

MAN, thus singularly favored by the possession of reason, and by the address and precision of which the motions of his members, and more especially those of the hand, are susceptible, is, nevertheless, in some of his physical attributes, immeasurably inferior to other animals which correspond with him nearly in size. He is neither swift of foot to pursue his prey or fly from his enemies; nor is he supplied with any natural weapons of attack or defence, such as those which are found among the numerous class of animals around him. He is not only feeble and defenceless, but Nature has refused to provide him with those means of protection from the inclemency of the elements, which she has so beneficently supplied to those who hold a lower place in the chain of organised beings. He has neither the fur of the beast, nor the feathers of the bird, to protect him from the rigors of temperature, and yet his body is covered with a skin and integuments abounding in nerves, which render it ten thousand times more sensitive than the skin of any of those creatures which Nature has so carefully and tenderly protected.

In coming into the world, he is more helpless and delicate than the young of any other creature, and continues for a much longer period dependent, not for his well-being only, but for his very existence, upon the assiduous and never-ceasing solicitude and tenderness of his parents.

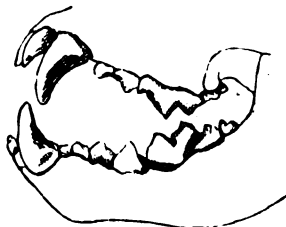


Fig. 16.

Yet this creature, thus naturally poor, feeble, naked, helpless, and defenceless, is the lord and master of the material world. By him the strongest is subdued, the fiercest tamed, the swiftest overtaken. He cannot rise into the air, nevertheless he arrests its inhabitants in their flight, and brings them to his feet. He cannot descend into the waters, nevertheless he calls forth from the chambers of the deep their tenants, for the supply of his wants and the gratification of his appetites. His body is unprotected by any natural covering, but the beasts of the forest and the birds of the air are compelled to surrender for his use their fur and their plumage. Innumerable textile plants, which in their natural state would be unavailing, are adapted by his art to supply the materials by which clothing for his body can be made in unbounded quantity. Unable to endure the vicissitudes of temperature and climate, the earth itself is compelled to surrender its bowels, and to supply inexhaustible quantities of fuel, by which artificial heat is produced to moderate the rigors of cold and equalise temperature. He is not swift of foot to pursue or to fly, but he tames for his use the swiftest of subordinate

creatures, which with the most absolute obedience transport him where he wills. Not satisfied even with this, his inventive powers have created engines of transport which carry him over the face of the waters, in spite of opposing wind and tide, and over the surface of the land, with a speed which exceeds the flight of the swiftest bird and equals the rapidity of the tempest.

So far, then, from having reason to repine at his helpless and defenceless organisation, he is indebted to those apparent defects for the greatest of his attainments: for it is certain, that if he had possessed natural organs of defence, attack, and locomotion, and natural protection for his body at all analogous to those which have been provided so generally for the inferior species, he would have lost that strong stimulus which has urged him on to such stupendous and almost incredible achievements. Nor is this observation novel. At a much earlier epoch in the progress of the human race, and ages before the great discoveries had been made which will render for ever memorable the last hundred years, Galen observed, that if man had possessed the natural clothing and defence of the brute, he would never have been an artificer, nor protected himself with a cuirass, nor fabricated the sword or spear, nor invented the bridle, nor mounted a horse, nor hunted the beast. Neither would he have followed the arts of peace, nor constructed the pipe and the lyre, nor erected houses or palaces, nor temples to the gods; nor would he have made laws, nor invented letters by which he would hold communion with the wise of antiquity, conversing at one time with Plato, at another with Aristotle, and at another with Hippocrates.

The possession of the faculty of language necessarily infers the instinct of sociability, and man cannot live alone. He seeks the society of his kind, and belongs to the class which naturalists call *gregarious*. The advantages derived from this habit of association are infinite; without it, indeed, man, instead of being as he is, the monarch of nature, would be amongst the most miserable of animals, and would assuredly soon disappear from the earth. But by association every individual strengthens and supports others, and is strengthened and supported by them. Each cultivating some special faculty or power in a higher degree than his fellows, renders it serviceable to them, and receives in return equivalent services from those who have cultivated other powers in which he is deficient; and thus comes into play that vast principle of material production and social felicity known as the division of labor.

Like all other gregarious animals, man is naturally frugivorous, or made to live on fruit or vegetables. This is a conclusion not resting solely upon the analogy observable between man and other gregarious species, but supported by the characters of his organs of nutrition. The teeth of carnivorous species (fig. 16), are peculiarly formed for tearing and masticating the flesh which constitutes their proper food. The canine teeth are largely developed, sharp and curved; and the incisors partake of the canine character. The teeth which occupy the place of molars, edged and sharp, close side by side, like the blades of scissors. The dentile apparatus is thus

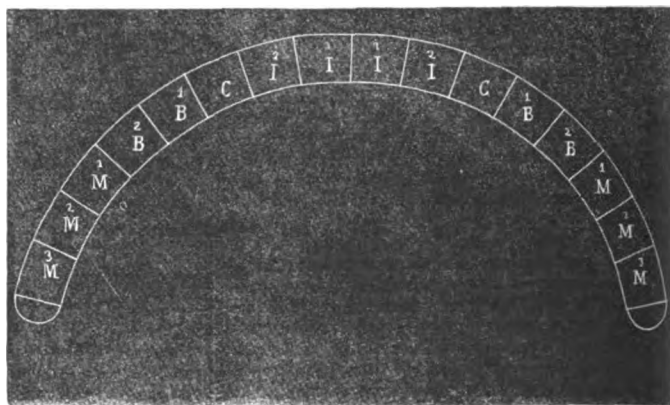


Fig. 18.

adapted to tear and cut the flesh before it passes into the stomach. The teeth, on the contrary, of frugivorous animals consist of incisors and molars; the canine teeth existing, but so little developed as to have no functions different from those of incisors. The molars of the two jaws, nearly flat at their ends, come into direct contact and superposition, like two millstones, and the jaws, by a small lateral motion, have the power not only of bruising, but of grinding the food between them. These operations are all that is necessary and sufficient for vegetable, but would be altogether inapplicable to animal food.

Every one will recognise in the dental apparatus last described the form and structure of the human teeth; and so far as they are an index of the food adapted to them, it is plain that man is frugivorous. But the same conclusion is further supported by an examination of the digestive apparatus.

In carnivorous species, the intestine through which the food passes is generally short, its length not exceeding three or four times that of the body,

ft. in.	ft. in.
5 57-10	5 63-10
5 33-4	5 41-8
4 108-4	5 09-10
4 61-2	4 86-10
4 21-5	4 41-3
3 03-4	4 01-4
3 61-5	3 71-3
3 01-2	3 23-10
2 11-7	2 10
	2 31-2
	1 77-10

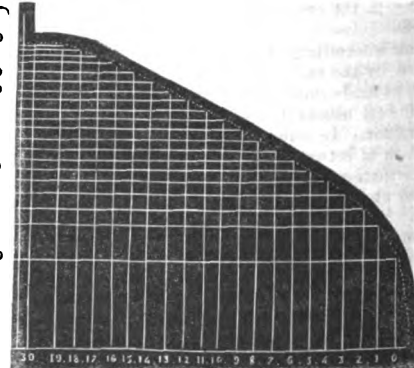


Fig. 19.

while in the herbivorous species it is usually ten or twelve, and sometimes (as in the sheep, for example), twenty-eight times the length of the body. In accordance with this principle, we find that the human intestine, like the teeth, is suited to vegetable aliment, having a length bearing a proportion to that of the body, which is analogous to the internal structure of other frugivorous species.

How then, it may be asked, has it happened that man, instead of being exclusively frugivorous, is, in fact, omnivorous, nourishing himself indifferently with vegetable and animal aliment? The answer is obviously, that he cannot be nourished by animal aliment, unless it be previously prepared by fire. In a word, flesh, to be fit for human food, must be cooked.

One of the physical peculiarities which distinguishes man from other members of the animal kingdom, is the facility with which his organisation adapts itself to differences of climate, and this is one of the marks which appear to confirm his destiny to rule over the whole surface of the globe. Placed originally by his Maker in a single region, his race has multiplied and diffused itself, manifesting a constant tendency to emigration, and being deterred neither by the rigors of the pole, nor the scorching sun of the tropics, it has overspread the globe. According to statistical estimates, which are considered as exact as such calculations can be, it was ascertained that, at the epoch of 1840, the total population of the globe amounted to about 737,000,000, which were distributed in the following proportions, the number to every square league, taking the length of

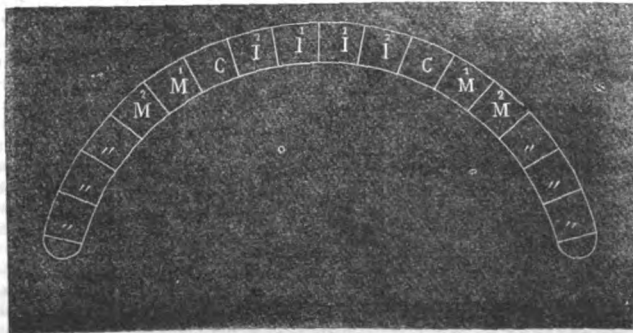


Fig. 17.

a league as the 25th part of a degree, being given in the second column:—

	Population.	Per Sq. League.
Europe	227,700,000	479
Asia	390,000,000	181
Africa	60,000,000	40
America	39,000,000	20
Oceania, including the isles of the Pacific Ocean, &c.	20,000,000	37

The density of the population, indicated in the last column, depends more on civilisation and wealth than on climate. Thus, it is computed that the number of inhabitants per square league in the different states of Europe, are as follows:—

United Kingdom	1480
France	1200
Prussia	895
Russia	202

Having taken this rapid view of the physical organisation and condition of the human race, let us trace the progress of the animal Man from the cradle to the grave.

In general, man comes into the world singly, or one at a birth. In certain exceptional case, two are born, and called twins. The cases in which three or more at a birth are produced are so extremely rare as not to have received in any language, that we are aware of, a distinct appellation.

It appears by statistical returns, that, upon an average, one case of twins occurs in 90 births; and that three at a birth has occurred only once in 30,000 cases.

Another circumstance, in which the human race is distinguished from inferior animals, is the independence of the phenomenon of birth on the season of the year. Animals generally produce their young at that season which is most favorable for their development. Children are born at all seasons. Nevertheless, in comparing the number of births with the course of the seasons, it is found to be variable, and that its variation has a marked and well-ascertained relation to the course of the seasons. It is found generally in the temperate climates, that births are more numerous in the three winter, and least so in the three summer months. In approaching the colder climates, the epochs of the maximum and minimum numbers are later, and in approaching the warmer climates earlier.

The number of children which come into the world is not equally shared between the sexes, the male always predominating.

This fact has been established in all countries where statistical registers have been kept; and it is remarkable, that although the numerical proportion between the sexes is subject to some variation from year to year, its mean amount in each country is nearly invariable, though different in one country as compared with another. Thus, on comparing the numbers of male and female children baptised in England and Wales during the first half of the present century, it is found that the number of males invariably exceeded the number of females in a proportion, varying from year to year, from 25 to 50 per 1000; the mean result taken for the whole period showing, that for every thousand girls born, there were one thousand and forty boys.

In France, according to returns extended over thirty-six years, terminating in 1852, it appears, that for every thousand girls there were one thousand and sixty-one boys born. Thus the preponderance of male births in France exceeds that in England in the proportion of a little more than 6 to 4.

By returns obtained from other countries where accurate statistics are kept, it has been found that the preponderance of male births is intermediate between those of England and France, the number of males being 1050 for every 1000 females.

A very remarkable fact, indicating some undiscovered physiological law, has been developed by the analysis of the returns of the registrations of births obtained from France and other countries, where the most exact statistical records are kept. It has been found generally, that in that particular class of children, to which foundlings for the most part belong, the preponderance of male births is considerably less than in the case of marriage-born children. Such a circumstance would naturally enough be regarded as merely accidental, if it were not found to prevail invariably, at all epochs, in all countries where registers are kept with sufficient precision to test the fact, and in all provinces of the country. Thus, for example, while in France there are 1060 marriage-born boys for 1000 girls, there are only 1040 boys of the other class for the same number of girls; and this proportion has been found to be maintained from year to year, and equally in different departments.

From a comparison of the births in different departments of France, north and south, it has been found that the proportion of the sexes born is not affected by climate.

It must not be supposed, however, that this ratio between the sexes continues through life. The chances of life being more favorable on the whole to females than to males, the excess given to the latter at birth is equalised before the middle age; and at more advanced ages, the balance turns the other way, and the females predominate.

In coming into the world, the infant can open the eyes, but physiologists consider that it has no sense of vision, and that it is only at the end of some weeks that it begins to be sensible of visible objects. After this, it directs its looks to objects which are most brilliantly illuminated, or which are characterised by the most vivid colors. It then, by slow degrees, begins to distinguish objects around it, but it has been ascertained that a considerable time elapses before it has any idea of distances or magnitudes.

Indeed, this is quite consistent with effects which have been found to result from surgical operations in which sight has been restored to persons blind from infancy. In such cases, it has been stated that the subject of the operation, when first enabled to see, imagined that all the objects which he beheld were in immediate contact with his eyes, and had not the least idea of their relative distances, nor any other notions of their magnitudes or forms than such as were afforded by their profiles. Every object, in short, appeared as a colored silhouette in close contiguity with the organs of vision.

The other organs equally undergo a progressive improvement by exercise. During five or six months the infant makes no other vocal sound than inarticulate cries. It begins gradually to be sensible of pleasurable emotions from the contemplation of external objects, which are expressed by its smiles. The cries gradually assume the tone and character of the voice, and are accompanied by incipient efforts at articulation, and towards the close of the first year, the more simple monosyllabic words are pronounced.

The bones, which at the time of birth consist to a great extent of cartilage or gristle, and have no strength sufficient to support the body, receive, in the process of nutrition, a gradual accession of the earthy constituent called the phosphate of lime, which gives them hardness. Contemporaneously with this increase of strength in the bones, there is a proportionate growth and increase of strength in the muscles which move them, and about the close of the first year, this strength bears such a relation to the weight of the body, that the child is enabled to support itself on its legs, and by gradual practice acquires the ability to walk.

It is generally assumed that man is distinguished from the inferior animals by the substitution of reason for instinct, and in this way it is explained how the young of other animals manifest, at the moment of birth, the possession of powers and faculties, which, in the case of the young of the human race, are acquired only by long practice and slow degrees. It is therefore contended, that while the young of the lower animals are governed exclusively by instinct, the young of man is as exclusively governed by reason, the conclusions of which are based upon experience. The acts prompted by instinct are performed as perfectly at first as at last, and undergo no progressive improvement; while, on the contrary, the dictates of reason being based upon experience cannot be issued by the mind until the results of that experience, which are their only data, have been developed. It has, therefore, been argued, that the helplessness of the infant, and the slow and gradual progress of the exercise of its senses and members, must be explained by the total absence of instinct. This conclusion, however, it seems cannot be admitted in its absolute sense, and observation and experience show that it requires considerable qualification. Many eminent physiologists impugn it, and Sir Charles Bell has even expressed a doubt whether the actions of the body, if not first instinctive, or prompted by innate sensibilities, would ever be exercised under the exclusive influence of reason. The sensibilities and motions of the lips and tongue are, according to him, perfect at birth; and the fear of falling is manifested by the infant long before the results of experience can suggest it. The hand, destined to become the instrument not only for the improvement of the senses, but for the development of the mental faculties, is absolutely powerless in the infant. Although capable of expressing pain, it is unconscious of the part injured. But the lips and tongue immediately betray their sensibility. Later, the infant puts its fingers into its mouth to suck them, and so soon as they are

capable of grasping, whatever they lay hold of is carried to the mouth.

"The first office of the hand, then, is to exercise the sensibility of the mouth, and the infant as certainly questions the reality of things by that test, as does the dog by its acute sense of smelling. In the infant, the sense of the lips and tongue is resigned in favor of that of vision, only when the exercise of the eye has improved, and offers greater attraction. The hand acquires the sense of touch very slowly, and many ineffectual efforts may be observed in the arms and fingers of the child, before it can estimate the direction or distance of objects. Gradually the length of the arm, and the extent of its motions, become the measure of distance, of form, of relation, and perhaps of time.

"Next in importance to the sensibility of the mouth, we may consider that sense which is early exhibited in the infant, the terror of falling.

"The nurse will tell us that the infant lies composed in her arms, while she carries it up stairs, but that it is agitated when she carries it down. If an infant be laid upon the arms and dandled up and down, its body and limbs will be at rest when it is raised, but in descending it will struggle and make efforts. Here is the indication of a sense, an innate feeling of danger, and we may perceive its influence when the child first attempts to stand or run. When set upon its feet, the nurse's arms forming a hoop around it, without touching it, the child slowly learns to balance itself and stand; but under a considerable apprehension. It will only try to stand at such a distance from the nurse's knee, that if it should fall, it can throw itself for protection into her lap. In these, its first attempts to use its muscular frame, it is directed by a fear which cannot as yet be attributed to experience. By degrees it acquires the knowledge of the measure of its arm, the relative distance to which it can reach, and the power of its muscles. Children are, therefore, cowardly by instinct; they show an apprehension of falling, and we may trace the gradual efforts which they make, under the guidance of this sense of danger, to perfect the muscular sense. We thus perceive how instinct and reason are combined in early infancy; how necessary the first is to existence; how it soon becomes subservient to reason, and how it eventually yields to the progress of reason, until obscured so much that we can hardly discern its influence."

At the moment of birth, twenty teeth already formed and ossified are deposited, ten in the lower and ten in the upper jaw, but are completely covered by the gums. The mouth is thus constituted exclusively for application to the mother's breast and for the suction of milk from it, and the stomach and intestine are organised in accordance with this for the due digestion of that aliment. The constituents of the healthy milk of woman are the same as those of the body of the child, and enter into its composition in a corresponding proportion. By the process of digestion, they are distributed among the several organs of the child's body, each passing to that for whose sustenance and growth it is fitted. At the age of from six to ten months, the first teeth penetrate through the gum, and towards the end of the second year, the entire number have appeared. These twenty teeth are classified according to their peculiar forms, as incisors, canines, and molars. The incisors are chiselled, the canines pointed, and the molars presenting a broad and rough summit. When the mouth is closed, the molars of the upper jaw corresponding in position with those of the lower, rest upon them. But the lower incisors and canines lie within the edges of the upper ones. In each of the jaws, there is, however, space for sixteen teeth, and consequently three places at each side remain unoccupied.

The relative arrangement of this set of teeth is shown in fig. 17, where the incisors are indicated by *i*; the canines by *c*, and the molars by *m*; the unoccupied spaces being marked "

The first teeth which break through the jaw, are the middle incisors *i*¹ *i*¹; these are succeeded in regular succession by the lateral incisors *i*² *i*², the canines *c*, and the molars *m*¹ *m*¹ and *m*² *m*².

The first set of teeth are called the milk teeth, because of their emergence from the gums at the time when the aliment of the child is changed from the milk of the mother to other forms of food. Towards the seventh year, these teeth begin to be pushed out of the jaw by another set which have been growing beneath them. The incisors and canines are pushed out by another set perfectly similar in form and name, which take their places. The molars are in like manner extruded by four teeth in each jaw called *bicuspsids*, having an intermediate character between incisors and molars.

Later still, four molars issue from the gum in each jaw, two at each side, occupying the first two

of the three vacant places marked " in fig. 17, and at a still more advanced age, two other molars issue from each jaw, filling the last vacant place marked " in the fig. 17.

Thus, a set of sixteen permanent teeth is established in each jaw (fig. 18). The last four molars, which emerge at a period of life much later than the others, have been for that reason vulgarly called wisdom teeth.

The periods of the successive emergence of the permanent teeth are, according to Cartwright, as follows:—

	AGE.
Middle incisors of lower jaw (1 st), and first molars (M ¹)	5 to 7
Middle incisors of upper jaw	6 to 8
Lateral incisors (1 st)	7 to 9
First bicusps (B ¹)	8 to 10
Canines (C)	9 to 12
Second bicusps (B ²)	10 to 12
Second molars (M ²)	12 to 14
Third molars (M ³) (wisdom teeth)	17 to 25

The mean height of man is about 5 feet 6 inches, but is subject to great variation, not only in the case of individual compared with individual, but nation with nation, and race with race. Some of the savage tribes of Patagonia, and the inhabitants of the Navigator and Caribbean islands, are remarkable for their elevated stature, their average height varying from 6 feet to 6 feet 3 inches. On the contrary, the Esquimaux and Bushmen have an average height not exceeding 4 feet 3 inches.

If, instead of comparing people with people, individual be compared with individual, still greater departures from the average standard are found. Thus, we have seen giants which have attained the enormous height of 9 feet 6 inches, and, on the other hand, dwarfs whose height did not exceed 2 feet.

Among persons of average height, women are about a sixteenth less tall than men; but among people whose average height is less than the common standard, such as the Esquimaux and Bushmen, there is less inequality between the sexes; while in those of greater average height, such as the Patagonians, the inequality is greater. In fact the sexual inequality appears to vary nearly in the ratio of the mean stature.

The inequalities of mean stature observed in comparing people with people, depend partly upon race, or partly on the physical conditions with which they are surrounded.

The influence of race is more especially apparent when different people, inhabiting the same country, with similar manners, and subject to like climatological influences, are compared together. In Patagonia, for example, where certain nomadic tribes of very elevated stature prevail, there are others whose stature has about the ordinary standard, and at a little distance in the Tierra del Fuego, people of low stature prevail. The people of greatest mean stature are found chiefly in the southern hemisphere, either on the South American continent, or in the several archipelagos of the Southern Ocean.

Although people of low average stature are found within the tropics, and in places near the Cape of Good Hope, where the climate is sufficiently temperate, it cannot be doubted that a rigorous climate is unfavorable to the development of the human form, for in high latitudes in both hemispheres, the inhabitants are invariably characterised by diminutive stature.

Moderate cold, on the contrary, is favorable to the corporeal development. In France and other parts of Europe, where the climate is mild, the average stature is less than in the colder parts of Europe, such as Sweden, Finland, and even Saxony and the Ukraine.

Temperature, however, exercises on the whole less influence upon bodily development than the general hygienic conditions of a people, and it may be received as a general principle, that the mean stature will be so much the more elevated, and the complete growth sooner accomplished, other things being the same, as the country inhabited by a people is more fertile and abundant, and the sufferings and privations sustained during youth less considerable. Innumerable proofs of this truth may be found by comparing nation with nation. But it may be rendered still more strikingly apparent by comparing together the inhabitants of different provinces of the same country, or even those of different divisions of a large city.

It is well known that, by the laws of France, the army is recruited by conscription, in carrying out which means are incidentally supplied of ascertaining with great precision the sanitary condition and bodily development of the population. The capital of that country, containing upwards of a million of inhabitants, is distributed into quarters, called arrondissements, which differ one from another in relation

to wealth or poverty, even more than do the various quarters of London. Thus while in the north-western arrondissements misery and want are rare, in some others, such as the 8th, the 11th, and the 12th, they prevail to a great extent. In the former, 45 in every 100 conscripts are found unfit for military service, chiefly because of insufficient stature, and the remaining 55 have an average height of 5 feet 6½ inches, while in the latter quarters, where poverty is more prevalent, 52 in a 100 are rejected, and the remaining 48 have an average height of only 5 feet 6 inches.

Statistical returns sufficiently exact and regular to indicate the average progressive growth of the human body, though rare, are not unattainable. In Belgium, for example, where the average stature is somewhat greater than in France, it has been found that the average height of new-born infants is 19 1-5th inches, and at the end of the first year it is increased to 27½ inches.

In the second year the growth is less rapid, and in every succeeding year becomes less and less so, until the full growth has been attained. The annexed diagram, however, fig. 19, will convey a more exact notion of the mean progressive growth than could any mere numerical statements. It is due to M. Quetelet, to whose physical and statistical researches science is otherwise so largely indebted. The successive years in the age of an individual, from the moment of birth to the age of thirty, are indicated in the horizontal line, and the corresponding average heights in the vertical column.

It appears, therefore, that at the moment of birth the infant has a stature equal to about 2-7ths, and at three years old, about half of its ultimate height.

At the moment of birth, the average height of boys exceeds that of girls by about the 20th of an inch, and this difference increases with their growth. Nevertheless, the results obtained by M. Quetelet must be received merely as first approximations; the observations and inductions necessary to establish general and certain laws being much more numerous than any which statistical records have yet supplied. It may, however, be assumed that in extreme climates, whether hot or cold, the body arrives at its full height sooner than in temperate climates; in towns sooner than in the country, and in plains sooner than in the mountainous districts.

The development of the body in bulk is slower than its growth in height. A new-born infant has upon an average about a twentieth of the weight which it will acquire upon attaining its greatest development, which takes place in general for men at 40, and for women at 50.

During the first year after birth, the increment of weight is about 1-10th of all that it will receive during its subsequent existence; and the increase of weight received from the 15th to the 20th year is even greater than that which is acquired in the first five years.

On arriving nearly at the limit of his stature, the male passing from youth to manhood undergoes several organic changes. His bones having acquired a larger proportion of the earthy constituent, have increased strength, his muscles are more developed and powerful. His voice losing the feminine pitch which characterises boyhood, becomes almost suddenly much more grave, and his beard is rapidly developed.

The corresponding changes in the female organism are manifested somewhat earlier, and show themselves by external forms familiar to every eye. The chest becomes enlarged, the shoulders expanded, and the pelvis acquires greater width, and the forms of womanhood become conspicuously visible. In temperate climates these changes are manifested at from 14 to 16 years of age. In warm climates they take place at from 10 to 11, and in colder countries are postponed to 17 or 18.

Growth produces in the species a somewhat remarkable change in the mechanical qualities of the bones. This important part of our organism consists of three constituents, fibre, cartilage, and the earthy matter already mentioned called *phosphate of lime*. From the fibre they derive their toughness; from the cartilage their elasticity, and from the lime their hardness and firmness. Nothing can be more admirable in the economy of our body than the manner in which the proportion of these constituents adapts itself to the habitudes of age. The helpless infant, exposed by a thousand incidents to external shocks, has bones, the chief constituents of which being gristly and cartilaginous, are yielding and elastic, and incur little danger of fracture. Those of the youth, whose augmented weight and increased activity demand greater strength, have a larger proportion of the calcareous and fibrous elements, but still enough of the cartilaginous to confer upon the solid framework of his body the greatest firmness,

toughness, and elasticity. As age advances, prudence and tranquil habits increasing, as well as the weight which the bones have to sustain, the proportion of the calcareous constituent increases, giving the requisite hardness and strength, but diminishing the toughness and elasticity.

While bones thus change their mechanical qualities as age advances, they diminish in number, the frame consequently having fewer joints and less flexibility. The bones of a child, whose habits require greater bodily pliability, are more numerous than those of an adult, several of the articulations becoming ossified between infancy and maturity. In like manner, the bones at maturity are more numerous than in advanced age, the same progressive ossification of the joints being continued.

It has been ascertained by anatomists that, on attaining the adult state, the number of bones constituting the framework of the human body is 193; of which 52 belong to the trunk, 22 to the head, 64 to the arms, and 60 to the legs.

This wonderful solid structure is moved by a mechanical apparatus, consisting of about 400 muscles, each of which is attached at its extremities to two points of the body, more or less distant from each other, which it has the power of drawing towards each other by a contractile property peculiar to it. These muscles, however, being passive pieces of mechanism, are moved as already mentioned by the nerves, while the nerves themselves are moved by the will, and here the material mechanism ends, and the intellectual or the spiritual begins.

As age advances, the organs lose their suppleness and elasticity; the weight of the body undergoes a sensible diminution; the powers of digestion and assimilation are gradually impaired; the vital flame decreases in splendor, and flickering in its socket, at length, and with apparent reluctance, goes out.

Death, however, by the mere effect of age, is extremely rare, being in most cases produced by accidental causes, to which imprudence exposes us. Innumerable examples prove to how great an extent life may be prolonged beyond its average limits. Without citing the extraordinary examples of longevity found in the records of the first ages of the world, supplied by the Sacred Scriptures, examples sufficiently numerous may be produced nearly from our own times. One of the most remarkable examples of longevity which modern times have presented, is that of a poor fisherman, an inhabitant of Yorkshire, by name Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670, at the age of 157. Peculiar circumstances have incidentally supplied evidence of the great ages of this individual and two of his sons. He was summoned on a certain occasion before a court of justice, to give evidence of a fact which had occurred 140 years previously; and he appeared before the tribunal attended by his two sons, the younger of whom had attained the age of 100, and the elder that of 102. Various other examples are cited of nearly equal longevity, but for the most part they refer to times or places at which the registers of births and deaths were not kept with such regularity as to entitle the statement to confidence. It is, however, extremely rare to find an individual who has exceeded the age of 100. According to the bills of mortality of the City of London, it appears that, of 47,000 deaths which took place in the ten years ending in 1762, there were only 15 centenarians. In France, during the three years ending with 1840, there were 2,434,993 deaths, of which 439 were reputed centenarians, which would give a proportion of about 1 in 5500.

One of the saddest spectacles presented by the analysis of the general progress and termination of human life, is the vast proportion of our race which are swept away in the first years of their existence; a circumstance which can only be explained by the care which infancy requires, and the inability of the poor and laboring classes to bestow it. It appears, from the statistical records so accurately kept in France, that of every 100 children born, 24 die in the first year, 33 in the first two years; 40 in the first four years; and 50 in the first twenty years. Thus it appears that only half the children born in France survive for the purpose of the continuance of the race. According to similar records published in England, it appears that 40 in 100 die in the first 5 years, and 11 more between that and 20; so that the survivors at 20 are something less than half the number born.

THE fountain of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own dispositions, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he proposes to remove.

Life in Siberia.

THE beautiful story of 'The Exiles of Siberia' has made us familiar with the name and desolate features of the great prison of Russia; but the manners and customs of the population have been hidden from the rest of the world. Some highly interesting pictures of life in this distant region have, however, just been given by Madame Felinska. The lady is a Lithuanian, of high birth and large possessions. She was accustomed to treat the serfs on her estates with great kindness, and amongst other measures established schools for the education of their children. The Emperor of Russia, however, suffers none but government schools to be opened, and Madame Felinska was suspected of being an enemy of order. In 1837 an insurrection was hatched in several Polish provinces, and Madame Felinska was arrested amongst many other persons, though upon what grounds is unknown. She was suddenly torn from her fatherless children, and conveyed by the police to the remotest part of Siberia. The guilt of the poor lady seems to have been considered so great, that she was condemned to reside at Berezov, a town on the edge of the Arctic Circle. Owing to the extreme northerly position of this town, daylight continues almost all night long in summer, and darkness almost all day long in winter. The season changes with such rapidity, that to-day it is summer, to-morrow winter; one day it is necessary to keep fires in the stoves to preserve life, the next day the heat of the sun is intolerable. In the summer the inhabitants, when they seek the shade of the surrounding forests, are obliged to cover their faces with hair masks, and their hands with thick gloves, to escape the stings of mosquitoes. In the winter, mercury freezes, the breath congeals as it issues from the mouth, and saliva is formed into ice before it can fall to the ground. Berezov, in fact, suffers from the worst features of summer and winter, intense heat and cold, without enjoying any of the pleasures of those seasons. Spring and autumn—that is, their beauty and pleasure—do not exist at all.

The town consists of two hundred houses, and very few of them are more than one story high. The soil is so damp that the streets are full of mud, even during the parching heat of summer; and to enable people to walk in them at all, planks are laid from house to house, and trunks of trees across what should be the roadway. But there are no roads, and therefore, no carriages ever pass through the streets. The whole surface of the district, indeed, is untouched by a wheel, for it is a wilderness inhabited only by bears and other wild beasts. The few inhabitants of this part of Siberia are settled on the banks of the rivers; inland, there is not a single town, or village, or hut. The only communication with Berezov is by the rivers Irtysh and Obi, which together extend from beyond Tobolsk to the Frozen Sea, and are traversed in summer by vessels, and in winter by sledges. It is the want of roads which renders the town a secure prison without walls.

The inhabitants are principally Cossacks, but, owing to the perpetual peace in which they have lived, they have sadly degenerated from the warlike character of their race. The great object of their lives is to obtain feather-beds; and young men, twenty years old, will cry like children if their tea is not ready at the usual hour. The patriarchal mode of governing families prevails amongst the inhabitants of Berezov. A mother, is so much revered, that her daughters-in-law, though mothers themselves, will send to ask her, before going out to pay visits, what dress they may wear. Each class of society has a distinctive dress, and a wife, of course, wears that of the class to which her husband belongs. Thus, while one sister, who is the wife of a government officer, and, therefore, is a high noble, wears a cap on her head, another sister, the wife of a wealthier merchant, wears only a silk handkerchief. The inhabitants of Berezov are great sticklers for the maintenance of these distinctions, and not only do the lower classes abstain from assuming the costume of the higher classes, but they oppose any attempt to pass the boundaries of the fashion. They will even tear the offending costume from the head of the wearer, and shun her, as a convicted culprit against good manners. Madame Felinska's waiting maid refused to dress her mistress's hair in the style of her own, saying, "It will make you look a common person like me."

The manners of the people are very simple. Good wives are in a great measure their own servants; and even the richest mistress is not ashamed to be caught cooking, but on the contrary is rather proud of it. The only education that girls receive

is how to cook, and if they can read and write as well, they are regarded as highly accomplished persons. But skill in cookery is valued above everything; and to test it every bride is required to cook a dinner for her husband and their friends. If the entertainment is good, the bride is extolled as a very clever person, and held up as a pattern to others, and if ill, disgrace is brought upon her and her family. The consequence is, that none of the men are opposed to marriage and unmarried women are rare, because wives are really helpmates. Indeed, wives are so highly prized, that instead of being chosen, as with us, they choose their husbands; and to the credit of their sex, be it said, poor girls of Berezov often reject rich lovers, because they are vicious.

On the first day of Lent, the inhabitants of Berezov, without any exception, call on their neighbors, and beg pardon for every transgression which they may have committed against them. On this occasion, the mother-in-law is surrounded by her children, their husbands, wives, and children, indeed, by all her relations near and remote, who fall at her feet and humbly ask her forgiveness. This done, the members of the family ask pardon of each other, beginning in the order of their rank and age. The custom is not merely a ceremony, but is dictated by religious feeling, and if persons who have quarrelled do not call upon each other, their friends take the matter up and effect a reconciliation.

On the first day of the Christmas-week the men visit their friends, and on the second day the women visit their friends, dressed in their best clothes. Many of the ladies wear costly Chinese silks, blouses, tabler, gold, pearls, precious stones and exquisite furs. The chief amusement at this season is to go about disguised in fancy costumes. It is the custom amongst the people to preserve their wedding-dresses, and they are laid up from generation to generation. These relics are used in the Christmas masquerading, and thus ancestors and descendants appear curiously intermingled. As night approaches the streets become crowded by masquers, who enter any house they please without saying a single word, saunter through the rooms for a few moments, and then depart, so that a crowd is continually coming and going in every house throughout the town. On New-Year's-Day these visits are repeated. On the morning after these revels, the house is carefully sprinkled with holy water. It is believed that devils enter the house with the masquers, and secrete themselves in crevices, lying wait to do mischief, and these are the means taken to expel them. The inhabitants of Berezov are firm believers in evil spirits, and whenever a storm beats against the window, they assert that it is devils trying to get into the house. It need scarcely be added, that the people are very ignorant. Grammar is considered trash, while the use of the higher branches of arithmetic is scarcely understood by the most learned amongst the inhabitants. A Polish surgeon who was sent to Berezov, during Madame Felinska's residence, it was discovered, understood fractions. He was considered quite a prodigy of wisdom. One day he was stopped in the street by one of the chief merchants, who asked him if it was really true that he knew fractions? The doctor told him he did. "If it be so," continued the merchant, "please to tell me whether it is likewise true that those who know fractions can tell how many pecks there are in a quarter?"

When an invitation to a party is intended, a note is sent early in the morning to warn the guest to be ready. In the evening a second note is sent, as a reminder, but it is in reality the invitation; the first note counts for nothing. The visitor, on arriving, felicitates every member of the family in succession, whether absent or present, and it is polite to call them by their Christian names, as in all other parts of Russia. The ladies occupy one room, and the gentlemen another. The maidens occupy the seats of honor, and take precedence of their mothers. Cakes and sweetmeats are handed to them first, and then to their mothers, and are afterwards sent to the gentlemen of the party. Coffee is sometimes served, but it is considered a great delicacy, and it is boiled the night before the party, and warmed again. Conversation, strictly speaking, there is none; those who do not play, crack nuts, and these are called conversation. The greatest dainty which can be served at supper is raw fish, and it is eaten without salt, though salt may be easily obtained. In winter the fish is congealed, and is eaten cut in slices, which may be peppered but are never salted. So fond are the people of this, that as soon as a dish is placed on the table, everybody pounces on it, and the dish is renewed again and again until the guests are satisfied. The people will even go to the river side and eat the fish, not only alive, but quivering with pain,

as they are cast ashore from the nets. On the conclusion of supper, the hostess carries round a bottle, containing some home-made wine; each guest must drink, at least it is considered rude to decline; and having drunk, it is understood the party is at an end. Intoxication is very common amongst the inhabitants of Berezov, but it is considered wrong to resist or resent the blows of a drunken person. He is treated as an object of pity not of anger.

A Berezovian widow, even when married again, celebrates the death of her husband. She sends cakes garnished with sweetmeats, to the kindred and friends of the deceased, who attend her by invitation at church. On the conclusion of divine service, each person audibly pronounces the name of the deceased. Some rice, boiled for the occasion by the widow, is then shared amongst them, and portions are sent to those friends who have not been able to attend. The friends afterward breakfast with the widow at her house, and the occasion is generally concluded by playing cards. When a wealthy person dies, the coffin is covered with silk, and ornamented with fringes of gold lace. It is carried to the church, and if the deceased was married, the family gather round and utter a lament over the body. The mother begins, and relates, with sobs and moans, the good qualities of the departed, showing how every member of the family must suffer by his death. Then his sisters take up the lament, each uttering expressions peculiar to herself. Though the mourners appear to be rendered eloquent by excessive grief, it is really not so; the ceremony is nothing more than a form. This is the light in which the bystanders regard it, and they criticise the performance, saying, for instance, "How beautifully Madame N—— is lamenting; none of her daughters are equal to her." The lament is a mere piece of acting. It is repeated in the cemetery, after which the corpse is laid in the grave, and the funeral party generally return home as gaily as from a dinner party, even the most despairing amongst the mourners conversing calmly on indifferent topics.

The inhabitants of Berezov are Christians of the Greek Church. The holy communion is always taken in full dress. The young ladies have their hair falling over their shoulders, as they do at their weddings, and wear full ball costume. A pelisse, or warm upper garment, would be considered improper even in the coldest weather. The communion is followed by a feast at home; no work is done in the house that day. St. Peter is the patron saint of the town, and the first of July is kept as a grand festival in his honor. Divine service having been performed at church, the congregation proceed in procession round the town, bearing a cross and banners. The whole population, rich and poor, young and old, take part in the solemnities of the day; none remain at home but the sick and the aged. Even these, if they can, stand at the doors of their houses until the procession is passed; then mount the roof, and whenever they catch a glimpse of the procession, however distant it may be, make the sign of the cross and bend their heads.

There is no market at Berezov, and meat cannot be bought; still the inhabitants obtain it, though in a roundabout way. The rich citizens kill an ox, each in turn, and distribute the meat amongst their neighbors: in this way the supply of meat is kept up all the year round. The cultivation of land is almost unknown, though this arises partly from the severity of the climate. An enterprising merchant once tried to raise a crop of corn, but his townsmen opposed it, broke down his fences, and destroyed the plant, under the impression that if he succeeded they would all be turned into agriculturists, and forced to till the soil by the Government. The merchant was driven to madness by the annoyances he suffered. The land is common property, and the theft of moveables is unknown, though the commonest of all crimes, and practised by all classes in the other parts of Russia. The houses have neither locks, bolts, nor bars, and property may be safely trusted to the public honor. The truth is, there are no means of disposing of stolen goods. To complete the picture of these antarctic people, it may be added, that a wife is considered the absolute property of her husband, and if she is ill-used, nobody is at liberty to take her part. Even when a husband murders his wife in a fit of intoxication or passion, people will indeed blame him for his inhumanity, but no body dreams of bringing him before a court of justice.

AN EXALTED IDEA.—It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those below them. PROMISE.—Large promise is the soul of an advertisement.

Calcutta.

CALCUTTA, a well known city of Hindostan, capital of the presidency and province of Bengal, and seat of the supreme government of British India, is situated on a level tract, on the left or east bank of the river Hoogly, a branch of the Ganges, about 100 miles from the sea. The river, opposite the city, varies in breadth, from about two furlongs at the narrowest part to about three-quarters of a mile at the broadest. The city is divided into two parts: the northern is occupied by natives, and the southern by Europeans. A very great difference is manifested in the manners and customs of the two races from the state of the two portions, the northern being crowded with narrow, dingy streets and mean-looking warehouses and bazaars. In the southern portion the streets are spacious, the houses mostly detached, large and handsome, built of brick and stuccoed.

Ships of 1,400 tons burthen can sail up the Hoogly, and lie in 6 or 7 fathoms water, or lie in moorings at the bank.

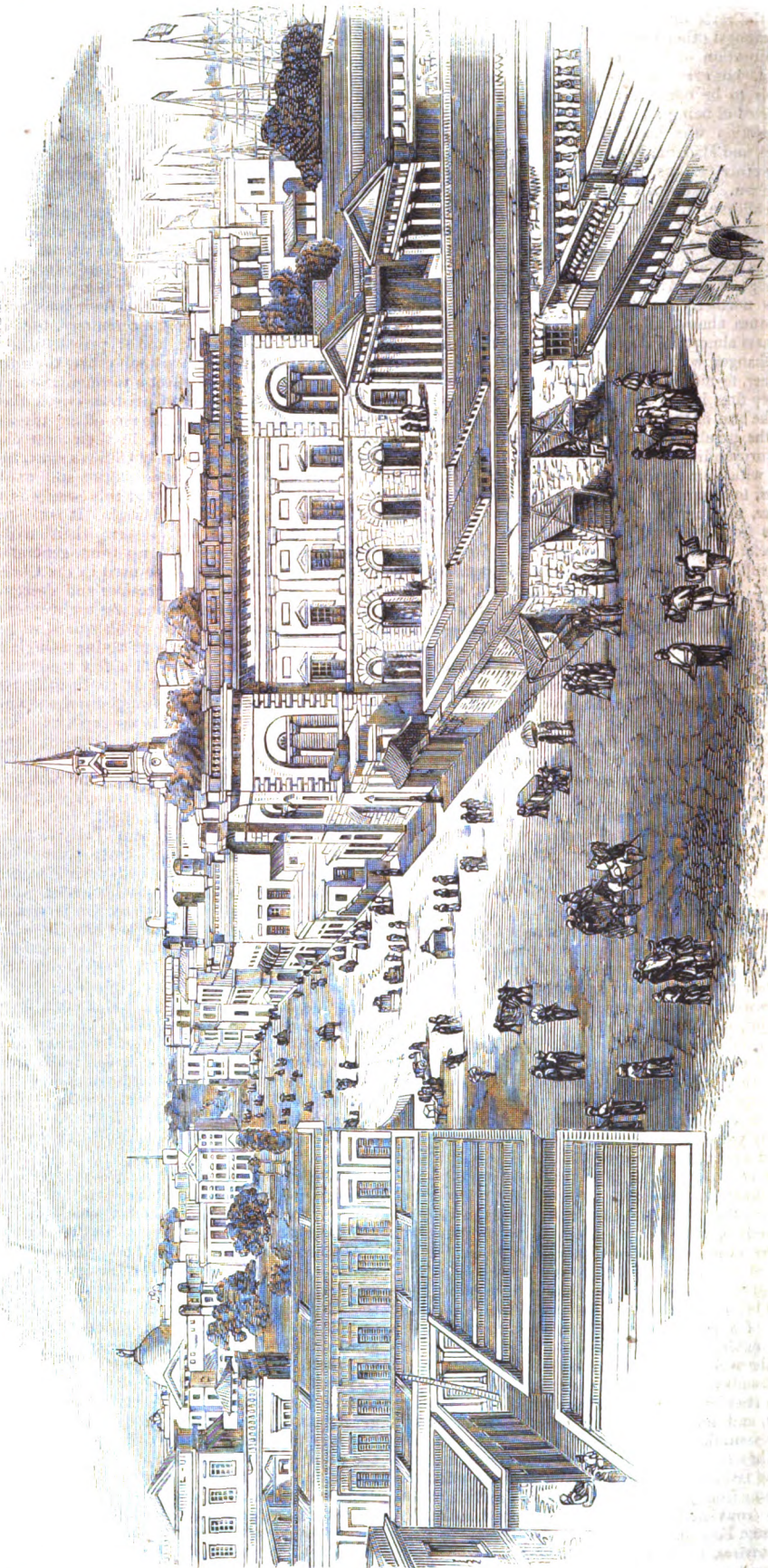
Five English and several native newspapers are published there, and it has four colleges, which are supported by the government. There are also several schools, taught by natives, for instruction in English and the vernacular languages.

Hannibal.

BRED in the camp, the Carthaginian general possessed every quality necessary to gain the confidence of his men. His personal strength and activity were such, that he could handle their arms and perform their exercises, on foot or on horseback, more skilfully than themselves. His endurance of heat and cold, of fatigue and hunger, excelled that of the hardiest soldier in the camp. He never required others to do what he could not and would not do for himself. To these bodily powers he added an address as winning as that of Hasdrubal, his brother-in-law—talents for command fully as great as those of his father, Hamilcar. His frank manners and genial temper endeared him to his soldiery: his strong will swayed them like one man. The different nations who made up his motley army—Africans and Spaniards, Gauls and Italians—looked upon him each as their own chief. Polybius twice remarks, that amid the hardships which his mixed army underwent for sixteen years in a foreign land, there never was a mutiny in his camp. This admirable versatility of the man was seconded by all the qualities required to make the general. His quick perception and great sagacity led him to marvellously correct judgment of future events and distant countries—which in those days, when travellers were few and countries unknown, must have been a task of extraordinary difficulty. He formed his plans after patient inquiry, and kept them profoundly secret till it was necessary to make them known. But with this caution in designing was united marvellous promptness in execution. "He was never deceived himself," says Polybius; "but never failed to take advantage of the errors of his opponent." Nor was he a mere soldier. In leisure hours he delighted to converse with learned Greeks on topics of intellectual interest. As a statesman, he displayed ability hardly inferior to that which he had displayed as a general. Against these great qualities he was traditionally reported to have been cruel even to ferocity, and treacherous beyond the common measure of his country. But even if we believe the bad faith of Carthage to have been greater than that which Rome showed towards foreigners, yet we hear of no single occasion on which Hannibal broke faith with Rome. With regard to his cruelty, there can be no doubt that he was indifferent to human life when success could be gained by its sacrifice; and on several occasions we find him, under the influence of passion, treating his prisoners with great barbarity. But though he had been trained to consider the Romans as his natural enemies, to be hunted down like wolves, we must remember that he forgot not to treat worthy foemen, such as Marcellus, with the magnanimity of a noble nature. And after all, it is somewhat out of place to expect refined humanity from a leader of mercenaries, who had been bred in the camp, and had lived from his earliest boyhood in the midst of war. But whatever might be the ability, whatever the hardihood of the young general, he required it all for the great Italian enterprise which he achieved. To penetrate from the Ebro to the Po, with chains of giant mountains to bar his progress, through countries partly bar-

barous and for the most part hostile—without roads, or maps, or accurate knowledge of his route—without certain provision for the food and clothing of his army—without the hearty concurrence of his own government—was an undertaking from which the boldest might shrink; and to have accomplished this much with triumphant success would alone

A QUIET REBUKE.—It had been the practice among the attendants of divine worship in one of the down-east churches of America, for some of the youth to flatten out pewter buttons, and pass them into the contribution-box. The old dominie at length felt it his duty, in justice to his pocket, to check the growing evil, "My dear friends," said he,



STREET IN CALCUTTA

justify the homage which is still paid to the genius of Hannibal.

Wonderful is the power of music. It is the heart's own language, and speaks to it in a voice of irresistible persuasion. It is a good gift from heaven, and should ever be used in a good cause.

"some of you are in the habit of flattening the eye of metal buttons, and contributing to the treasury of the Lord. I would simply observe, that while the process makes the resemblance to a ten cent. piece no more complete, it renders them utterly useless as buttons."

ATTENTION is always pleasant in acquaintances till we tire of them.



BEATRICE CHATTERTON, BY PRODUCING THE QUEEN'S LETTER, SAVES THE LIFE OF CHARLES VAVASSEUR.

THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE:

A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STANFIELD HALL," "MINNIE GREY," ETC.

Continued from Vol. III., page 175.

CHAPTER LXXII.

When the clouds have poured their rain,
Sweeter smell the flowers:
Brighter shines heaven's starry train,
In earth's sunless hours.
Tribulation patience works,
Hope from hence we borrow;
Such the hidden good that lurks
In dark days of sorrow.—BERNARD BARTON.

GUIDED by the Tartar boy, our hero and his two companions retraced their weary footsteps through a portion of the wood until they came to the secluded, lonely valley in which the house of the Greek merchant, Mauvrogits, was situated. There was not the slightest appearance of hesitation on the part of their guide; he threaded his way amid the tangled wilderness of brushwood, prickly thorn, and swamp with an alacrity and decision which convinced both Charles and Julian that he was acting with good faith towards them. They were satisfied, but not so the corporal. Jealousy and suspicion are inseparable; one follows the other as closely as its shadow. With his hand upon his pistol he kept close to the side of the lad, and repeatedly assured him that if he was deceiving them he would blow his brains out on the spot.

The young savage comprehended the threat, though not the language in which it was conveyed, and answered him by a look of defiance.

"Stoak," said our hero, "you are unreasonable—you terrify the boy. I feel assured that he is acting honestly."

"I don't," answered the old soldier, sharply.

"Consider, he is a mere child."

"Child," repeated the jealous husband, "and what of that? There is as much craft in Satan's little finger, as in his whole body."

It was with the utmost difficulty that Julian and Charles succeeded in calming his excitement.

"You will only drive our guide away," observed the latter, "and then, what becomes of our chance of re-

covering Peggy? Remember how unfounded all your suspicions have hitherto proved. First, you imagined because your wife showed a womanly sympathy in my cause, when she saw me unjustly assailed by that villain Mat, that I had a hand in her abduction. Confidence is the very life of affection—you will only have yourself to blame," he said, "if you destroy it."

Stoak looked at him for a few moments doubtfully. It was not the first time he had heard the same remonstrance. Peggy had made it frequently.

"I suppose I am wrong," he muttered, "but I can't help it. I make a hundred resolutions in an hour, and break them as quickly; but in my heart," he continued, at the same time striking his clenched fist upon his breast, "I do think that my wife is a good wife."

"And I feel assured she is," replied our hero; "or your unfounded jealousy would long since have made her otherwise. Why, there is not a man in the regiment but respects her. They all know your weak point, and delight to torment you."

The corporal gave a sort of spasmodic grin, as he recollected the numberless occasions on which his weakness had been made the sport of his comrades.

By this time they had reached the opposite side of the valley, and were close upon the wood which screened the house of the Greek; and looking round they found that the Tartar had disappeared.

"There!" exclaimed the corporal, "I told you he would betray us. I knew it. He is off; whilst I, like a fool, listened to your prating."

"He will return," said the Pole.

"Never. He has led us to the snare. In a few minutes the enemy will be upon us, and I shall never see my wife again."

His exclamations and regrets were cut short by the return of the boy, who crept cautiously from the wood, and advanced towards them with his finger on his lips, to impose silence.

"The Cossacks," he said, in reply to a whispered question of Julian.

"Where?"

"In the house, I suppose," replied the Tartar. "I saw their horses picketted under a clump of trees at a few paces distance."

"And their number?"

"Fourteen."

With the utmost caution, they followed the speaker, not one of the party venturing to utter a word above his breath, a few minutes brought them to the spot where, as the lad had described, fourteen horses were

picketted. Their riders, deeming themselves in perfect security, contrary to their usual custom, had not left one of their number to watch; they were all refreshing themselves in the house of the Greek merchant.

The horses belonging to the half disciplined cavalry of the Don are chiefly from the Ukraine, wild, fiery, unbroken animals, capable of enduring almost any amount of fatigue; savage, as in the vast steppes where they are caught, and almost as swift. It is only the wandering Cossack, whose life is passed in the saddle, that ventures to ride them.

"This is fortunate," said Julian; "the means of flight are at hand."

A few steps brought them to the front of the mansion of Mauvrogits; all the lower windows were closed, and carefully barred. Those in the upper storey it had not been thought necessary to secure, the height from the ground being sufficient to prevent all chance of the prisoners' escape, unless assisted from without.

Directly in front of the centre windows rose a large tree; it was perfectly possible for any one who mounted into its branches to see all that was taking place in the apartment. Whilst Julian and our hero were deciding which of the two should climb it, for neither would trust to the discretion of Corporal Stoak, the latter ascended the trunk with the agility of a wild cat, and creeping along one of the giant boughs, remained with his eyes riveted, spellbound as it were, towards the casement. Presently the two friends, who anxiously watched his proceeding, heard an exclamation of rage, which resembled more the infuriated growl of an angry tiger, than the voice of a human being, escape him.

"What is it you see?" they both demanded.

Without replying, the husband of the pretty Peggy deliberately drew a pistol from his belt, and levelled it towards the window.

"Madman!" exclaimed Charles, "what would you do?"

"A shot will alarm the Cossacks," added the Pole. "Are you tired of life? Would you leave your wife in the hands of her brutal enemy?"

They could hear the grinding of his teeth, as the jealous corporal slowly lowered the weapon.

Our hero, knowing how little the self-command of the man was to be depended upon when the passion which rendered his life miserable was once roused, hastily ascended the tree after him, and in a few seconds was by his side.

"For heaven's sake, Peter," he said, "do nothing rashly."

"There! there!" was the only reply he could wring from him.

Charles looked, and no longer wondered at the madness of his companion. Peggy was seated on a low divan, listening, with an air of coquetry, to a very handsome youth, who was evidently pleading his cause with more warmth than discretion.

"You forget," said the young soldier of fortune, "that she does not understand a word he utters."

"Jezebel!"

"That, being a prisoner, added the speaker, "probably she is compelled to temporise with him. Be calm, give me your weapon."

He stole his hand gently along the arm of the corporal till it rested on the stock of the pistol, which he attempted to remove from his grasp.

Stoak dashed his hand aside, and swore with a bitter oath that he would not part with it.

Poor Charles felt that it was useless to contend with a man in his state of mind, and secretly reproached himself with imprudence in having started on his search to recover the fair Circassian with such a companion.

More than once during the five minutes which followed, the unconscious Peggy was in danger of her life, for the pistol of her husband covered her, whilst his finger trembled convulsively upon the trigger. Fortunately for both of them, a lingering doubt remained, and he waited for a yet more decisive proof of what he considered her unworthiness; and had the pretty cantinière yielded to the solicitation of Leon, and awarded the kiss he sued for, in all probability her husband would have fired.

Peggy, like most—perhaps we should rather have said many—of her sex, was not insensible to admiration; it would have required more than a slight flirtation to have alarmed her; but there it ended. According to her code of matrimonial ethics, a woman being married was no reason why she should not be told that she was handsome, a fact which, as she used naively to observe most husbands seemed to forget. But there it ended; and when the Greek boy, emboldened by her silence and smiles, attempted to obtain by force the kiss he had been begging for, she opposed such a vigorous resistance, that all the corporal's jealousy vanished in an instant.

"My own true, blessed girl!" he muttered, in a voice thick with emotion. "She is true to me, and I am happy—No," he added, suddenly recollecting the sinister design he had so lately entertained, "I am a miserable man."

"Thank Heaven," observed Charles, "that you are not a murderer."

A cold perspiration broke forth on the brow of Stoak. He trembled so violently that he could scarcely maintain his seat on the branch of the tree, and the pistol fell from his nerveless hand.

Our hero was determined, if possible, to complete the cure thus happily commenced.

"You now see your folly," he continued. "For years you have rendered both Peggy and yourself miserable by your ridiculous, unjust suspicions."

"I'll never be jealous again," replied the repentant husband.

"Never?" repeated his Mentor, doubtfully.

"Never," said the corporal, grasping his hand; "come to the canteen when you like, whether I am there or not; and, if any one dares to whisper, or hint a word of anything wrong, leave them to me, that's all. You are too honest a fellow, and my wife too good to deceive me. I can now trust you both. But for you," he added, in a tone of deep feeling, "she would have been a corpse, and I a murderer. Should she ever know it, oh, should she ever know it!"

"She never will," said Charles; "at least from me."

"Thanks! thanks."

Whilst this little dialogue was taking place, Lelia, who had been in the adjoining room, entered the one in which her companion in captivity and the young Greek had hitherto been alone. There was a dignity in the deep sorrow of the fair Circassian, a holiness in her simple costume of a Sister of Charity, which gave to her beauty a Madonna-like character. On her appearance, Leon withdrew.

No sooner had he quitted the apartment than Peggy, with great presence of mind, began to barricade the door.

"You see," remarked our hero to his companion in the tree, "she does not wish for his return."

Peter Stoak felt as if he should go mad with delight.

"It is useless," observed Lelia, calmly; "the frail barrier we can erect against our persecutors will not shield us."

"Who knows?" answered Peggy, dragging the heavy divan on which Leon and herself had been so lately seated against the door. "I have often heard that Heaven helps those who help themselves. Oh, if my Peter were only here!"

Scarcely had the words escaped her lips, than a small pebble fell upon the floor. The speaker looked first at the ceiling, then at the window.

A second pebble followed.

With a cry of joy she rushed to the casement.

"Here," said the corporal, who by this time had descended from the tree, and with his two companions was standing below. "Here, Peggy darling."

His wife uttered a half-suppressed scream of joy.

"His he!" she exclaimed. "Talk of the — no, I don't exactly mean that. My own dear, ugly, strong-hearted, weak-headed Peter is below."

Lelia joined her. She recognised the voice of Charles, and felt that she was saved.

"Have you anything," demanded our hero, "you can fasten a rope to?"

Both the women replied in the affirmative.

Fortunately the adventurers had brought a strong cord with them. Attaching one end of it to a stone, they succeeded, after several attempts, in casting it into the room; and, before it was half secured, the corporal had mounted, and Peggy was enfolded in his embrace. The two friends quickly followed. No time was to be lost—safety depended upon promptitude. Lelia murmured the name of Henri.

"He knows not of his loss," replied our hero: "the good Sisters have deceived him with the tale of your having been summoned by their superior to attend upon a wounded countryman."

Julian and Charles drew up the cord by which they had mounted, and fastening it under the arms of the fair Circassian, succeeded in lowering her from the window. Peggy followed next, then the Pole.

"Go on," said the corporal; "I will be the last."

There was no time to dispute the point. Our hero followed in a few seconds, and rejoined the fugitives below. As Peter, who remained for several minutes behind, glided down the rope, a blaze of light lit up the interior of the apartment.

"What have you done?" demanded Julian.

"Set fire to the den," replied the soldier; "its inmates will soon have something else to think of, than to pursue us."

Not another word was exchanged till they reached the thicket in which the horses of the Cossacks had been picketed, here they found the Tartar boy who opened his eyes exceedingly wide when he saw the females. He could not comprehend how three men could possibly have rescued them from the clutches of the dreaded and hated Russians.

Stoak, as if to atone for his former harshness and suspicions, thrust into the hand of the little savage several silver rubles, and added his spirit flask by way of a parting gift.

"In a few minutes the alarm will be given," said the Pole, addressing their guide in his own language; "return to your hut; bury the money you have received in the earth—should the Cossacks find it on you, you may guess the fate reserved for you."

The lad replied by a look of intelligence, and darting into the wood, disappeared from the scene of danger.

Selecting three of the best horses, the party mounted. Julian, who was well armed, rode first, Charles followed next with Lelia behind.

"Away with you," said the corporal, "I and Peggy will not be long after you."

In a short time the speaker overtook his companions who began to feel uneasy, and wondered at the cause of his delay. Peggy, who was seated *en croup*, appeared entirely to have recovered her spirits; she was laughing and chatting loudly.

"Silence!" said Charles, who saw by the red stream of light, which issued above the trees, that the house was already in flames; "the Cossacks will be on our track."

"Let them," answered Stoak.

"Are you mad?"

"Only half-mad," replied Peter, "and it is with joy. Laugh away, Peggy; talk as much and as loudly as you like, and a fig for our pursuers. I am an old soldier," he added, addressing his two companions, "and have learned a thing or two. Do you imagine I was such an idiot as to leave the enemy a horse to follow us with? No, I hamstring every one of them. We are as safe as within the British lines."

As if to give the lie to his assertion, the wild peculiar cry of the Cossack was heard ringing at a short distance in the wood.

"There were other horses," whispered Lelia, "in the stable of the Greek merchant."

"Ride for your lives," shouted Charles; "your blind confidence, Stoak, has ruined us."

Without waiting a reply, he gave his half-broken steed the rein, and dashed off at a fearful pace into the thickest of the wood, closely followed by Julian. For more than an hour, neither of the horsemen uttered a word, or paused to consider the route they were taking. So that it increased the distance between them and their pursuers, it was all they thought of.

Onward sped their panting steeds, sparing neither for whip nor spur, through morass, valley, and wood; in the excitement of their flight, neither of the riders felt the rebound of the low boughs of the fir-trees as they dashed against them. Charles's only care was to protect Lelia from injury, and the terrified girl clung to him with a sister's confidence. The horses at last gave such evident signs of being worn out that they were compelled to give them a few minutes' breathing time, and the two friends simultaneously drew up on the brow of a gently sloping hill, just as the first streak of morning began to pour through the recent mantle of night.

On looking round they could discover no trace either of the corporal and his wife, or, what was of far greater importance, their pursuers.

"Thank Heaven, we are in safety," exclaimed our hero. "How feel you, lady?"

"Well," answered Lelia, looking up with a faint smile into the face of her preserver; "but you," she added, "are hurt, wounded—there is blood upon your features."

"A mere scratch," said Charles, "unworthy of a soldier's thought."

Neither himself nor Julian knew which way to pro-

ceed, so completely had they lost the track; to remain where they were was dangerous, nor was it less so to proceed, since every step they took might bring them nearer to their ruthless enemies, or carry them further from their friends.

About a mile distant from the spot where they had halted, was a chain of rocks which rose gradually as they receded; from this circumstance the Pole rightly judged they could not be very far from the sea, and after a brief consultation they resumed their journey in the same direction, trusting to find some road or natural opening, which might enable them to gain the beach, or at least ascertain the locality to which they had wandered.

The fugitives had not proceeded far, before they discovered the sea. It was a glorious sight; the sun had just risen above the horizon, and its golden beams lit as with a loving light, the crests of the dancing waves. A vessel, which had evidently suffered from the storm, for its spars were shattered and the mainmast gone, lay at anchor about a league from the shore.

"Know you where we are?" said our hero, addressing his companion.

"Perfectly," was the reply.

"Where?"

Julian pointed to a rock jutting into the sea, close to a distant headland. Charles shuddered as he recognized it. It was the very one on which the three exiles had so nearly perished of hunger, and from which they had first beheld the arrival of the British fleet; he knew from the distance it was from the camp, and the detour he must make to avoid the enemy in gaining it, that it would be impossible for him to rejoin his regiment before his leave of absence had expired. "Henri at least will be rendered happy," he murmured; and in that generous thought the noble-hearted fellow gathered renewed strength.

Little did he deem, as he gazed with anxious eyes upon the vessel at a distance, that it had carried over the abyss of waters, the being dearest to him—that the letter which broke the bonds of slavery which held him was on board of her—for it was no other than Frank Moreland's yacht, the *Mermaid*, that laid at anchor off the shore. The storm which drove her from the harbor of Balaclava had left her damaged, it is true, but still sea-worthy, on that part of the coast.

Reluctantly he turned his horse's head, and retraced his way once more into the interior of the country. He had now the advantage of knowing the ground he ought to take, and trusted that, whatever might be his own fate, he should at least be enabled to preserve Lelia for her lovers.

It was nearly noon, before the jaded, worn-out horses, brought them to the hut of a Tartar peasant, who had hospitably entertained them on their first visit. On reaching the spot they saw that the hand of desolation had passed over it; the warm, comfortable cabin, was a black and shapeless ruin; the flock had disappeared, carried off, no doubt, by the Cossacks; and the inhabitants—they trembled to ask themselves what had become of them.

One solitary goat had escaped the spoilers; it had lost its kid, and readily submitted to be milked by Lelia, who would fain have shared the refreshing draught with her companions, but it was refused; a fast of twenty-four or thirty hours was a trifling inconvenience to men who had braved the horrors and perils of an escape from Siberia.

"I should feel happy, quite happy," observed the poor girl, "could I but feel assured that my companion in captivity had escaped from our pursuers. Alas! I tremble to think what may have been her fate."

"Heaven, and the strong love of her husband, alike watch over her," answered Charles, anxious to soothe her apprehensions.

In searching round the ruins of the hut, Julian discovered the bodies of its late owner and his family, partially consumed by the fire which had destroyed their once happy home.

"And this is war," he murmured. "God! that the world Thou has created and adorned, should thus be ravaged and destroyed, to sate the pride and ambition of one man—in Thy sight a worm—in his own a deity. Poor humanity—a victim making victims, preying with suicidal folly on itself."

About twenty paces from the house was a small shed, the only building which had escaped the flames; fortunately it was filled with forage, which enabled the Pole and our hero to feed their horses, and served as a bed for Lelia, whom they prevailed on to take a few hours' repose, for the safety of all imperatively demanded that they should travel only by night.

At its first approach they started; Julian, as before, leading the way, and the fair Circassian mounted on the same steed as Charles. The stars shone brightly, and the fugitives, now perfectly acquainted with the route they ought to take, set forward with renewed hope and spirits on their way.

We must leave them for awhile and return to Henri de la Tour, whose suspicions at the prolonged absence of Lelia every hour grew stronger.

The good Sisters of Charity were at a loss how to continue to account for it, and their hearts were almost as heavy as his own.

The third morning after the carrying off of Lelia, Sir Edward and Frank, who could hear no tidings of the yacht, determined to set out for the camp. The baronet felt most anxious to obtain, if possible, some clue to the fate of our hero, and felt assured that it was only at headquarters he could ascertain it. As to the idea prevalent, thanks to the silence of Cuthbert on the permission of the late Colonel Morely, that Charles

had gone over to the enemy, the old man had scouted it with indignation.

"The poor boy would as soon have denied his Maker," he exclaimed, "as his country."

The state of the weather and the neglect of a road, which ultimately proved so fatal to the British army, precluded all thought of the ladies accompanying them, and Mary and Beatrix saw them depart alone, with the less regret that they had formed a certain project themselves, which the absence of their father and husband enabled them to put into execution. It was neither more or less than a visit to the French hospital, where Henri was still confined by his wounds. It was little more than half the distance to the camp, and the route by which it could be reached, far more practicable.

Jack was the only person whom they took into their confidence. By his assistance they procured horses, and started from Balaklava an hour after the gentlemen. Accompanied by their guide they reached the old convent in about four hours, and were at once admitted.

Although Henri had only seen the heiress for a few brief minutes on the day of his and his friend's departure from England, he recognised her in an instant, and the joy he felt on Charles's account stilled for awhile the doubts which were gnawing at his heart.

"I must introduce myself," said Beatrix, with a frank smile, "to Monsieur de la Tour."

"It is unnecessary," replied the wounded Frenchman, gallantly, at the same time attempting to rise from the bed on which he was reclining merely—for, despite the remonstrances of his medical attendants, and the entreaties of the Sisters of Charity, he had insisted on being dressed, ready, as he said, to surprise Lelia, whose visit he anxiously expected; "Miss Chaloner's is a face which, once seen, cannot be easily forgotten."

"You know me, then," exclaimed the young lady, with a slight blush. "I am glad of that," she added; "it saves me the awkwardness of an introduction, and renders all explanation of the motive of my visit unnecessary."

"Perfectly," replied Henri. "It is not the first happiness for which I am indebted to Charles's friendship for me."

At the name of her lover, the eyes of his visitor filled with involuntary tears.

"Dear Charles!" added the speaker. "How your presence must have rejoiced him. I thought it was his military duties which kept him from me for the last three days."

"Three days!" repeated Beatrix.

"Yes; it is the third since I have seen him."

"Has there not been a battle?" demanded our heroine, eagerly; "is he not wounded, dying, perhaps, or dead? Do not deceive me; though my voice falter, and my cheek is pale, my woman's heart is strong—it can bear all but suspense!"

"A battle?" repeated Henri, in a tone of surprise, too natural to be affected; "no. Believe me, you distress yourself unnecessarily. Had such an event occurred," he continued, "it would have been impossible to have deceived you *here*: for it is here, in the hospital, long after the traces of blood and death have vanished from the field, that the groan of suffering is heard."

His hearer was silenced but not satisfied; she had a presentiment of some impending sorrow, and could not shake it off; she had read it in the half-veiled trouble in her father's eye—his nervous anxiety, his fretful starts, and impatient looks.

"There must be some explanation yet more terrible," she murmured.

"Of what?" demanded Henri.

"The absence of your friend; mere military duty could not have detained him three days from the bed of his suffering friend."

"Or from the side of her he so fondly, truly loves," added the young Frenchman, all his former suspicions returning with redoubled force. "You are right, lady, we have both been deceived. Lelia, Charles, Julian, all gone—the hand of our enemy has reached us, whilst I, like a mangled cur, lie helpless here, unable to aid or avenge them."

Despite the remonstrances of the good sister who during the night, had watched by his side, the young man rose with a painful effort from his couch, declaring that he was quite strong enough to quit the hospital, and proceed in search of the fair Circassian and his friend. Opposition and entreaties were alike in vain, he insisted upon having his sword, and that his horse should be brought. Even the entreaties of Beatrix and her cousin, who both felt alarmed at the agitation and excitement they had caused, failed to calm him.

In the midst of this painful scene, one of the nuns entered the ward. There was a placid smile upon her countenance, which indicated how great a weight had been taken from her heart. It changed, however, to an expression of alarm, when she saw Henri up and dress.

"This is madness," she said, reprovingly.

"I am mad," replied the patient; "mad with the heart terror. It is useless to deceive me further, words even from your lips have lost their value. Lelia—"

"Has returned," eagerly answered the sister of charity.

"I must see her," exclaimed the wounded man.

"You shall."

"And instantly; no further subterfuge will avail."

"It was to prepare you for the interview, ungrateful, wayward man, that I came," observed the reli-

gious. "What will Lelia feel," she added, "when she witnesses this frenzy? She has suffered, greatly suffered; do not add to her affliction the pang of knowing what you, too, have endured."

The heart of the lover no longer doubted; the momentary madness yielded to the calm remonstrance of the speaker, and he sank back upon the pallet exhausted.

Lelia entered the room. The good nuns had insisted upon her changing her soiled robes, and beyond the death-like paleness of her features, which Henri attributed to her anxiety on his account, there was little to indicate the trials she had encountered.

"At last," murmured her lover, folding her to his heart, "at last. Thank Heaven, I behold you once again; it has heard my prayer."

"To Heaven, and to the noblest, best of friends," answered the fair Circassian; "but for Charles—"

At the name of our hero, Beatrix uttered an exclamation of joy.

"You have seen him!" she said. "You can tell me where he is; is he living—well? A woman's heart can feel a woman's sorrows."

Henri whispered in the ear of Lelia, the name of our heroine.

"It is not an hour since I parted from him," replied the latter, taking the hand of the heiress in hers. "He quitted me at the gate of the hospital; his leave of absence had nearly expired, and the stern sense of duty forbade him even to see his friend."

"So near!" murmured the heiress, in a tone of anguish; "and I—cruel, cruel destiny! it seems to follow us like our shadows; when will it cease to persecute and separate us!"

She sank upon the shoulder of Mrs. Moreland, and yielded to a passionate flood of tears.

"Tricksey, dear Tricksey!" said her cousin, "this is unreasonable—ungrateful to that Providence which has watched over him. You weep when you should smile—repine when you should give thanks. Believe me, the worst has passed. Have you not the assurance that he is living—well? and that a few hours will bring him to your arms? Remember," she added, "that joy requires fortitude as well as sorrow."

Gradually Beatrix began to smile through her tears. Bitter as was the feeling of disappointment on hearing that Charles had been so near her and left without seeing her, it was more than compensated by the certainty that he was living and in health.

"I know," she said, "that I must appear unreasonable and ungrateful, Mary; bear with me: but it is difficult to school the heart."

Mrs. Moreland kissed her, and promised that she would bear with her, mentally acknowledging at the same time that had it been her own case she would have proved far less amenable to reason than her cousin; an admission which, for her cousin's sake as well as her own, she wisely kept to herself.

When something like calm was restored, Lelia recounted to her wondering auditors the perils she had encountered and escaped; how the heart of Beatrix bounded as she listened to the gallant deeds of her lover, his devoted friendship and manly daring; reason confirmed the choice which affection made, and assured her she might justly be proud of having won the love of such a man.

The hour of separation came at last, and the fair cousins, accompanied by their faithful guardian Jack, returned to Balaklava. It was night before they reached it.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Patience, thou young and rose lipp'd cherubim,
Ascend to heaven.—SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN Charles parted with Lelia at the gate of the hospital, without entering for an instant to embrace his friend, he little imagined that the being whose image had so long been enshrined within his breast, his consolation in exile and adversity, his beacon star through the dark path of life, was beneath its roof. Had he dreamt of such a happiness so near him, no consideration of prudence, no danger from breach of military duty, would have restrained him from rushing to her presence, falling at her feet, and pouring forth his gratitude at her constancy and devotion with all the passionate eloquence of an overflowing heart.

Julian accompanied him and for some time they walked together in silence. The horses they had ridden, although of the wild breed of the Ukraine, were so completely knocked up by the fatigue they had endured, that after reaching the hospital they were incapable of proceeding any further.

"You are sad," observed the Pole.

"Say rather, grave," replied his companion. "I feel too satisfied at having rescued Lelia from her persecutors, and restored her to Henri, to regret the danger I have incurred."

"Danger!"

"Yes."

"Right," observed the Pole; "your leave of absence expired yesterday; still, you had your commander's permission."

"True," said our hero; "but if in the interim anything should have occurred to Colonel Morely, and in war life is doubly uncertain, what a position shall I be placed in!"

"You forget you have another witness."

"My cousin, true," muttered Charles Vavasour, bitterly.

"To say nothing of the corporal and myself," added Julian; "although I fear the former will never return

to bear evidence, should you require it in your favor. Poor fellow, neither he nor his wife would find much mercy at the hands of the Cossacks, and her fate has doubtless been worse than his."

"Her sex would protect her, if they are men," observed his friend; "but I forgot," he added, "the monsters of whom I speak, they are the bloodhounds of humanity, and obey only the ferocious instincts of their race."

Despite the remonstrances of Julian, who would willingly have accompanied him to his regiment, his friend insisted on his returning at once to his own quarters.

"Let me not involve you," he said, "in my unnecessary trouble; misfortune would fall heavier if I knew that you shared it."

Remonstrance was in vain; where a principle was involved, Charles was not to be shaken, and he willingly deprived himself of the last consolation which his hard fate seemed to have left him.

They separated with the mutual promise of seeing each other on the following day.

"I am almost tired of battling with destiny," thought our hero, as he pursued his path alone; "everything seems to conspire against me; a presentiment, which I cannot shake off, oppresses me. I feel that the last struggle is approaching, and for the first time lack the energy to meet it. It is doubly hard to fail," he added, "to afford a triumph to my enemies, after having endured so much."

The shades of evening were gathered round him as he approached the British lines. When within fifty or a hundred paces of the outpost, he perceived an officer advancing to meet him.

"I am right," he muttered, as he recognised him rather by that instinct, which warns of the proximity of some noxious thing, than from the features which it was too dark to distinguish; "it is Cuthbert."

His cousin, with the keen sight of hate, saw that it was the man whom he had most injured, and his vindictive heart bounded with a ferocious joy.

In an insolent tone he called to him to stop.

Charles mechanically obeyed.

"So," said the ruffian, as soon as he came up with him, "the Russians despise your services. They are right; who would place confidence in a deserter?"

"I am no deserter."

"That you must prove."

"You know that I am none," added the Soldier of Fortune, "for you were present when Colonel Morely gave me leave of absence."

"You must prove that, too," said Cuthbert, in an ironical tone.

"The Colonel will prove it for me," was the calm reply.

His cousin uttered a low, hissing laugh, and tauntingly added that the witness whose evidence alone could save him was dead.

"Dead!" repeated our hero, overwhelmed with the intelligence; "then Heaven help me; my last hope is gone."

"Completely," exclaimed his enemy, in a tone of triumph; "and now, Charles, I'll tell you what you have long since felt, but which I never before avowed. From my boyhood I hated you—hated you for the superior advantage which fortune seemed to promise you. The blow you struck me in the presence of a menial in the stable at Harleyford, fixed the passion indelibly in my very soul; I swore to be revenged, and I have kept my word. Deserter, I arrest you; follow me to the camp."

"Willingly," replied his cousin; "I know my duty."

This was not what his enemy desired, he knew that great sympathy existed for our hero in the regiment, not only amongst the men, but the officers; and he determined, although the experiment was a dangerous one, to provoke him to a breach of discipline which would render sympathy and intercession alike useless.

"I lack one thing," he said, "to complete my triumph over you. Beatrix should be here to witness your degradation. I will take care," he added, "that intelligence of it shall reach her."

Charles compressed his lips in the agony of his indignation.

"I should like to see her features, continued his cowardly rival, "when she hears that the illegitimate pretender to her love has died the death of a felon."

Human patience could endure no more—prudence—self-preservation—the iron bands of discipline all yielded to strong passion—not the passion which relieves itself in words, but deeds. The heart of our hero was as a volcano, whose fire suddenly broke forth. He had preceded his enemy a few paces; but, at this last outrage turned and faced him. Cuthbert felt appalled at the terrible fury he had roused.

"You will not live to see it."

"What mean you?"

"I mean that we are here, man to man," fiercely answered Charles. "Heaven's canopy above, and the firm earth beneath us. We have both our swords, and this moment ends the quarrel with the life of one or both of us."

"You forget I am your officer," observed his cousin, willing to temporise till the guard which he saw advancing should be nearer.

"Not till you forget I was a man. Draw—for the honor of the name you bear show one spark of courage. I would perform an act of justice, not commit a murder. Draw," added the outraged youth. "Coward—can nothing move you?"

"Nothing!" replied his adversary, resolved to parry the danger till the last instant.

"Cur!" exclaimed his cousin, striking him with the back of the weapon.

By this time the guard were within fifty paces of them. Charles, who had his back turned towards the outpost, as a matter of course, was perfectly unconscious of their proximity.

Satisfied that the blow must have been seen, the artful, calculating ruffian drew the sword he was unworthy to wear, and stood on the defensive. Before a second pass could be exchanged, a blow from the butt-end of a musket, dealt by one of the soldiers—who, on seeing an officer engaged in combat with a private, accelerated their pace, struck our hero to the ground; he was disarmed and a prisoner.

"Are you hurt, sir?" inquired the sergeant, who commanded the guard.

"No," replied Lieutenant Vavasour, in a tone of affected indifference; it's a fortunate thing for that fellow that you came; I must have killed him in self-defence; you will send him under escort to head-quarters, and report to the adjutant what you both saw and heard."

"I heard nothing," replied the man.

"But you saw him strike me," said his officer, "and that is sufficient. His crime, for the honor of the service, I am glad to say, is a rare one; he first deserted to the enemy, and then attempted to take my life when I arrested him."

With a self-satisfied air the speaker returned towards the lines, satisfied that his victim was now so completely in the toils, no human aid could save him.

The soldiers, who at first had not recognised our hero, raised him from the ground. When they saw his features, several of them shrugged their shoulders, and cast a glance of contempt after the speaker.

"Poor fellow," observed one, "he is caught at last."

"Ay, no use for a private to contend against an officer; he may have justice on his side, but not law. What will be the end of it?"

"A volley and a grave beneath the turf," replied the sergeant.

"Why, they are cousins," observed a third.

"Cain and Abel were brothers," answered the former, drily. "It's almost a pity, Dick," he added, turning to the soldier who had felled our hero to the earth, "that you did not strike a little harder—it would have saved the poor lad a hard trial, and a shameful death; but bring him along," he added, "we can only do our duty."

Two of the men raised their still senseless comrade, and brought him to the outpost. It was nearly an hour before he awakened to the full horror of his position.

When Sir Edward Challoner and Frank Moreland reached the camp, their first care was to find General Tawn, to whom the former was well known. They had been thrown together in early life; and if not exactly friends—the tempers of both were too irascible for that—were at least on decent terms with each other; that is to say, they growled, disputed, and quarrelled whenever they met, but without ever coming to an open rupture.

To do the old soldier justice, his heart was much better than his head. It warmed at the sight of one he had known in boyhood, and he insisted upon the baronet and his companion accepting such hospitality as it was in his power to offer.

"Can't promise you much," he said, for my orderly who cooks for me, is a better hand at dressing a wound than a dinner. But I've some excellent brandy. Had you come before Inkermann, I could have offered you wine, but the surgeons have begged the last bottle for the hospital; could not refuse it, you know."

When a man apologizes for the badness of the dinner he gives you, in nine cases out of ten it turns out much better than you anticipate. The general's, however, was an exception to the rule; and not even his credulity could credit the assurance of his guests that it was excellent—considering.

That word "considering," has proved a safety valve to many a man's conscience, besides Sir Edward's and his friend's.

"Execrable, you mean to say," replied the general, "but say no more about it. Try the brandy, there is no humbug in that."

Glasses were mixed, and this time his visitors were agreeably disappointed.

"And what, in Heaven's name, Ned," demanded their host, as he filled his third glass, "brings you from England, in the midst of the shooting season, too, to the Crimea? Have the partridges all taken wing from your broad lands in Suffolk?"

"The game, I believe, is as plentiful as ever," replied the baronet.

"Is it? Hare would have been no bad addition to our dinner."

Both Frank and Sir Edward mentally coincided with the speaker.

"What is it?" continued the general, "some sensible freak, no doubt; of course you brought your fox hounds, or at the very least a pack of beagles with you?"

The baronet shook his head.

"No!—perhaps you are come to take Sebastopol by some new fangled invention?" added the old soldier. "Yours will be the three hundred and forty-ninth scheme that has been proposed."

"And tried," said Frank.

"Not one of them, by Jove," exclaimed General Tawn. "If the government at home like to listen to such things, it's all well and good; they have nothing

else to do; but we are not such fools. An ugly place—very ugly; as Burgoyne says, 'the more you look at it, the less you like it.' But we shall have it at last."

"I came," said Sir Edward, "to seek for the son of an old friend, a fine, noble-hearted fellow, who—I know not why I should hesitate to avow the fact—is as dear as a son to me. He left England nearly two years since for St. Petersburg, where he incurred the enmity of one of the Imperial family, and was banished to Siberia. The police artfully gave out that he was dead."

The hearer began to regard him with fixed attention; having taken only three glasses of grog he felt that he could not be dreaming yet."

"Proceed," he said.

"The poor fellow escaped at last, and made his way to the Crimea, where, impelled by distress, and having no other resources, he enlisted."

"His name?"

"Charles Vavasour."

"Then your poor, noble-minded fellow, Ned, I am sorry to tell you, has turned out unworthy of the name of an Englishman," exclaimed General Tawn. "Four days since, he deserted to the enemy."

"Pah!"

"Don't I tell you so?"

"And I tell you that it is impossible," replied the baronet, mastering the indignation which he naturally felt at hearing such a charge against our hero.

"Haven't I known him from boyhood? Didn't I teach him to ride and shoot myself? A more loyal, honorable heart never existed; you have been deceived, Tawn; believe me, you have been deceived. Charles Vavasour," he added, in a tone which expressed the deepest conviction, "is incapable of an act of treachery either to his country or his friend. I may be a little obstinate and wrong-headed in some things, but I am not a fool."

"At any rate he is missing—absent without leave," growled his host.

"A prisoner, perhaps," suggested Frank Moreland. "There has been no engagement lately, except the skirmish in which poor Morely, his colonel, fell, and he was not there."

"Then he has been betrayed," said the baronet, purposely betrayed into the hands of the enemy."

A shrug expressed his hearer's incredulity.

"Deserter, or not," he said, "he is as brave as a lion; that much at least I'll say for him, and for your sake, Ned, I hope he may not turn up."

"For my sake?"

"Yes. Court-martials are unpleasant things," drily observed the veteran; "no lawyers, no quirks or quibbles there. In my opinion, it's the only court in which a case is decided on its merits; still, for your sake, I repeat it, I trust he may escape the ordeal of one."

"Why, what would they do with him?"

"Their duty," said the old soldier, sternly; "and you may guess what that is."

An aide-de-camp entered the tent with a report, which he gave to the speaker, who rapidly glanced over it. For a few seconds he appeared surprised, and even painfully affected; roaring out to his orderly to bring him pen and ink, he rapidly wrote a few lines at the bottom of it, and returned it to the officer, whom, contrary to his usual custom, he did not invite to join him at the table. Without knowing exactly why, his visitors began to feel uneasy. The baronet went so far as to ask if any intelligence of our hero had been received.

"It's a bad world, Ned," muttered the general, "and the fewer we trust in it the better. I—hang it! no. I can't tell you."

"Am I to understand," said the father of Beatrix, "that your first observation was intended to apply to me?"

"To you?" repeated the rough soldier, stretching out his hand and grasping the speaker's warmly; "not a word of it. I should as soon think of applying it to myself. No, Ned, no; your head may be a little wrong at times, but your heart has ever been in the right place—gold, as pure, true, and sterling, as ever bore the impress of her Majesty's face."

"Do explain yourself," said his friend, nervously.

"If I must, I will; this young man," said the general, "this young man in whom you feel so great an interest, has been taken."

"Not with the enemy," exclaimed both his guests.

"No, no, certainly not with the enemy," replied their host; "although his motive in venturing within their lines requires explanation. Would that this," he continued, "were the only charge against him."

"The only charge?"

"He has drawn his sword upon his officer."

Sir Edward Challoner uttered a groan of anguish, and sank back upon his seat, overwhelmed with the intelligence.

"My poor old friend, I pity your disappointment, your broken confidence."

"It is not broken," interrupted the baronet, suddenly raising himself; "if Charles has drawn his sword, it is that either his honor or his life has been attacked. By our past friendship, Tawn, by the years that we have known each other, deal justly with the poor boy. The name," he added, struck with a sudden suspicion, "the name of his antagonist?"

"Cuthbert Vavasour!"

"His cousin!" exclaimed Frank, indignantly; "the fellow who is most interested in his ruin—a fellow without either honor or courage. I would not condemn a dog upon the testimony of Cuthbert Vavasour."

"Not his testimony alone," observed their host. "Charles was arrested by the guard in the very act of insubordination—they all witnessed it. In the morning he will be reported to the Commander-in-chief."

"And then?"

"A court-martial will be ordered, and —. But spare me the pain of predicting the result."

Bitterly did the baronet regret his having quitted the Mermaid without the letter which Mary had obtained from Her Majesty. He was ignorant of the precise nature of its contents, but felt assured that it would prove, if recovered in time, of decisive influence on the fate of our hero.

With more readiness than those who only knew his rough nature could have given him credit for, General Tawn gave an order for Sir Edward and Frank's admission to the presence of Charles, but no prayers could induce him to delay his report to the Commander-in-chief.

It was a point of military duty, and he performed it to the very letter of the law which regulates the service.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so;
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which rightly gazed upon
Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry
Distinguish form.—SHAKESPEARE

THE prison to which Charles Vavasour was consigned, had once been the refectory of a Greek convent, one of the richest of its order. The orthodox monks, on the landing of the heretic enemies of holy Russia, filled no doubt with pious horror, as well as a praiseworthy consideration for their own safety, had abandoned the sacred edifice, not, however, without first destroying their vast stores of grain, and taking all their treasures, their consecrated pictures of the Madonna and saints, books, plate, and everything of value, with them to Sebastopol, from whence they devoutly trusted to witness the destruction of the invading armies.

As for the broad lands which formed their domains, the good fathers abandoned them with comparative indifference, certain to find them on their return, uncultivated perhaps, but as fertile as ever; for man, with all his ingenuity in the art of destruction, has not yet discovered the secret of rendering the common inheritance of humanity a sterile one; true, he may and does deprive his fellow men of his share in it, but the all bounteous earth brings forth its fruits as luxuriantly as ever.

Nature, like a kind mother, provides for all her children; but Dives seizes on the greater share, and too often begrudges his poor brother Lazarus the crumbs which fall from the table where he should have his seat.

A truce with digression! lest we become tedious as a twice told tale in repeating the world's bitter lesson. We must not trifle with the impatience of our readers, who feel anxious, we trust, to follow the fortunes of the hero of our tale.

The refectory was a long, lofty room, whose windows looked into the court-yard of the convent; its walls and roof—the monks of all ages knew how to build—were entirely of stone, and of sufficient thickness to exclude the bitter frosts of winter in the Crimea, to say nothing of its being situated directly over the kitchen, whose enormous grates in the days of the good fathers added to the warmth and comfort of the apartment.

Portraits of saints—heretics according to the Roman calendar—with grim visages and unpronounceable names, had been painted in the very infancy of art in Russia, on the walls—being in fresco, the late inhabitants of the place could not remove them—should they ever return to their former abode, we can imagine the explosion of pious horror and indignation which will take place when they behold St. Skirietmetzki with a short pipe in his teeth, or the miraculous Pagan of Scowtelowski, with a pair of moustaches upon his upper lip—additions made by certain artists of the guard-room, who have re-touched them; an act of Vandalism, perhaps, as a knot of insignificant purists may consider it, but perfectly in keeping with English ideas of wit.

Many and bitter were the reflections of our hero as he paced the floor of his prison. True, his fortune remained, but hope had deserted him; like a spent swimmer, he felt weary of struggling with a destiny which, even after defeat, appeared to rise more dark and threatening against him. His heart felt crushed, and with it the energy, almost the wish, to resist his fate.

"Life is but a dream," he exclaimed, "and death its first reality. A few hours and my brain will cease to throb, my heart to indulge in vain regrets. I shall sleep in my narrow cell of earth calmly and soundly after this storm of passion, this ideal, which men term existence. He who struggles with misfortune, does but prolong his agony. I'll strive no more, for, look which side I will, I see no aid or hope."

One by one he passed each event of his brief career before him. His boyhood, with its sunlit tears and pleasures; the first dawn of manhood; his love for Beatrix, which sprang like a wild flower to perfection ere he felt conscious of its growth; his father's death and the bitter disappointment which succeeded.

"Memory has one sunny spot," he added. "I have known one gleam of happiness, as sweet and true as ever shed its halo over the gloomy path of life. An

angel's smile lit the pure flame of love within my heart; an angel's tears will fall when I am dead."

Many and great as were the wrongs he had endured from his unnatural cousin, Charles scarcely gave them a passing recollection. All human resentment seemed extinguished in his soul; his feelings, his thoughts, were concentrated on one object; we need not say that it was Beatrice.

Her name trembled on his lips, as, overcome by the fatigue both of body and mind, which he had endured, the prisoner fell asleep.

He had not long indulged in the forgetfulness of woe, when the grating of the heavy door upon its hinges, recalled him to the consciousness of his existence. His old friend Sir Edward Challoner and Frank Moreland, stood by the side of the rude pallet on which he had thrown himself. At first he imagined that he was still dreaming, so strange and unlikely did it appear. The pressure of the baronet's hand, and the half-stifled tones of his voice, as he called him by the familiar name of dear Charley, convinced him at last that imagination had not deceived him.

"You here," he said. "This is indeed an unlooked for happiness. You will receive my last blessing, and bear it to Beatrice."

"Don't talk of last blessing, or last anything," sobbed the old man; unless you wish to break my heart, which is half broken already. Why did I listen to your entreaty, and let you visit that accursed country! I ought to have insisted on your marrying Tricksey at once, and not have gone on a wild goose chase, which has ended in misery and disappointment. A wife would have kept you at home," he added, "and we might all have been happy."

"Beatrice!" said our hero; "tell me, you left her well. I will not ask if she is unchanged; my own heart assures me that she is so. Tell me, she is well in England."

"In England!" repeated the baronet; "and what should I do here and my daughter in England? No, my dear boy, Tricksey, is at Balaklava."

"And a prisoner!" exclaimed her lover frantically, "soon to be condemned to die—die like a felon for having felt and acted like a man. I thought my cup of misery was filled—filled to the very brim, but this last drop exceeds in bitterness the rest. So near me," he repeated; "and I—don't blush for me, old friend—the proud spirit of the boy you loved is broken—crushed—subdued at last!"

The agitated youth pressed his hands upon his brows to hide the tears wrung from him by mental agony and despair.

"We have heard it all," observed Frank Moreland, "and I cannot—will not—believe that men of the same country, habits, station, language, and feelings, will condemn you for an act, which in their hearts they must approve."

"You forget," said our hero, "that I am a soldier, and—according to their ideas—even if the blood of the Tudors flowed in my veins, a machine, formed only to obedience. The private soldier sells not only his sinews, muscles, and body to his country, but his brain—his heart—the privilege to think or feel!"

There was much bitterness and a painful amount of truth in the reply.

It has long been confessed that the military system of England is a reproach to the rest of her institutions, though Heaven knows that many of the latter are quite faulty enough. In France, and even in semi-federal Germany, a man, no matter how wealthy or illustrious his birth, if he rises in the army, must rise from its ranks; nor is it considered a disgrace. We remember at a court ball at Munich to have seen Prince Leopold, the son of the then reigning king of Bavaria, in the uniform of a private soldier. Amongst our Gallic neighbors, the only exception to the rule is in favor of the students of St. Cyr and the Ecole Polytechnique, which they quit officers; but it must be remembered that before a youth can enter either of these establishments he must pass an examination, which the majority of our staff officers would shrink from, and that when admitted, he is drilled, does duty, and has to submit for three years to all the discipline and routine of service, like an ordinary recruit.

What an epigram on the art of war to see the English boy fresh from Eton or Rugby, when he first joins his regiment, so ignorant of the profession he has chosen that he has to be drilled and instructed by some corporal or sergeant, privately in his own room, parroted in the words of command—taught them as a dull scholar is taught his lessons by the force of repetition.

Those who uphold the present system most probably will urge that these boys fight bravely. Pah! the argument is a weak one. Courage is their birthright, in common with every Englishman. The raw recruit from the anvil and the loom brings the same qualifications.

What might the British army not achieve if the degrading purchase money was done away with, and promotion open to all? A more intelligent and consequently a better class of men, would enter it, and the uniform of the nation no longer be considered a disgrace, but an honor to him who wore it, without the addition of the gold epaulette.

"Well," said the baronet, with a deep drawn sigh, "something certainly must be wrong somewhere. I cannot comprehend it. Perhaps," he added, "it is because I never thought of these things before."

It is only when the abuse of a system comes home to us that we feel it.

The rest of the night was passed in anxiously discussing the probabilities and chances of Charles being

acquitted by a court martial. Frank Moreland still persisted in his opinion that, if brought to trial, no body of English gentlemen could be found to condemn him. Alas, he had yet to learn how professional prejudice and *esprit du corps* can blunt the edge of finer feeling.

"Do not deceive yourselves with a false hope," said our hero, calmly; "I shall be condemned."

Bitterly did Sir Edward Challoner regret the precipitation with which he had quitted the yacht; had he but waited to have seen his baggage landed, all might have been well: for, although ignorant of the precise contents of the Queen's letter, he doubted not but it would have proved a powerful protection in the situation in which his unfortunate favorite was placed.

Morning had scarcely dawned before Julian, who had heard of his friend's arrest, made his appearance at the prison. His countenance, generally so calm, denoted the deep anxiety which oppressed him; for he knew quite enough of military life to comprehend the danger in which his companion in exile had placed himself.

"I cannot blame you," he said; "there is a limit to human patience and forbearance; yet I would give all I possess on earth that it had not occurred. I need not ask," he added, "the name of the officer on whom you drew your sword."

"My cousin," replied Charles Vavasour.

"His rascally, mean-spirited, treacherous, lying cousin!" exclaimed the baronet, giving way to an uncontrollable burst of passion, "who first conspired with his father to deprive your friend of his inheritance, and has now laid a scheme for his life. But he will be disappointed," he added, "if there be justice on earth."

"I have heard it all," observed the Pole. "The character of Lieutenant Vavasour is not unknown to me. *Happen what will*, you shall not fall unavenged," he added, addressing himself to our hero.

Could Cuthbert have heard the deep, determined tone in which these words were uttered, it might have lessened the joy he felt at his anticipated triumph over his victim.

"He provoked you to draw on him," resumed Julian.

"By every outrage which the malice of his nature could suggest," said Charles. "Manhood must have been as dead within my breast as honor in his, had I not replied to him. But military law heeds no provocation; it sees only the difference in our rank."

"English military law," repeated Julian. "Had such a thing occurred in the French army, not a soldier in the regiment but had made your cause his own."

"And all this misery might have been prevented," exclaimed the baronet, "but for my impatience in quitting the yacht without my baggage. I had a letter from her Majesty to the Commander-in-chief of the British army in the Crimea, on board; but the Mermaid is doubtless a wreck, and the document on which so much depended at the bottom of the sea."

"Yacht!" repeated the Pole, struck with a sudden hope. "What kind of a vessel was the one you came in?"

"Cutter rigged," replied Frank Moreland.

"And armed?"

"With six carronades at the stern, and a twelve pounder at the bows."

Julian made a sign to the speaker unobserved by the baronet and the prisoner that he wished to speak with him privately, and they speedily contrived an excuse for quitting the room together.

"Am I to understand," said the former, "that the letter Sir Edward spoke of is still on board?"

"If the Mermaid is afloat it is."

"And that it would assure the safety of my friend?"

"Undoubtedly," answered Frank. "I am ignorant of the exact nature of its contents, but believe it contains his discharge from the service."

"In which case he becomes once more a civilian, and no longer amenable to martial law."

"Exactly so."

"And the commander of the yacht?" inquired the Pole.

"Is, or rather was, in my employ."

"Give me a letter to him," exclaimed the friend of our hero. "Scarcely more than twenty-four hours have elapsed since I saw your vessel riding at anchor in one of the unfrequented bays. The attempt to traverse the country, infested as it is by prowling Cossacks, is a hazardous one; but it succeeded once, and may do so a second time; at least it shall be tried."

"And should it fail?" observed the Englishman.

"It will be but one life lost," replied the Pole, with a melancholy smile. "I am alone in the world; like the blighted plantain of the wilderness, nothing lives or seeks shelter beneath my shade. All I ask is, that you conceal the enterprise I have undertaken from my friend."

Frank promised, and the letter was instantly written. In it the owner of the Mermaid directed the captain of his yacht to obey the orders of the bearer in everything as implicitly as he would his own.

"You will find him a brave, warm hearted man," said the writer, as he placed it in the hands of the devoted Julian. "He is perfectly acquainted with the motives which induced me to visit the Crimea; and when he hears of the danger of Charles Vavasour, will risk life and limb to carry out whatever you may direct."

"Even to landing his men and carrying off his prisoner from his guards," said Julian, with a meaning look, "should all other means fail?"

"Even to that."

"My friend, then, may yet be saved," exclaimed the former with animation. "Had Marshal St. Arnaud lived, he would have had a warm intercessor. But there are many in the French army who know and esteem him. Should it be necessary to release him by force or stratagem, assistance will not be wanting."

The speakers shook hands and returned to the refectory, and Julian shortly afterwards took his leave, promising our hero to see him again the next day.

From the prison Sir Edward and Frank Moreland repaired to the tent of General Tawn; there was a dry stateliness in the manner in which the rough old soldier received them, that boded no good to the prisoner. Being pressed, he explained that orders had arrived from head-quarters to hold a court martial on private Charles Vavasour, and to report the result without delay.

The baronet clasped his hands in despair.

"And when is it to be held?" demanded his companion.

"This afternoon," replied the general.

"And should the result prove unfavorable?"

"The prisoner will be shot on parade the next morning."

"Tawn," exclaimed Sir Edward, "you can save him. We have known each other from boyhood—have quarrelled and made friends again a hundred times, for in our secret hearts we respected each other. I don't ask you to interfere with the course of justice, to violate what you consider your duty as a soldier."

"It would be useless," said the old man, sternly. "I am sure it would. All I implore of you is to delay the trial but for one day. That, I know, depends on you. The order, you say, has but just arrived; give me time to see Lord Raglan, to explain to him all the circumstances of this unhappy case. But for my precipitation in quitting the yacht, which has since been wrecked, I might have commanded the favor I now sue for."

"Commanded?" repeated the general, with a look of incredulity.

"Yes. I left on board a letter, addressed to the commander-in-chief."

"Which her Majesty wrote on my wife's entreaty," added Frank Moreland. "I believe it contains an order for the prisoner's discharge from the service. If Charles Vavasour suffers, he is a murdered man."

"Can you vouch this, on your honor, gentlemen?" demanded General Tawn.

There was a pause. The baronet and his young friend regarded each other in silent anguish. The former was the first to break silence.

"I can't, Tawn—not even to save the poor boy—I can't bring my lips to utter a lie. All I can answer for is, that a letter from her Majesty to Lord Raglan was left by me on board the Mermaid."

"Of its contents you know nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"That is unfortunate, gentlemen," observed the general, drily. "Of course, it is not for me to anticipate the decision of the commander-in-chief upon the subject. I can only do my duty."

"And that is—"

"To hold the court martial, as I am directed."

"But not to-day?"

"This very day."

"Then may Heaven turn as deaf an ear to your cry for mercy at your last hour," said the baronet, solemnly, "as you have turned to my entreaties. I knew you to be headstrong, prejudiced, but never suspected that you were cruel till this hour."

"Sir Edward," exclaimed Frank, imploringly.

"I must speak or else go mad," exclaimed the old man; "and when mad, what will hinder me from speaking? Look at him," he continued, pointing to the astonished general. "for forty years that man, that thing without a heart, has called himself my friend, pressed my hand when we met, accepted my hospitality; he has seen unmoved the strong agony of my grief, listened with a smile upon his lips to my prayer. Had Charles Vavasour not found a friend in Sir Edward Challoner, he would not have encountered so hard a judge in General Tawn."

"Is that your deliberate opinion, Ned?" demanded the veteran.

"As heaven reads my heart, it is," was the reply.

The general paced the tent several times in silence; his iron nature at last seemed touched.

"I did not think, Ned," he muttered at last, "that you, of all men, would have judged me so harshly. Be it so—private friendship must not sway me in my public duty."

He looked at his watch, and observed, with surprise, that the hour was later than he imagined. "Too late," he added, "to carry out my original intention of holding the court-martial to-day; it must be postponed till to-morrow."

"Use the interval which accident has procured you, gentlemen," he said, "in the best way you can for the interest of your friend. Of the verdict of the court there can be no doubt."

He bowed with an air of coldness, and quitted the tent, leaving his visitors in doubt whether they were indebted to accident, as he said, for the delay, or to the relenting of his heart.

Everything, Frank felt convinced, now depended on the success of Julian; for General Tawn had made the first and last concession likely to be wrung from him. By his advice Sir Edward wrote a long statement of the circumstances under which Charles Vavasour enlisted, the appeal which had been made to the

sovereign, the more than probability of its having been graciously answered, and addressed his letter to the commander-in-chief.

That done, he returned with Frank to the prison to assist our hero to prepare his defence for the following day.

During the day, Henri's cousin, the chef-de-bataillon, and several of his comrades, called at the prison to see our hero; and after an appeal to the officer of the guard were admitted. They all expressed the utmost indignation at the conduct of Cuthbert Vavasour.

"It is even worse, gentlemen, than you suppose," replied Frank Moreland. "He denies that the late Colonel Morely gave our friend leave of absence for three days."

"Does he?" exclaimed the young Frenchman; "perhaps I may bring a witness that will shake his testimony. Was not Julian present?"

"He was."

"And heard the permission given?"

"Undoubtedly."

Frank drew the chef-de-bataillon aside and explained to him the impossibility of the Pole giving his evidence on the occasion.

Charles Vavasour thought more of the farewell to Beatrix, which he passed the greater part of the night in writing, than of his defence before his judges, which he foresaw would avail him little. In it he poured forth his heart, his long garnered love, and regrets at quitting her; and thanked her a thousand times for the devotion she had shown in braving the perils of a voyage at such a season to meet him.

"I would fain," he said, "have tasted the happiness of once more beholding you—of hearing the voice which made life's earliest music—whose echoes cheered my dreams in exile, urging me to exertion and to hope. Not even the messenger of death," he added, "could efface her image from his heart, it would be buried with him."

"Live," he concluded, "for the sake of the venerable being who calls you child; whose life is so entwined with yours that nature could not survive the separation. God bless you, Beatrix, and watch over you. May you never know a pang like that which rends my heart as I write that last and despairing word—farewell."

Having concluded it, he cut from his head a lock of hair, enclosed it in the letter, and sealed it. Sir Edward, who noticed the action, could not refrain from tears.

"Charley," he exclaimed, wringing his hand, "it can't be. Heaven will never permit so iniquitous a sacrifice. Those who judge you are Englishmen, not savages."

"They are officers," replied our hero, calmly, "and I a private soldier."

"Still they must do you justice."

"They will—military justice. But do not regret, old friend. Life, after all, is but a dream; and it matters little whether it ends a few years sooner or later. There is another and a better world, where those who have loved on earth will meet again without a cloud to mar the sunshine of their joy. I shall die at least with honor," he added. "Those who weep my fate need not blush when they hear me named."

With the utmost difficulty he prevailed on the old man to snatch a few hours' repose, for the fatigue and excitement he had endured within the last four and twenty hours had made sad inroads on his bodily as well as mental strength. He had become weak and querulous as a child. He felt bewildered, stunned by the misfortune which had so suddenly overwhelmed him.

Whilst Sir Edward slept, Frank Moreland informed our hero of the cause of Julian's absence, the generous resolution he had taken; and added, even if he failed to reach the Mermaid he had not abandoned the hope of saving him; but that with the assistance of several of the French officers, a plan of escape might be concocted and successfully carried out.

"You know not the celerity of military justice," replied our hero, with a melancholy smile. "The verdict once given will be carried into execution long before my generous, devoted friend can return. You add to my regret by informing me of the dangers he has rashly encountered for my sake."

"And the escape!" observed Frank, in a low whisper. "Is equally hopeless. No French officer, however he may sympathise, would dare to interfere; the iron laws of discipline forbid it."

Frank Moreland could not bring his mind to abandon all hope. He trusted to the effect of Sir Edward's appeal to the commander-in-chief, or to the exertions of the noble Julian, as a means of safety. It appeared to him monstrous that a fine young fellow of family, name, and fortune should die for resenting an insult offered to his honor. In private life he would have been scouted from society had he not done so.

As the baronet said, there must be something wrong somewhere or somehow; but Frank, like many others, never thought of it before.

CHAPTER LXXV.

Judge us by nature? Habit can efface,
Interest overcome, or policy take place.
By actions? These uncertainty divides,
By passions? These dissimulation hides.
Opinions? They still take a wider range;
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change;
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets from books, and principles with times.—Pope.

At ten o'clock the following morning, the general

court-martial, which was to decide the fate of our hero, met in a temporary tent, which had been hastily erected for the purpose. Colonel Man, an old Peninsular officer, who was perfectly unacquainted with the regiment in which Charles had enlisted, was president. There were three majors, the same number of captains, two lieutenants, and an ensign.

As soon as the court had assembled, and the order of the commander-in-chief for holding the inquiry been read, the prisoner was introduced. He appeared pale, but calm and collected.

"A fine young fellow," whispered the colonel to the adjutant, who acted as secretary.

"And a brave one," replied the last-named officer, who, on more than one occasion, had witnessed the daring courage of our hero, and felt kindly disposed towards him. "Poor Morely entertained the highest opinion of him."

The president shrugged his shoulders.

The accusation, or, to use a technical term, the indictment, was read. In it the prisoner was charged with having wantonly and without provocation drawn his sword upon his superior officer, who had ordered him under arrest for absenting himself from his regiment without leave, contrary to the articles of war in that case made and provided.

When asked whether he was guilty or not, Charles drew himself to his full height, and gazed for an instant firmly on the assembly.

"It was my intention," he said, "at once to have acknowledged the act of which I am accused; but the terms in which it has been stated enable me, without equivocating, with truth to plead not guilty. For I deny that I drew my sword wantonly and without provocation—bitter provocation," he added, "such as no man with one spark of honor or feeling of mankind in his breast could have endured without resenting it."

"You plead not guilty, then?"

The prisoner merely bowed.

"Call Lieutenant Vavasour," said the judge-advocate.

When Cuthbert made his appearance in the court, every eye was turned to him. But the heartless ruffian had schooled himself to his task, and resolved to go through it without finching.

"Your name is Cuthbert Vavasour?" said the president.

"It is, Colonel."

"Lieutenant in — regiment of 'oot?"

"I am."

"Were you on duty on the fifteenth instant?"

"I was not on duty."

"Perhaps you will relate what took place?"

"Willingly," said the witness. "The prisoner had been reported as absent from his regiment without leave. By many it was supposed that he had deserted to the enemy, and I, for one, entertained that opinion, which since appears to be unfounded. I am happy," he added, "to do the prisoner that justice."

The words "very handsome," "truly considerate," were whispered amongst the members of the court. The prisoner only noticed the declaration in his favor by an ironical smile. He knew how little it would affect their decision.

"Do you mean to say that he had obtained leave of absence?" demanded the judge-advocate.

"By no means, replied the hypocrite: "I simply mean to state that his voluntary return to the camp proves that he had never passed over to the Russians."

"Proceed."

"I encountered him near the outpost of the camp where my regiment is stationed, and at once ordered him to follow me."

"Well?"

"He refused. I remonstrated with him—pointed out the consequences of his disobedience, and told him that he was to consider himself under arrest."

"Did he then obey the order he received?"

"On the contrary, he drew his sword upon me, declaring with an oath that he would not be treated as a prisoner—his resistance left me but one line of conduct to pursue. I called the guard; when they arrived we were engaged in a struggle of life and death. Sergeant Brown, who arrested him, will inform this honorable court," added the witness, "of what he saw when he arrived upon the spot."

The affectation of simplicity and candor with which Cuthbert Vavasour gave his evidence, deceived every one present but his victim.

"Your conduct, Lieutenant," observed the colonel, "was most praiseworthy—everything that the conduct of a British officer under such circumstances should be."

The witness bowed at the compliment.

Here the adjutant whispered a few words in the ear of the speaker.

"One question more," resumed the president. "Is the prisoner in any way related to you?"

Although he expected that the question would be put, Cuthbert colored to the very temples—not with shame or remorse; it was the flush of triumph which illuminated his dastardly features, for it gave him an opportunity of inflicting another pang—heaping another insult on his victim.

"I might say No," he replied, "and with the strictest truth, for the laws of England, as well as those of religion and morality, declare his claim to be considered a member of my family null and void. He is the illegitimate son of my late uncle, Geoffrey Vavasour, of Vavasour Manor, Harleyford, Suffolk; and I believe

his attempt upon my life to have been caused by the disappointment which he felt at not succeeding to his property."

"It is false!" exclaimed our hero, sternly.

"Prisoner," observed the president, "you will not assist your cause by forgetting the respect due to your officer; you had better be silent."

"I must speak—I will speak!" continued Charles; "that at least is my right, and you cannot deny it. It is not my life I am now defending, but my honor—the pure name of my dead mother. I am legitimate, and he knows it—knows, too, that the proofs are in existence. With scorn and unutterable loathing, I declare the statement which Lieutenant Vavasour has made to be a lie, a deliberately concocted lie, invented for my destruction."

Cuthbert regarded him with a pitying smile, so perfectly did he feel assured that the line of conduct his victim was taking would only render his case more hopeless.

"Calm yourself, young man," said the colonel, "and remember that assertion—empty, improbable assertion—cannot serve you. The court requires proofs. What interest can Lieutenant Vavasour possibly have in inventing an accusation against you? This is not the tribunal before which the question of your legitimacy or illegitimacy can be tried."

"Am I permitted to cross-examine my prosecutor?" demanded the prisoner.

"The Crown is your prosecutor," interrupted the judge-advocate, sharply, "but you are at liberty to ask any question you may think proper of the witness."

Charles turned slowly round and fixed his eyes upon his cousin, who met his gaze with a cool, triumphant smile upon his features.

"Were you," said our hero, "in company with the late Colonel Morely when I encountered him six days since in the wood, near the camp of our Allies?"

"I was."

"Did not you hear him give Corporal Stoak, whose wife had been carried off, and myself, leave of absence for three days, to go in search of her?"

"Certainly not," was the unblushing reply.

"Can you swear that no such permission was given?"

"I cannot," replied Cuthbert, after an instant's mental deliberation with himself. "All I can swear is that I never heard it. And even if I had, you were equally liable to arrest, seeing that the term had expired the day before I encountered you. The adjutant," he added, bowing to the court, "is the proper person to reply to the prisoner's question; the late Colonel Morely was one of the most methodical officers in the service; of course I make the observation without any disparagement. If he ever gave the permission alluded to, the orderly book will show it."

The book was produced, and Adjutant Moore examined. The colonel had never said a word to him on the subject.

"Did I not at once declare my readiness to submit to my arrest?" continued our hero.

"No."

"Did you not provoke me to draw my sword upon you?"

"No."

"Did you not apply to me the opprobrious, blistering name of bastard;—boast of your triumph over me;—confess that, from our very boyhood, you had hated me for the superior advantages which fortune at one time seemed to promise me?"

"No."

His victim regarded him for an instant with a look of withering scorn, then, turning from him, addressed himself to his judges.

"I can question that man no more. Truth, honor, justice, are so utterly extinguished in his nature, that perjury is a mere pastime with him; and if I feel humiliated at the present moment, it is at sharing the name and blood of a shameless wretch—a thing whose evil passions have made him one incarnate lie. I appeal to him no more: my last appeal is to you, and, though I feel hopeless of its success, still it shall be made. I was born in Russia, gentlemen," continued our hero, "where my father, at an early age, settled as a merchant, in order to repair the shattered fortunes of an ancient and honorable family."

"His father was in trade," whispered the Honorable Ensign Papspoon to the lieutenant next him—like himself, a scion of the peerage. "I always thought there was something dreadfully low about Vavasour. His uncle's dealings in tallow and hides account for it."

"Hush," replied his brother sub, in the same undertone. "The young fellow is going to make a speech—it will be amusing. A court-martial, after all, is not such a dull stupid thing as I imagined."

"No more it is," said the Honorable Ensign Papspoon.

Charles Vavasour rose for the last time to address his judges; he described his journey to Russia, in search of the proofs of his legitimacy; his exile to Siberia, his escape, and the cruel necessity in which he had been placed on reaching the Crimea, of starving or enlisting; adding, that had he known his cousin, who had so strong an interest in his death, had been an officer in the same regiment, he should have preferred the former alternative.

"When I discovered that my enemy was so near me," he continued, "I requested of the late Colonel Morely to place me in another troop from the one to which Lieutenant Vavasour was attached, and my request was complied with. I foresaw that every means

which malignancy and cunning could devise, would be used to goad me to commit some act of insubordination; it has succeeded, for I scorn to deny the fact of having drawn my sword upon my persecutor, to avenge an insult to my mother's memory. Your verdict," he added, "will render him the rightful heir of Vavasour Manor, but it can never restore to him his forfeited honor, the respect of all good men, his self-esteem and peace of mind. My memory will avenge me; he will walk the earth a lonesome, guilty thing, cursed with consciousness of crime and shame."

There was a silence of several minutes after he had concluded. His judges, although accustomed to death, felt that it was a stern necessity which compelled them to condemn him; but the offence was not even disavowed; more, it was almost gloried in.

"What a capital novel he would have written," observed the Honorable Ensign Papapoon to his brother sub; "but I suppose they'll shoot him."

"I shall not cut his cousin," said the lieutenant, in a decided tone.

Just as the prisoner was about to be removed, in order that the court might deliberate, several persons were heard disputing at the entrance of the tent. Amongst others, a woman's voice was particularly distinguished: *she would be admitted!* and, despite the remonstrances of the sentinel, the corporal's wife, Peggy, half by persuasion and half by force, succeeded in carrying her point.

"What means this unseemly intrusion?" demanded Colonel Man.

Nothing daunted, the pretty cantiniere saluted him, military fashion, by raising her hand to her cap.

"Who are you?"

"A witness, your honor; in the same regiment as the prisoner."

"And what have you to say?"

"What have I to say," repeated the woman; "why that he is one of the noblest, best fellows in the world; a better soldier never broke her Majesty's bread; that I owe my liberty to him; that Colonel Morely gave both he and my husband leave of absence to come in search of me, after I had been carried off by the Russians, and that—but call Peter in, Colonel; let him be heard—Peter can tell you a great deal more than I can. At her earnest request, the corporal was admitted. Although worn and fatigued, he appeared as full of energy as ever.

Had the prisoner been on his trial upon the charge of desertion only, the straightforward evidence of Stoak must have acquitted him. He swore distinctly to the permission of the colonel having been given in the hearing of Lieutenant Vavasour.

"But the lieutenant denies that he heard it," observed the count.

"Sorry to hear it," replied the old soldier. "He must have heard it, for he was as close to my poor colonel as I was. But I am afraid," he added, "that he is telling a lie; although that is bad enough for an officer and a gentleman, it is not the worst act he has committed."

There was a look of surprise.

"Speak out, Peter," said his wife, encouragingly.

"When gentleman Charley and I parted company," continued the corporal, "I thought it was all up with me and my poor wife, though I resolved to sell my life dearly. We concealed ourselves in the cleft of a rock the first day, and ventured to travel by night. Slow work, something like the trenches; but no matter, it answered."

"I really do not see what this has to do with the case against the prisoner," observed the colonel.

"A little patience, your honor; I am coming to it. But I must tell my story my own way. Well, it was hard work, as you may imagine; nothing to eat, and Peggy half frozen to death. I thought more than once I should have knocked under. Well, two days ago, just as I found the worst was past, who should I fall in with but the rascally Russian general who broke parole and escaped from the camp—General Scratchenoff, I think they call him."

At the name of the ex-governor of Cheritz Khan, Cuthbert Vavasour felt a sensation of sickness come over him.

"Proceed," said the judge-advocate.

"I will, your honor. He had two Cossacks with him, but I had my pistols and sabre, and we attacked them."

"We?" repeated the president. "You surely don't mean that your wife—"

"Shot the first man that fell!" replied Peter, with a look of admiration directed towards his better half: "and came up just in time to assist me with the third. We killed them all three between us," he added, in a tone of great complacency.

"And the general, please the court," said Peggy, saluting again, "was one of the nasty Russians who carried me and the nun lady off."

"What followed?"

"We searched the bodies, and found three flasks of brandy, some hard biscuit, a roll of tobacco, a purse of gold, and a letter."

"To whom was that letter addressed?" demanded the judge-advocate.

"To Lieutenant Cuthbert Vavasour."

"To me!" repeated the hypocrite, in a tone of well-affected surprise. "What could General Scratchenoff possibly have to write to me about?"

"You will learn that in good time, no doubt," answered the corporal, drily.

"Give it me."

Stoak looked at him with astonishment, as if he

wondered that any man should entertain so poor an opinion of his sagacity.

"Not a bit of it."

"I insist—"

"Insist to the commander-in-chief, then," exclaimed Peggy, in a tone of triumph; "for, by this time, it is in his hands."

"Who will doubtless return it to its address," observed Cuthbert, with forced calmness; "and I shall only regret the delay," he added, bowing to the members of the court, "in the event of its producing any unfavorable, though momentary, impression on the minds of my brother officers against me. I certainly was in the habit of conversing with the general," he continued. "Every officer in the regiment did the same; and any communication he may have made to me can only be one of simple courtesy."

Those observations really appeared so candid and plausible, that they were received as truthful by all but Charles. He read in the momentary confusion of the speaker, the sudden contraction of his brow, the real feeling of his heart, and he smiled disdainfully.

"Thank you, Stoak," he said, extending his hand to the corporal. "If you have failed to save, you have at least avenged me."

The lieutenant mentally cursed his evil fortune as he felt so too.

The court was at last cleared for deliberation, which did not last very long; for the breach of military law was too distinctly proved, even by the admission of the accused. When the prisoner was brought in, he saw by the countenances of his judges that his worst anticipations were realized.

"Charles Vavasour," said the colonel, in a voice of emotion, "it is my painful duty to announce to you the decision of this honorable court. It has found you guilty; and although there may appear certain extenuating circumstances, still they are of such a nature that the court officially cannot take cognizance of them."

Our hero bowed respectfully.

Here Cuthbert Vavasour rose, and, with an affectation of generosity, warmly recommended the prisoner to mercy.

"You must be aware, Lieutenant," drily observed the president, "that this court has no power to act upon your recommendation."

The hypocrite resumed his seat whilst sentence of death was pronounced upon his victim. He sat and heard it with a fiend-like joy, a savage exultation, which not even the danger hanging over his head could subdue.

"And when will the execution take place?" demanded our hero, calmly.

"To-morrow morning."

"Am I permitted to see my friends?"

"Most certainly. Have you any other request to make?"

"None," said the prisoner. "The only prayer I have now to address is to heaven."

An hour afterwards the Soldier of Fortune was once more seated in his prison. Neither Sir Edward Chaloner nor Frank Moreland had been present at his trial; being civilians, they were excluded.

As gently as possible the condemned broke the painful intelligence to the friend of his youth, and the generous man who had accompanied him to the Crimea. The baronet sank for awhile, overwhelmed beneath the blow.

"It is enough," he faltered, "to make a man renounce his country, blood, and name. My poor murdered boy! and I, who can command the votes of half a county at home, am helpless—helpless as an infant here. Only let the government," he added, bitterly, "ever solicit my influence again."

Frank Moreland quitted them. As a last resource he resolved to ride over to head-quarters, and if possible obtain an audience of the commander-in-chief himself.

On returning to his tent, Cuthbert Vavasour felt, like many men who have succeeded in carrying out a scheme of crime and deception, that the triumph had been purchased at too great a sacrifice—not of honor, manliness, and self-respect; he had no such compunctious visitings of conscience—but of prudence. His correspondence with the Russian general in all probability might occasion his disgraceful dismissal from the army, if not entail a still severer punishment.

Like most hypocrites, he was a coward as well, and had long been tired of his life of privation in the Crimea. He resolved, therefore, to abandon his regiment and the service at once. In England he felt assured that, backed by his father's interest and wealth, his imprudence, to give it no harsher name, would be looked over.

At any rate his life would be safe, and that was his more immediate consideration. Just as he had arranged everything for his departure, several of his brother officers entered his tent. It was in vain that he hinted at having a headache, at being deeply affected with the result of the trial; they appeared determined not to leave him, and he was compelled to curb the impatience he dared not show, and do the honors to his unwelcome guests.

It was nearly morning before they took their leave.

"At last," he muttered, as he mounted his horse with the intention of riding over to Balacava, where he trusted to find the means of proceeding to England by one of the numerous transports in the harbor.

He had not proceeded more than a hundred yards, before he encountered Adjutant Moore and an orderly. The former invited him to return to his tent.

"Excuse me," replied the fugitive, in a careless tone, "I have promised to breakfast with a party of French officers, and shall be beyond my time."

"You must return," said the adjutant.

"Must?"

"Yes."

"An order?"

"And arrest," replied Moore, "by order of General Tawn, to whom the circumstance of a letter addressed to you having been found on the body of a Russian general, has been reported. It is merely a temporary inconvenience," added the speaker, "for doubtless you will be able to explain it satisfactorily."

"Instantly, only let me see the general."

"That you can do in the morning," replied the officer; "you know the old man's humor as well as I do, and I would not advise you to disturb him before his usual hour. Something has rendered him more than usually irritable."

"One word," interrupted Cuthbert, as the speaker turned his horse's head to ride away. "Is it a close arrest, or am I merely confined to quarters?"

"To quarters only."

The lieutenant smiled, for he felt that he was not baffled yet.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

What need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? They were the most needless creatures living if we should never have use for them; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves.

SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, Act 1st.

THE enterprise which Julian had undertaken, of returning to the spot from whence he and Charles had discovered the Mermaid at anchor, was one of extreme peril. The wild and desolate country which he had to traverse, being infested by bands of Cossacks; demons to whom plunder and massacre were mere pastime, things of every day occurrence. It was only by concealing themselves in the deepest recesses of the forest, or the desert huts of the Tartar shepherds, and travelling by night, that he and our hero succeeded in eluding them after the rescue of Lelia. Now time was wanting; an hour's delay might peril the life of his friend; he must not only take the nearest route, but traverse it in broad daylight.

"It is death or success," he murmured, as he mounted the powerful horse which Frank Moreland had placed at his disposal. "Anything save captivity," which he well knew to be synonymous with Siberia or the mines, a fate to which he resolved never again to submit.

The day was a lowering one—huge compact masses of black clouds rolled lazily along the vault of heaven, charged with arrowy sleet and hail; occasionally they were rent asunder by broad flashes of lightning, followed by the thunder peal, which piled them into a thousand fantastic shapes of gloom and terror.

The storm broke forth at first, in all the sublimity of its fury. The winds suddenly released from their caverned prison, swept over the vast steppe, tearing up the brushwood, and crushing the young trees like reeds in its path, shrieking at times like fiends broke loose, and intoxicated with their triumph; then subsiding into low, deep-toned murmurs as the echo of their voices died away in the depth of the forest.

More than once the high spirited horse threw himself back upon his haunches, terrified at the war of elements, and refused to proceed, when a brief contest ensued between him and his rider, in which the strong hand, relentless spur, and vice-like pressure of Julian's knees, which threatened to crush in the ribs of the animal, prevailed, and he resumed his course, again urged on by pain and fear.

After several of these ineffectual attempts to throw his rider, the fiery brute felt that he was completely mastered. The red flash startled him less than the voice of the Pole, which at each symptom of flagging urged him to proceed.

The traveller had journeyed for several hours without encountering a single human being, and began to feel grateful to the violence of the tempest which had driven even the plundering Cossack from the steppe. Although drenched to the skin by the incessant sleet and rain, and chilled by the piercing wind, he scarcely felt it. The true manly friendship, the deep devotion which had prompted the desperate enterprise, sustained him, his generous heart still beat trustfully and warmly.

At last he approached within a few versts of the wood in which was the hut of the Tartar boy (Tral), who had guided him and our hero to the house of the Greek merchant Mauvrogits, where Lelia had been kept prisoner. For an instant he drew rein and looked around him, scarcely believing it possible that in so brief a space of time he had accomplished so considerable a portion of his journey.

"It is the wood!" he exclaimed, in a tone of joy, "and my task is more than half achieved. Heaven grant it may prove an augury for the favorable termination of the rest."

Scarcely had the words escaped the lips of the speaker than three Cossacks emerged from a clump of trees on his right; the instant they saw him they uttered their wild shrill cry of defiance, and with their long lances in rest galloped towards him.

Without hesitation, Julian gave his tired steed the rein, applied his spurs vigorously, and started off in an opposite direction, closely followed by his pursuers, whose horses being fresh, soon began to gain upon him. Fear never caused the strong heart of Julian to beat

as the probable fate of his friend, in the event of his own captivity or death, did at that moment. Fortunately, his self-possession did not abandon him; his brain remained calm and untroubled as his conscience.

The only chance of escape was by attacking his enemies in detail; to wait till all three closed upon him was to court defeat. He had his sword and a brace of pistols with him. Wheeling suddenly round, he drew one of the latter weapons from his belt, and fired at the Cossack who rode headmost—the savage uttered a loud yell, and fell from his saddle.

Warned by the fate of their companion, his two comrades hesitated, and had the gallant Pole at that instant resumed his flight, the probability is that he might have escaped them. Unfortunately he levelled his second pistol, which missed fire; the rain had rendered the priming useless. The poor fellow flung it from him with a look of despair.

His remaining antagonists charged him on either side, and the gallant Pole stood upon which Julian rode fell, pierced by a dozen wounds at least from their long keen lances, and the horseman with it. Whilst rolling on the earth, the Cossacks dismounted with the agility of cats, and cast themselves upon him. All resistance was useless. They overpowered him, and before permitting him to rise, bound his hands together with one of those narrow leathern thongs which they carried with them for the purpose of attaching their victims.

The only hope of their prisoner was in concealing from them his knowledge of their language. They very naturally mistook him for a French officer. Had they known him to be a Pole, most probably they would have despatched him without further ceremony.

Everything in the shape of valuables was transferred with amusing celerity from the person of Julian to their own. The savages grinned with delight as they drew from his pockets a watch and a well-filled purse. Frank Moreland's letter to the commander of the Mermaid was the only article which escaped their reach, and that the bearer had taken the precaution to conceal between the lining of his cap.

"He must be of some importance by his fighting so bravely," observed one of his captors; "the general will give a great reward for him."

"If I thought he would not," replied the second, "I would send my lance through his heart. He has slain my brother."

"Pah, money is better than blood, Harsackskoi."

He who was addressed by this euphonious name, evidently thought so too; for, however great his affection for his deceased relative, it did not prevent his carefully searching the body, and appropriating everything he found on it, even to the dead man's boots, which, he philosophically observed, were better than his own.

The operation ended, the two Cossacks mounted their horses, and compelling Julian to march between them, directed their way to the wood, in whose depths they plunged, and after an hour's march reached the hut of the Tartar peasant boy Tral, who, with the cunning peculiar to his race, did not think fit to recognise the Pole. Poor boy, he had endured enough from the brutal troop, who had taken possession of his dwelling, on his own account; his swollen features, and the blood which trickled down them, bore witness of the treatment he had received.

There were four Cossacks seated round the fire in the centre of the cabin. They welcomed the arrival of their comrades and the prisoner with a shout of triumph.

"A heretic Frenchman," exclaimed one.

"No; an English enemy of our great father," said another.

The rest rose to their feet, drew their long knives, and would have indulged in the natural thirst for cruelty so characteristic of their tribe, had not the captors of Julian restrained them—not from any impulse of humanity; they would have delighted in torturing him quite as much as those who proposed the diabolical scheme—but from avarice—they had not touched the reward.

It was a fearful effort of self-command to listen to the dispute whether they should put him to death or not, without betraying that he understood them. But the gallant fellow heard it all with a countenance unmoved.

The carcass of a freshly slaughtered kid was roasting before the fire. The ferocious wretches watched it with looks of impatient hunger. When it was nearly done one of them proposed that the prisoner should be conveyed to an outhouse where the horses were picketed.

"He may escape," observed the man who answered to the name of Harsackskoi, and added that "it would add to his torment to see them eat without sharing in the feast."

"What says our law?" demanded the eldest of the party. "When the sons of the Don break bread, all who are beneath the tent become their guests."

This last consideration prevailed, and it was decided that the Pole should be removed, and the Tartar boy left to guard him.

His captors commanded him by signs to follow them, and leading him to a rude shed, tied his legs with a thong similar to the one they had bound his hands with, and left him with fearful menaces to the charge of the boy, whose eyes they threatened to tear out if he permitted the Frenchman to escape.

"Fear not," said Tral; "I'll watch him faithfully."

"It will be better for thee," replied the Cossacks.

"If you find him safe on your return, will you leave me my liberty?" added the lad, in a beseeching tone.

"Liberty!" exclaimed one of the ruffians, striking

him a blow in the face. "What! when our great father, the Czar, requires soldiers to fight these infidel dogs? No! you must accompany us. You will make a soldier in time."

"I won't be a soldier," muttered Tral.

"Bah! Your father said the same thing, and was obstinate enough," observed Harsackskoi, "till the knout tore the flesh from his bones. He was willing enough to serve then, but it was too late—the fool died beneath his punishment."

With a loud laugh the monsters left them. A Tartar peasant perishing beneath the lash appeared an excellent jest.

For some moments Julian regarded the lad—who appeared overwhelmed with sorrow and terror—in silence.

"Do you remember?" he said at last.

Tral nodded, to intimate that he did.

"You heard what the Cossack stated."

The young Tartar gnashed his teeth with rage.

"Release me!"

"I dare not," whispered the guard; "they would tear my eyes out; kill me as they killed my poor father."

"And is not liberty worth some risk?" demanded the Pole. "Have you forgotten how we prevented the inmates of the merchant's house from following us after we had rescued the persons held prisoners there? What prevents our doing the same? Hear me, boy," he added; "a few miles from this spot there rides a ship at anchor—"

"I know; I saw it this very day," interrupted the youth, "when I went to look for my goat. Had I known that the Cossacks would have eaten him, they might have searched for him themselves," he added. "It was the last of all our flock."

"Once on board that ship we should be safe."

The young savage regarded him earnestly.

"And I would count you down as many rubles as would purchase you, in another land, as many goats as you have lost," continued Julian.

"The Cossacks would take them from me."

"You shall accompany me to Balacava, where the army of the English will protect you."

"No, no, said Tral, with a shudder. "I dare not; it is three versts to the beach. I know the distance, for I have walked it often. We should be followed, taken, and murdered before we reached it."

"Not if we hamstring the horses," suggested the prisoner, "as we did before."

The Tartar's eyes gleamed with intelligence and excitement. His horror of being dragged away from his rude home, and forced to be a soldier in the ranks of the Russians, whom he hated—of fighting for the murderer of his father, overcame his terror.

"I can but die," he said, resolutely, "happen what will."

"Bravely resolved!" said Julian, his heart beating wildly with hope. "One act of courage, and we shall both be free!"

Tral, without uttering a word of reply, crept towards the door and looked carefully around to see that none of the enemy were near. He heard their voices screaming and disputing in the cabin, and knew that the feast had commenced; this gave him courage, for—however patient and indefatigable in the field—no man indulges more at table, or has a greater dislike to be disturbed, than the Cossack.

He returned to the centre of the shed, and, scratching aside the litter, drew from a hole in the ground a long sharp knife.

"Swear that you will keep faith with me," he said.

"I swear it."

"And that you will not abandon me, whatever betides, to the cruelty of our enemies."

"This, too, the prisoner pledged; the next instant, the thongs which confined his hands and feet were severed.

Their first care was to select two of the horses which appeared the least tired; the remaining ones Tral effectually disabled. All this was but the work of a few minutes.

"Remember," said the lad, as they mounted and rode off, "that I have risked my life for you; God will revenge me if you deceive me!"

"Fear nothing," replied the Pole; "I will be true to you, as he has been merciful to me."

Although more than an hour elapsed before the Cossacks in the hut discovered the flight of their prisoner and the guard they had set over him, the fugitives were far from being in safety; the country was swarming with the predatory band; several times they had to plunge into the thickest part of the wood to avoid them. Julian began to look anxiously towards the heavens; the tempest was still raging and he trembled lest his violence should have driven the yacht from her moorings, or induced the captain as a matter of precaution to stand out to sea.

After a brief consultation with his guide, whom he found far more intelligent than he anticipated, the faithful friend resolved to abandon the horses and trust to the boy's knowledge of the forest, to lead him by the nearest path to the beach, which now could not, according to his calculation, be more than two versts distant. They accordingly picketed the animals in a close thicket. Tral was for killing them, but the humanity of his companion revolted at what he considered an unnecessary act of cruelty.

"You will repent it," said the boy somewhat sullenly; "their owners will find them, and we shall be at their mercy. You know what that means," he added, with a shudder.

"Perhaps not" replied the Pole; "long before they can reach this spot, I trust we shall be both of us in safety on board the vessel."

The lad shrugged his shoulders at a feeling which he could not comprehend, and they once more started on their route, choosing the most unfrequented tracks, such to all appearance as were only used by the wild deer and the savage boar. It was slow and toilsome work, breaking their way through the underwood which grew in thick masses higher than their heads. Julian went first, and his arms soon became lacerated by the briars and prickly shrubs, which formed a natural barrier to their progress by interlacing themselves with the stunted fir and dwarf oak of the Crimea.

An hour's march brought them to the brow of an open slope, on the other side of which rose a succession of rocks, a sure sign that they were approaching the coast. They had scarcely crossed it when the cry of the Cossacks was heard at a distance. Both paused, and the eyes of Tral were turned reproachfully on his companion.

"I told you so," he muttered.

Julian looked anxiously around him, for he felt that not a moment was to be lost. Fortunately the rocks which they had reached were not entirely barren. Patches of earth, thinly scattered here and there, afforded scanty nourishment to a number of parasitical plants which trained themselves from point to point, forming a species of low arcade, or recess. Under one of these Julian compelled the Tartar boy to creep, and instantly followed him. Another instant and they must have been discovered by their pursuers, for the Cossacks appeared upon the brow of the slope just as they disappeared beneath their leafy shelter.

The fugitives scarcely dared to breathe.

"Advance," whispered the Pole, "as cautiously as you can."

"And you?" said the boy.

"Will remain here," continued the generous man. "If I am taken, in all probability they will be satisfied. Make what speed you can to the beach, and swim—if no other means should present itself—to the vessel. They will not refuse you a refuge on board."

"What, leave you!"

"Yes."

"Never," replied the boy, in the same under tone.

"You are the only being in the world—except my poor father and the rich merchant's son, Leon—who ever spoke to me with kindness. I have not forgotten it. I have my knife, and, if it comes to a struggle, will fight by you to the last. Better to die bravely, and avenged, than live to be made a slave of, or knouted to death by the Russians."

Despite the danger which threatened him, his companion expressed a sensation of pleasure at the gratitude and courage of the speaker: it was something for a philosophic mind like his to meditate upon.

"Who, after this," he mentally exclaimed, "shall venture to pronounce the wildest nature barren? There is a key to every heart, a path to each intelligence, if man would only seek them in kindness instead of oppression."

The boy looked in his face and smiled, as if he read the thought passing in the mind of Julian.

"You will not send me from you?" he said.

"No."

"I'll fight by you, for you," muttered the young savage through his clenched teeth, "to the last. Strange, but I have no fear now."

The Pole passed his hand over the rough uncouth locks of Tral, and resolved in the event of their escape to become a protector and instructor to him.

Meanwhile their pursuers continued to gallop wildly to and fro, beating the bushes and thickets in their course like hunters in search of game; at times they approached so close to the spot in which the fugitives were concealed, that they scarcely ventured to draw their breath.

Harsackskoi and the man who had made Julian prisoner emerged from the wood, and began shouting to their comrades; it seems they had discovered the horses in the thicket, and, not doubting but their late prisoner and the Tartar boy had secreted themselves somewhere near, called to the horsemen to come and aid them in the pursuit.

In a few minutes they all returned to the forest, and Julian, who had heard every word that passed, once more drew his breath freely, as he and Tral emerged from their retreat.

"How far are we from the beach?" he said.

"Not half a verst," replied the lad looking round him; "on the other side of the rocks the shingle commences; I have often played there when a child."

"And the ship?"

"Lies directly opposite that point," added his informant, stretching out his hand towards one of the loftiest of the ridge. "There is a path," he continued, "through the great cleft which shortens the way, only—only—"

"Only what!" demanded the Pole, surprised at his hesitation.

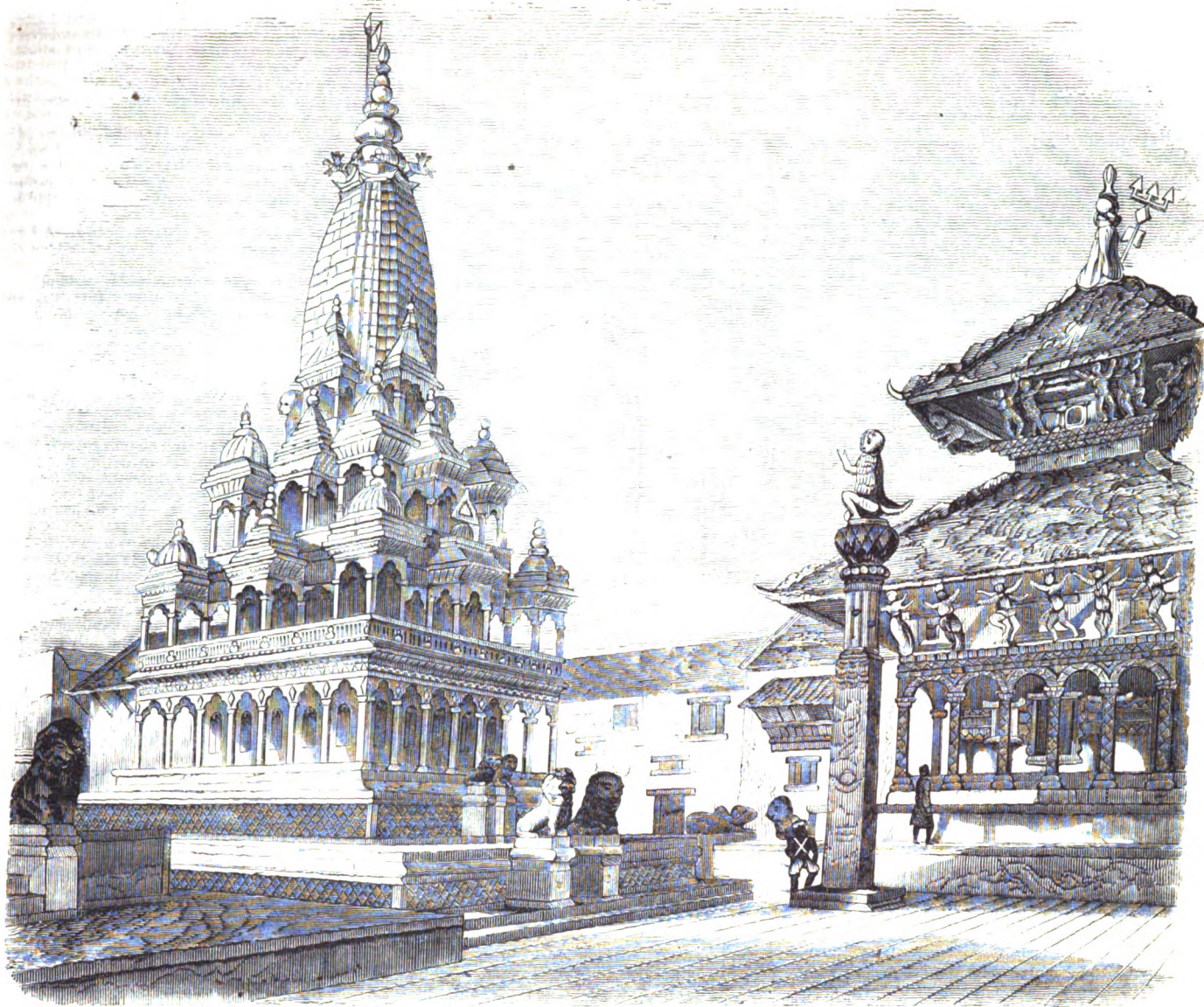
"The priest says that it is cursed. None of my tribe would ever pass it."

"Cursed by whom?"

"By heaven," answered the lad, "and St. Nicholas."

"Earth," said Julian, "is only cursed by man and his evil passions. When the Creator surveyed his work, he pronounced that all alike was good. Follow me without fear."

The Tartar boy drew back. His new-born attachment for the speaker was not sufficiently strong to combat the superstition which had been instilled into



TEMPLE OF KRISHNA JEE. (SEE PAGE 240.)

his heart in childhood, and he entreated the Pole not to venture. The Great Spirit, he said, would punish him for his temerity.

His companion smiled at his terrors, and to show how little effect they had upon him, advanced rapidly in the direction which the lad had pointed out. At any other moment the scene which burst upon his view when he entered the pass would have deeply interested him; as it was, he merely honored it with a glance of admiration, and congratulated himself that the most hazardous part of his undertaking was so nearly accomplished.

By some extraordinary convulsion of nature the line of rocks which for miles formed a steep barrier between the wood and the beach had been riven asunder, leaving a passage wide enough for a single horseman to pass through. It was straight as an arrow. At the extreme end Julian distinctly saw the Mermaid lying at anchor; and a boat, probably one belonging to the yacht, draw out of reach of the surf, which beat fearfully upon the sands.

Without a moment's hesitation he entered the narrow pathway, followed by his trembling guide, who doubtless expected every instant that some awful punishment would fall upon them for their temerity.

They had nearly reached the shore. Trai's fears were confirmed by hearing a voice, apparently in the air, calling out to them in, to him, an unknown tongue; he fell upon his knees, and began muttering a prayer. Julian looked up.

The cause of the boy's terrors was explained.

A party of half a dozen English sailors had mounted the face of the rock, and established themselves in a sort of natural cave formed in one of the interstices, which offered a capital shelter from the drifting storm. Here they had made a fire, and were preparing to pass the night as comfortably as possible, not deeming it safe to attempt reaching their vessel till the morning, when the appearance of the Pole and his companion attracted their attention. Being well armed, and having the advantage of an unassailable position, sailor-like, they had not hesitated to challenge the strangers.

"Hallo," repeated the speaker. "Ain't you got a natral tongue in your lubberly head? What ship do you belong to?"

"No ship" was the reply, "although I seek one."

"Won't do for our service," said the tar; "every hammock is filled."

"Do you belong to the Mermaid?" eagerly demanded Julian.

"I should think we does; and a pretty craft she is as ever floated. What sort of a crew do you sail with?—Rooshian I suppose."

"I am in the French service."

"Are you though?" exclaimed the naval orator, who was no other than the second mate of Frank Moreland's yacht; "well, that's hearty; but I ought to have know'd that a Rooshian couldn't speak our mother-tongue as you do. Just walk up, and take a glass of grog."

This was far more easily said than done; for the speaker was standing on a ledge of rock, at least fifty feet above the head of the Pole.

"You forgot my friend," observed the latter, "that I am not a bird."

"Can you manage with a rope?" roared the sailor.

"Try me."

A rope was accordingly lowered, and in a few minutes the gallant fellow stood upon the same level with the Mermaid's boat crew, whose favorable opinion of him was confirmed when they saw with what agility he mounted.

"Well done, sir," exclaimed the mate, grasping his hand. "'Tain't every landsman as could do that—or Frenchman either," he muttered in an under tone, "or they must be devilishly altered since I had my first 'bout with them."

"When do you go on board?" demanded Julian.

"As soon as the storm lulls," replied the man.

"And that won't be before morning, if it does then," observed the oldest of the sailors; "so you may as well remain where you are, and make yourselves comfortable for the night. We have plenty of biscuit and grog, and you shall share it."

"Impossible," exclaimed their visitor, impatiently, "for in an hour at furthest I must tread the deck of yonder vessel."

"You will find it harder getting on board than mounting here."

"Not with your aid," continued the Pole; "and you will assist me for you are Englishmen. Listen to me: I have a letter from your owner, Mr. Frank Moreland, to the commander of the Mermaid. At the risk of

my life—but that's a trifle—I have made my way from the English camp through the enemy's country to this place. I have escaped from the Cossacks by a miracle. The safety of a noble, brave fellow, of Sir Edward Challoner, of his lovely daughter, depend upon my success. You will not disappoint me. Here," he added, taking off his cap and producing the letter, which he drew from the lining; "you are doubtless acquainted with the handwriting of your employer."

"I suppose I ought to be," said the mate, scratching his head; "but somehow or other all handwritings are alike to me, and that's the reason, I suppose, they made a sailor of me. Do you look at it, Jem."

Jem, the old man who had predicted the continuance of the storm, took the missive and turned it over with a troubled look.

"I daresay it's all right," he muttered, at the same time assisting himself to a fresh quid; "but landsmen always reef their letters same way. Now, I could always tell one of the admiral's writing in the dark."

"How so?" demanded his companions.

How so?—why there figure heads were the very spit of his old cocked hat."

In other words, the gallant officer alluded to invariably folded his letters three corner ways,—such, at least, I presume, is what the speaker meant.

The sailors finally resolved that, sink or swim, they would attempt to reach the Mermaid without waiting for the storm to cease, and at once broke up their bivouac.

Three several times the raging surf drove their boat back upon the beach, and as often did the gallant, daring fellows launch it again. The fourth time they were successful; the white spray dashed over them till they were nearly blinded by its fury—still they persevered, and by main strength combated the fury of the waves.

"Now," said the mate, who directed the operation, "one stroke altogether, and—"

The crew gave a hearty cheer, and as hearty a pull at the same moment; the next instant the boat had cleared the surf, and by the time Julian stated he stood on the deck of the Mermaid, which shortly after spread her white sails and steered her course to Balaklava.

We scarcely need say that the Tartar boy accompanied his protector on board.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

When foes the hand of menace shook,
And friends betrayed—denied—forgot,
Then woman, meekly constant still,
Followed to Calvary's fatal hill—
Yes, followed where the boldest failed,
Unmoved by threat or sneer,
For faithful woman's love prevailed
O'er helpless woman's fear.—HARRISON.

THE prolonged absence of Sir Edward Challoner and Frank Moreland wrung the affectionate heart of Beatrix with the most cruel anxieties and doubts. It was in vain that her cousin Mary strove to reassure her by pointing out the impracticable state of the road between the camp and Balaklava, the impossibility of their sending letters, the more than probable difficulties they would have to encounter before they discovered our hero, and the time that must elapse in negotiating his discharge from his regiment.

With true womanly sympathy she argued against her own convictions, and dressed her countenance in smiles instead of giving way to tears.

"No news is good news," she repeated on several occasions, "if their be any truth in an old proverb, as I feel assured there is. Be reasonable, Tricksey; you see how patiently I endure their absence, which, excepting a natural curiosity, occasions me little or no uneasiness."

"Your words express none," observed the heiress. "Nor my looks either," replied her cousin.

"You cannot deceive me, Mary," continued Beatrix; "we have known each other too long and too intimately. I can read the secret doubt which, like a worm, is preying on your heart—read it in your eye—the anxious look which you turn towards the door each time a step approaches it. I feel your well-meant kindness," added the speaker, yielding to her tears, "am grateful for your love; but this concealment irritates instead of soothing me."

Jack Curlin was summoned to the presence of the young ladies, for the twentieth time at least. The poor fellow appeared before them with a downcast air; he could not meet the searching gaze of the heiress; he answered her questions like one who repeats his lesson.

"Any intelligence from the camp?" inquired Mrs. Moreland.

"Not a line," replied the honest fellow; "if any letters had arrived, I should have been the first to bring them to you."

"Not a word!"

"Not one."

"Don't believe a word he says, my lady," exclaimed Susan, bounding into the room; news has arrived from the camp, and I have been trying all I know for the last half hour to get it out of him. It must be something dreadful," she thoughtlessly added, "for I heard him storming and swearing in the courtyard below, like a madman; he threatened to shoot somebody. Do insist upon his telling you whom he wants to shoot."

Her young mistress turned deadly pale, and sank half-fainting into the arms of her cousin, murmuring as she did so, "This suspense will kill me."

"There!" exclaimed Susan, darting a reproachful glance at her lover, "you see what you have done."

"I!" repeated Jack, "God knows I would not have uttered a word to grieve her, poor dear young lady. It be all thy folly; thee canst never hold the tongue; Sir Edward warned I not to tell 'ee anything," he added.

This was a freedom of speech which under any other circumstances the pretty waiting-maid would have bitterly resented, and was not the less galling that it was uttered in the presence of her young lady. She struggled hard to repress the reply upon her lips, but the imploring look of her mistress prevailed, and she swallowed her indignation in silence.

"There is cruelty in such kindness," said Beatrix, "which shields the heart from one sorrow to cast it a prey to a thousand terrors and vague presentiments. Why am I treated like a child? Why the truth kept from me? I must hear it one day. Think you the blow will be less fatal? No; the strength which should sustain me, will have been wasted in vain surmise—in doubts and fears. Jack," she added, "grasping the soldier by the hand, 'by the love—the fidelity you have shown to your poor master—by your hope of seeing him again, keep me no longer in suspense, but tell me everything.'"

"Yes," exclaimed Susan, quickly, "tell us everything."

The poor fellow, uncertain how to act, looked to Mary for advice; he dared not trust his own judgment.

"Speak," said Mrs. Moreland, throwing her arms around her cousin, "let her know all, for she says truly, suspense is killing her."

"Thanks," murmured Beatrix, "thanks."

"Well, then, my lady, I will tell you," replied the lad, "though it be a half as bad as you suppose; if I kept it from you it would only for your good."

The heiress gave a look of impatience.

"Master Charley has been arrested."

"Arrested!" repeated Susan, with a toss of her head, "and is that all? A pretty secret to make so much mystery about! As if Sir Edward would not pay any sum to release him?"

It was evident that the waiting-maid's ideas of arrest were limited to liabilities for debt.

"Arrested!" murmured Beatrix.

"For a duel," continued the lad, "with his scamp of a cousin, Cuthbert, who tried every scheme to ruin him. There has been, or is to be, a court-martial, or something of that kind, and—"

"I guess the rest," interrupted the heiress, with a look of terror. "He has drawn his sword upon his superior officer; 'he will be condemned!'"

"No, no!" exclaimed Mary, eagerly, "his judges are men—beings with hearts, feelings, impulses, warm and generous as his own. Besides," she added, "have we not the letter of our gracious sovereign?"

"That's it!" said Jack, "a letter. I couldn't understand that part of it. His friend Julian is gone in search of the Mermaid; if he only reaches it in time, and obtains that letter, all will be well. Sergeant Bailey told me so himself."

It was the grandson of the old steward, whom Sir Edward had sent to Balaklava, to make inquiries after the missing yacht, who had imparted the sad intelligence to the speaker.

Bitterly did Beatrix reproach herself for the impatience which had urged the baronet to land the instant the vessel entered the harbor. Rightly or wrongly, she attributed leaving the letter on board to that.

"The veil is rent at last," she said, "and all is fearfully explained. I understand now why old Christie has passed the day watching like a sentinel at the harbor. All have done their duty," she added, "I will nor fall in mine."

"Beatrix!" murmured Mary, alarmed at the unnaturally calm and decided tone in which her cousin spoke.

"Not a word," answered the heiress, "unless to approve my determination of starting for the camp. 'I will see him,' she added, yielding to a passionate burst of sorrow, 'before they murder him.'"

It was in vain that they entreated and argued with her; that Jack pointed out the terrible state of the roads;—the dangers—the difficulty of such an undertaking. She had one reply for all—"That it was her duty, and God would protect her."

"And so will I," said Jack, brushing aside his tears with the cuff of his red jacket. "If you go, I'll go. Hang leave! If they shoot Master Charley, they may shoot me at the same time. I hope they will, that's all!"

This was a sad blow to the waiting woman, who vainly entreated of her lover not to risk his life by abandoning his post without leave. Jack listened to her without anger, but at the same time without evincing the least sign of changing his resolution.

"It's no use, Susan," he said; "Master Charley wouldn't leave me to be shot like a dog, and I should be worse than a dog to desert him. Your mistress has taught me my duty, which love for you had almost made me forget."

He quitted the room, followed by the repentant maid, who bitterly regretted the too probable consequence of her indiscreet curiosity.

Mary also declared her intention of accompanying her cousin.

"No," said Beatrix, firmly; "you must not refuse what may probably prove my last request. You are a wife, Mary, and have no right to trifle with the happiness of your husband. You are soon to be a mother, and your first duty is to your unborn child. Promise me," she added, "by the love—the sisterly feeling which has ever existed between us, to remain here till Frank's return?"

The promise was reluctantly given by Mrs. Moreland, wrung from her by the unanswerable arguments of the speaker.

With trembling hands she assisted the resolute girl to change her dress for a riding-habit, urging on her all the while a thousand precautions, or suggesting as many hopes.

Just as the horses were ready, Christie rushed into the house. He was evidently in a state of great excitement, for he upset the waiting-maid in the hall, and scarcely returned an answer to the eager inquiries of Jack.

"The Mermaid!" he exclaimed, "the Mermaid?"

"In the harbor?"

"No, but in sight," replied the old man. "I wanted a boat to go off to her, but they refused me one. The fools have been signaling to her not to advance any further; the harbor-master says that there is no room for any but Her Majesty's vessels."

"And the Captain?" said Beatrix.

"Pays about as much attention to his signals as I should," answered Christie, with a grin; "he is driving with every sail set before the wind, and in less than an hour will be close to the landing-place."

Without waiting to hear further, the inmates of the house made their way, as quickly as possible, to the quay.

"There! there!" said Christie, pointing to the yacht, which was gallantly beating the waves, "they will soon be here!"

A gun was fired—a signal to forbid the approach of the Mermaid—as a sailor who was standing near explained to them.

Beatrix and Mary clasped each other despairingly.

"Let them fire and be hanged," said Jack. "If Julian is on board, he will find means to enter the harbor though all the *Rooshians* in the country were agin him."

"But these are English," observed Susan.

"They are *Rooshians* to him," replied her lover, tartly, "when the life of Master Charley is at stake."

As if to give the lie to his prediction, the Mermaid suddenly tacked, shortened her sails, and cast anchor about three-quarters of a mile from shore.

Beatrix demanded a boat. It was in vain that she proffered a large sum to any one who would carry her on board the vessel. The waves raged too furiously;

and there were few to hear her, for the pelting storm had driven most of the idlers from the quay.

A young midshipman, who had a very powerful glass through which he had been watching the manœuvres of the Mermaid for some time, suddenly called out—

"A man overboard."

"That's Julian," said Jack.

"Alas!" said Mrs. Moreland, "He can never live through a sea like this."

"He brasts the waves nobly," continued the midshipman, who was close to the party, and began to feel an interest in their proceeding. Beatrix grasped his arm, and entreated permission to make use of the telescope.

"Willingly," replied the youth, stepping aside for her to take his place.

The heiress looked for an instant or two. All was mist; she could discern nothing; her tears had blinded her.

"I will look for you," said the midshipman, gallantly. I am more accustomed to such scenes than you are. There! there!" he exclaimed; "I see him. By Heavens! he is a noble swimmer, and cleaves the waters like a sea-bird. No! he rises on the crest of the surge; no—"

There was an interval of several seconds, which appeared ages, before he spoke again: seconds which appeared ages to those who heard him.

Mary and her cousin mentally prayed to that Power who rules the storm, and at whose bidding the tempest's breath is still. Both were drenched by the pitiless rain which fell in torrents; yet neither felt the cold and arrowy sleet as it beat upon them; excitement and intense anxiety rendered them insensible to its effects.

"He rises again!" shouted the youngster, in a tone which evinced how considerably the discovery had relieved him; "rises like a sea-mew through the foam, and nears the quay; one reef more—one only!"

That one was past at last; and the noble Julian, who had unhesitatingly committed himself to the mercy of the waves, was seen struggling, faintly indeed, but still struggling, within a dozen yards of the spot where the speakers were standing. Jack and the midshipman both plunged into the surf, and in a few minutes brought him safely in their arms on shore.

"Heaven reward you," sobbed Beatrix, taking the hand of the Pole, who murmured the name of Charles and fainted.

Jack raised him on his shoulders and ran with him to the house. With far more presence of mind than those who knew him would have given him credit for, he placed him on the baronet's bed, and began chafing his limbs and chest. A shout of joy announced that he perceived some signs of returning life.

"Undo his jacket," said the mid, who had followed, "and let his lungs have play."

His directions were obeyed; and Christie, who had been assisting Jack, drew from between the uniform and vest a small packet, enveloped in a fold of oil-skin, which Beatrix recognised as a part of the covering of Sir Edward's desk. To seize it and open it was the action of an instant; the next she held the letter, sealed with the royal seal of England, in her hand.

She pressed it to her lips in speechless gratitude, and darted from her room.

By the application of restoratives Julian was soon sufficiently recovered to speak; the words which he uttered, although wild and incoherent, indicated the devoted friendship, at whose shrine he had so nearly fallen a sacrifice, it was the name of our hero.

"Will be saved," said Mary, in a voice of joy.

He gazed upon her with a vague look, and his eyes wandered over the group at his bed-side, till they rested on Jack, whom he recognised.

"The packet," he murmured, at the same time thrusting his hand into the breast of his uniform, "the letter!"

"Is quite safe."

A smile rested on the features of the Pole as he sunk back once more upon the pillow.

"In a frame, tempered by a life of hardship and privation, like Julian's, the prostration under which he suffered could not long endure; the fatigue which would have crushed half-a-dozen ordinary men was quickly overcome, and in less than an hour he was capable of conversing rationally and calmly.

His first thought was to demand the hour.

Christie looked at his watch: it was just six o'clock.

"I have barely time, then," observed the invalid, attempting to rise.

"Time for what?" asked Mary, anxiously.

"To save my friend. That letter must be at the camp before daybreak, or all is lost. Where is it?"

Before any one could reply, Susan entered the room, half-drowned in tears. Her mistress, on quitting the chamber where Julian had been conveyed, had retired to her own, directing her maid not to disturb her till she rang. Impatient at her protracted silence, the girl at last ventured to knock at the door, in defiance of the order she had received. Not receiving an answer, she had entered, and discovered that Beatrix was gone.

"Gone where?"

"To the camp," exclaimed Jack Curlin. "I thought I heard the galloping of a horse half an hour since beneath the windows. Gone alone! Heaven protect her."

Old Christie went nearly frantic at the discovery. If anything occurred to his young lady he knew it would break the heart of Sir Edward, to say nothing of his own, for he loved her like his own child.

The danger of an attempt so desperate as that of a

female travelling alone and unprotected between Balaklava and the camp, by night too, restored Julian to the energy he had lost. Springing from the bed, he declared that he was ready to set out. Horses were procured, and in less than two hours after the departure of the heiress, her protectors were on the road to follow her.

Never had the strength, the sublime beauty of woman's love, been more nobly displayed than on that fearful night when, amid the raging of the tempest, Beatrix Challoner started from Balaklava alone, and without a guide, to reach the English camp. The line of country which she had to cross was worse than a desert. It was a dangerous swamp, broken at intervals by lakes of mud, the grave of many a gallant soldier.

Her heart beat wildly as she plunged into the gloom; not with terror but with hope; for pressing closely against that fluttering heart was a letter which assured the safety of her lover.

An angel, sent by Omnipotence on mercy's mission, never unfolded her radiant wings with sublimer confidence, or holier trust.

The steed on which she rode, fortunately, was a powerful one, and had been the journey before this, our heroine soon discovered, by the readiness with which he took certain bits of road which proved to be comparatively sound, and the careful manner of his avoiding others.

Occasionally she passed some straggler whom disease had overtaken and left to die in his vain attempt to reach the camp. Death in its most appalling form made the landmarks of her route. She shuddered as she heard the muttered curse or frantic entreaty for assistance; assistance that it was not in her power to give; and murmured a prayer as she continued her way. It was all she could bestow.

More than once the horse sank to his saddle-girth in mud and water; and it required all the nerve and experience of the rider to keep him up, for had he once lost footing both must have been lost.

It was on emerging from one of these dangerous lakes, which the incessant rain had swollen beyond their usual depth, that the tired brute for the first time stood obstinately still. Either he was uncertain of the path, or too much fatigued to proceed. His rider urged him with whip and rein alike in vain.

To lose herself in that wilderness was to perish. Worse was it to leave her lover to his doom, and the efforts of Beatrix became almost frantic. Dark thoughts came over her; and for the first time despondency seized upon her heart. Bitterly did she blame her precipitation in quitting Balaklava alone.

"God will not desert me," she suddenly exclaimed. "All good and generous thoughts must spring from Him, and He is too merciful, too just, to have inspired them only for my destruction."

Again she urged the horse to proceed. It was useless; the terrified brute threw himself back upon his haunches, and was not to be mastered.

A sudden flash of lightning revealed the cause. Directly in its path was the body of a British soldier, who had perished on that dreary waste. Beatrix gave the animal its way; it sprang aside, and continued its course in an opposite direction.

"Was it the right one?" suggested itself to Beatrix, as doubtless it will to our readers.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

If he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.—SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER well considering his position, Cuthbert Vavasour wrote a polite note to General Tawn, entreating the honor of an interview, which was accorded on the very night of his arrest. He knew the old soldier's straightforward, honorable, but obstinate character, and felt convinced that, once admitted to his presence, he could so work upon his prejudices as to obtain his release, or, at least, permission to proceed to headquarters, in order to exculpate himself before Lord Raglan.

He found the general pacing the narrow precincts of his tent in a state of great excitement. The report of the court-martial held upon our hero had just been returned from the commander-in-chief, with the fatal word "Approved" written beneath the sentence, and his heart reproached him for having forced the victim of military law to enter the service.

The entreaties and reproaches of his old friend, Sir Edward Challoner, although they had not shaken his sense of duty and its stern resolves, had distressed and annoyed him; he foresaw that the death of Charles would create a sensation in England, that the press would open upon him, and public indignation accuse him as the indirect cause.

"Curse the fellow!" he muttered several times between his teeth, as he revolved the circumstances in his mind; "why did I force him to enlist? We want no gentlemen-soldiers."

The opinion thus bitterly expressed is one of the errors of the age. England does require gentlemen-soldiers and men-officers. When promotion is thrown open to all, the army will become a profession for intelligence, education, and character—but not till then.

The general stopped suddenly short as Cuthbert entered the tent, and regarded him for an instant with an air of sternness, not unmixed with contempt; the subaltern saluted him with an air of profound respect.

"So, sir," he exclaimed, "you want to see me?"

Well, what have you to say for yourself? Corresponding with the Russians—eh? Deserve to be shot. The army's coming to a pretty pass, when a fellow who bears Her Majesty's commission receives letters from, and writes letters to, her enemies."

"I have written no letter," answered the culprit.

"But you have received one," retorted his superior officer.

"Not yet," observed the hypocrite, with a forced smile. "Had I done so, as a point of discipline, I should at once have submitted it to your inspection, general, and taken your advice as to the propriety of answering it or not."

"And very right too, young man."

"This unfortunate letter," exclaimed Cuthbert, "has, I hear, been forwarded to the commander-in-chief, instead of being laid before you, as the routine of the service requires. I regret this, first, from the unnecessary trouble it will give his lordship, and the want of respect, general, offered to yourself. The production of the letter would have saved me the annoyance of a temporary arrest."

"Temporary arrest! repeated his hearer, with an ironical smile.

"Certainly. Scratchenoff could only have written to me on some unimportant affair, probably to ask the restoration of his traps, which he left behind him when he broke his parole and fled the camp. He relied, doubtless, on my intercession as a recompense for the lessons in Russian which he gave me."

"Lessons in Russian!" said Tawn.

"Yes, general; you know how severe the press at home has been on the appointment of officers to the staff who spoke no other language than English. Having some expectation of being appointed, I thought I would qualify myself, and—"

"You thought like a fool, sir," interrupted the old soldier. "What man who expects to rise in his profession would ever pay any attention to the press? Never could see the use of a newspaper in my life; do away with them all. All," he added, fiercely, "except the Gazette."

"I thought—"

"Bad enough in the Peninsula," continued the general, muttering to himself, "but this is ten times worse. If I were commander-in-chief I'd make short work of it. I'd—"

The rest of his amiable intentions against the fourth estate—as the press is not inaptly termed—remained a secret in his own heart; and General Tawn has never since had an opportunity of carrying them out, we fear they must remain so to our readers.

"What should a set of scribblers know about discipline and military matters?" observed Cuthbert. "Nothing—absolutely nothing. My astonishment at their being permitted to remain in the Crimea," he added, "is only equalled by the indignation I feel at the abuse they make of the privilege."

The speaker was quite artful enough to know that the surest road to the favor of an obstinate man is to side with his prejudices.

"Right, sir," said the general, with a smile of approbation—"quite right. I can scarcely bring myself to believe," he added, after a pause, "that an officer who entertains such sensible opinions could so far forget his duty as to hold correspondence with the enemy."

"You only do me justice; for if ever I—"

"Permit me," interrupted his superior, who, with the weakness of most old men in authority, preferred hearing himself talk to listening to the conversation of others. "Do you pledge me your honor, as an officer and a gentleman, that you have never written a line to this Scratchenoff, or whatever the fellow's name is?"

"General Tawn," said the lieutenant, calling up a look of virtuous indignation, "from any other than yourself I should hold such a question an insult; but your rank and character—to say nothing of the soldier-like qualities you are renowned for, and to which I will not more particularly allude, lest it should have the appearance of flattery—entitle you to ask it. On my honor, I never wrote a line to Scratchenoff, or any other Russian, in my life, and I feel it doubly hard that on a mere suspicion I should be placed under arrest."

"Discipline, sir," replied Tawn, in a harsh tone—"discipline."

"In that case, I respectfully submit."

"All I can do for you," said the old soldier, after a moment's reflection, "is to release you from arrest and grant you leave of absence to ride over to headquarters to explain matters to the marshal."

"I require no more," exclaimed the hypocrite, scarcely able to conceal the joy he felt, "and expected no less from your well-known sense of justice."

At the allusion to his sense of justice, General Tawn gave a dry dissatisfied cough; perhaps the recollection of his conduct towards our hero gave his conscience a slight twinge.

"There," he said, signing a couple of papers, "there is your release from arrest, and there a pass to headquarters. You had better start at once."

"By daybreak," answered Cuthbert, "I shall have quitted the camp."

"Ah! yes. I can understand. You have no wish to witness the execution of your namesake; and otherwise you must be present with your regiment. Curse the fellow," he added, impatiently, "why the devil did he come to the Crimea! Sad affair, sad affair."

"I trust, general," replied the artful villain, "that you see nothing in my conduct to blame?"

"No, no! certainly not," muttered the stern soldier.

"I was not thinking of you, but of—no matter of whom or what. Discipline must be maintained; and yet I could have wished," he added thoughtfully, "for my old friend Sir Edward Challoner's sake, that it had not occurred."

"Sir Edward must be obstinate indeed," observed Cuthbert, "Not to see your conduct in the affair in a proper light."

"Ned is obstinate," said the general, "always was obstinate, and will remain obstinate," he added, bitterly, "to the end of his life. Never could convince him of anything—never. If once he takes up an opinion or a prejudice he makes an article of faith of it, and—, but never mind him. Off with you. I am fatigued, and must rise early. My duty is a painful one, but old Tawn never shrank from it yet, and never will."

With these words he dismissed his visitor, who retired rejoicing in the success of his plans.

"What a night!" said the veteran, listening to the dull, heavy splash of the rain as it fell upon the canvass roof which sheltered him. "Never had such weather in the peninsula—but everything appears changed. Shant see such times again. Wonder where Ned is?" he added; "doubtless with that graceless young scamp who must die to-morrow. Scamp," he repeated, "hang it, no, the fellow is brave enough; and poor Ned, too, if I could only see Raglan, or had time to write to him, something might be done—something to—to—"

He paused; then added in a tone of self-reproach, "Too late, too late; my old friend Ned Challoner is not the only obstinate fool in the world."

With this reflection the speaker threw himself on his camp bed, and in a few minutes, despite the patter of the rain and the howling of the storm, sank into a profound sleep.

An hour before daybreak, Cuthbert Vavasour mounted his horse and quitted the camp, which he sincerely trusted he might never see again. He was tired of military life, but the danger which he had so cleverly evaded, still hung, like the sword of Damocles, suspended over him: at any moment it might fall and crush him. Absolute safety was only to be found in England, and to England he resolved to fly. The intelligence which he carried with him of his cousin's death he well knew would reconcile his father to the disgrace he had brought upon his name.

As he advanced towards the outposts, he heard the bugle call of the several regiments which composed the division of General Tawn sounding the reveille, and his treacherous heart bounded with joy; in an hour they would be under arms to witness the execution of our hero.

"I should like to have stood by," he thought, "and looked into his eyes as the shooting party with their arms reversed took up their ground—have seen their glance of pride and agony, when the sound of the muffled drum first fell upon his ear,—to have smiled upon him and whispered, 'this is my work; and but for the infernal letter of Scratchenoff I might have enjoyed this transport. It matters but little,' he added, after a moment's reflection; "Charles knows the hand that wrought his destruction, and the debt between us will be fully paid without my presence."

As he passed the lines the camp began to be in motion; bodies of men were forming on the open ground in front of the wretched huts, and here and there an officer, closely wrapt in his military cloak, had already placed himself at the head of his company.

"No more tent work," thought the traitor, "or, what is worse, watching in the trenches. I have had quite enough of military service! glory! honor! and the hollow names which cheat men to follow a shadow. They may laugh at me in England, some will doubtless avoid me. Let them; the heir of Vavasour Manor will always find friends enough to share his pleasures and fortune."

With these and similar reflections, Cuthbert continued to amuse himself till he had reached the commencement of the low, flat, marshy tract of land, the grave of many a gallant soldier, which lies between the site of the English encampment and Balaklava; here he was overtaken by a party of young officers, who had obtained permission to visit headquarters. Two of them belonged to his own regiment, Ensign Howard and Lieutenant Clarence.

"Ah, Vavasour," exclaimed the former, in a tone of surprise, "is that you? I heard you were under arrest—"

"For corresponding with the enemy," added Clarence.

"I was under arrest," answered Cuthbert, "upon some such ridiculous charge, which that drunken old rascal, Corporal Stoak, brought against me. Tawn, of course, saw the absurdity of the affair, and at once released me; and as I wished to be out of the way this morning, gave me leave of absence for the day."

"Stoak," repeated the ensign, with a knowing smile. "The old fellow has a pretty wife. Eh, Vavasour; you are in luck."

"He has a pretty wife," replied the hypocrite, with a look which conveyed more than his words expressed, "and is as jealous of her as—"

"Oh, yes, we all know that," interrupted the young men, with a laugh.

"Of course, then, you can understand the affair?" "Perfectly," "certainly," and "clearly," were the several replies.

For some time the party proceeded chattering over the onsets of the camp; one complained that he had had a tent and a quantity of stores, which his family

had sent out, lying for him upwards of two months at Balacava, without being able to get them—no means of transport, no road. Another considered himself still more hardly used, the vessel which brought several cases for him having been ordered out of harbor without landing a single thing, so that his consignments were most probably at Constantinople.

All felt the grievance where the shoe pinched their own corns, but, strange to say, not one of them blamed the system, if it did not encourage such laxity; each considered it a case of individual hardship, thought much of the inconvenience to himself, and nothing of the privations which it entailed upon the men, who were frequently upon half rations, and half clothed, whilst tons of biscuit, provisions, and clothes were rotting on the quay at Balacava.

"What are these?" suddenly exclaimed Lieutenant Clarence, as several horses turned the angle of the wood.

"Russians!" shouted Howard, drawing his sword. "Nothing of the kind," replied the foremost; "can't you see that they are French. Several," he added, "wear the uniform of the chasseurs, the others look like servants; by the bye, Vavasour, there is a man of your own regiment amongst them."

They were not long in doubt, for the parties soon met face to face; amongst the French officers were the chef de bataillon of the chasseurs, Henri's cousin, and a Captain Fleury of the same corps, next rode Julian, pale but calm as destiny. Christie and Jack Curlin followed at a short distance.

On recognising his former visitor, Cuthbert Vavasour turned exceedingly white in the face; the meeting, he felt, foreboded him no good.

As the officers of either army were mutually known to each other, a halt and friendly salute took place.

"That's the villain," whispered Jack to the Pole; "if anything has happened to Master Charley, I'll have his life, tho' I be shot the next minute."

"Patience," replied Julian, hoarsely; "I am his avenger."

He advanced to the centre of the group, fixed his flashing eyes upon Cuthbert, and observed—

"I have always heard, gentlemen, that the English possess a nice sense of honor; as a rule, I believe it. Of their courage it were useless to speak; the world has witnessed it; but I regret to see amongst you one who by the most unworthy conduct has disgraced the uniform he wears; and by lies, fraud, and misrepresentation, procured the death of the man whom he had previously wronged and feared."

"His name?" exclaimed the English officers, indignantly.

"Lieutenant Cuthbert Vavasour."

"It is false," exclaimed the conscience-stricken wretch. "That is, he added, you have been misinformed, or are laboring under some strange delusion."

"I told you," said the Pole, in a tone of cold contempt, "that he was a coward."

Cuthbert bit his lips, as he saw his brother officers shrink from his side.

"You shall hear from me," he faltered, at the same time giving his horse the spur.

"Our quarrel must be settled here," replied Julian, calmly, "before the blood of your victim has dried into the earth."

"Let me pass, gentlemen!"

The French officers, who had placed themselves directly in his path, did not move an inch, but regarded him with superb disdain; and one of them, who spoke English, demanded, with an ironical smile, "If he thought that a ride would warm his courage."

"Who is this person," said Cuthbert, pointing to the Pole. "I neither know him, nor can I guess his motive for insulting me. If his rank entitles him to call me out, let him appoint a second, and—"

"Rank," repeated the French officers, with surprise, "what has that to do with the affair?"

"I wear the uniform of France," observed the friend of our hero, "which places me on an equality with any man, no matter how high his lineage."

"If he escapes from you, Julian," exclaimed the chef-de-bataillon, "by heavens! he shall not from me. The honor of the French army is concerned in the slight offered to yourself."

"He will not escape me," answered the Pole; "every pulse of his dastardly heart is counted. Since Mr. Vavasour stands upon his quarterings," he added, "he shall be satisfied. In the veins of the man who addresses him flows the blood of the Jagellons and Sobieski. Two of his ancestors have worn the crown of Poland. These are mere assertions he will say—the proof, a letter from Prince Czartoryski, in which he acknowledges me as his nephew."

"Which letter I was the bearer of," said the young Count de Guiche, who formed one of the party. "I received it from the hand of the prince himself in Paris."

"For the honor of the uniform you wear, pluck up some show of courage, man," whispered Howard in the ear of Cuthbert, whilst Clarence and the rest of the English officers regarded him with looks of intense disgust.

Thus pressed on every side, the wretched traitor was compelled to accept the challenge offered him. In the cowardice as well as cruelty of his nature, he resembled the wolf which flies before the hunter, and only turns and defends itself when every avenue of escape is cut off.

"Since he has proved himself my equal," he observed, "I am as anxious as my insult can be to settle our quarrel at once."

"Name you weapons," said Julian; "the choice is yours. Swords?"

"No; pistols."

"On horseback or on foot?"

"On foot."

In an instant the Pole dismounted, and Cuthbert did the same. The rest of the group following their example, the ground was measured, and the seconds were in the act of loading the pistols, when Christie drew near the chef-de-bataillon, who acted as Julian's friend on the occasion, and ripping open the lining of his waistcoat, drew from it a bullet.

"Charge it with that," said the old groom.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the Frenchman; "what is that?"

"He knows," answered the faithful servant of Sir Edward Challoner. "With that very bullet he nearly murdered my master."

Cuthbert Vavasour, who was sufficiently near to hear what passed, felt his heart sink within him. For the first and only moment in his life he bitterly regretted his many acts of villainy.

"Out, out! I understand," replied the Frenchman, laughingly. "Give me the ball."

Christie placed it in his hand.

"It is what you call poetic justice," continued the speaker, holding it daintily between his finger and thumb. "There," he added, as he dropped it into the highly polished barrel, "*go and do your work.*"

The two principals took their ground; the Pole calm and collected as ever, his antagonist sickly pale.

"Make haste and give the signal, Howard," whispered Clarence, "or the cur will faint."

It was given, and at the same instant a double report was heard; and the ball from Julian's pistol passed through the heart of Cuthbert Vavasour, who fell with the brand of terror upon his features, and expired without a word.

His adversary was unhurt.

"I can look upon the face of my murdered friend with firmness now," thought the latter. "He will not sleep in his untimely grave unavenged."

Christie and Jack Curlin both regarded the body for some time in silence. The old groom was the first to break it.

"Gone to his account," he said, "and I fear it is a black one."

"I am sure of it," answered Jack. "From his boyhood there was always something sly and treacherous about him. I frequently noticed that when he spoke to his cousin he couldn't look him straight in the face, but kept his eyes fixed upon his feet. Poor Master Charley once asked him if he thought they were cloven."

As everything had passed perfectly *en règle*, the French and English officers parted with professions of mutual politeness and esteem—as for the latter, they felt satisfied rather than otherwise at the result, for as Howard observed, if Cuthbert had lived he would only have disgraced the British uniform by some notorious act of cowardice, which must have rendered the regiment ridiculous in the eyes of their gallant allies.

Whilst they were consulting, what should be done with the corpse, an aid-de-camp of the Field-Marshal rode up, followed by two orderlies. On seeing the group, he stopped.

"What is this?" he exclaimed, glancing at the body; "a duel?"

Howard and Clarence explained to him all that had taken place.

"I am almost glad," said the officer, "it has occurred."

His hearers regarded him with surprise.

"Yes, gentlemen," continued the aide-de-camp; the death of Lieutenant Vavasour has spared the British army an indelible disgrace. Had he lived he must have been brought before a court-martial for holding a traitorous correspondence with the enemy. Part of my errand has been rendered useless. We must use despatch," he added, addressing a gentleman in plain clothes who rode by his side, and was no other than Frank Moreland, "lest a still greater misfortune should occur."

He looked at his watch, and observed that it was already half-past seven, then inquired the nearest way to the quarters of General Tawn.

One of the officers who had witnessed the duel directed him; but added that if the affair was pressing he had better ride towards the slope in front of the encampment, where the execution was to take place.

"What execution?" demanded Frank, with a look of agony.

"A private soldier of the same name as the traitor who lies dead at our feet, Charles Vavasour. He is to die at eight."

"Ride, gentlemen, ride as you would for your lives," exclaimed the aide-de-camp. "I bear the Field-Marshal's order to suspend the execution. There has been some fearful error. I shall never forgive myself should I arrive to late."

In an instant every man gave his horse the rein; each one taking the direction which appeared to him the nearest, feeling that life and death depended on his individual speed. Their course resembled a steeplechase more than an ordinary ride. Moreland no sooner heard the hour at which Charles was to suffer named, than, without waiting for his companion, he started off; and being mounted on an exceedingly powerful charger which he had borrowed of a military friend, bade fair to reach the ground the first. The only words he uttered were—

"Heaven grant that I arrive in time."

To which prayer we trust most of our readers will feel disposed to add—Amen.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed:
It blessing him that gives, and him that takes.
His mightiest in the might: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.

SHAKESPEARE.

By the time the division of General Tawn was under arms, the storm which raged all night with pitiless violence had ceased; the rain no longer fell, transforming the ground into a splashy marsh; and though the air was still bitterly cold, it was dry and wholesome.

The regiment to which our hero belonged was the last to take up its position. There was an air of mournfulness, if not of sullenness amongst the men, most of whom had witnessed the gallant conduct of the condemned at Alma and Inkermann. To this feeling the passionate and indignant reproaches of Peggy had not a little contributed; she, at least, as she observed to her husband, was not under military law, and had a right to speak her mind freely.

The grateful woman even ventured so far as to force her way to the presence of the general, to whom she related everything that had occurred, from the quarrel in the canteen, and the attempt upon the life of the victim—and implored his interference.

To the surprise of all who knew him, the old soldier listened to her not only with patience but kindness; and if Cuthbert Vavasour at that moment had presented himself before him, ten to one but he had ordered him under arrest.

"Sad affair, Peggy," he replied, when the pretty cantiniere had finished her story, and breathless with hope and expectation stood beseechingly before him. "But it is no longer in my power to interfere; the commander-in-chief has confirmed the sentence."

"But you can suspend the execution," argued the petitioner. "And a word of recommendation from you to the Field-Marshal—"

"Would be useless, interrupted Tawn, "even if my sense of duty permitted me to make it. And as for suspending the execution, where would be the use of it, seeing the young fellow would suffer at last. Now, go," he added; "I have heard all you have to say, and pardon the boldness of your conduct for the motive."

"General! general!" sobbed Peggy.

"Take her away, Stoak," exclaimed the veteran, calling to the corporal, who had remained at the entrance of the tent, "and see that she does not annoy me any more."

The speaker turned his back upon the suppliant, and began to put on his uniform, whilst Peggy, partly by persuasion, and partly by force, was led by her husband from his presence.

It is now time that we return to our hero, who, despite the agony and regrets he had endured at the thought of quitting the world so young, so beloved, so rich in energy and health, appeared, when the fatal dawn at last broke through the windows of his prison, calm and collected as on the battle-field.

Sir Edward Challoner still slept, but it was evident that his slumbers were disturbed by fearful dreams, for he moaned like one in pain, and several times murmured the names of Tricksey and Charley.

"Poor old man," said the grateful object of his affection. "If sleep is thus terrible, what will be the sad reality of his waking hour? I would fain spare him the agony of parting, but how? I fear it will be impossible."

He was right in his conjecture, for, at the measured tread of the guard as they marched into the court-yard of the building, the baronet started from the rude pallet on which he had thrown himself and grasped the arm of our hero.

"Not yet," he said, in a faltering tone; "not yet; it is not morning."

Charles glanced at the windows, through which the first grey beams of day began to steal.

Sir Edward understood him.

"I am ready," he said, "to accompany you, my dear boy."

"Not so," replied our hero, forcing a smile. "The morning is a raw one; the distance considerable—our parting must be here."

His aged friend drew himself up to his full height, and seemed gradually to recover the nerve and self-possession he had lost.

"I will go, Charley," he replied, with dignity.

"Mark me, will. My presence shall be a silent protest against the iniquitous sentence by which you are murdered. Don't fear," he added, "I'll not disgrace my manhood by a sigh or tear. If my heart breaks, it shall break in silence. There will be time enough for that when—when—"

He could not finish the sentence, but overcome by his feelings, threw his arms around the neck of his adopted son and wept like a child.

"You will live, Sir Edward," said the young man, "for the sake of your child."

"Poor Tricksey! I shall not have her long," murmured the heart-stricken father.

"Give her this letter," continued Charles, placing the one he had passed the greater part of the night in writing, in the hands of the baronet. "Tell her how deeply, how tenderly I loved her—paint to her my affection, but not my anguish and despair—remind her that we shall one day meet again."

"Soon, Charley, very soon," exclaimed the baronet. "But not before I have made England ring with the

story of your death. I'll carry it to the foot of the throne—to the bar of the House—but I will have justice."

"For my memory," said our hero. "Thanks, Sir Edward, thanks."

Deeply as the old man loved the youth whom he had so long regarded as the future husband of his heiress, not even his entreaties could shake the resolution he had taken of accompanying him to the place of execution. It was his duty, he said, and he was determined to fulfil it.

All further contention on the subject was cut short by the entrance of the guard who came to conduct the prisoner to death.

For the last time the Soldier of Fortune buttoned on the uniform of his regiment, and turning to the sergeant who commanded it, declared that he was ready.

"And so am I," exclaimed the baronet, tottering rather than walking to his side. "Take my arm, my dear boy. Lean on me," he added, "I shall be much stronger presently."

"Since you will have it so," replied our hero, deeply moved by so much affection; since you are determined to accompany me to the last moment of trial, take mine."

"Yes, yes," said his friend grasping it, "I am determined. You know I have always been an obstinate old fool. Yield to me this once—from affection, Charlie, if not from reason. There, there," he added, turning to the guard, "we are both ready."

"It's a long way for the old gentlemen to walk," observed the sergeant, in a tone of commiseration "and the morning is bitterly cold. He had—"

"It is nothing. I shan't feel it," interrupted Sir Edward Challoner. "As you say, I am old. But pride, sir, indignation, and affection," he added, in a subdued tone, "will sustain me through it."

He kept his word, and when the old man appeared upon the ground where the troops were drawn up, although his features were fearfully pale, he walked erectly by the side of his adopted son. So striking was the mixture of anguish and old fashioned stateliness in his appearance, that many, both officers and men, saluted him involuntarily as he passed.

The finding of the court martial and the approval of the commander-in-chief were duly read. At the conclusion more than one murmur was heard from the regiment to which he belonged.

"Have you any request to make?" demanded the provost martial, approaching the condemned.

"Only one!"

"Name it!" said the officer, "and, if consistent with my duty, it shall be granted."

"It is that you will terminate these proceedings as quickly as possible," continued the prisoner. "It is not on my own account that I desire it—I have looked death in the face too frequently to fear him, but for the aged, kind old friend, who, despite my entreaties, has accompanied me even here. I tremble," he added, "lest his firmness should give way; I have no doubt of my own."

"Take your leave of him," said the provost martial, "and it shall be as you wish."

"Thanks," exclaimed Charles; then turned towards Sir Edward Challoner, raised his hands to his lips, and kissed it respectfully.

"Not yet," faltered the baronet, "I cannot say farewell forever, yet."

"My blessing to Beatrix," replied our hero, "tell her my last thought was of her, her name the last word upon my lips."

He fell into the ranks of the guard; Sir Edward would have followed, but the sergeant barred the way by placing his halbert before him.

"Murdered!" exclaimed the old man, wringing his hands in agony, "murdered before my eyes."

At this instant a piercing shriek was heard—it was repeated—the agonized parent knew the voice of his child, whom, to his terror and astonishment, he recognised, as she darted through the line of soldiers into the centre of the square; her dishevelled hair streaming like a meteor in the wind, her dark eyes flashing with excitement or madness.

The horse which had carried her through the fearful perils of the night sank as it achieved its course exhausted and dying on the ground. Its rider disengaged herself from the saddle as it fell, and once more frantically pronounced the name of her lover, who, dashing aside the handkerchief with which the sergeant was about to bind his eyes sprung towards her, and folded her half fainting in his arms.

"This," he murmured, "this is the sting of death, to hold her to my breast, to feel her heart beat against mine, and know that in a few brief minutes—"

The sound of his voice recovered her.

"Tricksey," said her father, tottering towards her, "pray, pray with me; there is no hope on earth."

The officer, under whose orders the execution was about to take place, felt that any further delay would not only be a cruelty to the condemned, but might provoke some act of insubordination amongst the men of his regiment, who began to murmur loudly the word pardon.

"Prisoner," he said, "the last moment I can allow you has expired."

"I obey," replied Charles. "One kiss, Beatrix, dear Beatrix; we shall meet in heaven."

The devoted girl, who had braved so much for him, clung frantically to his neck. She tried to speak, but for some moments all power of utterance was denied her.

"No," she gasped; "Charles, we will not part, I come to save you."

"Nothing can save him," observed the officer, in a tone of commiseration; "and you—"

"False," interrupted Beatrix, drawing the letter from her bosom; "a woman's heart has heard a woman's prayer; a woman's might redeemed a woman's wrongs. Father, Charles, read—saved—he is saved!"

At the sight of the letter, Sir Edward Challoner seemed suddenly restored to the energy of youth.

"This murder," he exclaimed, "cannot proceed."

He broke the seal, and to the astonishment of the officers who had gathered round him, drew from it a discharge both for Charles Vavasour and Jack Curlin, dated from the very day of their enlistment in the service, and issued, as the document stated, at the command of the Queen.

The men of our hero's regiment, who imagined that it was a pardon from the Field-Marshal which had arrived, gave a hearty shout, and the firing party briskly shouldered their arms.

"You see, gentlemen," said the baronet, "that the packet also contains a letter from Her Majesty to the commander-in-chief; regard the seal."

At this moment General Tawn rode up, followed by the aide-de-camp of Lord Raglan, Frank Moreland, Julian and Jack.

"Thank Heaven, I am in time!" said the old soldier.

"You would have been in time," observed Sir Edward, bitterly, "to see the corpse of your victim. I always told you you were as obstinate as a mule, and I trust at last you are convinced that I was right."

His old friend bit his lips with vexation at the reproach which he began to feel conscious he had deserved.

We must pass over the transport of the lovers, the deep gratitude of Charles, and the frantic joy of poor Jack Curlin on finding that his master was saved, and that he himself was no longer a soldier. In his excitement he tore off the uniform of his regiment, and was about to trample it beneath his feet, when a better thought restrained him.

"No, no," he said, "I have fought in thee. Many a true and good man wears the loikes on thee; I'll not insult thee."

He folded the coat carefully up, and tucked it under his arm. His master regarded him with an approving smile.

"We shall all go to England," added the lad.

"Not yet," replied our hero, "I have a debt to pay."

"It is paid already," interrupted Julian. "The enemy you would seek can never more answer to man for his crimes."

"Dead."

"Cuthbert Vavasour fell by my hand," continued the Pole in the same calm tone. "I determined, if the exertions I had made to save you, failed, at least I would avenge you."

"He did, indeed," said Jack; "shot un through his bad black heart, and with the same bullet he had wounded Sir Edward with."

"This is neither the place nor time for explanation, my dear boy," observed the baronet. "On one point at least, I will set your mind at rest. The will of your late father has been discovered."

"By whom?" demanded our hero.

Sir Edward pointed to his now happy child.

"More than life—honor, Beatrix, are your gift,"

whispered her grateful lover.

From the spot we have described, the united and now happy friends proceeded at once to the hospital within the French lines, where Henri and Lelia warmly welcomed them. It was not till he grasped the hand of his former companion in exile that the young Frenchman knew the danger he had run.

Beatrix and the fair Circassian soon became great friends; for the Sisters of Mercy would not hear of the party removing from the hospital till the heroine of our tale had recovered from the fatigues of her perilous enterprise. Strange to say, she scarcely appeared to feel them—strong excitement had preserved her.

That same evening they were joined by Mrs. Moreland and Susan. Thus the happiness of all appeared complete.

As Henri had been invalided, there was nothing to prevent his accompanying his friend Charles to England, where it was proposed to celebrate the double marriage—we ought to have said triple one, for Susan and the faithful Jack were invited to plight their faith at the same time. As soon, therefore, as the Mermaid could be got ready, they prepared to quit the Crimea.

In abandoning for ever the scene of so much misery, Charles felt one bitter pang—it was the separation from Julian, to whose devoted friendship he owed so much. It was in vain that he entreated the gallant fellow to accompany him—to share his fortunes—witness his happiness.

"I will pray for it," replied the Pole, "though I may not see it." Duty chains me here. Whilst a flag floats in hostility to the tyrant who has enslaved my country, one arm at least shall fight beneath it."

The prayers of Henri, the persuasions of Beatrix and Lelia, proved equally vain; nothing could shake his resolution.

As we may not have an opportunity of again alluding to one who has acted so important a part in our narrative, we may as well at once state that his death was worthy of his life; he fell at the storming of Sebastopol, but not before he had seen the tri-color wave in triumph from the Malakoff tower. At the battle his body was found at a short distance from the scene of slaughter, and at his feet the corpse of a Tartar boy who had evidently died in defending it from the enemy.

Such was the glorious end of Julian the exile.

Immediately on the arrival of the baronet in England, a communication was made to the Reverend Richard Vavasour, inviting him to be present at the opening of the packet left by his brother, and deposited, as our readers may recollect, in the hands of Sir Edward's banker. The reply of the unnatural uncle was dated from the rectory, to which he removed the instant he heard of the arrival of his much injured nephew—in his letter he sullenly refused to be present.

The gentlemen who had placed their seals upon the packet were all assembled in the private room of the banker, to witness, if necessary, that they were unbroken. Many a friendly grasp and sincere congratulation were exchanged with our hero before the production of the will and document which proved his legitimacy.

Geoffrey Vavasour, it appeared, had been married in the presence of Lord Durham, then ambassador at St. Petersburg; the chaplain who performed the ceremony was still living.

"Thank Heaven!" whispered Charles in the ear of Sir Edward. "Beatrix will not have cause to blush for her husband."

"Blush!" repeated the old man warmly; "had you been as poor as you are rich, with no more legitimate claim to the name of Vavasour than I to that of Guelph, her heart would have selected you, and mine have ratified her choice."

The return of the speaker, and our hero to Harleyford was a perfect ovation. Not a house in the village but was decked with flags; whilst the united tenantry of the two estates who had escorted the carriages from Ipswich, formed a guard of honor. The bells were rung, bonfires lighted, and, according to the good old English custom, the ale flowed freely. At the Moat, as well as the Manor, it was open house for all.

"This is indeed a glorious sight," observed Henri de la Tour to the baronet, as he gazed upon the crowds which thronged the park.

"Bah!" replied the old man, "nothing to what you will witness."

"When, papa?" demanded Beatrix.

The words which her father whispered in her ear sent her blushing and trembling with emotion from the room, followed by Lelia and Mary.

"After them, boys," said the old man, "and when the day is named let me know. What the deuce are you about, Frank?" he added, as Mr. Moreland rose to accompany the two friends. "They don't want you; stay here with me."

The day was named and a glorious one it proved. The village church resembled an architectural bouquet, it was so decorated with flowers, the spontaneous contributions of the gardens in the village; one after the other three couples presented themselves at the altar, and the master of the Moat acted as father to each of the brides; first our hero and Beatrix, then Henri and Lelia, and lastly, the faithful Jack and Susan were united. The two latter received upon the morning of their marriage a farm, the joint gift of Charles and Sir Edward Challoner.

To the great contentment of all parties, the Reverend Richard Vavasour, shortly after the return of his nephew to the Manor, effected an exchange of livings with a brother clergyman, and removed to a distant part of the country. Before taking this much desired step, he once, and only once, attempted to preach; but the instant he appeared in the pulpit the majority of the parishioners rose and silently quitted the church.

Charles and Jack in due time received the Crimean medal, which the latter invariably wears on a Sunday, when, with his pretty wife upon his arm, he walks over to the Moat or Manor-house to dinner. He and Christie have become great friends. Since his marriage, he and Susan have been favored by a visit from Nat. The little groom has entirely changed his opinion of his cousin, whom, instead of calling "the green 'un," he now addresses as "the wide-awake." The farm and a wife have elevated Jack wonderfully in his opinion.

The last letter which Charles received from his friend Henri hinted at the possibility of the latter quitting the military service of his country for a diplomatic career.

END OF "THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE."

HISSING.—Hissing to show disapprobation is of great antiquity. In the vulgar technicals of our green-room, it is known by the name *goose*, and the extempore strictures of this family critic are more awful to the players than those of any other Aristarchus, who only borrows the assistance of her feathers. Though Shakespeare makes very few allusions to the practice, he speaks once more plainly of it in the "Merry Wives of Windsor"—"If I do not act it, hiss me." But that this mode of indicating dislike was more than two centuries old, no one questioned; however, it is more ancient—nearly two thousand years, at least. It did not, in all probability, obtain in the Roman theatre, as we learn from the poets, that at the games they had a different way of showing disapprobation, or expressing their censure. Juvenal tells us—Disapprobation was expressed by turning the thumbs upwards and the reverse by their compressure. But it was used to public speakers some nineteen centuries ago, as appears from the following passage in Cicero's letters. Speaking of the orator Hortensius, Cælius thus describes the success of the eloquence:—"It is worthy of observation that Hortensius reached his old age without once incurring the disgrace of being hissed."

Frost in the Window.

Books have been written of painted windows, and journeys long and expensive have been made to see them. And, without a doubt, they are both curious and more than curious—they are admirable. One such work of art, standing through generations of men, and making countless hearts glad with its beauty, is a treasure for which any community may be grateful.

But are we so destitute of decorated windows, as at first one might suppose? Last night the thermometer sank nearly to zero, and see what business nature has had on hand! Every pane of glass is etched and figured as never Moorish artist decorated Alhambra. Will you pass it unexamined, simply because it cost you nothing—because it is so common—because it is, this morning, the property of so many people—because it was wrought by nature and not by man? Do not do so. Learn rather to enjoy it for its own elegance, and for God's sake, who gave to frosts such wondrous artistic tendencies.

The children are wiser than their elders. They are already at the window interpreting these mysterious pictures. One has discovered a silent, solitary lake, extremely beautiful, among stately white cliffs. Another points out a forest of white fir and pines, growing in rugged grandeur. There are in succession discovered mountains, valleys, cities of glorious structure, a little confused in their outline by distance. There are various beasts, too;—here a bear coming down to the water; birds in flocks, or sitting voiceless and solitary. There are rivers flowing through plains; and elephants, and buffaloes, and herds of cattle. There are dogs and serpents, trees and horses, ships and men. Besides all these phantom creatures, there are shadowy ornaments of every degree of beauty, simple or complex, running through the whole scale, from a mere dash of the artist's tool to the most studied and elaborate compositions.

Neither does night repeat itself. Every window has its separate design. Every pane of glass is individual and peculiar. You see only one appearance of anxiety in the artist, and that is, lest time and room should fail for the expression of the endless imaginations which throng his fertile soul.

There is a general disregard of all fictitious or natural distinctions of society in this beautiful working. The designs upon the poorhouse windows are just as exquisite as any upon the rich man's mansion. The little child's bedroom window is just as carefully handled as the proudest window in any room of state. The church can boast nothing better than the emblazonings on the window of the poor seamstress who lives just by. For a few hours everybody is rich. Every man owns pictures and galleries of pictures!

But then comes the Iconoclast—the sun! Ah, remorseless eyes! why will you gaze out all these exquisite figures and lines? Art thou jealous lest night shall make sweeter flowers in winter time than thou canst in all the summer time? For shame, envious father of flowers! There is no end of thy abundance. Around the equator the summer never dies; flowers perfume the whole ecliptic. And spreading out thence, the summer shall travel northward, and for full eight months thou hast the temperate zones for thy gardens. Will not all the flowers of the tropics and of eight-month zones suffice? Will not all the myriads that hide under leaves, that climb up for air to tree-tops, that nestle in rock crevices, or sheet the open plains with wide effulgence, that ruffle the rocks and cover out of sight all rude and homely things—suffice thy heart, that thou must come and rob from our winter canvas all the fine things, the rootless trees, the flowers that blossom without growing, the wilderness of pale shrubberies that grow by night to die by day! Rapacious sun! thou shouldst set us a better example.

But the indefatigable night repairs the desolation. New pictures supply the waste ones. New cathedrals there are, new forests, fringed and blossoming, new sceneries, and new races of extinct animals. We are rich every morning, and poor every noon. One day with us measures the space of two hundred years in kingdoms—a hundred years to build up, and a hundred years to decay and destroy; twelve hours to overspread the evanescent pane with glorious beauty, and twelve to extract and dissipate the pictures!

How is the frost picturing like fancy painting! Thus we fill the vacant hours with innumerable designs, and paint visions upon the visionless sphere of time, which, with every revolution, destroys our work, restoring it back to the realm of waste phantasies!

But is not this a type of finer things than arrant fictions? Is it not a mournful vision of many a virtuous youth, overlaid with every device of virtue which parental care could lay on, dissolved before

the hot breath of love, blurred, and quite rubbed out?

Or shall we read a lesson for a too unpractical mind, full of airy theories and dainty plans of exquisite good, that lie upon the surface of the mind, fair indeed, till touched? The first attempt at realization is as when an artist tries to tool these frosted sketches; the most exquisite touch of ripe skill would mar and destroy them!

Or, rather, shall we not reverently and rejoicingly behold in these morning pictures, wrought without color, and kissed upon the window by the cold lips of winter, another instance of that divine beneficence of beauty which suffuses the heavens, clothes the earth, and royally decorates the months, and sends them forth through all hours, all seasons, all latitudes, to fill the earth with joy, pure as the great heart from which it had its birth?

The Cossacks of the Dnieper.

THERE is a great deal of speculation, though but very little known about the origin of this strange race of people, who have contributed so much by their arms to the aggrandisement of the Russian Empire. Historians and geographers generally treat of them under two heads—the Cossacks of the Don, and Cossacks of the Dnieper. All the various tribes of Cossacks of which we read are probably offshoots from the one or the other of these two principal stocks.

We will speak first of the Cossacks of the Dnieper. So long ago as the fifteenth century, they had their home on the banks of this river, which flowed through their country from north to south. On their north lived the Poles and Russians. On their south, the Empire of the Turks extended along the entire northern coast of the Black Sea. Their country was very appropriately called the *Ukraine*, that is, the frontier country. Its natural situation made it the bulwark of Christendom against Mohammedanism, in this part of the world, and its inhabitants always had to bear the brunt of the battle, in the long and bloody wars between the Turks and their northern neighbors. Even in times of peace, they were never free from the dangers of sudden invasion. Thus, from the beginning, they became a nation of soldiers. In the times when the Poles were prosperous and powerful, the Cossacks of the Dnieper acknowledged their supremacy, and fought under their banners. Sigismund I., who came to the throne in 1567, was the first Polish king who availed himself of the services of the Cossacks for the defence of his dominions against the Tartars; though we are told that Cassimir, the same who united Poland and Lithuania, recognized them as his vassals, and gave them equal privileges with the Polish nobility. In the reign of Stephen Batory, who ascended the throne in 1576, the Cossacks of the Dnieper began to play a very important part in the history of Poland. This king spared no pains for their improvement and amelioration. He trained them to habits of military discipline; he confirmed to them the possession of their territory, and the enjoyment of their own hereditary institutions. The government of the Cossacks was a democracy. The principle of equality was recognized, and no Cossack was disqualified by distinctions of rank from attaining the highest offices. Their chief was called the *Hetman* or *Attaman*. He was chosen annually, and during his term of office his authority was unlimited. The Cossacks were not at all exclusive or clannish in their customs. Nobody was excluded from their community; hence their numbers were swollen with fugitives from justice and victims of oppression from the countries around them. Thus they became a mixed race, though the Slavonic element was always predominant. For this reason, some have said that the Cossacks were not, properly speaking, a nation, but only a military organization, for the purposes of defence or plunder. Many of the Cossacks were sailors, rather than horsemen, and the so-called Zaporog Cossacks, who lived on the Lower Dnieper, were notorious for their piratical excursions on the Black Sea.

So long as the Poles kept their promises, and respected the liberties of the Cossacks, so long the Cossacks remained faithful subjects of the Poles. But it stands recorded in the pages of history, that the loyalty of the Cossacks was most shamefully abused by the Poles, who were afterwards summoned to witness the consequences of their injustice, in the dismemberment of their country.

The nobility of Poland could not bear to see the Cossacks enjoying equal privileges with themselves. They wished to make serfs of them. The will of the king was of no effect. The monarchy had become elective, and the king was no better than a foot-ball, to be kicked about by the contending factions. The nobles vied with the priests in oppressing the Cossacks;

for intolerance in religion always goes hand in hand with tyranny in politics. Treaties were disregarded, and old-established laws trodden under foot. There was among the Cossacks at this time, a man by the name of *Chruelneski*. He became their *Hetman*. His property had been violated and family outraged by a Polish governor. Private revenge, therefore, added fuel to his patriotism; he made an alliance with the Tartars of the Crimea. An army was raised, large enough to conquer the Poles, who, in 1649, by the treaty of Zborou, was forced to recognize all the rights and privileges of the Cossacks. But the Cossacks had become too far alienated from the Poles, ever to be their friends again. No treaty of peace could close up the breach between them. The Poles and Russians were enemies, and the Cossacks had become formidable enough to hold the balance of power between them. They had generally fought on the side of the Poles, but the wrongs they had suffered, led them to forget their enmity towards the Russians. Their religion was the same as that of the Russians, and they were as nearly allied to them by blood as to the Poles. They accordingly put themselves under the protection of Russia, and in 1654 the treaty of peace was concluded which made them the subjects of the Czar. This event gave a shock to Poland, from which she never recovered.

But the Cossacks of the Dnieper fared no better with the Russians for their masters, than if they had submitted to the oppressions of the Poles. It made little difference that the Czar had sworn to respect their Constitution, and to refrain from interfering in their internal affairs. The democracy of the Ukraine, and the absolutism of Russia could not exist together, any more than fire or water. Sooner or later the one was to absorb the other. The process was probably hastened by the turbulent and disorderly spirit of the Cossacks. They were a nation of warriors, and like warlike nations generally they were heroes on the field of battle, and notorious robbers everywhere else. When Peter the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden, were at war with each other, the Cossacks had Mazepa for their *Hetman*, the same whom Byron has immortalised; he turned traitor to the Russians, and united his forces to those of Charles. The victory gained by Peter at the battle of Pultowa, in 1709, gave him full opportunity to exercise his revenge against the rebels. The Cossacks were deprived of their most valuable privileges; they were no longer permitted to choose their own *Hetman*; and the ambassadors whom they sent to the Czar, to complain of their grievances, were put in chains. Twelve thousand Cossacks ended their days in hard labor, as convicts, upon the Ladoga Canal. Ten thousand more were marched into Persia. In 1784, Catharine II. put a finishing stroke to the work which her predecessor had begun. The boundaries of the empire had been extended far beyond the Ukraine. The Cossacks were no longer the protectors of the frontier, and hence there was no need of continuing an organization so inconsistent with the despotic system of Russia. They had conspired together to throw off the yoke of Russia, and establish an independent government. Thus a plausible pretext was furnished for their complete annihilation. Some of their number were transported to the banks of the river Kuban, where their descendants still form part of the line of the Caucasus, under the name of Cossacks of the Black Sea. With this exception, the existence of the Cossacks of the Dnieper is only a matter of history, and all traces of their institutions in the Ukraine are well-nigh obliterated.

Russian Spies.—A man belonging to an old noble family, informed his friends of his disagreeable conviction that the secret police had an agent in his house, and yet it was impossible for him to detect the fellow. Long, long was it ere accident led to the discovery. A Russian merchant had a free servant. He was fortuitously found to be a spy. He had orders to report who visited, and what was said at the nobleman's house. For this purpose he paid court to a girl, made her numerous presents, and promised to marry her. This girl was on friendly terms with a serf in this house. The maid-servant, in her innocent gossipry, repeated all the secrets and conversations she overheard, to her confidante, on Sunday at church, as they had no other opportunity of meeting.

PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.—Two centuries ago sugar was only found at the apothecaries, and sold by the ounce; but in the last years of the "ancien regime," France alone consumed 50,000,000 of pounds of it. In the days of Henry IV. coffee was absolutely unknown in France, and now there is not one of our porters who does not take his cup of coffee.

Something about the Turks.

We remember a time, not so very long ago, when the popular idea of a Turk was that of a ferocious person who smoked opium, and had a large number of wives, whom he disposed of, when they displeased him, after the fashion of Henry VIII., of gracious memory. The truth appears to be that, by the law of the Koran, every Moslem is allowed to have four wives, if he can afford them; but the public opinion is strongly against polygamy, and few Turks of the lower and middle classes have more than one. These wives, too, are not the mere play things that we may have supposed; on the contrary, they enjoy a considerable degree of liberty, and there is even reason to believe that the custom called in the West "hen-pecking," is not altogether unknown in Turkey. If so, we may suppose that, though a man's means be ample, one wife may be found sufficient—even for a Turk.

The sultan, however, is not bound by the laws we have mentioned. There is no sultana or empress in Turkey, except in the case of the mother of the reigning prince, who assumes that title when her son ascends the throne. It appears to have been considered necessary that the sultan should dispose of those ladies who are unable to find husbands, the law being very severe against celibacy in women, and every spinster living, in fact, in violation of it. They say that in days gone by, the Commander of the Faithful has been known to get rid of disobedient wives by giving them the sack (if we may be allowed to use the expression). These unfortunate ladies were sewn up in sacks, and dropped by night into the Bosphorus—a proceeding which, in winter, was a very cold way of treating a woman. This punishment was only resorted to in cases of great delinquency. In spite of a few traits of this kind, the sultans have been distinguished for their gallantry and politeness, from the time of Saladin (who was the first gentleman of his age) to that of Abdul-Medjid, of whose courtesy any British officer who has had the honor to know him will tell you. If the Great Khan did sometimes find it necessary to strangle a gentleman, he caused the event to be made known to his widow by sending her a handkerchief with which he requested that she would wipe away her tears. One can conceive how gratifying the delicacy must have been to the feelings of the bereaved.

The women of Turkey, as is well known, wear, when in public, the yashmak, a veil of white muslin, which covers the forehead, breast, and mouth, but leaves the eyes at liberty. This seems to us to be a sad mistake on the part of the husbands. The music of the spheres may be a mere poetic fiction, but it is certain that starry eyes have a language of their own. This custom, however, is very ancient, and a veil resembling the yashmak is described by a Greek writer as having been worn by the women of Thebes. Another old custom, which prevails still among the women of the East, is that of staining the nails with henna, which is either of a deep orange or rosy color, and of dyeing the eyebrows and eyelashes black, to give brilliancy to the eyes. Mummies, known to be several thousand years old, have been found to have the nails dyed with henna. The Circassian women, who use those arts of the toilet, are celebrated for their beauty, though it is of a kind not usually pleasing to a European eye. Their beauty is, in fact, only skin deep (as a proverb falsely says of all beauty), and is that of the complexion. Their features are usually devoid of expression; they have, however, an erect and dignified carriage, which they acquire by carrying burdens on their heads—and we beg respectfully to commend this fact to the attention of young ladies.

The custom of throwing the handkerchief, which has been said to exist throughout Turkey, is found only in a remote part of Bosnia. In this province young girls are permitted to walk abroad with their faces uncovered. Any man of the place who may take a fancy to one of these whom he sees in passing, throws an embroidered handkerchief over her head. Should the lover be so shockingly vulgar as not to have a handkerchief (which does sometimes happen), we believe that any other part of his dress answers the same purpose, so that a lady must sometimes find herself covered with a great cloak or shawl. When a girl has received a token of this kind, she goes home, and with a degree of submission which cannot be too highly commended, considers herself betrothed, and appears no more in public.

We have sometimes noticed misconceptions to exist respecting the Mahomedan Paradise. Mahomet has been said to have declared that women have no souls, and to have refused them admission into his heaven. The truth is, that the Koran, in several places, distinctly states the contrary. There is, however, an obscure passage in the 56th chapter

which seems to hint that no old woman will be admitted among the blessed. The story runs that this passage once got Mahomet into trouble. The reader has probably heard the anecdote, but it will bear repeating. Mahomet, strong of head and strong of arm, was the greatest of warrior prophets, for the deeds of John of Leyden or of Schamyl pale before those of the founder of Islamism. He may have been an impostor, but as this world goes he was a great man, and as it is useful to observe how a great man gets out of a scrape, suppose we hear the story. One day a gray-headed lady attacked the prophet on the subject of the above-mentioned passage in the 56th chapter of the Koran. She said that she was very sorry that she was so old, but that she could not help it; and she thought it very hard that age, which deprived her of the pleasures of a wicked world below, should cause her also to be shut out of paradise. Mahomet replied that he was very sorry, but what was written, was written, and he could not make an exception in her particular case. Hereupon she showered upon such a flood of tears, that the prophet, having no desire to get into hot water about such a trifle, considered what he had better do. Suddenly he hit upon an idea (he was one of the few men who do get ideas), and he told her to dry up her tears and be consoled; for though it was true that there would be no old women in Paradise, she would be admitted nevertheless, for she would be made young again first. This story reminds us of the gallant Frenchman, who, in reply to the question, why women were not admitted into the Chamber of Deputies, said that to be a member it was necessary to be forty years old, that it was impossible to suppose that any woman could reach that age.

SWEDISH NAMES.—If a man's Christian name be Robert, for example, all his family in the first generation become Robertsons; and if his eldest boy be baptized John, he is of course John Robertson; and the girls in like manner, *pro hac vice*, are all Robertsons. When the son grows up and has children, they will all be Johnsons, boys and girls as before; and so on, changing the family name every generation. If there happens to be three sons in a house, pamed, we shall say, Henrich, Frederick, and William, there will branch off three separate patronymics from the three brothers, and their children will be respectively, Henrichsons, Fredericksens, and Williamsons.

A MAYOR of a small village in France, having occasion to give a passport to a distinguished personage in his neighbourhood, who was blind of an eye, was in great embarrassment on coming to the description of his person. Fearful of offending the good man, he adopted the following ingenious expedient of avoiding the mention of his deformity. He wrote, "Black eyes, one of which is absent."

Sketches in Nepal.

Of the interior of the kingdom of Nepal, which extends for upwards of three hundred miles along the southern slopes of the Himalayas, comparatively little was known in England until the visit of the Nepalese embassy, a few years since, drew attention to the romantic country and independent Court which Jung Bahadoor came to represent. Mr. Laurence Oliphant, in his very interesting volume entitled "A Journey to Katmandhu," dated 1852, states that no work has been published in this country upon Nepal since Dr. Hamilton's, which appeared about 1819. Of late years, however, the political condition of the country, and its position as regards our possessions in India have invested it with additional interest; and the accompanying views which we are enabled, by an obliging correspondent, to present to our readers, will show that the Valley of Nepal possesses great attractions for the lover of the picturesque in its luxuriant vegetation, and its timeworn temples and other memorials of decaying splendor. These views are selected from a series of large colored sketches, by Dr. H. A. Oldfield, of the Bengal Medical Staff, Residency Surgeon at Katmandhu. Mr. Oliphant thus glances at the beautiful scenery of the country:—

The knolls, wooded or terraced, with romantic old Newar towns crowning their summits—the five rivers of the valley winding amongst verdant meadows—the banks here and there precipitous, where the soft clayey soil had yielded to the action of the torrent in the rains—the glittering city itself—the narrow paved ways leading between high hedges of prickly pear—the pagodas and temples studded in all directions, presented a scene as picturesque and perhaps more interesting than would have been afforded by the still lake embedded in wild mountains, and frowned upon by snow-capped peaks; while the richly cultivated knolls in the valley formed fertile islands, the luxuriant vegetation of which would have softened the scene into one of exquisite beauty.

The three Views of Temples, are all taken from near one spot, but looking different ways, in the centre of the large square of the city of Patn. There were originally three capital cities in the valley of Nepal: Patn, Bhatagon, and Khurtipoor. The valley then formed part of the territory, and was under the dynasty of a tribe called Newars, a very ancient Hindoo race. About ninety years ago, the valley of Nepal was overrun and conquered by the Goorkhas, a neighboring and warlike tribe. The Newar kings and aristocracy were either killed in battle, murdered, or driven into exile, and all their estates confiscated. There is not now a single Newar of any capital or importance in the valley, the Goorkhas having annexed everything. The mass of the Newar population were reduced to till the soil, or perform menial or mechanical work, under the Goorkha conquerors. Khurtipoor, the last scene of their resistance, was in great part burnt and destroyed, and has never been rebuilt. Bhatagon and Patn were neglected, but not injured, and, though now but thinly inhabited, and only by the Newars, they still present a number of very ancient temples and other buildings, in good preservation; the principal edifices of this class being shown in three of the accompanying Views.

When the Newar dynasty was overthrown, and the present Goorkha rule was established, the then comparatively unimportant town of Khatmandhu was adopted by the Goorkhas, as their capital; they enlarged the place considerably, enriched it with temples, established their army and head-quarters there, and built a durbar, at which their King resides. They have, accordingly, made it a place of great importance, and by far the largest and most populous city in the country. In fact, it is now the only place of any importance in Nepal; Bhatagon and Patn having no political existence, however interesting they may be to the antiquary, or lover of the picturesque.

The first View presents the richest architectural display. The building in the centre is a large temple, erected in 1620, and dedicated to Khrishna Jee; it was built by one of the Newar rajahs, and is considered the most sacred edifice in Patn. It is entirely of stone, there being neither wood nor brick in its construction. The summits of the large central tower, between fifty and sixty feet in height, as well as the tops of the smaller surrounding ones, are capped with brass-gilt ornaments. The other buildings are temples dedicated to different deities, the houses in the background excepted, these being ordinary residences of the inhabitants. The temples vary from two to four or five stories in height; the roofs overhang, and are supported by wooden brackets covered with all sorts of grotesque figures and monsters in rude deformity. This carving is often executed with great skill, so as to give a very rich appearance to the buildings. The door and window frames are also often beautifully carved, the figures projecting in bold relief. The column on the right is surmounted with a figure of Goroo Narain. The figures in the foreground are Newars. The women are clothed as common Newars ordinarily appear. The man carrying two children in baskets slung to a pole passing over his shoulder, shows the usual mode of conveying children as well as poultry and other easily portable live stock, from place to place.

Next is a view of Narrain Hithu, with a Hindoo temple and some houses of the poorer classes. In the foreground is a group of four Nepalese sepoys, conveying in a wharrie, or hammock, a lady of rank to the temple to worship, a large red velvet curtain being thrown over the conveyance to protect the passenger from the sun and the gaze of the impertinent. She is raising the curtain to look out or call for one of her female attendants, three or four of whom on foot, with flowers in their hair, and trays of offerings in their hands, accompany their mistress. They are often very prettily dressed, in a sort of polka jacket, with English stuff petticoats, always of some bright color.

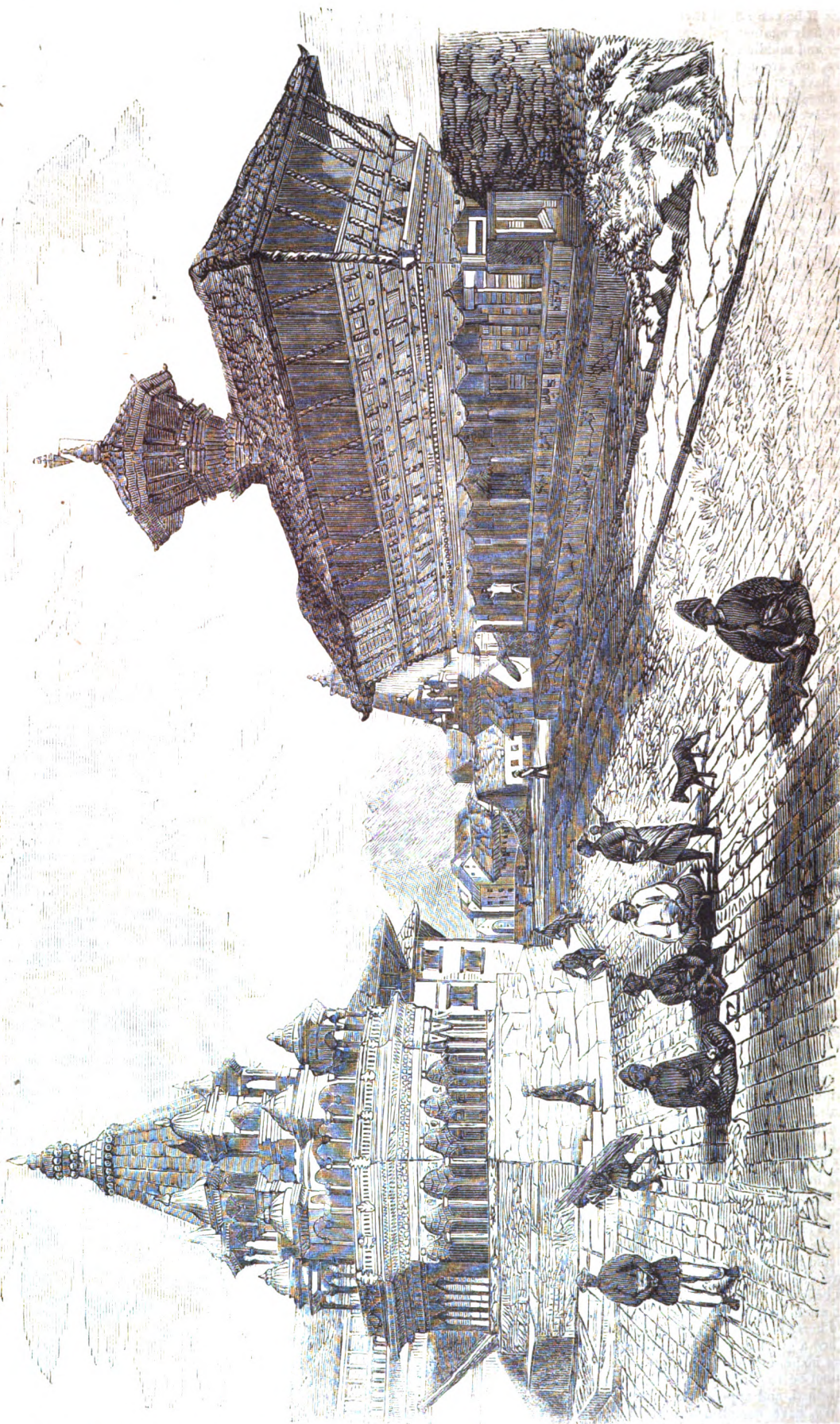
In the third view the stone temple on the left is dedicated to a Hindoo god, Sru Krishna. It was built, A.D. 1723, by the daughter of one of the Newar rajahs. The ornament at its summit is brass-gilt, which taste is very general, and it has a very gay appearance in the brilliant sunshine. The long galleried building on the right is a Pathu, or Dhurrumsala, and was built for the benefit of the public by two brothers, Ministers of Nepal under the Newar dynasty, A.D. 1678. The figures in the foreground represent a few Newars who were watching the Artist while he made his Sketch; a Nepalese sepoy is also standing by. The prevailing color of the bricks and tiles of the building and pavement is red.

From Thankote the traveller enjoys a panoramic view of the valley of Nepal, with the snowy range of the Himalayan mountains. Thankote, it should be explained, is a small village near the foot of the pass over the Chandanagiri mountain, and through which every traveller journeys in entering the Nepal valley from the plains. It is the first resting-place after making a very long and difficult descent from the summit of the Chandanagiri, which mountain forms the southern boundary of the valley. From this point is seen the Dawalogiri, or White Mountain—a large mass of snow, apparently very near, from the extreme transparency of the air through which it is seen, though it is in reality between sixty and eighty miles distant as the crow flies. This peak is the loftiest mountain in the world, being upwards of 28,000 feet high. In the centre of this sublime prospect is also seen the Goosain-Than, which is upwards of 27,000 feet high. Further to the east, over the city of Khatmandhu, is a large bluff mass of snow, the Kinchingunga (situated in the direction of Darjeeling), which is over 28,000 feet high. Humboldt states it to be from 150 to 200 feet lower than the Dawalogiri. These three mountains, the Dawalogiri, the Goosain-Than, and the Kinchingunga, are seen at one view, and are the highest mountains in the world. From the extreme right to the left of the prospect, the snowy ranges, in one continuous line, must be upwards of 500 miles in length! This is, indeed, a splendid panorama, requiring you to turn your head to take all in, the line of snow occupying nearly half the horizon. The nearest point of snow to the valley—part of the Goosain-Than—is about 50 miles distant as a bird flies, but much more by the roads, which are very winding and circuitous. To the right of the prospect, forming the middle distance, is seen the great part of the Valley of Nepal, intersected by a low range of hills running from east to west. The valley itself is 4500 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded or shut in on all sides by hills, varying from 6000 to 8000 feet above the sea level, or from 1500 to 3500 feet above the level of the valley. The whole of the Valley of Nepal, like that of Cashmere, is supposed to have originally been under water, having formed the bottom of a large lake, the water of which had been drained off, probably by volcanic action, ages ago, long before the memory of man. In the centre of the valley is seen the sacred river, Baghmatty, winding along: over it is a large wooden bridge, near which, on the far side of the river, on slightly rising ground, embosomed in trees, is the residence of Jung Bahadoor. To the left is the city of Khatmandhu, occupying a large space; the houses are entirely of red brick. From the centre rises a small stone column, 150 feet high, and near the foot is a long green open space, which is the parade-ground for military inspections. On the opposite side of the river, standing on a low hill, and by itself, is the city of Patn, the numerous temples of which may be seen distinctly in outline. In the distance (near the hills, just over the white pillar), is a green mass, which represents the sacred wood of Rushputty Nath. The British residence is not seen; it is prettily situated among the trees. In the smaller

portion of the valley, cut off from the principal part of the valley by the low range of hills, are three or four villages; and on a roundish hill, among the intersecting range, and towards the right, is an old Newar city, mostly in ruins. The valley measures in its longest diameter from 18 to 20 miles, and

courage, in woman, consists in at once giving up what may be agreeable and innocent in itself, rather than risk having one's good name called in question.

The silliest of all errors is when young men think they forfeit their claims to originality if they ac-



TEMPLE OF SHIVA KUMBHINA.

in its shortest from 12 to 15; its general form is an irregular oval.

When we hear a woman speak with contempt of the opinion of the world, it argues in her neither good feeling, cleverness, nor true courage. True

knowledge any truth that has been discovered by others before them.

FORTUNATE people seem to think that their less happy fellow-creatures ought to suffer and die before them with decency, as the Romans used to require their gladiators to do.



AUGUSTUS AND MARY MEETING IN THE HOUSE OF MRS. MACDOUGAL.

MASKS AND FACES.

(Continued from Vol. III., page 111.)

CHAPTER XLVII.

Fly to the desert, fly with me
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without?—MOORE.

THE sun was setting in an immense crimson boss on the dark and turbid waters of the Mississippi, when Frederick Graham arrived on board the Osprey, and the first person whom he encountered on deck was Lazarus Leppard.

Lazarus was sitting on a coil of ropes, at the foot of the mainmast, with his legs crossed like a Turkish dealer's in a bazaar. He was smoking a short pipe, burned to about the color of his own fallow skin, and in deep conversation with three or four of the other sailors belonging to the crew.

He was certainly looking a good deal perplexed for a person usually so "smart and 'cute in his notions," as he would have phrased it himself! And not only perplexed, but much annoyed and disconcerted.

"Rather tough, all this, Phineas!" he was saying, as the boat arrived. "Wonder whether he has gone fairly mad, and thinks himself captain of a frigate, like that splendid wicked-looking vessel, the Stars and Stripes, out yonder!"

Frederick pretended not to observe this personage, and called lustily for a ladder—and in a few moments was on the deck.

"I can't realize an idee—that's a fact!" said Leppard, looking indeed quite adrift, as he and Frederick drew stools opposite each other, in the assigned quarters. "Here's you, Mr. Graham, I daresays, have no sort of notion in the world of forgiving me for being knocked and kicked about by you, rather than split on the service I was employed in, in the good ship's behalf!"

"Nay, Mr. Leppard," said Frederick, who perceived the necessity of speaking the villian fair, "if you forgive me for that unfortunate ebullition of temper, I am sure I can you for the then unaccountable conduct on your part, which I thought purposely calculated to provoke it!"

"Well, fust and foremost!—that fellow you licked me about—the spy, you knows—got himself comfortably hanged before I came away from England!"

"What, Patrick Rourke?—you don't mean that?"

"Yes, Patrick Rourke; I saw him tucked up myself, quite snug, before I came away, with his nightcap over his face, and fast asleep, with his eyes starting right open out of his head!"

"Dreadful! Is it possible? What had he done?"

"What had he done?" said Leppard, pausing, as if endeavoring to recall facts to mind that had made little impression upon his memory. Why, I think—yes—he had broke into a paper mill place, at Brook, belonging to one Mr. Purday, and stole a heap of bank notes and money out of the strong box!—And, besides, he murdered the old watchman, Brice; but that was in self defence, I suppose!"

"Good heavens, then, the whole mystery is explained; and Caroline never offered me the insult which has so long been gnawing into my soul!" exclaimed Frederick, in a transport of joy. "No doubt the unfortunate wretch contrived the story to influence me to take him abroad, and screen him from the consequences of his crimes!—Pray relate the particulars to me!"

"I haven't time just at this instant, sir; for what you tell me about my uncle makes me long to be ashore, to give him a spell of my mind!" said Lazarus, rising. "The captain won't miss me to night—especially in the good company he's got just at present—and if he do you'll make my excuses, Mr. Graham, if you please! Nat'ral affection, &c., you know!"

"No, Mr. Leppard, I am quite sure the captain will be offended in the highest degree, if you leave him without some more ceremony than this!" said Frederick, hastily. "Besides your uncle is at Mogulistan, miles away from this city!—and everything there is in the greatest confusion in consequence of the sale!—moreover, we are going to sea this very night, and if you quit the ship, you will be left behind!"

"Going to sea?—with no more men than you've got on board?—and with no cargo that I can spy but sand and gunpowder?" exclaimed Leppard.

"The men will come on board before daybreak. We are fully determined, I assure you, to sail at once!"

"Indeed!—Then I must say there's something uncommon mysterious in it all!" exclaimed Leppard, with his looks quickening full of suspicion. "What!" he exclaimed, after a pause, "you ain't been stealing a woman, have you?"

"Stealing a woman—with her own will! You saw that she came on board fully by her own consent!" said Frederick, startled at this sagacious guess.

"That's the very reason!—I'm sure she wouldn't, if she thought she had been fairly bought and paid for!—I'll see Captain Avery myself this minute, and know what the meaning of it all is, by the Lord!"

"I'm here, Mr. Leppard?" said a voice, precisely at this juncture, and the captain joined the party, accompanied by Trewavas and Alick Neil.

His recent conference with Oriana—doubtless on the subject of Lazarus Leppard—had evidently added no degree of cordiality to Avery's previously very cold greeting.

"Oh, I was only saying, sir, that as you seem in no immediate want of me, I would make a flying visit to some of my relations in Orleans, and—"

"You are quite mistaken, Mr. Leppard! You have been absent from your duty much longer than I expected, and I have most pressing and immediate need of your services!" was the austere reply.

Lazarus Leppard looked at Avery's working countenance, and at the three powerful young men who stood prepared to do his bidding. And he comprehended, as plainly as words could have told him, that he was a prisoner.

With his characteristic self-possession and craft, he determined to make the best of his position.

"Oh, very well, sir! I have no great cause to pine myself to fiddlestrings, even if I don't see any of my relations in the place this trip! I take it, then, Mr. Graham is right, and that we sail to-morrow?—Without a cargo?"

"To Africa, Mr. Leppard!" replied Avery, with a bitter smile.

"Oh, by Jinkins! do you really mean to say you are fleshed at last, and are going for a cargo of woolly heads?" exclaimed Leppard, very joyfully; but yet only half credulously.

"You have heard, haven't you, of my recent purchase?" Does not that seem like a beginning?" replied Avery, grimly. "And so Mr. Leppard, are you satisfied to go with us?"

"It an't quite clear to my mind yet, that. Go with you! I'd go to the burning centre to be revenged on them detested creatures, that have brought me to ruin, soul and body, in all manner of ways!" almost yelled the wretch.

"We will make all ready, then, while you, Frederick and Trewavas, go ashore for our baggage and the crew!" said Avery, in tones of determined authority. "Our own fellows at present are plenty to man us out of the harbor; and you will find us lying a good stretch south-east of the frigate," he continued, with great significance, to Frederick. "Mr. Primrose, the ship's husband, has plenty in hand to pay all the bills, and for the purchase of the negro girl, Zilpha, which I instructed him to make for me. Bring her, if you can, Fred, back with you, to attend on her lady, who is in great need of female service. Don't let the grass grow under your feet, my lads, ashore! And now, Mr. Leppard, we can amuse ourselves with an exchange of news! How is it that neither Othello nor my faithful Shark accompany you?"

"Well, sir," said Leppard, seating himself, in

compliance with the captain's gesture, Frederick and Trewavas disappearing instantly; "the fact is" (Leppard always commenced a falsehood with that assertion)—"the fact is, Othello had got out of gaol before I could yet come to his assistance, having divulged on all he knew against you, sir, and got taken as evidence to bring the smuggling home to you! And he was the cause why suspicions were roused, and the spies sent, and all that, on board the Osprey!"

"What! old Othello a traitor, and a betrayer too? Can it be possible?" said Avery, and although he did not believe the tidings, he felt a painful doubt for a moment arise in his mind.

"And the dog?" he said, after a slight pause.

"Grew so savage and uncomformable, after it had been in prison a few days, that it bit some of the people, and was obliged to be hanged!"

"Poor Shark, no wonder thou didst howl so bitterly that morning we parted!" exclaimed Avery, and an expression of poignant feeling testified how sincerely the news of the poor animal's fate affected him.

"But come, Mr. Leppard," he said, springing up, "I want to get the vessel fairly out from the crowd in the harbor, and to show you all my improvements! We can talk our talk over our work."

"You don't look much improved yourself, however, captain!" said Leppard, who seemed very glad to embrace the offer.

"I have been rather ill," replied Avery, quietly.

They proceeded on deck, and a manœuvre was put in order of execution immediately, by the captain's orders, the main object of which seemed, to the experienced and suspicious, to place the vessel out of range of the guns of the town forts, and of the frigate lying at anchor near them.

But if he meditated any evasion to obtain some light on his misgivings, Lazarus Leppard found it impossible to execute them.

All the boats were gone to shore with the two young officers; he felt himself watched at every turn by persons whom he knew loved him not; and under pretence of showing his improvements, Avery led him about the vessel in the most polite captivity possible.

Double dealing and crafty as he himself was, Lazarus imagined Avery was incapable of deception, for whatever motive. He dreamed that his darling slave projects really had at last dazzled the assent of his commander.

He was the more confirmed in this notion by the strangely miscellaneous and desperate looking cast of the men who now began to arrive on board the Osprey to form her crew.

There were but few exceptions to this rule, including two very prim and demure little sailors, who came out in a boat by themselves, and declared they were engaged on the service by Mr. Graham. Avery was too much absorbed in his own occupations to take much notice of them, and they past muster by Alick Neil, though with some visible surprise and query.

In the course of a few hours the two young men returned from their mission; and after a brief conference between Avery and them, orders were given to proceed at once on the voyage.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

'Tis sport to see the engineer
Hoist with his own petard.

SHAKESPEARE.

We left Mr. Augustus Pophly just reviving from the stupor of his debauch at Vert-Vert's, to a consciousness of the losses he had sustained, and the fact that Captain Dalrymple was eating anchovy toast, and otherwise calmly breakfasting before him.

"How do you feel, my lad? You look uncommonly queer, I can tell you! Not accustomed to this sort of thing, eh?—Still 'with verdure clad,' a little, eh?" said the captain, at suitable intervals of his ration.

"I am ruined!—I feel dreadfully ill!—I am completely ruined!" exclaimed Augustus, rising dizzily on his couch.

"Bah! One would think you were a housemaid that had exceeded her holiday at Greenwich Fair by the night. Ruined! You have a bad headache, and that always makes people think so. But I'll set it all right for you in a turn. You can't tell what an able fellow I am to serve a friend in all manner of ways when I take a fancy."

He rang the bell as he spoke. The waiter responded.

"Bottle of soda water, in a bottom of champagne brandy!"

"No, no, Captain Dalrymple! I don't so much care for my head, though it's splitting, certainly! But the money was of the greatest consequence to me!" ejaculated Augustus.

"So it is to most people, my boy."

"But particularly so to me at this juncture!" replied Pophly; and perhaps with some hopes of moving his companion's compassion, and a notion that confession would rather exalt him in the worthy gentleman's opinion, he added: "It is about a girl, Captain Dalrymple—for whom I raised the money I lost last night, who will ruin me, if she don't get it, with the heiress I am courting, and my mother, and everybody!"

"Oh, der dyvel! as the Dutchman says. Is she pretty?"

"Perhaps!—She is such a nuisance to me now, I really am not a fair judge!" returned Augustus, pettishly.

"Because, if she is, you might find some one to take her off your hands, I mean!—that's all!" replied the captain.

"Not—not at present!" faltered Pophly, and yet struck with the bright idea. "Not at present!—she is very ill—out of her confinement just now—and I promised to take her twenty pounds to-day, to pay expenses!"

"Well, you can easily borrow plenty! Old Blackader is a regular old usurer, if the truth were known of him, and will lend a fellow like you to any extent! It is true, he is very close-fisted, and as you are a minor, you must tempt him, of course, with a very handsome per centage. But what's that, when one's in real want of cash?"

Augustus thought it not particularly friendly on the part of the new acquaintance, never even to hint at such a thing as lending him back a portion of his own money. And Dalrymple guessed his cogitations.

"I can't lend you a stiver myself, my dear boy," he resumed; "for after you fell asleep last night, I turned into Vert-Vert's saloon, and lost every doit I had to a confounded rook of a French count!—my usual luck, you know! But wouldn't your mother stump anything, do you think?"

"She gave me fifty when I came away, and a bill of credit for as many more; and I have spent or lost it all!" sighed Pophly.

"Couldn't you write her word you have been robbed? Had your pockets picked?—that's a very usual thing in London; and if I were you I should sacrifice any little false pride I might feel in being supposed green in the ways of town, and tell her it was the case!"

"And perhaps I shouldn't be very far wrong, eh, captain, either?" said Augustus, intending to be jocose, feeling himself re-animated by the refreshing draught he had just swallowed.

"Sir!" returned the captain with a most tremendous look!—a look full of Wormwood Scrubs, pistols, and four o'clock in the morning!

"I was only joking, captain! You can't think I was in earnest?" retraced Augustus.

"Oh, of course not! But I don't advise you to hazard such jokes often when you are with people who don't know and appreciate your lively humors so well as I do, Mr. Pophly," replied the easily pacified captain. "And talking of that—shall I introduce you to Cocksure this morning, and put you in a proper way to get your commission?"

"I shall be most happy, but I must first see Mr. Blackader about this little loan."

"Yes, certainly!—And we'll dine together, if you have no objection, this evening?—And after that I'll introduce you to a little real life!" said Dalrymple, with animation. "I daresay, now, you think you are not lucky at play, because I beat you last night? But I say you are—at least, at games of chance! I saw it in your very way of throwing the dice! You shall try it on, at all events, at *rouge et noir*, and then we can determine. I could put you up to a dodge or two, which—What wouldn't I give if I had your innocent looks and reputation, Pophly!—I should be a millionaire in a fortnight!"

"I'll have one try!" returned the dupe. "And I think I'll tell my mother what you say. But don't let us lose any time, for fear the girl should get out of patience."

"I'm your man, my lad, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter!" exclaimed Dalrymple. "So cheer up, and we shall be right as the mail (those confounded railroads have spoilt the proverb, though, now!) before mammy can have any chance of twiggling how the land lies!"

From this hour Dalrymple took formal possession of his victim.

He led him now in the first place to the army agent, whom he called Cocksure, and who had,

indeed, at the period, some very dirty, underhand influence in a "certain quarter," as he was himself wont to phrase it.

This individual was so satisfied he could procure Pophly his cornetcy immediately, on the promise of a handsome *douceur*, that he invited him to be measured on the spot for his regimentals. And these looked so very seductive, in the colored patterns shown to him, that Augustus, who was not at all deficient in personal vanity, delightedly gave the order.

From Messrs. Cocksure and Co.'s they proceeded to Sir Richard Graham's bank.

There they found Blackader as actively engaged amongst his vast ledgers as if he had spent the night in refreshing slumber preparing for work.

Dalrymple made their business known without any circumlocution, volunteering very exorbitant terms on behalf of his principal; and encountered in the first instance (as he expected), a direct and angry refusal.

"Certainly not, Mr. Dalrymple! I should not feel in the least justified in such a proceeding! What can a young man like Mr. Pophly, abundantly supplied with funds, I have no doubt, by his relations, want with a large sum of money like this?—And, perhaps, a minor, too?"

"No, he is not *that*, at all events, Blackader!" said the captain, with a wink at his friend. "You must not ask his mother, of course; but he was twenty-one last birth-day!—And I'll put my hand as guarantee to any paper he signs."

"Well, in that case Captain Dalrymple—as I am certain Mr. Pophly is incapable of what would, in plain words, be a fraud, I'll do him a bill for once—at three months. The discount will seem, perhaps, rather heavy; but though Sir Richard don't appear in these sort of things much himself, he always requires a very heavy interest!"

"How is Sir Richard? Is he in the bank?" inquired Pophly, while Mr. Blackader produced the materials for bill making.

"Quite well—and overjoyed with his good fortune in the son an heir!—A little done up, of course, with excitement—in his own counting house, I believe."

The friends transacted their business, and were leaving Blackader's apartment, when Sir Richard Graham suddenly presented himself, just turning the handle of the door.

"Mr. Pophly!—Ah, Mr. Pophly!—Good morning, Mr. Pophly!" said the banker, in a curiously confused and stuttering manner.

Pophly glanced at him in surprise. His countenance looked extremely flushed, and his eyes had a glazy glare in them that almost startled him into the conviction he also had been indulging too freely in the bottle overnight.

"Good morning, sir!—I just called upon Mr. Blackader to —"

"Oh, yes! I desired him to excuse me as much as he could to-day! The late joyful event, you know, sir, has rather upset me! In fact, Blackader," continued Sir Richard, feeling that he was talking incoherently, "I don't feel well enough for business at all to-day, and I am going home! I want to see my little boy again, besides! Do you know, gentlemen, I feel quite dizzy, and as if I could hardly believe in my own happiness?"

"I wish you joy of it, sincerely, Sir Richard!" said Captain Dalrymple.

"Thank you, sir!—be so good as to introduce your friend to me, Mr. Pophly," said the banker—hiccuping!

"Captain Dalrymple, of the —"

"I feel honored!" interrupted that gentleman hastily.

"Dalrymple, he, Dalrymple? I shall be most happy to see you, captain, and your friend, at the christening, which is to take place on the 31st proximo! It is my own birthday, and Lady Graham insists she shall be quite well enough to receive company then!—Albano Villa, please!—We are coming back to town in the course of a few days—you will be pleased to recollect the direction!—I trust, Mr. Pophly," he added, with some vague impression that he had not behaved quite the thing to the young gentleman on a former occasion, "I trust we may make certain of your company?"

"And of mine!" said Dalrymple, with obliging emphasis.

Pophly gave a rather less enthusiastic assent, and Sir Richard, evidently in a fit of absence, walked off without further ceremony.

"I say, Blackader! is the old fellow often this way?" exclaimed the captain, clapping his acquaintance on the shoulder.

"It is a habit that gains but too much upon him of late!" replied the managing clerk, demurely.

"Then I tell you what!—I see your way as plainly into the inner counting house as if Sir Richard were going on a zigzag before me to show it!" returned Dalrymple.

"I would thank you, sir, to mind your own affairs! You will find them sufficiently complex to require all your management in a short time—if you go on the way you are going!" said Blackader, retrieving a momentary ebullition of temper.

Dalrymple only laughed, and he and his friend quitted the banking house.

Augustus had reason to reiterate Blackader's wish mentally, from the difficulty he found in inducing Dalrymple to refrain from interference in the further private business that remained for him to transact.

"Come! we have the money.—Now let's go and see the girl, and I shall form a judgment of your taste in the article, Pophly!" said the elder profligate, as they turned into the streets.

Augustus had a good deal of trouble to explain to him that the "girl" was too ill to see any strangers, and that he must really leave him for some hours.

But Dalrymple would not relinquish his prey until Augustus had promised faithfully to dine with him in the evening, at Vert-Verts, and take a chance for revenge!

"I shall borrow a roulette meantime somewhere or another, for, upon my word, I can't bear the notion of winning your money without giving you a chance to get it back again!"

"That's a fellow, now, one can make something of it!" he mused to himself, as they parted at last in the middle of Birdcage walk. "I rather like him!—When I have stripped him as bare as I can, perhaps I may search him how to retaliate on the green in general in this town!"

Augustus, well furnished with money, entered Mrs. Sellshire's with an alert and confident step.

Rebecca was there, and, as on his first visit, alone.

"No sir; mother is really out this time!" she replied, to his request for an interview. "She's no more able to go about than an oyster, I tell's her; but she won't let me, and goes wabbling about everywhere in the streets and wuckhouses and 'spitals, to see if she can find the young woman, who ran away last night when mother was asleep, with her clothes and everything!"

All the buoyancy instantly left Augustus's heart, and he literally felt it sink like a weight in his bosom.

In vain he strove to disbelieve the intelligence. The girl's account was precise and circumstantial. And Mrs. Sellshire, re-entering from an unsuccessful voyage of discovery, in a pitiable state of mental and corporeal exhaustion, flopped into a chair, and confirmed the worst.

Augustus left the place at last, in a mood of anxiety and consternation, to which no description could do more than the faintest justice.

In his cowardly panic he concluded that Mary had probably already denounced him to justice! He decided that he could not calculate for a moment on the forbearance of a woman so cruelly outraged. It seemed to him that he had no resource but in instant flight!

What should he do? Return instantly to his hotel, where he was not likely to be sought, as he had confided his place of sojourn to no one; secure his clothes, and set off immediately for France!

There he could remain concealed, as he thought, until the storm burst, and he could tell what possible hopes of foiling its fury might remain.

But on arriving at the hotel he found a letter on his table that changed the current of his resolves. It was from Lazarus Leppard, and ran thus:—

"Mr. Leppard presents compliments to Mr. Pophly, and is happy to inform him, has secured the valuable document in question—as it may well be called. Shan't pass it to any other hand, Mr. P. may be certain until the postobit bond, &c. becomes due. Meanwhile, advises Mr. P. to come the soothing dodge over the young woman, as she is at large, seems horribly obstipulous, and is no doubt bent on mischief! To be found at a laundress's, in Green Arbour Court, Westr.—one pair, first, front. Yours, &c. in haste.

"P.S.—It is a chandler's shop—private door to." Augustus was at once relieved and alarmed in almost equal degree by this communication.

The dangerous powers, conferred on Mary Rourke by her possession of the hundred pound note, she was apparently deprived of. And in the hands of Lazarus Leppard, though an evil, the existence of the accusing document was a distant and perhaps avoidable one. But Augustus reflected, that with

hope, a woman of her impetuous and wayward character was likely also to bid farewell to fear.

In short, it seemed to him Mary was more likely now than ever to do her worst against him!

And that worst was still too formidable not to make Leppard's counsel of the utmost importance to be carried out, if possible.

If possible! Augustus comforted himself with all the fine stories he had ever heard about the placable nature of women in general, and their ready credulity even to the simulated echoes of a passion in which they have once believed. And he determined, having failed in every species of violence, to try what effect the artifice recommended to him might have.

And, indeed, if the loving-kindness and forgiveness of women were not inexhaustible, man must ere now have drained the fountains dry in her heart!

But let the reader knock with Augustus Pophly at the door of Mrs. Macdougall's apartment, in Green Arbour Court. Let him hear the dark, hopeless, but brooding and menacing voice that answers "Come in!" Let him enter the chamber, and gaze at the pallid figure, seated rigid and firm as a corpse, but completely deceased, as if for a journey, on one side of the laundress's fire, while on the other sat the good woman's idiot boy—and he will perceive there is nothing very encouraging in the preliminaries to Mr. Pophly's negotiations.

He looked around before he ventured in, and perceived, to his great satisfaction, that none but these two misfortune-mated companions were present.

"Mary! my dearest Mary!" he then said in the gentlest tones of the old love, and opening his arms as if to receive her into them, he approached.

"Devil! is it you?" exclaimed Mary, rising with precipitation and she drew a large carving knife from her bosom, which she flourished wildly before her.

"But don't think I'll let you murder me at your pleasure now! I'll hack you to pieces if you come another step towards me!"

"My dear girl, I have come to make it all up with you, and—"

"What do you want—what do you want? You have got the paper, haven't you? What more do you want?" returned Mary, glaring deliriously at him, and still flourishing the knife.

"Yes, love! and that was all I wanted—before I took means to assure you how devotedly my heart was still yours! And it was necessary, my dearest creature, to secure your father a fair chance for his life, for I knew the officers were tracking the note, and if they had found it in your possession it would have furnished a decisive proof of his guilt."

"Do you think so? or of your own?" returned Mary, with a sudden flashing vehemence nigh akin to insanity. "Come, Mr. Augustus Pophly!" she continued, with wild irony; "do not try to deceive a poor girl any further. Read this letter from my father, which a sure hand has brought me—a rogue and a felon's, if you will, but one who has kept his promise to a fellow prisoner, better than honest people at large do often, perhaps—and you will see if you try in vain!" Augustus mechanically took a paper which Mary flung fiercely towards him, and seated himself, with an affectation of composure, opposite to her.

She was not, however, to be thrown off her guard, and continued to stand aloof with her weapon in hand.

Augustus read—and as he read, his power of vision almost deserted him.

"Dear Mary, daughter!—(the contents ran)—I am writing to you in Maidstone Gaol, where I am put for a murder I never did, and am to stand my trial, for life or death, at the beginning or end of next week, all for a villain's sake who ought to be hanged instead, if the likes of the same is done to me the next minute. He who done the murder with his own hand, is, man for man, the villain who led you astray, Mary! Now, Mary dear! I could die peaceable and happy enough, and with a quiet tongue in my head, though strangled like a rat in a trap, if I thought it was for the sake of you and the childer! But my mind undergives me, from all I hear, that Mr. Augustus is at the bottom of what is done against me! If so be, you will know it by his shirking his word with you, and never keeping it, in the regard of marrying you. Mary, darlin'! I wouldn't set wife against husband, for it would be out of nature, and like eating of our own flesh! But if he hasn't married you, as he solemnly swore, he don't intend; and you have still a duty to perform in the regard of your poor old father. And, indeed, Mary, I am not fit to die, if I can help it! So if you would save me eternally, both in this life and the next, as soon as you rease this, if you are not

his wife, nor the mother of his child, which word has come to me you are never likely to be, as it was born dead, go as fast as horses or stame can drag you down to Miss Sidney, in Brook, and tell her and Mr. Purday, and every one, the whole truth about you and him. And she (God bless her, poor lady!) will have Mr. Frederick brought back, if he is to be found on sea or land, and stir the whole country to prove his innocence! Then I'll plead guilty on the day of trial, for as much as I did, and show how it was all done, which will get me out of the rale murder, and perhaps bring me into mercy for my life, at last. But if not, we shall have revenge on the worst young man ever the devil had the principal makings in, and you will have done what you could to save your poor old unworthy father.

PATRICK ROURKE.

"P.S.—Be civil to the ould black brute who will bring you this letter, who is nearly white with age. He can't spake a word; but I made him understand what I wanted, as we were washing together at the pump. He's in the treadmill for fidelity to his employer—a smuggler gentlemen—him and his dog.—So I could trust them, you know. And he's out of his month to-morrow, and I have given him money to take him to London, and bring you this, for he has not a pinny to spind in the world."

This was the letter.

We may mention, *par parenthese*, that it had reached Mary's hand by mere chance, being directed to her at Mrs. Sellshire's. But her friend, the orange woman, again figured as her guardian angel. The mute black, whom the reader will have recognized as Captain Avery's Othello, applied to her, as Mary had previously done, for information as to the precise whereabouts of the old clotheswoman. The lean apothecary happened to be passing, and deciphered the direction for the pair, one of whom could not speak intelligibly, nor the other read.

What Augustus felt on perusal of this missive, we must content ourselves by leaving to the imagination of the reader.

We can certify, certainly, it was no longer a *mask* for the horrible emotions that took possession of his breast.

He perceived his whole elaborate structure—his castle of refuge—tottering to its base; the very foundations which he imagined he had laid so securely, sweeping away on the tide of an outraged woman's revenge?

Once the drift of suspicion changed by statements so positive, Augustus knew there were thousands of probabilities to support the charges against him! Leppard, even, as soon as he should perceive the wind change—to save himself from being considered as an accomplice—would turn the weight of his evidence against him! It was so artfully devised that it would not be difficult to do so.

Let it only be established that he, Augustus Pophly, was the seducer of Mary Rourke, and it followed it was he who held the colloquy with Patrick at the Black Mill! An irresistible chain of consequences would then be established—in whose thrall Augustus beheld himself dragged, like a bullock, in the tangling rope to slaughter!

We would not blacken him more than need be. But doubtless as he glared round the almost solitary apartment—as his eye dwelt for a moment on the smiling, senseless face of the laundress's idiot boy—and thence darted its desperate query on Mary Rourke's—there was murder in it! The *malice propense* of the law!

But he knew not what might be at hand. He saw that Mary was on her guard, and formidably armed. He saw that she was insane, with passions still wilder and more dangerous than his own! The cowardice and craft of his nature prevailed.

"Well, my own sweet Mary!" he murmured, "I am glad I am not come too late to save us both! Your father, it is, alas! impossible!—I have come to ask you to marry me!—To fulfil my sworn word, Mary, now that nothing compels me but the love I bear you!"

"Devilish liar! it is too late!" returned Mary. "Why should I wish to marry a murderer, and reprobate like you, and hang my own father for your sake? Villain! where is my child, for whom only would I have desired ever to become your miserable wife?"

"It is alive! I know it is! I heard it cry under the woman's mantle, as she bore it out of Mrs. Sellshire's! Marry me, dearest Mary, and I will leave no stone unturned to recover our child! And I will—when my mother dies—own you and it before all the world, or may—"

"My child! You say—you know that it still lives?"

"Or may I perish by the horrible death your father—who compelled me, Mary, dearest, almost by

main force to do the deed—your father would consign the father of your child to!"

"You will marry me—you will restore my child to me—if would you make me a devil, too, Augustus? and give my father, who, you confess, did not do this murder, to the gallows?"

"He did it—by my hand!"

"No, no, no! I cannot—I must not! The earth will open and swallow me up, if I do!"

"Your father himself, deems it impossible, unnatural—to ask you to bear witness to death against your husband—which, in the sight of God I am, and have always been!"

"You have often told me that, Augustus; and with wicked oaths: But you have denied it even yet more dreadfully in turn."

"I will go this moment, Mary, dearest, and—and put up the banns."

"The banns! Nay, then, I know you are lying!" exclaimed Mary, with the wildfire again flaming in her eyes. "It would come to your mother's ears instantly, and she would disinherit you and my child, at once! Do you think I wish him to be a beggar, that he may be exposed to the like temptations and doom as his unhappy mother and her kin? Ah, Mr. Augustus! if you were marrying a fine lady—an heiress—would you talk about banns to her? You used to amuse me, also, by telling how we could elude your mother's vigilance by purchasing a licence from your church to marry. Now hear me!"

"I do, my own!"

"Mrs. Macdougall has gone to inquire out the earliest coach to Brook to-morrow morning—and I am going by it!—unless in the meantime, you procure a licence, and make me your wife! For wretch, wretch, that you are—and that I am—at that price, and for the redemption of my child, I will assure my father that—that fellow-monster—I will give him to destruction, and save you from it, if you will restore me my child—my child!"

"Mary, I will!—Swear to me you will not betray me!"

"I will swear it to you at the altar only!—I will keep the oath only when you have put into my hands all the clues you possess to the recovery of my child."

"To-morrow, then—at the altar!"

We will dwell no more on this unholy bargain, save to take a glance at its consequences.

A few days after, Mary Rourke presented herself at Maidstone gaol, and obtained an interview with her imprisoned father.

She informed him that Augustus Pophly had faithfully kept his word, that she was married to him, and was the mother of a fine boy! She produced a certificate of her marriage, the date of which Augustus had altered with a skilful pen. She convinced the prisoner, by reasons with which he had furnished her, that it was only by perseverance in directing the weight of the charge on Frederick, he could have any chance of preserving himself from the penalties of the crime committed at his instigation.

Mary under the influence of the powerful motives working on her, managed to persuade herself that such was really the case.

Patrick Rourke was fondly attached to his daughter, as we have previously witnessed. He felt his own misconduct had been in great measure the cause and excuse of hers. He had sufficient good sense to see that he could hardly better his own position by involving Augustus in his ruin. He was deceived and flattered in the most earnest of his feelings, by the prospect of the elevation of his daughter and her descendants in the scale of society.

And thus he was prevailed upon to stand the hazard of his die, without attempts at extrication likely to involve his son-in-law in suspicion.

The result might have been predicted, without fear of disgrace to the prophet of evil.

Leppard's evidence was decisive; a verdict of guilty consigned Patrick Rourke to the condemned cell of Maidstone gaol, and set the whole county on tiptoe in the expectation of witnessing his execution two market days later.

It appeared that he resigned himself, with the brutish stoicism to be expected from his character to his fate.

It was certainly known that his daughter continued in as constant attendance upon him as the rules of the prison permitted, and that he declined the spiritual advice of the Protestant chaplain of the gaol, without expressing any wish to see one of his own former communion. His daughter read him daily the prayers for the dying of the Catholic Church. And these seemed to be his only preparations.

The condemned criminal appeared to have forgotten that he had other children. But the day before that appointed for his execution, a message was sent, to know if he would not wish to see them, from their protectress, Miss Sidney, of Charlton.

For some reason of her own, Mary Rourke would fain have persuaded her father not to expose himself to the pain of this interview. But Patrick thought otherwise. He should like to see little "Corny" again, he said; and he wished to give his children solemnly into her charge before he died, as she would be so well able to look after them in future times!

Mary steered her heart also for this terrible last strain, and at the appointed hour took her place in her father's dungeon to await the arrival of the expected group.

The poor innocents, scarcely conscious of the dreadful nature of their visit, but weeping and wailing dimly, as if by instinct, in concert, presented themselves to their unhappy sire, all decently clad in mourning. And all of them looked, in other respects, so rosy, plump, and well, that no further testimony was necessary, as to the kindness and attention of which they had been the objects from the benevolence of strangers.

Mary Rourke dreaded and anticipated it; but she had hardly power to rise, and courtesied totteringly, almost to the ground, when she perceived Miss Sidney bring up the melancholy train, leaning on the arm of Julia Rushton.

Caroline herself looked scarcely like an inhabitant of this world. The spiritually refined and angelic cast of her beauty was still more etherealized by the effects of her recent and wasting malady. All these qualities, combined with the mournful sweetness and compassion expressed in all her features, gave her the aspect of a seraph gliding into a captive's dungeon, on some errand of merciful relenting from above!

In such a light did she fall even upon the obtuse and dark-minded criminal before her.

Rourke actually sunk on his knees when he beheld her approach, and raising his arms, with his youngest child in them, tears rushed down his hitherto hardened visage, in a torrent, as he ejaculated, "God for ever bless and preserve, and bring you to His everlasting glory, you blessed angel of goodness, Miss Caroline, for the sake of these poor orphans! Amen!"

How was it Mary Rourke strove to echo that word, and could not?

And yet Caroline had returned her salute with a mild graciousness that argued no bitterness or repugnance on her part, view her in what light she might.

"I thought, Mr. Rourke," said Caroline, in her low, sweet accents, "I thought—that it might give you some consolation if you were assured, by my own lips, that I would never desert your helpless little ones, and would bring them up to, I hope, better fortunes than their unhappy father!"

"God reward you, madam," sobbed Rourke, fairly overcome.

"You may reward me, Mr. Rourke—pricelessly reward me, if you would!" returned Caroline, in her turn, almost inarticulate with emotion.

"I cannot—I cannot!" gasped the unfortunate wretch, on whom his daughter's gaze was now fastened.

"I do not ask you to declare openly his innocence; I would only implore of you to set my mind at rest for ever on the point! Let us be alone, in the presence of God only, and from the lips of a dying man let me hear the truth. It cannot add to my suffering; and it may—Oh God! what might it not do to raise me from the black gulf of misery into which I am falling—at whose bottom couches madness! Certainly would calm me, either way; and Oh! Rourke, for that one good deed God will forgive you the worst of the evil ones you have committed!"

Rourke was silent for several moments, but most powerfully and visibly affected. His eyes rolled towards his daughter; and even she had yielded, for hers sunk from counselling him to obstinacy.

"Leave me till—till to-morrow, to know how I can say it so as to do no harm to anybody else, blessed lady, and I'll do what I can to set Mr. Frederick right before all the world. Whatever else he has done, he is no murderer."

"Thank God! thank God! I shall die happy in the belief!" ejaculated Miss Sidney, in an ecstasy of thanksgiving. "But do not think, Mary Rourke," she continued, extending her hand to the girl, "that any selfish motive influences me in my request. I know that his heart is yours!—that the child you have given to the light is his! And yet, believe me, I will do as much, and more, to restore him to men's

good opinion and your arms, as if he was still as true and faithful to me as I once deemed him."

Mary Rourke dared not take that proffered hand, but she sank on both knees, and kissed the very hem of the lady's garments, in impassioned reverence. And yet—strange, human, national contradiction—she would not utter the word that would have freed Caroline's soul from the deadly weight that was drawing it down, by her own avowal, into the very abysses of despair!

Nevertheless, this scene produced a result of great importance, in preventing the fixation of public opinion against Frederick Graham.

Rourke made a dying declaration on the scaffold, in the face of the whole assembled multitude drawn from all parts of the county, in which he certified that Frederick Graham was "wholly and entirely" innocent of all participation in the crime for which he suffered.

He confessed that he had himself instigated and aided in the murder. But he solemnly declared that he was not the actual perpetrator of the deed. He protested, with the rope around his neck, a few instants only before he was launched on his great voyage, that he had an accomplice—and but one—who had done the actual slaughter.

Nevertheless, he owned that his sentence was just. And exhorting all his hearers to shun drunkenness as the root of every crime and misery, he drew the cap over his face with his own hands, and leaped off the scaffold, without waiting to be turned off.

"Good grit, very good grit, in that thar fellar!" philosophically commented one of the spectators. "He ain't spilt much harm, 'ither! He would have made a good stout fellow in a ditch at storming a town, now! But he makes a capital hang, too!"

CHAPTER XLIX.

"All hands, unmoor! unmoor!"

Hark, to the hoarse but welcome sound,
Starting the seaman's sweetest slumbers,
The groaning capstan's laboring round!

J. F. COOPER.

We must now recross the Atlantic, to watch over the fortunes of the generous youth thus tenderly beloved.

Frederick gave a hasty account of his proceedings on shore to Avery, while the ship was getting covered with her canvas in preparation for departure.

"Sampson Primrose had just returned, in a friend's vehicle, from Mogulistan," he said. "He brought a negro girl he purchased at your desire, with him. I questioned him cautiously, and I found that Miss Avery's escape was not suspected at the time he left. But there was a row going on between Jonathan Leppard and his wife, likely to end in a discovery; he vowed he would have the lady's custody, as his own property, and Hawklewyd, Mason, and some others were backing him in it. But the good ogress stood out stoutly that the purchase was effected with her money, and that no one should approach the girl without her permission. Indeed she openly accused her husband of his base intentions. The whole sale had, in fact, degenerated into a universal riot, and Sampson had a good deal of difficulty in getting quietly away with his purchase!"

"Would you believe it? Our friend the Quaker has at last thrown off the mask, and it appears that, after all, he is himself a slave dealer! He confessed to me that he has been 'concluding' all along we were fitting out as slavers, and offers to deal with us, to any extent, on our return."

"Can it be possible? What a world is this!" exclaimed Avery. "Why, Fred, I shall begin to believe next that you are not quite all that you seem!"

"It will be time enough to think me a hypocrite when you have a peep under my mask," returned Frederick, gaily. "But the old fellow don't want his liberality of opinion on the point to be publicly known, for he says his sect, as a body, are principled against slave dealing."

"Very conscientious, I must say."

"I did not undeceive him, for particular reasons, which you can readily guess, sir," resumed Frederick. "Another piece of humbug on the old fellow's part was, that though he would not lend any hand in collecting the kind of neck-or-nothing crew I required, he gave me every necessary direction where I could gather them myself. So I left him and Trewas to settle the ships' accounts together, while I went along shore and sharked up the landless resolute. I am afraid they are a strange collection, but they are very fit, I imagine, for a wild enterprise like ours."

"We will have them all piped up, to have the terms of agreement read to them and subscribed," replied Avery.

Alick Neil, who usually officiated as boatswain, was thereupon instructed to summon all the new comers to the quarter-deck.

The captain proceeded tranquilly, meanwhile, in his directions to his English sailors, who were actively engaged in the duties of the vessel.

It was at this moment that Laverock Trewavas approached Frederick, with visible signs of agitation.

"Oh, my dear boy! what do you think has come to pass?" he said, half laughing, and half very much the other way.

"Anything particularly new?"

"Why, you know, when you left me at Primrose's, and the old fellow was casting up the accounts, I had the folly to tell the girls how we were going off at once to sea. And you cannot tell what a terrible way they both went off in, in a moment; especially when they heard we were going to Africa, and should most likely never come back to New Orleans again."

"Nonsense! What is it to them?"

"Oh! Naomi is most awfully in love with you, and Ruth with me."

"What folly you talk, Laverock! You ought really to put your tongue under a little discipline!" said Frederick, angrily.

"There are two plain proofs of it, Frederick! Those mad girls heard that you were assembling a crew for the expedition, and they have disguised themselves, each, in a suit of sailor's slops, from their father's store, and come on board of us as volunteers. Ruth has already confessed it all to me, and Naomi is sitting in a dark corner of the steerage cabin, crying herself to death with shame and fear."

Frederick was at once startled and much irritated by this intelligence.

"Good heavens! What will Captain Avery think of it? With so honorable and virtuous a lady on board, too! What can the crazy wench look for, or expect? Trewavas, if you are wilfully concerned in this adventure, and intend the poor girls any harm, I renounce you for ever as my friend."

"I assure you, upon my honor, Frederick, I am as much alarmed and vexed at the occurrence as you can be!"

"As a proof, then, you must assist me to get them as quietly as possible restored to their home and father, without exposing them to public disgrace and discovery," said Frederick.

"I am ready to do anything you desire. Believe me, I have no notion of marrying such a forward chick as my one is—and at the same time, I would not do or suffer any mischief to either of the poor girls for half the world."

"I'll get a boat ready, then, as quietly as possible, and as much out of sight of Captain Avery as I can, and we will see how to get them away without further ado. Go and tell them to come on deck, to the muster of the new hands, meanwhile, and caution them to present themselves as little as possible to notice."

Trewavas hastened to comply—not altogether pleased, perhaps; he was too young and rash for that—but a good deal relieved from the responsibility of the presence of the two impudent girls on board the Osprey.

The new members of the crew were by this time assembled below the quarter-deck.

Avery paced it, keeping an eye on Leppard's motions, and on the manœuvring of the vessel, while he prepared his harangue for the rude ears to which it was to be addressed.

Between thirty and forty men, some dozen and a half of whom were natives, and the rest foreigners of various countries, gathered to the boatswain's call.

The majority of these persons were therefore as much strangers to one another as to their ship and commander, which obviated some dangers in Frederick's calculation.

Nevertheless, it would have been of bad omen to him if he had noticed with what acute, and finally approving, soon Leppard watched the gathering.

"Good stuff, this!—as good as I could have selected, acting on my own responsibility, for the purpose!" "And yonder if there isn't my old friend, Paul Partout, the Frenchman! But I shan't own him till we're out of Avery's wild-cat glower!"

The individual alluded to was a small-built but very quick, active, and intelligent-looking man; rather dandified and showy in his apparel, though only that of a common sailor. He wore a scarlet flannel shirt, a blue silk cap with a tassel, and had his hair and whiskers well greased, and perhaps artificially curled.

"Now, Frederick! are all the men you have engaged with assembled?" said Captain Avery, perceiving that Alick had ceased to pipe, and that the groups appeared to have settled themselves quietly, in the deepening twilight, on the lower deck.

"I think so, sir," replied Frederick. "No!" he added, in raised tones, "here are two boys who have no business on board, and who are entirely unfitted for such an adventure as ours!—They must go ashore again. We don't want them!"

"Oh, Mr. Graham!" ejaculated a faint voice—the voice of Naomi Primrose. "I am sure thee knows us!—Let us stay!—We shall both be of service in some way or other. I can cook, and my brother can wait at table better than any cabin boy ever thee hired for money!"

"Let them stay, Frederick, if their youth is the only fault. We have work for all who are willing to do it!" said Avery, without even glancing at the two trembling mock lads.

"But it is not, sir! I have reason to know they are here without the consent of their parents—runaways from good discipline, who will bring us a great deal of trouble and inconvenience!" replied Frederick, though moved with the shame and agitation now visible in the demeanor of the excepted parties.

"We have no time to lose, you are aware, Mr. Graham!" said Avery, rather surprised at this pertinacity. "We have no time to lose, putting run-away school-boys ashore! And a good rough voyage will, perhaps, cure them of sea longings better than the rod!"

"I have forgotten a matter of great importance, ashore, sir! And as I must go, Trewavas and I will take them with us, to secure what I have omitted, and return instantly!" persisted Frederick.

The two boys burst into tears, and wept and bemoaned themselves like distracted creatures (as they were) on hearing these resolute words.

"Oh, pray, pray don't send us back again! Mr. Trewavas! intercede for us!—What will our father say?" implored Ruth.

"Yonder, I think, I spy him coming, and he will soon favor you with his ideas on the subject, in person, I calculate," said Leppard, who, apparently in idle curiosity, had kept one of the ship's telescopes pretty constantly directed to port.

The mocking, sardonic tone of the man alarmed Frederick. And glancing in the same direction, he perceived indeed a boat approaching the vessel, at the full strain of a pair of oars, with a figure seated in the bows, whose squat proportions and broad beaver closely recalled the attributes of Sampson Primrose.

"What do you mean?" said Frederick, fearful that the discovery was made.

"Why! we've only another on board!—I don't count the nigger lass—so the ladies won't be so much of a drug!" returned Leppard, in his dry, irritating tones. "And if you're tired of them yourself, Mr. Graham, it don't follow—"

"Hold your peace, sir, if you do not wish to renew our quarrel!" interrupted Frederick, angrily.

"My poor lads! You see into what mortifications and disgrace you have brought yourselves!" he continued. "But confide yourselves to my care, and I will remove you from the ship before your father arrives in search of you, and completes the discovery of your folly!"

"Let us go, Ruth!—Let us fling ourselves into the river sooner than face him in his anger!" exclaimed Naomi, all her previous feelings absorbed in this new alarm.

"What is all that talking about, below? Can't you arrange about the lads, Fred?" said Avery, in a loud and commanding tone.

He was evidently surprised at the length of the discussion on so unimportant a circumstance as the appearance of two runaway lads on board a ship clearing out for sea.

The dialogue that had followed his own observation was carried on in too low a key to reach him on the quarter-deck.

"They an't lads at all, sir! They're lasses!" replied Leppard in shrill tones, audible to all. "And worth kissing, too, not only for their own good looks, but for their father's dollars! They're the two daughters of Sampson Primrose; a good, solid, old fellow, with whom I meant to recommend you to have some dealings, Captain Avery! He'll furnish you a ship with chains and pork sooner than any reg'lar out-spoken go-between in the South! But the young gentlemen, your lieutenants, here—it seems—don't care for their company any longer and mean to run them ashore as hogsheads of riled sugar!"

Avery's astonishment was very great on listening to this malicious explanation.

He advanced hurriedly to the end of the quarter-deck, and descended among the collected group of seamen.

A glance now sufficed to satisfy him of the truth

of Leppard's statement, so far as regarded the identity of the pretended lads.

"Why, how is this, Mr. Graham? 'Good God! Can you so have forgotten what is due to honor and the claims of hospitality, so as to have cajoled these foolish girls from their father's roof?'"

"I trust, Captain Avery, such conduct ought to seem to you impossible on my part. But my efforts to restore these foolish young women to their home without this exposure, suffice to refute the mere suspicion!" replied Frederick, indignantly.

"Oh, let us go back again, let us go back again, before my father comes! Mr. Frederick knows nothing of our coming—not any one? We were only so tired of living at home, and wanted to see the wide world!" sobbed Ruth.

"Forgive me, Frederick—I ought to have known it was impossible!" said Avery, ashamed of his impetuosity. "But I have learned, by a bitter experience, as you are aware, that beauty makes villains and madmen sometimes of the best and wisest of us. Take the girls ashore with all possible speed, for yonder really is their father approaching, no doubt in pursuit! We can afford to waste another hour, since all seems quiet on land, to save these kind and good-hearted girls from the exposure of their imprudence. Cast off a boat to larboard, and make out of his sight as fast as possible!"

The Quaker's boat was visibly making the ship on the starboard quarter, and as it was almost dark night, it seemed likely his observation might be eluded in the manner indicated.

"Take care, Mr. Leppard! that you make no betrayal, and I doubt not we shall succeed in the purpose!" said Frederick, with menacing significance, to that worthy.

"Oh, I'm one of them agreeable critters, who if they can't make no mirth, mar none!" rejoined Leppard.

Frederick had already made arrangements, which rendered it easy to lower a boat with little more delay than was necessary to ease her down to the water.

Laverock jumped into it, and received the two weeping girls into his arms—with a tender, though stolen, hug for Ruth. Frederick dropped down after them, and silently seizing an oar, the two young men pulled off from the Osprey in good style, on one side, while Sampson Primrose shouted for a rope on the other.

"Haul up the main-ropes, and keep the ship away from the wind, till Mr. Graham has time to return, men!" shouted Avery: "and Mr. Leppard, be so good as to come on the quarter-deck with me, while I read the ship's articles to our new hands."

"But isn't Mr. Primrose, sir, to be first attended to?" hesitated Leppard.

"My orders, Mr. Leppard, are to be first and foremost of all things attended to, on board this ship!" returned Avery, sternly.

He motioned to the ladder of the quarter-deck, and Leppard, inwardly cursing his commander's imperative style of exacting obedience, followed him passively up the steps.

But Avery had speedily cause to be sorry that he kept his first mate so close to him.

Desirous to give as much time for their manœuvre as possible to the fugitives, Avery affected not to hear the second mate's call to him, that a boat from shore was hailing for a rope.

He opened a schedule of the agreement he had drawn up for the assent of his new men, and commenced an address to them, in his sonorous, manly tones, which instantly riveted all their attention.

"Hark you, boys!" began the captain. "I am going on a cruise which may last a matter of some two or three years! I shall not tell you where, nor what for; only that I am neither a whaler nor a sealer. But if successful, of which there is little doubt, I and the young gentleman, who is my fellow adventurer, shall be the two richest men in the world, and you shall all of you share such a competency as shall set you above want to the last hour of your lives. I promise that to the meanest and least deserving of you all. To others, increase in proportion to their merits and endeavors in the cause. The least deserving among you, I say, who shall stand faithfully by me, until I achieve the object in view, shall receive a thousand dollars for every month he has labored with me! Meanwhile, agree among yourselves what are the highest wages the best seaman among you can command on this day in this harbor, and I will double it for the time any of you choose to remain in the service of the good and gallant ship we stand on!"

There was a confused murmur of curiosity, wonder, and delight among the men. It occurred at once to all, without doubt, that some filibustering

expedition—such had begun to be much in fashion at the period and place—was in view.

Hardly one of the whole company—composed of wild and lawless men as it was—felt the least repugnance on moral or social grounds. The scruples of those who had any other were absorbed in the immediate prospect of extraordinarily high wages. From the appearance of all around, and that of Avery—whose whole demeanor was rather that of a naval commander than of a trading captain—the men were disposed to place perfect confidence in his power to make good his promises.

They consulted among themselves for a few instants, and meanwhile the Quaker's voice was again heard, squealing out in alarmed and excited tones—

"Aho, a rope, aboard there, friend!"

Paul Partout, the Frenchman, appeared to be chosen as spokesman, although he commanded only indifferent English.

"Monsieur le capitaine!" he said, stepping forward, with really quite a courtly bow, "we accept the conditions so far with de liveliest emotions of gratitude! Be pleased to do us de honneur to state what stipulations you append—after which we will decide ourselves on de tariff of wage in dis port!"

Avery smiled.

"I have only to add, sir," he resumed, "that I require of you all the most implicit obedience to my commands, and those of my officers, who are four in number, and rank as first and second lieutenants, chief and second mates, and, in that order, are to be obeyed next to myself! And now get below with Mr. Neal, and put your fists to this paper, and drink yourselves and me a good voyage and a happy success, in a pail of punch, or whatever you like better, including a bumper of claret for you, Monsieur Partout, if you don't like stronger drink!"

The new hands gave an uproarious cheer for their liberal captain, and trooped off with evident satisfaction, under the guidance of Alick Neil.

"Don't leave me yet, Mr. Leppard! Let them have an opportunity of making acquaintance with their immediate officer first," said Avery, detaining him as he was about to descend from the quarter-deck. "But, bless me! poor Primrose has bawled himself fairly hoarse, and no one has paid any attention to him yet! Lend a rope, you lazy lubbers, there!—Don't you hear somebody calling for one?"

Attention was now at last paid to the Quaker's repeated cries, whose boat was swinging to and fro the Osprey, in a very awkward manner. He had not dexterity enough to catch at anything to hold by, and as the tide was high and rough, his solitary boatman had as much on hand as he could accomplish to avoid coming into collision, or being flung away on the current.

In a few more minutes Sampson Primrose was landed safely on deck, though wet to the skin with the foam and froth of the waves he had been dancing among so long.

"Why, who would have expected to see you, Mr. Primrose?" said Avery, striving to look as if he anticipated no such ebullition as he apprehended was about to express the injured father's sentiments. "Anything wrong in the bills?"

"O, man Avery! man Avery! what hast thee done?" returned Sampson, dismally.

CHAPTER L.

Congential natures, whereso'er they meet,
Do, by some subtle motions recognize,
Whether for good or evil; Evil most!
Which mingle like devouring flames that leap
From several piles of ruin, into one rage
Of ravaging destruction!

TIME, THE AVENGER.

It so happened that the day on which Patrick Rourke was executed, was the one appointed for the christening of the infant son and heir of Sir Richard Graham, Bart.

So this true child of guilt and suffering was pompously designated in the paragraph assigned it among the births.

Mrs. Campdown read the announcement aloud to the colonel, at breakfast, with great marks of outward contempt and ridicule, and much inward vexation and envy.

"An old man like that! What an absurd figure he must cut, with a baby to christen! He can never expect to see it grown up, or even out of leading strings, properly speaking. And what a brute of a woman Lady Graham must be," she added, on a subsequent occasion, "to be able to come to town ten or fifteen miles, in less than a fortnight! And to give the christening party in three weeks! But I never knew such a great, strong creature in my life. Her brickdust complexion was as hot as ever! I saw her get out? It really seems as if it were burned into it, like the colors in china!"

What concern the tidings gave in Walter Graham's family may be imagined. But they did not seem, indeed, to trouble him as much as his wife, who thenceforth resigned all hope of securing for her children, any portion of their grandfather's inheritance.

Sir Richard was plainly given up to the influence of his wife and her allies—accomplices, more properly speaking—since even the revelation of the imposture practised upon him had produced no visible effect.

How it worked in the mind and feelings of Sir Richard, no outward indications betrayed. People could only notice that he drank more than usual, and that he seemed to have transferred most of the displays of doting fondness he formerly lavished on his consort to his new born heir.

Meanwhile, Augustus Pophly, after his forced marriage with Mary Rourke, gave no more brilliant example of conduct in his new relations, than in his former ones.

He was obliged, indeed, to dissemble for a time. He was obliged to cajole Mary with elaborate displays of tenderness; until he had won her wholly over to his views, and saw her safely on her way to assist, one might almost say, in her father's immolation!

She pledged herself to the utmost secrecy on their union, to all but that destined sacrifice to its stability. And, in return, Augustus solemnly engaged to leave no endeavor unmade to discover what had become of their stolen child.

But though compelled to assent to all Mary's conditions, to avoid the calamity that threatened him so closely, Augustus had no other object or intentions than to shake off the yoke imposed on him as speedily as possible.

All depended on keeping his connection with Mary a secret. Augustus felt that that was the key to his whole position. And he found his money go so fast, and his dependence on his mother so irksome, that he had arrived at a fixed conclusion it would be necessary for him to marry his cousin, the heiress.

His own conceit, and the flattery of all his new friends—of Dalrymple especially—persuaded him he had only failed hitherto by a want of earnestness on his own part. Besides, his formidable rival was now removed from his way, forever!—was he not?

We do not say that Augustus had formed a deliberate plan of ridding himself of his unhappy wife by violent means: but other plans, even darker and viler, floated in his depraved cogitations. And, foremost of all, he had good hopes the shocks of mind and constitution she had sustained would eventually prove too much for an organization naturally delicate and fragile.

Certainly the recovery of Mary's child would have no tendency to promote any of these objects! It may therefore be believed—whatever deceit he intended to practise upon her—that he made no effort to unravel the mystery of its disappearance.

Still, with all these hopeful views opening around him, Augustus found himself but indifferent company. He therefore eagerly resorted to that which Captain Dalrymple took the trouble to introduce him to, including the most dissolute and abandoned persons of both sexes to be found in the metropolis—persons who—and with all our abhorrence of hypocrisy, we knew not whether to call it a merit—had thrown aside their masks, and encouraged all who approached them to do the same. But Augustus doubtless felt himself as much at ease as it was now possible for him to feel, in this jovial society.

His confidence in Dalrymple was strengthened by the fact that the latter's friend, Mr. Cocksure, in reality, got him gazetted cornet, in the regiment of Hussars he had chosen, within less time than he could possibly have anticipated.

He had to pay pretty smartly for the influence exerted—but money was no longer so much an object with Augustus Pophly. His mother was pleased and proud at his rapid success, and in ecstasies at the description of his regimentals. And she "came down handsomely," according to Dalrymple himself on the occasion. She believed the story of the pickpocketing, and replaced the sum lost—though she took the opportunity, rather significantly, of mentioning that Caroline had twice inquired how he did. And, moreover, Mr. Blackader was very kind and indulgent—permitted him to renew and extend his bills—and behaved, indeed, in all respects like an usurer who intended to be the ruin of an heir!

But it must be admitted, despite all these reasons for satisfaction, that Augustus was not in very good spirits on the morning of the christening.

Not that he felt the least remorse or compassion for the fate of his associate in crime.

Augustus hated Rourke with a rancorous intensity, heightened every moment by the anxieties and apprehensions he suffered. He considered him the only guilty party in the affair of the murder, lulling his own conscience with the notion that he had been but his involuntary agent in the crime. He rejoiced in the destruction overtaking him. All that troubled Augustus was the dread that some unforeseen accident might intervene to endanger himself or protract the period of suspense.

He could not learn the safe execution of Rourke before he started. The lightning had not yet undertaken the office of men's messenger, and Maidstone was then distant several hours. Besides, Augustus would not have dared to show peculiar anxiety on the occasion.

He had resolved to attend the party, as an advisable mark of deference to a wealthy and powerful acquaintance.

Captain Dalrymple had not forgotten his invitation to the same festivity. He came for Augustus in his phaeton, which he had lately been enabled to resume. But this usually gay and sociable fellow was himself a little "down in the mouth," by his own account.

He had just received authentic intelligence, that "that confounded, meddling St. John's Wood woman, Mrs. Walter Graham," had brought about an explanation and complete reconciliation between his uncle and the "punchy little widow!" And not only that, but had succeeded in bringing them to an understanding on another point more nearly affecting the captain's interests. In brief, the preliminaries of a matrimonial union were arranged between the parties.

"That's all I've made by my move in the city, the other day, boy! But still I shan't consider it altogether an unlucky one, my dear fellow, since it introduced us together!"

The friends drank one another "better luck next time, in an early bottle of Burgundy, and then dashed off in first rate style for Kensington.

They arrived rather late, as the principal part of the company were assembled in readiness to set off to the church.

The grand drawing room at Villa Albano was even grander than usual! Five beautiful silver vases, elaborately chased, and filled with white wax flowers, under domes of brilliant glass, ornamented each of the five window recesses. These, it circulated in mysterious whispers, among the guests, were Sir Richard's present on the occasion to the mother of his heir.

The lady herself had seldom appeared to greater advantage. In spite of Mrs. Campdown's assertions, she looked very interestingly pale—as became her recent situation. Whether artificially so, or not, we do not presume to say. But if need were, Lady Graham's earlier profession might have suggested the means.

It was undeniable that she was beautifully attired. White watered silk, with Brussels lace flounces nearly to the waist, could hardly look amiss! And we appeal to our fair readers whether even an indifferent visage was not likely to show to advantage in a little white satin bonnet, all mossy over with pink rosebuds, and swansdown feathers, glistening with silver dewdrops, like a shower of sparks!

The company was numerous, and included that great desideratum—several titled personages. We ought to particularize my Lord Clodcurry, who was to be godfather, and the Honorable Mrs. Bouchier, who was to be godmother. The latter, a friend, it was understood: an old friend—it was even obscurely intimated, relation!—of Lady Graham's. Mrs. Bouchier said nothing to the contrary—and as her ladyship bought all her laces of her, there was no occasion.

Mr. Blackader was there, retired and respectful, as usual. The host himself seemed a little flushed and excited.

At least, Augustus thought so, when he advanced with his friend, the captain, to be presented to the hostess.

"I am most happy to introduce you to Lady Graham, at last, Mr. Pophly! Most happy, really quite delighted! I have already prepossessed her ladyship with a notion of the very great kindness I experienced at your mother's hands, Mr. Pophly! and at yours, and at everybody's in Brook! My dear, you will make me happy by any mark of attention we can show to Mr. Pophly—who is one of the most amiable young men that ever—and his whole amiable family, indeed, Lady Graham!"

And Sir Richard wrung the amiable young gentleman's hand with even superfluous cordiality. Lady Graham bowed with very ladylike courtesy

upon this introduction. And she seemed, moreover, particularly struck with the appearance of the party thus strongly recommended to her notice.

We have remarked, that Augustus Poply inherited a good deal of his father's handsome features and complexion. The craft and duplicity seated in the depths of his expression, he knew how to veil with an appearance of candor and smiling kindness, on proper occasions.

He was attired in his splendid new regimentals, which Dalrymple had persuaded him he ought not to lose so fine an opportunity of displaying for the first time. His figure was tall and well made. He was the very kind of man to attract the attention of a woman so vain and superficial as Lady Graham, united to an old husband whom she despised, at once, and feared.

But she had to think of something else almost immediately.

Attentively considering the gorgeous Hussar, Lady Graham had not at first noticed his companion, who stood a good deal in the shade. But it was now Captain Dalrymple's turn to be introduced—and glancing at him, Lady Graham became of a much deadlier pale than the becoming pearly hue she had so far exhibited.

On his part, Captain Dalrymple was gazing at her in irrepressible wonder, and a mixture of comical surprise in his expression, which attracted the observation of Sir Richard himself.

"Are you acquainted with Lady Graham, Captain Dalrymple, that you—that you?"

"If I am not much mistaken, we have met previously in society!" interposed Lady Graham, hastily; and she injudiciously added, "you were an officer in the—th, Captain, I believe, when the late Lieutenant Snodgrass and I had the pleasure of meeting with you in Dublin society?"

"Exactly so!—exactly so, madam! Major Mulcaster—"

"My cousin is dead, sir! Perhaps you have not heard?" said Lady Graham with an appealing glance which the captain seemed to take in its proper significance.

"Exactly so, madam! He was killed in the steeple-chase at Clontarf, before you left—certainly!" There was an awkward pause of some moments.

"Bring in the child!—why don't they bring in the child?" said Sir Richard, then, with a strange huskiness and acrimony of tone for so joyous an occasion.

Nurse and child were summoned in vociferous accents by our old acquaintance, Orlando; and speedily descended, bearing and borne in great state, to the drawing-room.

But it was now Augustus's turn to look and feel astonishment and dismay.

In the person of the stylish head nurse, in her sky-blue silks and white satin ribbons, Augustus recognized the inquisitive attendant on Mary Rourke, in a very similar capacity.

So much is said about the natural instincts of relationship, that we do not think we ask too much of the reader's credulity, if—coupling all that he saw and had heard together—Augustus Poply turned his startled eyes on the infant thus paraded, with a conviction that he was gazing on his own first-born.

There was little to reward parental solicitude in the appearance of this precious pledge, excepting the elegant taste and costliness of its equipments.

It is true the nurse gave an unaccountable stumble as she entered and discovered Augustus, which awakened the infant from a peevish and uncomfortable slumber, to a display of suitable emotions.

But it was an impish changeling, at best, all there assembled—save Sir Richard Graham, who imagined himself the sire—were ready enough afterwards, in their private conversations to admit.

The head of the poor infant was remarkably large—all the rest of its frame as remarkably small, shrunken and withered!

Lord Clodcurry, who was very deeply in debt to Sir Richard, declared that this betokened an extraordinary development of the intellectual organs, and predicted that his godson would prove a great man, in consequence. The baby's visage was indeed in other respects so wizened and weird in its premature character of peevish comprehension of all that was happening around, that it rather resembled that of an old man worn away by disease, and the canker of an evil heart, than an infant which had only seen the light for a few weeks.

This miserable little creature was of a sallow blue complexion, as if it had been more than half strangled in its birth. And Augustus remarked without one pang of remorse, that it had a dent and discoloration of a bruise on the unsightly lump formed over the little vicious pig's eyes, for a forehead.

In fact, he took, from the first glance, a species of

dread, mingled with abhorrence, of what he scarcely doubted, in his own heart, to be the fruit of his own evil passions and brutality.

But the words that came from his lips were by no means echoes of these thoughts. On the contrary, he dexterously praised it as Lord Clodcurry had done, for the remarkable signs of early intelligence and vivacity of feelings it displayed! Augustus had not the courage, however, to do as Dalrymple did, and laud it for beauty, with a daring insinuation that it strongly resembled the mother, in that respect, and the father in the unusual development of the cerebral organs!

Lady Graham bit her lip, and seemed not particularly gratified by the latter compliment. But Sir Richard apparently perceived no irony in it, and took the baby from the nurse, and dandled it, and fondled it round for all the company to see, with something of childish dotage and delight in his manner.

Augustus had the complaisance to insist on taking the infant into his own arms, and nursing it for a few moments in turn. But whether, like the child of Hector, the poor little changeling was frightened by the pomp of his warlike panoply, or hurt by the gold brocade that covered it, it burst immediately into such a yell and outcry that he, Augustus, was forced to hand it back again to the nurse immediately.

He took the opportunity to slip a sovereign into Mrs. Wildgoose's hand, with an expressive glance, that seemed to say, "keep my secret and I'll keep yours," or something to that effect, though Mrs. Wildgoose was far from suspecting his, or imagining that her own was detected.

Nevertheless, she dreaded and disliked, and almost equally, the appearance of Augustus on the scene. Thinking, as she did, this infant was the issue of the unlawful loves of Frederick Graham and Mary Rourke, she feared lest some inadvertent betrayal on the part of Mr Poply should reveal her intended manœuvre in favour of the Graham blood to her mistress.

The sovereign was a makepeace she scarcely knew how to understand, excepting that she thought it possible the Poplys might not wish Sir Richard to know they interested themselves on behalf of a woman attached to his hated grandson.

But there was no time to speculate on the circumstance. The whole party was now required to get into the carriages, to accompany the baby heir to the neighboring church, where his christening was celebrated with all due pomp.

He was named Fortunatus Clodcurry Graham, and nothing but salvoes of artillery were wanting to make the ceremonial all but that attending the admission to the pale of the church of the heir at least to a German dukedom.

The party returned to a most magnificent banquet and revel and was—il reigned to a late hour in the night.

Lord Clodcurry gave the "young Christain's" health and future prosperity, in a florid Irish speech, which betrayed every token of the orator's having licked the national blarney stone to some purpose. It moved a good portion of the company to secret laughter—but Sir Richard Graham to tears. Maudlin tears! must we confess it? The banker had clearly drunk more than was good for him, long before the revel came to an end.

And Lord Clodcurry himself was affected by his own eloquence to a similar demonstration! He also had found it necessary to get over a private scene of degradation, and ferment his imagination with the aid of the juice of the grape.

In consequence, his lordship burst into a splendid prophecy of the future destinies of the child, as properly and aptly named that day, at the altar of Heaven, Fortunatus! His father need not concern himself with the apprehensions he had so feelingly uttered, that the maturity of his own great powers rendered it unlikely he should survive to witness the glorious development of his new born son's! Already precocity was stamped on every lineament and action of the infant! Infant, did he call him? Fortunatus Clodcurry seemed scarcely one, so much intelligence and premature understanding seemed to govern his every motion!—even the expression of his childish wants, usually mere physical wailings, and manifestations of a disagreeable dawning selfishness! If even an event, which all must deprecate, should occur, the company might take his word for it, Fortunatus Clodcurry would be able to run alone before he was out of leading strings! Let only justice be done to his extraordinary precocity, by as early an application of educational forcing—(he need not remind his esteemed friend, "He who spareth the rod spoileth the child!")—and, though he himself might never live to see it (here his lord-

ship become very much affected!) the day would come—he would venture to predict, when the world would recognize—when the great, and happy, and glorious, and free country, might be compelled—in spite of envy and mis-apprehension, and all the snares that beset the path of inexperienced youth—to acknowledge her chief orator, soldier, statesman, or politician, in the person of Fortunatus Clodcurry Graham! In conclusion, his lordship begged leave to give the health of the heir of the house of Graham and Holtwistle, coupled with that of his beautiful, talented, virtuous, and every way estimable mother!

Loud applause! Three times three and one cheer more for Lady Graham.

Sir Richard returned thanks in a remarkably foolish, gushing speech, interrupted by sobs, and other manifestations of intense parental feelings.

Immediately after he sat down, amidst a general murmur of sympathy and choked ridicule, Orlando entered with an evening paper, which he thrust rather unceremoniously before his master.

"What's this?—Oh, ay, ay!—I told you to bring it me as soon as it came, wherever I was! But I didn't mean—"

"There's such good news in it, sir, I thought it would be ascribable to you, sir," began Orlando.

"Good news!" exclaimed Sir Richard, "what, he's confessed, has he? Rourke has acknowledged who—who did the murder with him!—has he?"

Augustus, who, all the time the speechification was going on, had continued in an animated conversation with Lady Graham, whose smiles were lavished on the handsome cornet in great profusion, started at the word and turned as pale as death on the question.

"No, Sir Richard! The party hanged has solemnly acquitted Mr. Frederick of all art and part, and share in the 'orrid deed!' replied Orlando, in language exalted fittingly to the great occasion.

"Acquitted him!—acquitted my poor, guilty friend!" gasped Augustus.

"Acquitted—Frederick Graham?" said her ladyship, in a tone of undissembled vexation.

"Acquitted—your grandson, sir?" said Mr. Blackader, speaking for almost the first time that day.

"I'll see! I'll see!" ejaculated Sir Richard, tremulously opening the paper. "Execution of the Brook Murderer!—Read it, Blackader! Somehow or other I can't!"

The managing clerk readily complied; and read, with marked emphasis and apparent gratulation, Patrick Rourke's dying exoneration of Frederick Graham from all share in the robbery and murder at Charlton Mills.

"Thank God, thank God! If he is my son Frederick's true son, thank God!" exclaimed Sir Richard, at the conclusion, with a fervor that by no means delighted Lady Graham.

"The fellow who pretends to that name, Sir Richard," said her ladyship, bitterly, "is not to be considered innocent on the declaration of a dying ruffian, who might have his own private reasons for wishing to leave an impression in favor of the young villain on more than the public mind!"

"Alas, I fear so!" ejaculated Augustus, while his teeth chattered. "Rourke's daughter is the wretch's paramour. I beg pardon for the expression, Lady Graham! And he probably expects—as she is said to have had a bastard by him—that by marrying her, both can thrust themselves in some unpleasant manner on the prospects of the beautiful child at whose first festival we are assembled!"

Sir Richard heard—met the glance of his lady, which of latter time had almost reversed the meek and submissive tenderness conspicuous in the *acillades* of the former Mrs. Snodgrass—and immediately tore the paper into a million shreds!

A gloom came over the company on this incident; and as there was little more to be said, and few but Lord Clodcurry felt competent to drink much more, it dispersed very soon after.

Lady Graham was particularly kind and pressing in her invitations to the splendid cornet, to repeat his visit on the earliest occasion, and to make himself always at home at Albano Villa. It seemed the showy hostess and her guest had discovered more than a community of ideas in the matters of dress and decoration: both were fond to distraction of theatrical performances! And Lady Graham announced to the young officer, she intended, as soon as she was perfectly convalescent, to amuse her friends with a series of private performances, in which she was certain the assistance of Mr. Poply would be invaluable.

Sir Richard joined his assurances of the gratification it would afford himself, with rather superfluous warmth and reiteration.

Mr. Poply, in reply, declared, with an earnest glance at the lady, the great satisfaction he should

have in compliance, and retired with his friend Captain Dalrymple.

The latter also received an invitation to repeat his visit, but by no means so pressing a one.

"I say old fellow!" said Dalrymple, as Augustus jumped up in the phaeton beside him, applying the whip to his already scarcely manageable steed, to make a dashing go off. "I say old fellow! haven't you gone ahead to-day with my Lady Graham? Didn't I tell you what your dress would do for you? I never saw a woman, fall so directly, soused over head, in love with a splendid suit of clothes before in my life!"

"I flatter myself, Captain Dalrymple," replied Augustus, sharply, "that if Lady Graham has fallen in love with anything, it is not with a mere suit of clothes! But I would thank you not to talk such nonsense about me and a lady like that!—you might get me into trouble!"

"Well, as to nonsense, Gussy!" resumed the captain—he was already on terms thus familiar with his dupe—"As to nonsense, Gussy, my lad! may I be shot my next brush if ever I saw two people so taken and fascinated with one another, as you twain were—at the very first glimpse of each other's fine feathers! Don't try and fight shy with me, my boy! I saw with my own eyes what a sweetly expressive squeeze she gave your hand at parting."

"Do you want to get me into a scrape?—with a married woman, too?" said Augustus, peevishly, and yet highly gratified with his friend's observations of his success.

"Are you sure she is so?" returned Dalrymple. "Upon my soul, I could almost doubt, in spite of all we saw and heard! But if she is, either old Sir Dicky's a wonderfully soft one, or he is taken in handsomely as any elderly gentleman need require to be."

"What do you mean, Captain Dalrymple?" inquired Augustus, with intense interest.

"Why, I recognized her directly, in spite of all her airs of good society, &c., as a woman who used to be an actress of inferior parts at Dublin—and not a bad one either!—and who was mistress to Major Mulcaster of ours there, until the poor fellow broke his neck in a steeplechase!"

"Are you positively sure of this?"

"Am I sure I am in my cabriolet, driving to town, with my best friend beside me?"

"Wonderful!" and Augustus internally added, "We are a pair indeed made for one another!"

"She is a very good looking woman still—even considering what she has gone through—and at one time she was nearly starving, I believe; we had a subscription for her at mess!—Don't you think so, Gus?"

"I am no judge of female good looks!"

"Oh, you cunning fellow, you! But if you don't care for good looks, you ought to consider—if Sir Richard really is her spouse—she will make a deuced rich widow some day—and not particularly far off either, if old Dicky clings to the bottle, so much in the style of the Georgian era, with proper perseverance! If she isn't even madam by all the chains and rivets of the matrimonial service—as she has evidently taken a fancy for you—she may cut up very useful in helping you to a little loose cash from Sir Richard's strong box! Blackader will tire at last, you know, or will be making disagreeable applications to your mother. You couldn't prevent that, unless you could imitate her hand cleverly to put on acceptances? And perhaps she might take that as a liberty, if she lived to know about it!"

"You forget that I have almost made up my mind to take to the heiress at last!" said Augustus, in a tone as if it only required him to do so, to obtain the result indicated. "But, I say, Dalrymple," he continued, after a short pause, "I wonder whether I could depend upon you to do me one of the greatest possible services that could be conferred upon me, and which will remove the main obstacle to my ever attaining the heiress?"

"Go it, my boy! only name it!—Anything in reason! Haven't I told you? from pitch-and-toss, in a churchyard, to downright—no, not quite murder—anything short of that!—I am yours to command, from the crown of my hat, to the sole of my boot!"

"You might rid me of that troublesome girl I mentioned to you, and in a way quite easy for yourself! Easy and pleasant, too, as you are such an admirer of pretty women!"

"I am all attention, from head to heel!"

"She has taken a delirious notion in her confinement—(the child was stillborn, but women are subject to all kinds of foolish fancies in that condition, I believe), that it was stolen from her alive, and sold to a Portuguese count and countess, that they might impose it on their own worthy country people as a

legitimate heir to a large property, and deprive somebody else they disliked."

"What a rum idea!—I wouldn't take my oath though, but what it might actually come into the head of an ingenious contriving woman, like Lady Graham, for example, married to that old fellow, with his absurd notions about founding a family."

Augustus was startled, and looked intently in the captain's face, but perceived he was innocent of attaching any positive significance to his surmise.

"Well, now, what I wanted you to do, is to take charge of the girl on a cruise over to Portugal in search of the supposed missing bantling; and amuse her with the hope of finding it, and to travel about with her, and divert her mind, while I follow up my prospects with the heiress!" said Augustus, steadily.

"Portugal?—it's rather a pretty country for a winter excursion—and they do say I must take care of myself, and that I'm a little battered or so with my recent campaigns!—But where's the money to come from?" said the captain, musingly.

"I'll find that—to any extent, in reason, dear Dalrymple! and pay you a handsome per centage on my cousin's fortune, too, as soon as I secure it!"

"Capital! but is your wench so cracked in the uppers, as not to perceive the improbability of tramping the world with a gay young fellow like me?"

"I'll introduce you to her as a dashing superintendent of police, whose services I have obtained partly in friendly compassion for so unusual and cruel a case, and which requires such delicate management."

"Thank you! Well, I don't much care what I pass for besides, in any woman's eyes that sees me, for I know she will conclude at once, from my externals, I am one of the most engaging fellows in existence! Your Lady Graham didn't though, I must confess."

"I hope Mary will!" said Augustus, with fervor.

"No! do you, though? For I was just about to remark that, if Mary is at all a pretty girl, as you represent, and you care much about her, you had better not send me on an excursion even to the Arctic Circle with her, let alone Portugal!"

"I will forgive you most heartily,—and double your per centage, if you can prevail upon her never to want to see me again, as long as she lives!" said Poplhy, vehemently.

"I believe you! You speak like a man that believes himself!" returned Dalrymple, laughing. "But before we make any bargain on that point, I must see the article. Couldn't we to night?"

"No—we are both rather too fresh in our wine—and besides, you remember we are due at Vert-Vert's, at half-past one? I'll write to her to come up from the country, where she's staying, in a few days, and you can set out on your tour at once. But you must not be surprised, either, if I introduce her to you as Mrs. Poplhy? She will have it I have promised her marriage, and I like to humor her distracted fancies at present as much as I can."

"What a humane dog you are, Gussy, my boy!—Well, we can talk it all over, between now and then, at more leisure! But you don't suppose I forgot our appointment at Vert-Vert's with the long legged simpleton from Oxford, do you?—Here we are!"

And there they were. (To be continued.)

SENSE OF JUSTICE IN DOGS.—Among the mental problems which occupied much of the attention of Ampere, was the vexed question of the nature of the faculties of animals. He originally decided against their capacity to reason, but he abandoned the opinion in deference to a single anecdote related by a friend on whose accuracy he could rely. This gentleman, driven by a storm into a village public-house, ordered a fowl to be roasted. Old fashions then prevailed in the south of France, and turnspits were still employed instead of the modern jack. Neither caresses, threats, nor blows, could make the dog act his part. The gentleman interposed. "Poor dog, indeed!" said the landlord, sharply; "he deserves none of your pity, for these scenes take place every day. Do you know why this pretty little fellow refuses to work the spit?—it is because he has taken it into his head that he and his partner are to share alike, and it is not his turn." Ampere's informant begged that a servant might be sent to find the other dog, who made no difficulty about performing the task. He was taken out after a while, and his refractory partner put in, who began, now his sense of justice was satisfied, to work with thorough good-will, like a squirrel in a cage!

A MAN must possess fire in himself before he can kindle up the electricity that thrills the great popular heart.

A FEMALE JOCKEY.—The attention attracted by the equestrian matches which have recently become a feature, at English fairs, will perhaps impart some interest to the account we are about to give of the appearance of a lady in a similar trial of speed, half a century since, on an English race-course. It was very minutely recorded in the sporting journals of the time. In 1794, the lady of Colonel Thornton, of Yorkshire, England, who was famed alike for her beauty and her fine horsemanship, became the owner of a valuable horse of the best blood, called Zingarilla. Conversing one day with Mr. Flint, her brother-in-law, about the merits of certain of their horses, the gentleman happened to say something to the disparagement of Zingarilla as a courser; upon which Mrs. Thornton challenged him to a trial of speed, for a considerable wager. The race-course at Knayesmiro was selected by the parties; and when the day appointed for the novel contest arrived, a larger concourse of people of all classes assembled on the grounds than had ever before been witnessed in the country. The contestants made their appearances punctually at the designated hour. Mr. Flint wore a Derby cap and tight jacket and breeches, all of white linen. Mrs. Thornton's costume, as described by herself, (with a liberality of capital letters not unusual in her day,) consisted of "a Leopard-colored Skirt, Buff Waistcoat, with plain Gilt Buttons, Blue Cloth Turkish Jacket, and Blue Derby Cap." The race took place at four o'clock in the afternoon. It is doubtful whether or not there were one hundred persons in the assemblage who sympathized with Mr. Flint. The crowd were almost unanimous in their wishes for the lady's success: and so sanguine were her friends of the result, that they offered to bet largely on Zingarilla; but no one was willing to take these bets even at large odds. Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Thornton was beaten. So severe was the disappointment of the people, and so great their indignation at Mr. Flint's want of gallantry in beating his fair competitor, that the safety of that gentleman from personal violence was owing to the presence of a body of military.

INTEMPERANCE GREATLY ABBRIDGES THE TERM OF LIFE.—It is impossible to estimate the physical evils of intemperance in their full extent. The most elaborate statistics fail to represent them. In the dropsies, the liver complaints, the fevers, the deaths by violence, and in numerous other forms of destruction, spread before us in tables of mortality, we find the baneful effects of intemperance far more efficiently represented, than under those heads in which it is more directly designated. Lippich states that of 100 drunkards, whose career had been accurately traced, not less than 52 had perished within the space of four years; the relative mortality of the women having been slightly greater than that of the men. Each drunkard was liable, at an average, to a serious attack of illness every two years, and the greater number died in their prime. In the advanced stages of the vice, at least half the attacks of disease terminated fatally, or there was a tenfold mortality beyond that produced in ordinary conditions. All common disorders become aggravated by tendencies to a nervous or putrid type, with rapid sinking of the strength, or by complications with affections of important organs, as the brain, the stomach, or the liver; while here, as elsewhere, they were frequently rendered still more intractable by persistence in the use of intoxicating liquors during their progress.

TYPES OF RUSSIAN POLICY.—"In Moscow," said Tchaadajeff, "they take every stranger to see the great cannon and the great bell, a cannon which it is not possible to fire off, and a bell which fell down before it produced a sound. Strange town, where its curiosities are distinguished by their absurdity. The bell, however, is yet the best of them. One can take it as a symbol of this immense country quite mute and without tongue."

A NOVEL CHARGE.—An unusual complaint has been brought before an English magistrate. A lady possessed of considerable property, but of a very excitable temperament, has greatly annoyed the neighbors by the most alarming quarrelling, screaming, swearing, &c., continually going on at her house. The magistrates considered that a great nuisance had been proved, and issued a summons against the owner of the property.

REVOLUTIONARY BOOKS.—When a police officer was searching a suspected man's papers and books, he laid aside one volume of the "History of the French Revolution," by Thiers; then a second, then a third, then a fourth, and so on. At last his patience failed, and he said, "Good heavens! what a mass of revolutionary books! And there is another!" he added, giving to the commissioner's address, "sur les révolutions du globe terrestre."

Alexander Dumas.

ALEXANDER DUMAS is a voluminous, and, at the same time, a startling, energetic novelist, full of color, incident, and warmth.

He is not only a great novelist, but, also, an extraordinary man; one who will be the great Cæsar of the day—who must have popular applause; about whom the public mind must, to a certain extent, be occupied.

There is not a doubt that Dumas has been successful in his aim, and it will be amusing to trace how he has done this. Sometimes he has succeeded by fair means; at others, we confess, that he has used a little of the Barnum species of trickery—a means, by the way, neither confined to America nor to England. Sometimes he has been peaceably engaged in this operation; at others, he has declared war to the knife against his publishers, and has become notorious from the warmth and noise of the contest.

The "quarrels of authors" have furnished the materials of an interesting volume; and the feud which exists between the race who write and the tribe who publish and sell, seems to be an undying one. But no quarrel, feud, dispute, or lawsuit, between an author and a publisher, ever assumed such a colossal shape, was ever half so intricate as the *procès* which M. Alexander Dumas had some few years ago to sustain with half the newspaper proprietors of Paris. Five capitalists contending for the exclusive possession of a romance writer; and the romancist promising himself to all, and giving himself to none, is an incident unparalleled in the records of the press. The seven cities that lay claim to the birthplace of Homer were nothing to it; for the poet was dead, and, with true worldly selfishness, those who starved him sought to derive honor from his fame. But Dumas lives, and feasts, and travels, and hunts lions; and sails in frigates, and builds theatres; and is a guest at the nuptials of princes; and rides Arabian horses with gorgeous trappings; and fares sumptuously every day; and turns a court of law into a stage, whereon to exhibit stranger effects than ever your common player could dream of. From the contention of his claimants he drew gold in showers, and is, in every worldly attribute, a much more successful man than Homer; but of this anon.

The father of Alexander Dumas was the son of a negress of St. Domingo, and a Frenchman; he has, therefore, African blood in his veins, which may account for that tinge of extravagance which sometimes gives so strange a coloring to his works.

Having entered the army, his father rose to the rank of general, and had always the reputation of a brave and skilful officer, and served with distinction in the wars of the Revolution, in the armies of the Alps, Egypt, and elsewhere. But, less lucky than many of his comrades, he did not get rich: on the contrary, when he died he left his family in extreme poverty, some regulation of the war-office debarring the widow of her claim to a pension. Alexander was born on the 24th of June, 1803, at Villers Cotterets, and was very young when the family was thus reduced. His education was of the poorest kind; when scarcely emerged from boyhood, he was thrown on his own resources for support. In France, Paris is the world: into that world Dumas entered, young, friendless, and with fifty francs to begin with. Let those who are born to wealth, education, and a career mapped out for them, in which it is almost impossible to fail, reflect on all that the above few facts involve.

Few of his father's friends troubled themselves about the lad; one alone befriended him—General Foy. Finding that Dumas wrote a beautiful hand, he recommended him to the post of supernumerary clerk in the office of the Secretary of the Duke of Orleans, afterwards king; his slender salary of \$250 was then a fortune to him who afterwards conceived, and in no slight degree, realized, that gorgeous dream of exhaustless wealth—Monte Christo. For three years Dumas lived the life of an office—very different, be it remarked, from official life. He worked twelve hours a day, and employed his nights in study; thus repairing the defective education of his early years. His first plunge into authorship was made after seeing the performance of Charles Kemble as *Hamlet*, in Paris; the impulse was given, and, on the 1st of February, 1829, his first drama, *Henry III.*, was played, and succeeded. After this came a whole series of plays, *Charles VII.*, *Christine*, *Antony*, *Richard Arlington*, *Thérèse*, *Angela*, they were all successful! His claim to the authorship of the *Tour de Nèze* is disputed; but it is conceded that he furnished a great part of it. His first romances were, *Isabeau de Bavière*, *Les Souvenirs d'Antony*, and *Gaule et France*; then came his *Impressions de Voyage*—amusing reading, but,

as travels, monstrous fictions, as we can testify from personal knowledge of localities Dumas has invested with the sublimest horror and perils, but which are really very common-place indeed; and most ignobly safe to pass through: with the greatest efforts we could not extract a danger or an accident out of them.

Dumas is fond of travelling; he once proposed to form a company to share the expense of a voyage on the Mediterranean, on a large scale; but the plan only served as matter of endless jokes in the journals. We now enter on his later history.

The popularity of the Roman *feuilleton* seduced him from the theatre, and his "*Monte Christo*" was immensely popular; he divided the public with Eugène Sue, and the *Juif Errant*. The popularity, which in France is wealth, was the *origo mali*, the cause of his embarrassments. The temptations that were held out to him by every journal to write for them, were irresistible; at last he bound himself to the task of writing five romances at once, day by day, for as many papers! And this, while he was under all kinds of prior engagements. But as there is a limit to human strength, even in Dumas, he failed to produce his copy, his daily *Tale of Bricks*. Finding it impossible to fulfil all his engagements, he determined to be at least impartial in breaking them; so he kept none of them, but set off for Spain with the Duc de Montpensier, and thence passed into Africa, and recreated himself with lion-hunting, and patronising the Bey of Tunis. The affliction of the journalists may be conceived, and it resulted at last in an action at law, which brought the novelist before the civil tribunal for breach of engagements.

"The hearing of the *procès* commenced on the 22nd of January, when M. Lacaud and M. Langlais, advocates of M. Véron, *gerant* of the *Constitutionnel*, and of M. de Girardin, *gerant* of the *Presse*, argued the case for their clients. From their statements it appeared that, in March, 1845, M. Véron and M. de Girardin, conceived the idea that it would be advantageous to their journals to secure the exclusive services of M. Alexander Dumas, and thereby preventing him from enriching other newspapers with his productions. M. Dumas having complied with their views, treaties were drawn up between the parties. These treaties dated March 28 and 30, 1845, set forth that Alexander Dumas bound himself not to write, during the ensuing five years, more than eighteen volumes of romances per annum, of which nine were for the *Presse*, and nine for the *Constitutionnel*. M. Véron and M. de Girardin, on their part, bound themselves to pay the price M.

Dumas thought fit to put upon his own works, which was, that each volume, forming about twenty-two *feuilletons*, and consisting of six thousand lines (bits of lines being counted as whole lines), should be paid three thousand five hundred francs, which made the sixty-three thousand francs per annum for the eighteen volumes, or three hundred and fifteen thousand francs for five years. But, as M. Dumas, at the time of signing the treaties, was under other engagements, it was stipulated that he should be at liberty to fulfil them."

These engagements were specified; they were merely to complete eight distinct works. When they were done, Dumas was to belong to the *Constitutionnel* and the *Presse* alone. But Dumas *aliter visum*.

Their mortification was extreme to find, that in the month of August, 1845, the *Siècle* announced the publication of a novel called, *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, by the great romancist; that in September a newspaper called *Le Soliel* (now defunct), advertised the *Ba'drd de Mauléon*, from his Jew; that in the same month the *Esprit Public* advertised a work called *Andrea del Sarto*, of which he was the author; that on the 29th of September the *Siècle* published a tale called *Amazone*, and advertised a work in four volumes called *Fabien*—both by him; that the *Patrie* announced the publication of a romance in two volumes—also by him; and that the *Mode* advertised a work called *Elizabeth*—of which he was to be the parent. All this being in flagrant violation to the treaties that bound him to the *Presse* and the *Constitutionnel*.

The engagement was afterwards partially fulfilled by the contribution of four volumes of the "*Mémoires d'un Médecin*" to the *Presse*; but it came to a stop at that point. Money had, of course, been advanced by both journals. Altogether, what with engagements, present, past, and future, the disputes of the journals with each other and the booksellers, and both booksellers and journals with Dumas, the affair was a most intricate piece of business, and worthy of insertion in any of the new series of the *Causés Célèbres*, or the *Curiosities of Literature*.

While the cause was pending (which finally went very much against him, he having to pay Girardin \$15,000, as misfortunes never come alone, Dumas's country mansion, at St. Germain en Laye, "consisting of a plantation, a building ornamented with turrets, and a pavilion surrounded with water, called the 'Ile de Monte Christo,' was seized for a debt! Alas! for the difference between romance and reality. But Dumas, shortly after this, finished his



ALEXANDER DUMAS.

new theatre, and, by some kind of legerdemain, wrote off his engagements with his usual rapidity. Whether a novel, produced "on compulsion," was as good as a free offering, is a question for the publishers to settle.

Since that time Dumas has been incessantly occupied, as a man of his mind should naturally be. One work he has produced, which most nearly concerns himself, being nothing less than his Autobiography, which has already reached the twenty-sixth volume, and which any one may read who likes. "He is," says a talented writer, "a fine specimen of the negro blood, and exhibits, in an almost equal degree, the qualities of the indefatigable slave and the brilliant Frenchman." He began life as a daring innovator, as a romancist. Racine, and the whole traditional style of French art, he attempted to replace by effective melodramas, which he audaciously asserted were modelled after Shakespeare; his audacity was crowned by a loud, but fugitive success. Since then his restless activity has exhibited itself in many ways; and of late, the author has been almost eclipsed by the *éclat* attached to the man.

To give a complete list of his works would, almost uselessly, occupy space; nor can we give the number of volumes which he has produced, since, in some editions *Monte Christo*, and others, have run out to an almost fabulous extent. Suffice it to say, that he has not only, in his own opinion, eclipsed Scott, but has outdone Shakespeare,—a certain play called *Hamlet* being, in 1848, produced at the *Théâtre Historique*, written by Alexander Dumas. Certainly, critics did say, that, though a translation, it was so unlike the original, that it might have been Dumas's own.

Notwithstanding all the Frenchman's foibles, he is a man of genius; and a great pity it is that he has looked upon authorship only as a vast money-making quality—and in this he has succeeded. The examples of Sir Walter Scott, of Dickens, of Eugène Sue, and Dumas, in making money, ought surely to wipe away the stain of poverty from authorship. Long may Alexander the Great, the man of many pens and a thousand volumes, live to exemplify it.

The Sense of Sight in Birds.

AUDUBON has written an amusing book called *Ornithological Biography*. In that book he has stated that vultures are led to their food by the sense of sight alone; the sense of smell, which they were supposed to possess in an exquisite degree, affording them not the slightest assistance. It is, however, certain that this bird possesses both senses in great perfection, and equally certain that neither nor both are the sole means it employs for obtaining its food. Though the senses in animals are means of obtaining them food, they are not the sole means, as we very well know. This is a most curious question, and well worth more attention than it has ever yet received. For want of a better explanation, we usually say there is an instinct that enables animals to find their food. Many go from great distances directly to it. Pigeons find out newly-sown fields immediately, and will frequently go several miles to a field the very first morning after it is sown. Wild ducks that feed at night, are equally quick in finding their food; and in this case, I would be glad to know what sense they employ. The red deer invariably knows when the shepherd's patch of grain is fit for his food, and will frequently come down in such numbers as to eat up the entire crop in a single night. In fact, all birds, whatever their food may be, have an instinctive power of discovering it immediately, and that from such distances as no acuteness of either sight or smell will account for. Without allowing this, you cannot explain facts too numerous, and too well authenticated, to be doubted. It is precisely the same faculty, whatever it may be, that enables the carrier pigeon to find its way home, take it what distance, and any way covered up, you will. Toss it up into the air, and, after circling for a few moments, it adopts its line of flight, without hesitation and without mistake. Audubon himself furnishes an instance of the exercise of this faculty, in his description of the razorbill:—"The instinct or sagacity which enables the razorbills, after being scattered in all directions in quest of food, during the long night, often at great distances from each other, to congregate towards morning, previously to their alighting on a spot to rest, has appeared to me truly wonderful: and I have been tempted to believe that their place of rendezvous had been agreed upon the evening before."

In discussing the comparative value of the senses of sight and smell in birds, authors notice a much more curious fact—the great power birds possess of

altering the focal length of their eyes. To see equally well an object at a distance of many miles, and a minute seed or insect an inch from the bill, may well amaze us. Observe the first person of your acquaintance you meet, who happens to wear spectacles. If he looks at an object near him, he looks through his glasses: if at a more distant one, over them. Go to a practical optician and desire him to construct an instrument that will enable you to do what birds are constantly doing in this, and he will, most likely, tell you the thing is impossible.

Man probably surpasses birds in extent of vision, as much as birds surpass man in sharpness. Ross, in his voyage to Baffin's Bay, proves that a man, under favorable circumstances, could see over the surface of the sea 150 miles. It is not probable that any animal can equal this for extent. In sharpness of sight, on the other hand, birds greatly excel us. The eagle, soaring at such a height that he seems a mere speck, sees the grouse walking in the heather, which it so closely resembles in color as readily to escape the sportsman's eye. Schmidt threw to a considerable distance from a thrush a number of beetles, of a pale gray color, which the unassisted human eye failed to detect, yet the bird observed them immediately. Many birds readily perceive insects on branches where the sharpest-sighted person can detect nothing.

The eyes of birds are remarkable for their great comparative size, the great convexity of the cornea, and for having the sclerotic coat formed anteriorly to a circle of bony plates. The optic nerves are very large, and unite so intimately as to appear perfectly incorporated. The iris is exceedingly contractile—as all may have observed who have watched a bird dying. The muscles, as in man, are six in number—four straight and two oblique. In many birds the eye-balls possess very little mobility, and in some of the owls it is so closely fitted into the orbit as to be immovable. How the eye adapts itself to near and distant objects is one of the most abstruse questions in physiology. Various explanations have been offered, one of the most probable being that without altering the general form of the eye, it increases the sphericity of the crystalline, and thus increases its refractive power.

Female Nurse Poisoners.

Of all the race in Germany, two sisters—the Widow Zwanziger and Mrs. Gottfried—were regarded as the most successful in the art of poisoning their patients. They went on their way, slaying all around them, for years upon years, and yet were too good and agreeable to be suspected. Funerals followed these fatal sisters as certainly as thunder follows lightning; and undertakers were the only men who flourished in their path. The Widow Zwanziger was an admirable cook and nurse. Her soups and coffee had a peculiar strength; her watchful care by the sick bed was in all hearts; she kissed the child she meant to kill, and pillowed the aching head with such soothing address, that it never ached again. Mrs. Gottfried was so attractive a person that her ministrations were sought by people of much higher rank than her own; she was so warm a friend, that she was a friend unto death, and one attached soul after another breathed its last in her arms. Husband after husband departed, and still her hand was sought and still it practised its cunning. At length in her four-and-fiftieth year, she was detected and arrested. In prison she walked amid the apparitions of all her victims, wept tears of tenderness over their memory, and finished by desiring that her life might be written; so that, having lost everything else, she might enjoy her fame.

A POISONOUS BEAVER.—On reaching the stream we found beaver in considerable numbers: the first lift yielded forty-nine. The prospect before us was encouraging; but here a misfortune clouded our hopes, and made beaver a secondary consideration. After breakfast the second morning, a number of the people were taken ill; and the sickness becoming general throughout the camp, it struck me that there must have been something poisonous in our food or water. Not being able to discover anything, I began to inquire more particularly what each person had eaten that morning, and found that all those who had breakfasted on the fresh beaver taken out of the river were affected, whilst those who had eaten other food remained in good health. Two hours had not elapsed before thirty-seven persons were seized with gripings, and laid up. The sickness first showed itself in a pain about the kidneys, then in the stomach, and afterwards in the back of the neck and all the nerves; and at length the whole system became affected. The sufferers were almost

speechless and motionless; having scarcely the power to stir, yet suffering great pain, with considerable froth about the mouth. I was seriously alarmed, for we had no medicine of any kind in our camp, nor scarcely time to have used it; so rapidly was the sickness increasing, that almost every soul in the camp, in the space of a few hours, was either affected with the disease, or panic-struck with fear! The first thing I applied was gunpowder: throwing, therefore, a handful or two of it into a dish of warm water, and mixing it up, I made them drink strong doses of it; but it had little effect. I then tried a kettle of fat broth, mixed up and boiled with a handful or two of pepper, which some of the people happened to have. I made them drink of that freely; and whether it was the fat or the pepper, I know not, but it soon gave relief. Some were only sick for part of the day; but others, owing, perhaps, to the quantity that they had eaten, were several days before they got over it; and some of them felt the effects of it for a month afterwards. We then examined the flesh of the beaver, and found it much whiter and softer, and, the people who had eaten of it said, sweeter to the taste than the flesh of beaver generally. As there was no wood about the banks of the river, we supposed these animals must have lived on some root of a poisonous quality, which, although not strong enough to destroy them, yet was sufficiently deleterious to injure us: from this it was that I named this stream *Rivière aux Malades*.—A. Ross.

KEEP SOME OBJECT IN VIEW.—Every man, rich or poor, ought to have some absorbing purpose, some active engagement to which his main energies are devoted. Not enjoyment, but duty, daily duty, must be the aim of each life. No man has a right to live upon this fair earth, to breathe its air, to consume its food, to enjoy its beauties, producing nothing in return. He has no right to enjoy the blessings of civilization, or society, and of civil liberty, without contributing earnest and self-denying labor of head, or heart, or hand to the welfare of mankind. Certainly no man can be really and truly religious who makes gratification, as distinct from self-denying exertion, the great object of life; and the idler puts pleasure exactly in the place of duty. This principle of life admitted, however manifested, will produce daily deterioration of character, until thoroughly abandoned. Every bodily appetite, every mental appetite, every mental fancy, every momentary fashion, will clamour till indulged. The body will be pampered, appetite will lead on to gluttony, wine to drunkenness, luxury to every evil indulgence, while the mind, excited only by novelties and enfeebled by the lack of continual exertion, sinks into utter vapidity and uselessness. There is more hope of the reformation of the worst sinner than of the idler. Poverty will sometimes scourge the vice of idleness out of a man. But the love of a higher and better mode of life, if once tasted, is the chief hope.

WAR.—It is said by an illustrious commander, that, next to a defeat, the most terrible misfortune which could occur was a victory. And so every man would say who rides over a field of battle a few hours after the action, and marks the ground covered with dead and wounded. Meantime the fortunate, the untouched have passed on; the defeated retire or flee; the conqueror pursues the vanquished as he best may, advancing over the dead and dying of the enemy, abandoning his own. To say that those who still remain unscathed, flushed with victory or disheartened by defeat, care for those left on the field, were an idle tale, a mere piece of hypocrisy, calculated to deceive and mislead. To imagine that the surgeons, staff and regimental, are equal to the terrible labors, which follow a sanguinary action, or that they could be so multiplied as to render them equal to the surgical conflict, were a still more serious, a still more mischievous delusion. The medical staff of an army has, under no circumstances, been found equal to contend with the terrible results of a general action.

ONE OF THE PENALTIES OF POLITENESS.—A gentleman recently handed a lady out of the railroad cars at Buffalo. He was a total stranger to her, and simply offered her his hand as an act of politeness. It turned out that she was running away from her husband at the time, and had a large quantity of goods and chattels with her. The unfortunate stranger, being taken for her friend, was arrested at the cars, and sent to jail with her. He had some difficulty in establishing that his politeness should not be taxed to a much greater extent.

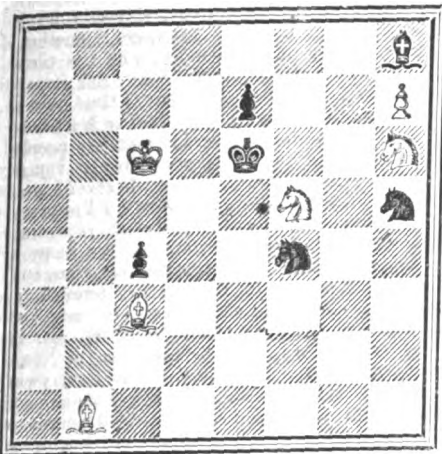
A GOOD MORAL CHARACTER is the first essential in a man. It is, therefore, highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but to be virtuous.

Those who misuse a tendered hospitality are guilty of gross ingratitude.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. XVI.—By M. G.—White to move and mate in three moves.

Black.



White.

GAME No. XVI.—Played at Leeds Chess Club, between two of the strongest amateurs.

White—Mr. Millard.

Black—Mr. Cadman.

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 1 K P 2 | 1 K P 2 |
| 2 K Kt to B 3 | 2 Q Kt to B 3 |
| 3 K B to Q B 4 | 3 K B to Q B 4 |
| 4 Q Kt P 2 | 4 B takes P |
| 5 Q B P 1 | 5 B to Q 3 (a) |
| 6 Castles | 6 Q to K 2 |
| 7 Q P 2 | 7 Q Kt to R 4 |
| 8 K B to Q 3 | 8 K B P 1 |
| 9 K Kt to R 4 | 9 K Kt P 1 |
| 10 K B P 2 | 10 P takes P |
| 11 B takes P | 11 R takes B |
| 12 B takes B | 12 Q P 1 |
| 13 Q to R 4 (ch) | 13 Kt to B 3 |
| 14 Q P 1 | 14 K Kt P 1 |
| 15 P takes Kt (b.) | 15 Q Kt P 2 (c) |
| 16 Q takes P | 16 P takes R |
| 17 Q Kt to Q 2 | 17 Q to K 4 |
| 18 Q to Q 5 | 18 B to K 3 |
| 19 Q to Q 4 | 19 Kt to K 2 |
| 20 Q Kt to K B 3 | 20 Kt takes P |
| 21 Q to R 4 | 21 Q to Q B 4 (ch) |
| 22 K to R | 22 B to Q 2 |
| 23 Kt to Q 4 | 23 Kt to K 4 |
| 24 B to Kt 5 | 24 B takes B |
| 25 Kt takes B | 25 K to B 2 |
| 26 Q to Q Kt 3 (ch) | 26 Q to B 5 |
| 27 Kt takes Q B P | 27 Q takes Q |
| 28 P takes Q | 28 Q R to Q Kt |
| 29 R takes R P | 29 R takes P |
| 30 Kt to Q 5 (ch) | 30 K to B |
| 31 R to R 8 (ch) | 31 K to B 2 |
| 32 R to R 7 (ch) | 32 K to K |
| 33 Kt takes B P (ch) | 33 K to Q |
| (d) | |
| 34 K R P 1 | 34 R takes P |
| 35 Kt to B 5 | 35 K R P 2 |
| 36 Kt takes Q P | 36 R to Q B 8 (ch) |
| 37 K to R 3 | 37 Kt to Kt 5 (ch) |
| 38 Kt takes Kt | 38 P takes Kt |
- White surrendered.

Solution to Problem XV., p. 183.

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1 K B to K Kt 6 | 1 Anything, if B or Q to K B 4 |
| 2 Kt to K Kt 4 (ch) | 2 B or Q takes Kt |
| 3 Kt to Q B 2 (ch) | Mate. |

NOTES TO GAME XVI.

- (a.) Not a good defence.
 (b.) He should have played Kt to B 5 first, and on Black replying by Q to K 4, quietly retire the R.
 (c.) Well played.
 (d.) We should have preferred playing K R P 1, at once, which would have given White a chance of at least drawing the game.

Problem XVII.—This cannot be solved in three moves, as Black on his second move might play Kt to K 6.

FAMILY PASTIME.

Arithmetical Questions.

1. There are two rooms, the floors of which contain an equal number of square feet; the one being 50 feet by 30, the other 40 in length. What is the breadth?

2. How many yards of paper $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard wide, will cover a chamber that is 60 feet round, and 10 feet $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches high?

Rebus.

1. A part of the head to a consonant join'd.
 A fruit much esteem'd, you'll presently find.

2. With what young children love to play,
 A bird that's never seen by day,
 A serpent, and a beast of might—
 And he that oft steals in the night—
 These five initials, well combined,
 A famous town you then will find.

Charades.

1. The third of an insect that heralds the spring,
 Will show you the first of a small useful thing
 That's daily in use, and made to unite,
 Yet oft turns out useless—causing a spite
 Against those who are anxious to please;
 But through this tiny thing feel to be teased.
 The half of a weapon, ne'er permitted to rust,
 Will give you my second without any fuss.
 My whole, sad necessity oft holds in view,
 Patronised by the many, spurned by a few.
 I am of all shapes, color, and size;
 If you keep me entire, you're sure very wise.
 I'm useful to all, daily wanted I ween:
 E'en by Her Majesty, England's Queen!
 A terror to bachelor's, serving them right,
 That they should live single, wanting a wife;
 I verily think that I'm the first cause
 Of man breaking the Benedictine laws.
 There never was anything half so caress'd,
 At all times I'm sought, and next to the breast.
 By night and by day, in laughter or weeping,
 I'm last to my post, although in good keeping.
 Oft taken in hand, and thrown carelessly by,
 As if I'd a flaw or cast in my eye;
 There rest, till it pleaseth the whim of my master;
 Then just the same served, and bid to hold faster.
 Come, guess me at once, for I'm quite sure
 You'll pronounce me a blessing, however so poor.

2. Half of a bird that chattering flies,
 Across the wood, is half of me;
 My other half your food supplies,
 Though daily cast into the sea.

A wondrous power pervades my whole,
 And shown to stretch from pole to pole,
 In which the sailor finds a guide
 To lead him through a starless void.

3. My first and last are of equal strength,
 They are joined by the shortest article;
 When I'm complete, I should have strength,
 But of active force not a particle.
 My first's an equal, my last a passion,
 I am a safeguard without compassion,
 Placed both for use, and to be in the fashion.

4. Four things there are of equal height,
 Three straight, the other not upright:
 Take three away, and you will find
 That there are ten remain behind;
 And if you cut the four in twain,
 Instead of two, just eight remain.

5. Of brothers twin, best known am I,
 Though both are cold and very shy,
 Always at home, but never seen;
 However courted we have been;
 Nor have we, since the world began
 Been known to meet, or ever can.
 Many have tried and tried again,
 To find me out, but tried in vain;
 Whole nations have been bent upon it,
 With all their mind, but have not done it.
 Yet why so great a stir and rout,
 I ne'er was able to make out;
 Since all the end of what they try
 Is only how to pass me by.

Enigmas.

1. Only some hours I comprehend,
 Only three letters make the word;
 But if you shorten me a third,
 Then time shall never see my end.

2. To speak of myself I know is not right,
 Yet this I must do, if I attempt to indict;
 For I'm the greatest egotist ever was known—
 'Tis no use in denying it, for such I am shown.
 Independent am I—I've but one brother
 Can do as I do, without any bother
 Some call me a unit, yet think me as one
 Of the very best things under the sun.
 When left to myself, I am apt to aspire beyond,
 Perhaps that sphere in which I belong.
 My bearing is such, I'm useful to all—
 The Church, the State, and the City Hall.
 I am most times a pet, and would, if I dare,
 Take precedence of all—e'en our smart Mayor.
 However disliked, I keep my own ground;
 Wherever you roam, I'm sure to be found.
 Without me, no counsel could plead his own cause,
 Nor would Blackstone have publish'd his comment on laws.
 You may turn me and twist me, do all that you can—
 You'll ne'er alter my case, nor disprove what I am.
 Courting invisibility, I oft take to flight;
 Yet, from necessity, thrown into sight,
 Then the fright I am in you'd laugh to decry.
 Lest you give a shrewd guess, and say, "What am I?"

Transpositions.

1. Although my letters are but three,
 And hateful in one shape to see,
 Without my help the stoutest fleet
 Could neither tide nor battle meet.
 And if again my form you change,
 And skilfully my letters range,
 In nature I shall ne'er be found,
 Yet here and everywhere abound.

2. Read from the left, I shall be found
 A portion of all things that are:
 But change your hand, and turn me round,
 I then am nothing but a snare.

3. A title common both to queen and dame,
 Alike from left or right I read the same.

4. TERORR—The name of a person.

5. TAKE—Ditto.

6. FALOBFU—An animal.

7. IAXREALDAN—The name of a place

8. FERCAPE—An introduction.

9. FUNERAL—A pantomime.

Musical Magnetism.

One of the party is sent out of the room, and some article of furniture in the room is fixed upon, which the person sent out is to guess, on returning to the rest of the party. Another, who knows the secret, then sits down to the piano, and plays loud whenever the person who is to guess approaches the article fixed upon, and softer when he recedes from it; till at last when the article fixed upon is touched, the music finishes with a burst of triumph as loud as possible. This game if well managed, is very amusing, as it is very droll to those who are in the secret, to see the perplexity of the unfortunate guesser, who is rather bewildered than assisted by the music. It also affords considerable scope for ingenuity on the part of the musician, who should vary the strain from a melancholy to a joyous tune, or the reverse, according to circumstances.

Riddles.

1. My first is wise and foolish; my second the physician's study, and my whole suits every study.

2. My first's a prop, my second a prop, and my whole is a prop.

3. My first is always at a wedding; my second is first wherever he goes; and my whole is caught when he can be.

4. I am a small volume and frequently bound,
 In silk, satin, silver, or gold;
 My worth, and my praises the females resound,
 By females my science is told.

My leaves are all scarlet; my letters are steel,
 Each letter contains a great treasure;
 To the poor they spell lodging, and fuel, and meal,
 To the rich, entertainment and pleasure.

The sempstresses explore me by day and by night,
 Not a page but she turns o'er and o'er,
 Though sometimes I injure the milliner's sight,
 Still I add to her credit and store.

'Tis true I am seldom regarded by men,
 Yet what would the males do without me?
 Let them boast of their head, or boast of their pen,
 Still vain is their boast if they flout me!

Answers to Riddles, Charades, &c.

CHARADES.

1. Gentlemen. 2. Fill-in. 3. New-found-land. 4. Spinnet

PUZZLE.

Wrap a towel round the bottom of the bottle, and strike it evenly and repeatedly, but not too hard, against a wall, post, or tree, and after some time the cork will be driven out of the bottle.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

The man's age—60 years 12 weeks; the woman's age—30 years 40 weeks.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Pin, Nip. 2. Organist. 3. Ironmonger. 4. Albatross. 5. Saucer. 6. Auctioneer. 7. Heart. 8. Hemans. 9. Zebra. 10. Malta. 11. Daniel. 12. Mary. 13. Rose. 14. Maria.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF FLOWERS.

1. Coxcomb. 2. Cow-slip. 3. Venus' Looking-glass. 4. John-quill. 5. Snow-drop. 6. Crown-imperial. 7. London Pride.

CONUNDRUM.

Because they generally die cracked.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Animates. 2. Treachery. 3. Neighbors. 4. Chocolate. 5. Respectable. 6. Magistrate. 7. William. 8. Winchester. 9. Roma. 10. One Word.

RIDDLES.

1. Shoe—hoe. 2. Hood. 3. Peer—less. 4. Now—won—own. 5. Rush. 6. Blow.

QUERIES.

1. In abstemious the five vowels you'll find,
 In successive order, as your question enjoin'd;
 But as for the other, I've not recollected,
 Oh! stay, 'tis facetious, which can't be objected.

2. Moab and Ben-ammi, by Scripture 'tis clear,
 Were the sons and the grandsons of Lot;
 Whose mothers, their sisters, and aunts also were,
 Each was uncle to each—was he not?

BIOGRAPHICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Pizarro. 2. William Tell.

The Ferry of the Irtysh, and the Mentchikoff Family.

THE Irtysh is the first of the great rivers of Siberia encountered on entering that country by the ordinary route from Europe. After a journey of about two thousand miles from its source in Chinese Tartary, it reaches Tobolsk, turns from a westerly course northwards at that city, and travels nearly a thousand miles more to the Arctic ocean, taking the name of the Obi upon its junction with that stream, though there is little or no difference in their respective volume of water. The high road from Russia Proper to its basin runs across the Ural mountains to Ekaterinburg, the central point of a mining district, particularly celebrated for its malachite works; superb specimens of which, in the shape of doors, chairs, tables, and vases, were displayed at our great Exhibition of Industry. It then passes by Tumen to Tobolsk, traversing a considerable extent of thinly inhabited steppe, little better than a desert, with large tracts of pine forest. At about six miles from the latter town, the traveller emerges from a wood which has circumscribed his view, and enters an open country. He sees before him in the distance a rampart of hills, with white buildings on the declivity and at the summit, above which rise the pointed towers of monasteries and churches. This is Tobolsk, the sight of which excites hope or fear in the mind of the wayfarer, according as he is a voluntary agent or under compulsion. But before he enters the place, the Irtysh has to be crossed, which is here divided into several channels. In winter the passage is over the ice, in summer by a ferry boat.

The passage of streams is occasionally an incident of interest and of moment. Caesar led his troops across the Rubicon, and committed himself by that act to an irrevocable breach with the senate. The insignificant streamlet was of political importance, as the boundary of Italy Proper, into which no general was allowed to lead an army without express permission. Rivers are often the dividing lines of distinct nationalities; and on crossing from bank to bank, we come to a new people, with language, manners, and customs different to what exist on the opposite side. Though this is not the case with reference to the Irtysh, its passage is an eventful transit to a numerous class of persons. By the Russian law, those who offer themselves for the public service in Siberia, whether civil or military, gain a step in promotion on crossing the river, and are entitled to retain it on returning home after a three years' sojourn in the dreary interior. The love of rank, with the profit commonly connected with it, everywhere a strong passion, is peculiarly so in the dominions of the autocrat. It annually leads a crowd of officers from the capitals of the mother country to this less inviting part of the empire, in order to realise the proffered advantage. But to others—those condemned to a life of exile—the passage of the river has a different significance. It is the last step in the mournful road to the full realisation of their sentence—the seal of their social and political death.

From the western parts of the empire, the exiles are usually sent separately to Nijnei Novgorod, and are there arranged in travelling gangs to pursue their common journey. Adjoining the crown post-houses on the road, there is usually a building divided into numerous quadrangular chambers, side by side, the wooden walls of which are colored yellow, and the roof reddened with ochre. These buildings bear the name of Ostrog, a barricade or fort, as they are surrounded with a fence of palisades. They are intended for the reception and lodging of the convicts during their temporary halts. Their arrival and departure is one of the common sights of Ekaterinburg. Erman, the traveller, about twenty years ago, rated their number at five thousand passing through the town in a year, or ninety-six every week. The women are generally in waggons. The men follow two and two on foot, and wear chains on the legs during the stoppages. They are guarded by Cossacks of the Ural, as they are called, the descendants of Cossacks of the Don, who wandered towards western Siberia three centuries ago, and conquered it for the Russians. Civil offenders of the better class, as officers who have been guilty of fraud, or breach of trust, are usually allowed to reside in Tobolsk. They are here compassionately called by the mild name of "The Unfortunates," and are free from restraint, except the obligation to perform certain religious penances. But those who are politically compromised, in proportion to the real or presumed aggravation of the case, are sent eastward into the interior, where, in the words of the poet Rayevskiy, every house may be said to contain

"one of the volumes of human fate," or further to the north, near the icy sea, where

"In winding-sheets of snow
Lies every thought of any pleasant thing."

This last allotment fell to the share of Mentchikoff, the founder of the princely family of that name, whose present representative and head has recently acquired such unhappy notoriety in Europe by his arrogant demeanor at Constantinople.

Little more than a century and a half has elapsed since the name of Mentchikoff was in complete obscurity. It was then borne by a boy at Moscow, the son of a serf, who was taken into the service of a pastry-cook, and employed in hawking pies and cakes about the streets, singing ballads and uttering diverting cries to stimulate the sale of the eatables. While pursuing this vocation, it was his fortune one day to attract the notice of the Czar, Peter the Great, in the course of his perambulations, who sent for him, and was so pleased with his replies, that he took him into his own household. The youth improved his opportunities, acquired several languages, obtained a knowledge of public affairs, and ingratiated himself with his master, till he became one of his special favorites. He successively rose to the highest dignity, that of a prince and field-marshal, and was equally distinguished whether serving as a general in the field or as a minister in the cabinet. Mentchikoff commanded the left wing at the battle of Pultowa, aided the foundation of the new city of Petersburg, secured the succession for the empress Catherine, and placed his own descendants within a single footstep of the throne. But a rapid and remarkable rise to rank and influence was eventually followed by a downfall equally sudden and complete. Peter II, grandson of his patron, who had been his pupil, and was to have married his daughter, so far yielded to faction as to banish the once powerful minister, who was sent to end his days in Siberia. He travelled as an exile, with a Cossack guard, the road which has so often been traversed by the victims of despotism, saw the Irtysh, and was conveyed on its bosom to his appointed destination. This was Beresov, at a little distance from the left bank of the Obi, on its affluent the Sosva. The place is a fur-trading settlement, containing some two hundred wooden houses, inclosed on all sides but that of the river by a vast forest of pines, firs, and larches. It lies beyond the range of agriculture, owing to the cold, a three months' summer alternating with a nine months' winter, during which time the streams are ice, while land and water have a common covering of snow.

The fallen statesman did not long survive his political extinction. He died in 1729. His memory is still preserved in vivid freshness by the inhabitants of Beresov, and many details of his habits, handed down by tradition, are often the themes of conversation. They point to the particular spot where he lived, though the hut in which he lodged was burnt down during the great fire of 1798, by which nearly the whole town was reduced to ashes. It is related that he used to go with his axe to the forest to fell trees, and worked with his own hands in erecting a little wooden church, now fallen to decay, in which, by way of penance, he served the office of bell-ringer. Immediately before the door of this building he was buried. No monument marked his resting-place, but the site was well known, and satisfactorily identified in 1821, after the lapse of ninety-two years. At that period, the governor of Tobolsk caused the spot to be examined, when the body was found in perfect freshness, as though life had only recently departed. It had been interred in permanently frozen soil, and hence preserved; for the earth at Beresov, and through northern Siberia in general, never thaws, even in summer, except to a very superficial depth. Hence, in order to construct graves, large fires are kindled on the surface, to render the ground beneath capable of excavation, and after the funerals, perpetual congelation recommences. So little change had the contents of the coffin undergone, that pieces of the clothing which wrapped the corpse were sent to the descendants of the deceased, as well as the heart, eyebrows, and some other veritable fragments of the man. The remains were re-interred in the same place, which is now marked by a small earthen mound, covered with turf, and surrounded by a wooden rail, but has no stone or inscription to announce who lies beneath the soil.

The Mentchikoff of the present day, whose name has so often appeared in our journals, and will perhaps survive in general history owing to his connection with an impending war, is the fourth in direct descent from the exile, his great grandson, and must be now far advanced towards three-score

years and ten. He served in the campaigns of 1812 and 1814 against Napoleon, took part in the invasion of Turkey in 1828, received a wound at the siege of Varna, and has occupied many of the most important posts of the empire. The prince is essentially a Muscovite; inaccessible to any sympathy with the rest of Europe, slavishly devoted to the will of his master. Yet there is another of his house and name, a nephew, who has played some pranks not consonant with the imperial pleasure, and has twice been sent to the Caucasus, as a hint that perhaps Siberia might be his ultimate and final destination, unless his manners mended. "How is it," said the emperor Nicholas one day to the elder Mentchikoff, "that wherever I go, on to the English quay, to the Newsky Prospect, or to the Summer Gardens, I meet with your scapegrace nephew idling his time?" We know not the reply made to this august observation, but it was duly reported to the party interested, and elicited a characteristic response. "Uncle," said the audacious youth, "how is it, tell me, that wherever I go, to the English quay, to the Newsky Prospect, or to the Summer Gardens, I everywhere meet with the emperor, idling his time?" The retort is not wanting in smartness and conceit, but it lacks truth. Few individuals are less open to the charge of indolence than Nicholas, though his energies have been devoted to the selfish task of simply maintaining and extending his own authority. While keeping stern and strict watch over the subjects of his vast empire, from the serf to the noble, for nearly thirty years, the autocrat has steadily pursued the ambitious design cherished by the Russian imperial family, that of not only having the Northern ocean for a fishing-ground, the Baltic to skate upon, the Caspian for a bath, and the Black Sea for a pleasure pond, but the command of the Levant, by means of which to overawe the rest of Europe.

THE ESQUIMAUX.—They seemed like men who distrusted the sense of sight, and could not satisfy themselves of the reality of objects, until they had grasped them; to view themselves in a looking-glass, but more especially in a concave mirror, made them almost frantic with joy and wonder, and drew forth such bursts of laughter, and exclamations of surprise as were never heard before. The masts of the ship, and a top-mast on deck, attracted their most profound attention, which is not at all surprising, especially when they were assured that they were pieces of wood. A man who never saw a tree, nor even a shrub beyond a birch or willow twig of the thickness of a crow's quill, must necessarily be incredulous that the mast of a ship could be made of the same material. The two substances with which they seemed to be most familiar were *skin* and *bone*; and they always inquired of what *skin* our jackets, trousers, shirts, hats, &c. were made, and of what *bone* were our buttons, and most other solid substances. Glass of all kinds they took naturally enough for ice. We gave them some bread, but they spat it out; some rum, but they could not bear it; and we learnt that they lived entirely on animal food, mostly on the flesh of seals, sea-unicorns, bears, foxes, and birds: and when all these failed them, that they ate their dogs. The bones of the animals which serve them for food, supply them also with fuel; and a very fine soft moss, with long fibrous roots, when dipped in fish oil, is used by them as candles or torches. This moss grows in great plenty, and very luxuriant. The bones also serve them to make their sledges, which are fastened together with thongs of skins. Their knives are certainly the rudest instruments of the kind in the whole world: they are nothing more than a flattened piece of iron, like a bit of hoop, passed longitudinally in the groove of a fish-bone, and extending beyond it, at one end, about an inch; and they are thus fixed, without the faculty of opening or shutting. We took great pains to learn where they got the iron, and how they worked it; the result of which was, that it was hewn by a sharp stone, from a large mass found in the mountains at no great distance from the spot where we were; of course it was concluded that it was meteoric iron; and supposing it to have been recently discovered, this circumstance may, in some measure, account for the rudeness of their manufacture, as the stitching of their clothes and boots, and the putting together of their sledges, were by no means contemptible performances. They described two pieces of iron from which they derived their supply; and each of which, by their account, might be equal to a cube of two feet.—*Voyage to the North Pole.*
ALWAYS be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech is the one remembered.

have followed them, these will begin again their work of destruction, limited, however, by the Divine will, so as not cause the annihilation of their own kind by exterminating that which affords them sustenance.

The cut (p. 442), represents the principal incidents in the life of the *Chlorops lineata*. The figure in the centre represents a plant of wheat, of which one stalk, containing a grub of the fly, is swollen to an unnatural size; by the side is a section (a), of the same stalk (magnified), showing the worm in its self-excavated dwelling. Fig. 1 is an ear of wheat rendered partially abortive by the ravages committed by a grub belonging to the second brood. Figs. 2 and 3 represent the pupa, or chrysalis, of the natural size, and magnified. Figs. a and A represent the perfect insect, of the natural size and magnified. It is yellow, with a black triangular spot in the head, and marks of the same color on the back. Figs. b and z represent the female parasitic fly, *Pteromalus mucans*, which preys on it; it is of a beautiful emerald green, with yellow legs and iridescent wings.

In the year 1847, the same fly appeared near Warsaw in such myriads as to defy calculation. In one room, when an attempt was made to estimate their numbers, they were supposed to amount to 17,971,200 individuals.

General Character of the Gold Bearing Rocks.

At a recent meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a paper, by Mr. Evan Hopkins, was read, "On the Vertical Structure of the Primary Rocks, and the General Character of their Gold-bearing Varieties," in which the author commenced by stating, that it was almost impossible to form a correct idea of the true character and geological position of the gold-bearing rocks, without being first acquainted with the symmetrical order of the crystalline structure of the fundamental series; hence the cause why the two subjects were combined in one paper. It proceeded to show that the vertical cleavage planes approximated very closely to the direction of the true meridian from the southern zone to the Arctic regions; and reference was made to various sections from Terra del Fuego to California, and from Australia to the Ural Mountains. This primary meridional structure had a great tendency to produce ridges in the direction of its bearing, and the predominance of north and south chains of mountains, like the South American, Californian, and the Ural, must be considered rather the effect than the cause of the internal, vertical, or polar structure.

The rocks which produced gold, it was stated, belonged entirely to the primary, and not the fossiliferous series, as had been sometimes assumed, that metal never having been found in the sedimentary rocks, except in combination with quartz and pyrites, and then only in the vicinity of the primary ones, and, consequently, derived therefrom. It then stated that, in order to predict with any degree of certainty the existence of gold in any region, it was indispensable to ascertain if the primary series were uncovered by the sedimentary, and subject to disintegration; if the structure were found in a vertical, and more or less in a polar direction; and if the meridional crystalline bands predominated in ferruginous argillaceous schists, with talcose and quartzose slate.

Mr. Hargreaves, in the account of his adventures in California, giving the reasons why he expected to find gold on his return to New South Wales, said, "Without any knowledge whatever of the science of geology, I simply compared, in my own mind, the geological formations which I saw in

California, with others that I had seen in Australia, and becoming fully persuaded that if the existence of gold was to be tested by such outward appearances, gold must exist in Australia as well as in California, I acted on that persuasion, and at the very first trial (on my return to New South Wales), discovered the existence of gold."

Oxalic Acid a Germinator.

In Lindley's "Theory of Horticulture," it is stated, that a M. Otto, of Berlin, employs oxalic acid to make old seeds germinate. The seeds are put into a bottle filled with oxalic acid, and remain there until the germination is observable, which generally takes place in from twenty-four to forty-eight hours, when the seeds are taken out, and sown in the usual manner: of course placed in a suitable temperature, as the seeds may require.

Another way is to take a woollen cloth, and wet it with oxalic acid, on which the seeds are placed, and folded up, and put into a suitably heated structure. By this method seeds have been found to vegetate equally as well as in the bottle.

Essential care must be taken to remove the seeds out of the acid as soon as vegetation is observable. M. Otto found, that by this means seeds that were from twenty to forty years old grew; while the same kinds, sown in the usual manner, did not grow at all.

Melon and cucumber seeds will produce barren flowers, if not four or five years old, and fertile flowers too. Some old gardeners have an idea that old cucumber and melon seeds produce plants more fruitful than those produced from new seeds. The most luxuriant plant is produced from the good, sound, and plump new seed, which we prefer.

Kiln-drying seeds intended for sowing is a dangerous process. It is better to store it in bags, in a dry, warm situation, such as the wall over the kitchen fire. Some gardeners carry melon and cucumber seeds in their waistcoat pockets for weeks before sowing them.

THE TORBANEHILL MINERAL.—The palace of Victoria has been for some time lighted by means of this valuable substance, gas from the Torbanehill mineral being destitute of sulphur. Last year, 10,000 tons of this mineral were sent to London alone. Not long ago the French government published a report regarding this substance, which had previously lighted up the whole of the Hotel des

Invalides. This Torbanehill mineral, adds our authority, is the means now resorted to for illuminating many foreign capitals, and it is sent to the most distant parts of the globe. A ship loaded with blocks of this mineral conveys an enormous quantity of a peculiar oil, the source of the illuminating power, in the smallest possible bulk; 75 per cent, or three-fourths of the substance, being latent oil, and the rest pure clay.

PECULIAR PROPERTIES OF GLASS.—It is a curious fact in science, that glass resists the action of most acids; it loses nothing in weight by use or age; it is more capable than other substances of receiving the highest degree of polish; if melted several times over and properly cooled in the furnace, receiving a polish which almost rivals the diamond in brilliancy. It is capable of receiving the richest colors produced from gold or other metallic coloring, and will retain the original brilliancy of hue for ages. Medals, too, imbedded in glass, can be made to retain their original purity and appearance.

THE SEAT OF THE INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES.—Mr. Swan, a high authority in the medical profession, has just published a book, in which he seeks to show that the large mass of white fibres passing from the convolutions of the brain, and from which all the nerves through which volition is exhibited are connected, is the seat of the intellectual functions in man; and that it is the mass which is affected by external objects, as the photographic paper is by object formed upon it by the lens.

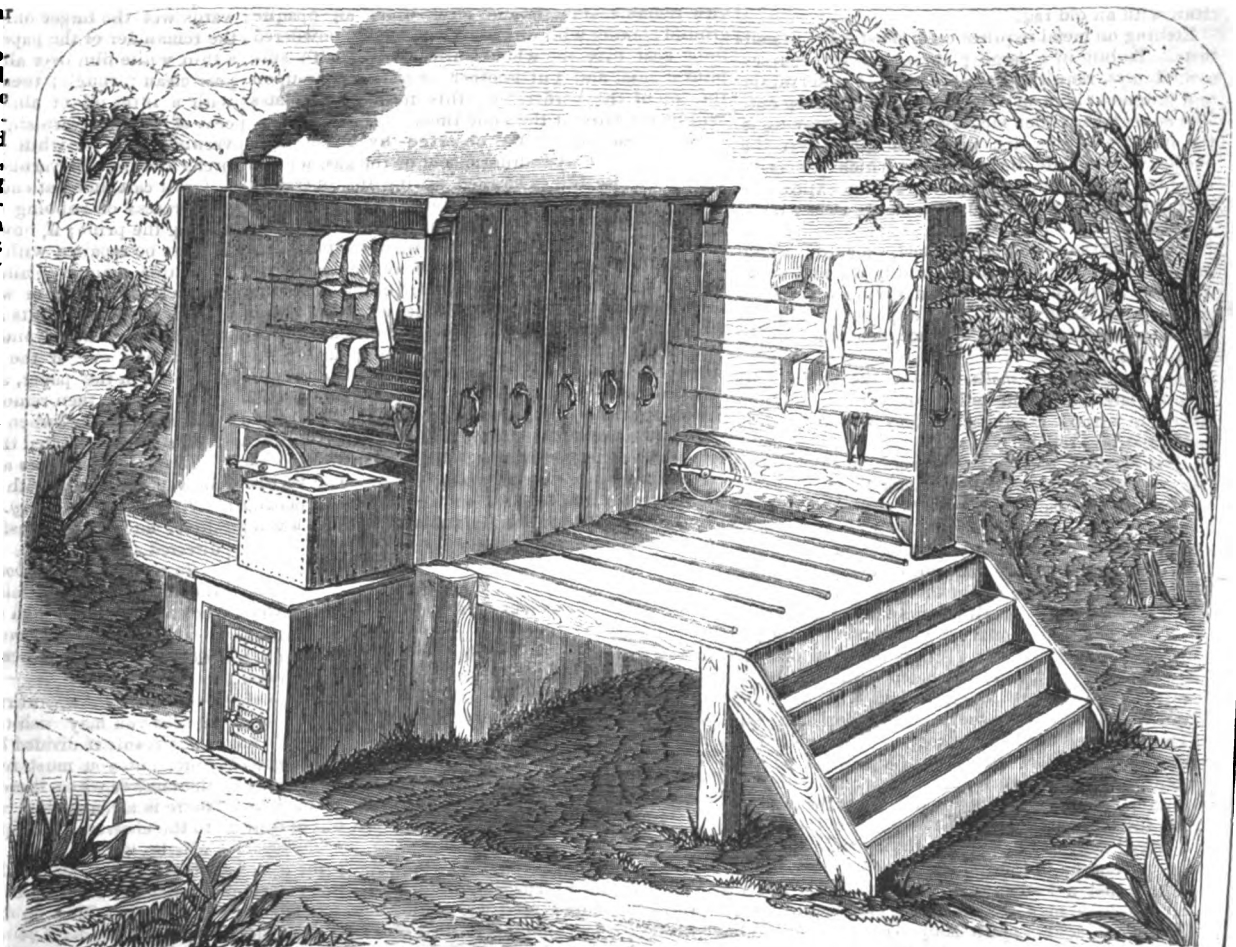
A HINT ABOUT LOCKS.—In giving evidence in a case of a burglary, which recently came before the county magistrates at Ashton-under-Lyne, Mr. Marland, a pawnbroker, who is also a locksmith, said that a door lock could be much more easily picked with the key in the lock than without. He could pick nearly any lock with a piece of wire, if the key were left in the lock; and, knowing that, he always took the keys out of the doors.

THE depth of the Niagara river, under the suspension bridge, is estimated by the engineers to be 700 feet. This is deeper than any other rapidly running stream in the world.

NOTHING is more common than to try to reconcile our conscience to our evil thoughts by our good actions.

STRONG minds, like hardy evergreens, are most verdant in winter; when feeble ones, like tender summer plants, are leafless.

If you wish to pronounce an impartial judgment, never accept any favor.



CLOSET FOR DRYING CLOTHES WITH HOT AIR.

The Amateur and Mechanic's Friend.

(Continued from Page 182.)

No. V.—ETCHING ON GLASS, IVORY, &c.

To bite in with the aquafortis.—Examine the work carefully, and if anything is omitted supply it; if scratches appear upon the ground, or mistakes be committed, stop them out by covering them with a mixture of lamp-black and turpentine varnish, laid on thinly with a hair-pencil, and let it harden. Enclose the work with a rim of bordering-wax, taking care to lay it so close to the plate that no interspaces occur.

Pour the aquafortis (nitric acid) upon the plate and if too strong, as will be seen in the biting, take it off, and mix with a little water in a bottle, employing a little agitation; when it becomes too weak from using frequently, add stronger acid to it. Observe that the acid is kept in a stoppered bottle, with a coat of wax around the stopper.

When the acid has remained upon a plate for a short time bubbles will arise, which should be wiped off with the feathered part of a pen; and when the work is bit sufficiently, pour off the acid, wash the plate with water, and dry; then scrape off part of the ground from the faintest parts to see if the corrosion is deep enough, if not, stop out the parts with lamp-black and varnish, and when dry, etch again and renew the acid.

If the faint parts of the work are sufficiently corroded, soap them out as recommended above, and bite in the stronger parts, stopping them out in the same manner, and biting in the strongest, till the whole work is sufficiently bit in; then warm the plate, remove the soft wax, heat the plate again until the ground melts, pour on a little oil, and wipe the whole clean with a rag. When the ground is taken off rub the whole well with the oil-rubber, wipe the plate clean, and finish the work with a graver.

To remove the soft varnish.—Warm the plate, remove the wax bordering, warm again, wipe with a clean linen cloth, rub well with oil of olives, and wipe clean.

To remove the hard varnish.—Use a piece of fine charcoal from from grit or knots, or cover with a layer of turpentine, heat and wipe clean, then polish with oil and rub well.

To cleanse the plates.—To restore the color of the copper parts and cleanse them, rub the surface of the engraved plates with aquafortis, diluted with water (one part of the former to two of the latter), and then rub immediately with a clean linen rag, polish with the oil-rubber and olive-oil, and wipe clean with an old rag.

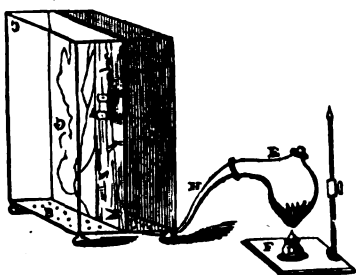
Etching on metal requires care, artistical skill, and taste. To bite in a large plate sometimes occupies several days, requiring great nicety of observation and judgment both in chiaroscuro and stopping out. The advantages which etching has over engraving is the freedom with which the needle glides over the surface of the plate, the ease with which it may be done, and its peculiar adaption to the expression of picturesque scenery, such as rock, ruins, trees, cottages, &c.

The minutiae of etching on steel, zinc, &c., we do not feel called upon to enter into now; and as we purpose at some future period giving a series of papers upon lithography, with appropriate illustrations, we must, for want of space, defer the subject until then.

Etching upon egg-shells.—Cover the shells with appropriate designs in tallow, or varnish, and immerse in strong acetic acid; they will then come out in strong relief.

Etching upon glass.—Procure several thick pieces of clear crown glass, and immerse them in melted wax, so that each may receive a perfect coating. When quite cold, draw on them with a fine etching needle any designs, such as landscapes, crests, initials, &c., taking care to remove every particle of wax from such parts of the designs as are intended to be corroded. When all the drawings are finished, the pieces of glass should be placed one by one (G) in a square leaden box (A), which has one side made of glass (C), carefully coated with hard etching varnish, or what is better, melted wax, or mastic varnish, and luted into the frame with bordering wax. The glass side allows the progress of the etching to be observed. The leaden box (A) should be made to drop into a leaden trough with a perforated false bottom (B), but in such a manner that the edge may be surrounded with water, and also the bottom covered with water to absorb the superabundant gas. To the bottom of the receiver or box should be carefully luted a leaden pipe (H), which is attached to the beak of a leaden retort (E) resting in the stand (F), with a spirit-lamp (D) under it. When sufficiently corroded, the glass plate may be removed,

but it is necessary to have gloves on, and the hands covered with grease, to prevent the acid attacking the flesh. Those parts that are bit in enough, must be stopped out, as in common etchings (the plate being previously washed and dried), and the corrosive process combined until the several gradations of shade are obtained,



To prepare the fluoric or hydrofluoric acid gas.—Put some finely powdered Derbyshire spar (fluoride of calcium), into the leaden retort, and add its own weight of sulphuric acid, fasten the copper down immediately, lute with wax, and apply the lighted spirit-lamp underneath, it will then pass through the perforated false bottom to the glass.

To remove the etching ground.—Dip the plates of glass first into warm, and then into hot water, or clean off with warm oil of turpentine.

A more simple method of etching by the gas is to beat up a piece of sheet-lead into a shallow basin, place some finely powdered fluor spar in it, and sufficient sulphuric acid to form a thin paste with it. The glass being previously prepared as directed above, is to be placed on top, the waxed side downwards, and well luted with bordering wax at the edges; a gentle heat is then to be applied, and in a short time the etching will be completed. The glass is now to be removed and cleaned as recommended above.

The etchings by the hydrofluoric acid gas are opaque; those executed by the liquid acid are transparent.

To etch by the liquid acid.—Prepare the glass, surround the edges with a border of wax, and pour some dilute hydrofluoric acid upon the surface so as to cover it, and it will soon be corroded.

Another method of etching is to prepare a plate by covering with varnish those parts which form the design, such as figures, trees, or any other device, and corrode the surrounding parts, so that the device remains smooth and clear upon an opaque ground; border with wax, dust some finely powdered fluor spar over the whole surface, cover with sulphuric acid, and put another prepared plate upon the top of the border. By this means two plates will be corroded at the same time.

Great care must be observed by those operating with the hydrofluoric acid or the gas, for the copious white fumes emitted during the operation are very dangerous, and the liquid acid, if dropped upon the skin, occasions deep and malignant ulcers. It is always advisable to operate upon a table in the open air, so that the operator may be below the fumes, and, if possible, to windward of the apparatus.

To etch upon ivory.—Cover the ivory with wax, hard varnish, or an etching ground, execute the required design, border with wax, and pour on sulphuric acid, hydrochloric acid, or a mixture of equal parts of both acids; when etched sufficiently, wash well, remove the wax, varnish, or etching ground with oil of turpentine, and rub well with old linen rag. Some persons rub a black varnish into the etched parts to give a greater effect. The varnish is made of lamp-black and common turpentine varnish, and the surface is rubbed clean off, leaving only the dark parts visible.

No. VII.—TRANSFERRING TO GLASS, WOOD, &c.

The process of transferring consists in causing the ink of a print, engraving, mezzotint or lithograph, to adhere to the surface of glass, wood, cardboard, ivory, or earthenware, which is effected by cementing the face of the prints to their surface by means of some varnish or glutinous transparent body that will not dissolve in water, and then destroying the texture of the paper, so as to leave the ink upon the varnish and material operated on, in the same manner as if the original impression had been there, but of course reversed.

Materials.—The body to which the print is to be transferred. Spirits and oil of turpentine; oil and varnish colors; seed-lac, white and transfer varnishes; oil of almonds; spirit of wine; a flat and a round brush and a towel.

The transfer varnish.—Take five ounces of the best spirit of wine, add four ounces of the purified Venice turpentine to it, and an ounce of picked mastic tears; put them into a bottle, shake constantly until the mastic and turpentine dissolve, and in a few hours it will be fit for use, but improves by keeping.

To transfer to glass.—Procure a piece of the best crown glass as near as possible in size and shape to the print to be transferred, varnish it over with a mixture of equal parts of spirits and oil of turpentine, and lay the print on the glass, beginning at one end, and pressing it gently down with a towel to every part in proceeding to the other. If this is not done carefully, vesicles of air will be admitted between the paper and glass, and mar the effect. After pressing the print down with the towel, it is to be set aside to dry, which will take some time, varying according to the state of the atmosphere. When the turpentine has become perfectly hard, the paper must be moistened with water till it is thoroughly saturated, and the paper entirely removed by rubbing very gently with the forefinger in a circular direction, and then set aside to dry, when the impression will be found perfectly transferred, but reversed.

If it is wished to preserve only the appearance of an engraving, a sheet of white paper or Bristol-board must be placed behind the glass; but if required to be colored, the operation must be completed with oil or varnish colors, in such a manner as may impart to it the semblance of a painting.

To transfer to wood.—Procure a piece of wood of the required form and size; if flat, it should be newly planed, and rubbed down with pumice-stone and fine sand-paper to make it perfectly smooth and free from grease; if rounded or any other shape, it should be scraped with a piece of glass, then pumiced and sand-papered.

Give the wood a coat of transfer varnish previous to transferring, and set aside for twenty-four hours to dry. This promotes adhesion of the print to the wood, and secures the latter from being soiled.

Cut off the white margin of the print, then damp it by placing it face upwards on the surface of some water in a shallow vessel, taking care to keep the face or printed side dry; when properly soaked, pass a sponge over the back, spread a coat of varnish over the whole of the face, and apply immediately to the wood. Rub down the whole gently with a towel, in the same manner as directed for glass, so that it may adhere properly. When this has been done, and while the back is yet moist, rub it carefully with the fore-finger until half the thickness of the paper is removed, then leave it to dry; afterwards wet the finger only, and keep rubbing until the remainder of the paper is removed, and there is a thin white film over all, allowing the print to appear clean through; then let it dry, and bring out with a little oil of almonds; after which apply a coat of carriage-varnish, or the seed-lac and animal varnish, used for white japan grounds, though we prefer the transfer-varnish ourselves.

Great care and patience must be exercised during the process of rubbing off, to avoid scratching or tearing the print; if, however, any part is destroyed, it must be repaired with the same color.

In this manner plain or colored prints may be transferred to paper or wood.

When colored prints are transferred, they should be laid on vinegar and water (two-thirds of the former and one of the latter), to destroy the size which is in the paper, and remain twice as long as plain prints; then removed and be placed between blotting paper, and when the superfluous moisture has been removed, treated the same as the other prints.

To clean the brushes and your hands after using the varnishes, rub with spirit of wine.

To transfer to ivory.—Rub well with pumice-stone, and then transfer in the same manner as directed above.

To transfer to card-board.—Remove the sizing on the surface by immersing in the vinegar and water mentioned above, then transfer as usual.

To transfer to earthenware.—Give the article a thin coating of varnish, then transfer as directed above.

SINGULAR ARITHMETICAL FACT.—Any number of figures you may wish to multiply by 5, will give the same result if divided by 2, a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer when there is no remainder, and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2,320; divide the same number by 2, and you have 232; and as there is no remainder, you add a cipher. Now take 357, and multiply by 5, the answer is 1,785; on dividing this by 2, there is 178 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1,785.

Useful Receipts.

FOR A GOOD DEPILATORY, take lime, one ounce; carbonate of potash, two ounces; charcoal powder, one drachm. For use, make them into a paste with a little warm water, and apply it to the part previously shaved close. When it has become thoroughly dry, wash it off with warm water, and all the superfluous hair will be removed. No depilatory will destroy the roots of superfluous hair; it will merely remove the hair smooth from the flesh, and prevent its growth for a considerable time.

CLEANSING-MEDICINE.—Sarsaparilla root, four ounces; water, four pints. Macerate for four hours in a vessel lightly covered, and placed near the fire; then take out the sarsaparilla and bruise it. Return it again to the liquor, and macerate in a similar manner for four hours more, first adding of raspings of guaiacum wood, bark of sassafras root, liquorice root, bruised, of each one ounce; bark of meze-reon root, three drachms. Finally strain. It is commonly given in conjunction with some wild mercurial pill. The dose is a quarter of a pint, repeated three or four times a day, or half a pint twice a day.

A GOOD CHILBLAIN LOTION: two ounces of sal ammoniac to a pint of water.

PERFECT CLEANLINESS is indispensable for the preservation of the beauty and color of the hair, as well as its duration; this is attained by frequent washing it in tepid soft water, using those soaps which have the smallest portion of alkali in their composition, as this substance renders the hair too dry, and by depriving it of the most coloring matter, impairs at once its strength and beauty. After washing, the hair should be immediately and thoroughly dried, and when the towel has ceased to imbibe moisture, brushed constantly in the sun or before the fire, until its lightness and elasticity are fully restored; and in dressing it a little marrow pomatum, bear's grease, or fragrant oil should be used, yet as sparingly as possible.

AN EXCELLENT MEDICINE for eruptions on the skin is the following; Mix together six drachms of antimonial wine, one and a half of laudanum, and one and a half of the solution of oxymercurate of mercury. From twenty to thirty drops to be taken night and morning, in any agreeable vehicle.

TO STAIN WOOD BLACK: Have a copper fixed, or an iron pot into which put six pounds of chip log-wood, and as much wood or veneers as it will conveniently hold, without pressing tight; then fill with water, and let it boil slowly for about three hours; then add a quarter of a pound of powdered verdigris, quarter of a pound of copperas, and two ounces of bruised nutgalls, filling the copper up with vinegar as the water evaporates; let it boil two hours a-day, till you find the wood to be dyed through, which, according to the kind, will be in more or less time.

FOR SEA-SICKNESS, take camphorated spirit, sal volatile, and Hoffmann's ether; a few drops of each mixed in a small quantity of water, or upon a small lump of sugar, have frequently afforded more relief than all the various remedies extolled for this unpleasant sensation.

TO CLEAN OLD BRASS-WORK for lacquering, first boil a strong dye of wood-ashes, which you may strengthen with soap-lees; put in your brass-work, and the lacquer will immediately come off; then have ready a pickle of aquafortis and water, strong enough to take off the dirt; wash it immediately in clean water; dry it well and lacquer it.

The celebrated physiologist, Baron Dupuytron, of Paris, devoted considerable attention to the causes of baldness, and the means of checking its progress, or of restoring the hair. He discovered a pomade considered infallible in its results, which bears his name, the receipt for which is as follows: Macerate a dram of powdered cantharides in an ounce of spirits of wine. Shake it well during a fortnight, and then filter. Take ten parts of this tincture and rub it with ninety parts of cold lard. Add a little essence of bergamot, or any other scent. Rub this pomade well into the head night and morning. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this application, if continued, will restore the hair.

The following is a valuable remedy for rheumatism: Take of infusion of buchu, eleven drachms; powdered tragacanth, five grains; tincture of buchu, one drachm. Mix.

HARD POMATUM is made by melting slowly together one pound of prepared suet, and three ounces of white wax, perfuming it with any favorite essential oil.

Various preparations and methods are adopted for mending broken china, earthenware, and glass, among which are the following: the white of an egg beaten with quicklime, in impalpable powder, into a paste, to which is sometimes added a little

whey, made by mixing vinegar and milk. A little isinglass dissolved in mastic varnish, is another cement. Nature supplies some cements ready to our hands, as the juice of garlic and the white slime of large snails; and it has been stated in a respectable scientific journal that a broken flint has been joined so effectually with this snail cement, that when dashed upon a stone pavement the flint broke elsewhere than at the cemented part. In their anxiety to unite broken articles, persons generally defeat themselves by spreading the cement too thickly upon the edges of the article; whereas, the least possible quantity should be used, so as to bring the edges almost close together; and this may be aided by heating the fragments to be joined.

IN THE preparation of the photographic paper used in the talbotype, it should be observed that the paper must be of the best kind of writing-paper, smooth, of a close and even texture, and without water marks. In the first instance to be washed on one side with a solution of a hundred grains of crystallized nitrate of silver in six ounces of distilled water; the solution being applied with a soft brush, and the surface either dried cautiously at a distant fire, or spontaneously in a dark room. In performing this operation, the prepared side should be marked, as the paper is not visibly changed by it. When dry, or nearly so, it is dipped into a solution, consisting of five hundred grains of iodide of potassium, dissolved in one pint of water, and left in that solution for two or three minutes; after which it is dipped into pure water, partially dried with blotting-paper, and then finished drying either spontaneously or by a fire, which will not now injure it. These processes, which it is best to perform by candlelight, produce what Mr. Talbot calls iodized paper, which is coated with a pale yellow iodide of silver. Though not very sensitive to light, it should be kept shut up in a portfolio or drawer, until wanted for use; and if so protected from the light, it may be kept for any length of time. When required for use, but not until then, the iodized paper is to be washed with a solution which the inventor calls the gallo-nitrate of silver, which is thus prepared:—In one vessel dissolve a hundred grains of crystallized nitrate of silver, in two ounces of distilled water, and add to the solution one-sixth of its volume of strong acetic acid. In another vessel make a saturated solution of crystallized gallic acid (of which very little will dissolve) in cold distilled water. Keep these two solutions separate, but mix them in equal volumes as required, and wash the prepared or marked side of the paper, with the mixture, applied with a soft brush, observing that the operation must be performed by candlelight. After the pause of half a minute, the paper should be dipped into pure water, then blotted dry, and finally dried at a considerable distance from a fire. It is then ready for use, and if kept in a press, secluded from light, it will sometimes remain good for three months; but as this is not to be depended upon, Mr. Talbot recommends the final preparation of the paper only a few hours before using it.

FOR BOTTLED LEMONADE, dissolve half a pound of loaf sugar in one quart of water, and boil it over a slow fire; two drachms of acetic acid, four ounces of tartaric acid; when cold add two-pennyworth of essence of lemon. Put one-sixth of the above into each bottle filled with water, and add thirty grains of carbonate of soda; cork it immediately, and it will be fit for use.

Facetiae.

AN IM-PROPOSITION.—Is it reasonable to expect, that a great demonstration of force in the Bug would make the enemy flee?

MILITARY PROMOTION.—Directly a man joins the army, his views of life take a proportionate rise with the heels of his boots.

NOT A BAD IDEA.—The editor of an Ohio paper publishes the names of his subscribers who pay up promptly, under the head of "Legion of Honor."

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR GHOSTS.—An Indiana paper refuses to publish notices of marriages and deaths, unless they are delivered in person.

A STRETCHER.—It is proposed in Boston to get up a company of Indiarubber omnibuses; the leading feature of which will be, when they are full they will stretch and hold a few more.

LAW TERMS.—These are so very objectionable, either when very high in a pecuniary, or very low in a verbal sense, that we consider the best term that the law has is its term—inaction.

MORAL REFLECTION.—Many a man wants to have a public statue who has only got a niche for it.

TO CLEAN BOOT-TOPS.—Remove the dirt completely with clean spring water. Peg-tops and turnip-tops may be cleaned in the same manner.

NURSERY TRUISM.—Too many nurses spoil the broth of a boy!

CAUSE OF CROOKED EYES.—"I say, mister," said one Yankee to another, "how came your eyes so crooked?" "My eyes?" "Yes." "Why, by sitting between two girls, and trying to make love to both at the same time."

AN INESTIMABLE ADVANTAGE.—Racing is said to have a very beneficial effect on the breeding of horses. If we may judge from the majority of persons connected with the turf, it has quite a contrary effect on that of men.

TWO THOUGHTS OF A CONTEMPLATIVE POLICEMAN.—Impudence may put on a bold front, but the falseness is mostly apparent. The strings of the "dickey" will peep out! Long preparation raises expectation; as when a gentleman takes out his purse, a beggar naturally expects something handsome.

PROVERBS.—What does it matter who's your hatter?—Give a man plenty of rope and he wants no braces.—We may be good and happy without stockings.—The waistcoat goes often to the pawnbroker's, but is forfeited at last.—When the landlord comes in at the door the luggage slips out of the window.—Bruise your wild oats, and keep your horses upon them.

A WRITER, speaking of the culinary nicety of the French, relieves himself of the following:—

Full many a fruit of purest juice serene,
The dark unfathom'd woods of Gallia bear;
Full many a mushroom springs to rot unseen,
And wastes its ketchup on the desert air.

"ARE you fond of novels?" said Mr. Jones. "Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the lady questioner a lover of literature. "Have you ever read," continued the inquisitive lady, "Ten Thousand a Year?" "No, madam," said Jones, "I never read so many in all my life."

THE GALS AND THE MAINE LAW.—Quaker young ladies in the Maine Law States, it is said, still continue to kiss the lips of the young temperance men; to see if they have been tampering with liquor. Just imagine a beautiful young girl approaching you young temperance man, with all the dignity of an executive officer, and the innocence of a dove, with the charge: Mr. Jones, the ladies believe you are in the habit of tampering with liquor, and they have appointed me to examine you according to our established rules—are you willing? You must acquiesce. She steps gently up to you; lays her soft white arm around your neck, dashes back her raven curls, raises her sylph-like form upon her tip-toes; and with her angelic features lit up with a smile as sweet as heaven, places her rich, rosy, pouty, sweet, sugar, molasses, strawberry, honeysuckle, sun-flower, rosebud, nectar lips against yours, and (Oh, Jerusalem! hold us!) bussess you, by crackey!! Hurrah! for the gals and the Maine Law, and death to all opposition!

A FEELING JUDGE.—An individual having been convicted of a capital crime, upon slight evidence, the judge proceeded to pass judgment:—"Prisoner at the bar! You have been found guilty, by a jury of your own countrymen, of a crime which subjects you to the punishment of death. You say you are innocent; the truth of that assertion is known only to yourself and God. It is my duty to leave you for execution. If guilty, you richly deserve the fate that awaits you; if innocent, it will be a gratification to feel that you are hanged without such a crime on your conscience. But in either case you will be delivered from a world of care!"

PAT'S MISTAKE.—A gentleman travelling down east, lately, in a one-horse waggon, chanced to stop at a small country tavern, which rejoiced in the possession of a very intelligent Irish hostler. Handing the reins to this worthy as he alighted, the traveller requested the man "to take his horse to the stable and bait him."—"Sure, an' I will, yer honor," answered the Milesian, briskly, and away he went. In about half-an-hour the gentleman having refreshed himself sufficiently, naturally concluded that his four-footed servant was in equally good care, and accordingly ordered his team to the door. The horse was panting and trembling. "What's the matter with my horse?" asked the traveller. "What have you been doing to him?"—"Only what your honor ordered me."—"He don't look as if he had anything to eat."—"Is it ait your honor said?"—"To be sure."—"Sorrah the word like it did yer honor say to me. More-betoken, your honor tould me to bate the beast, and not to ait him!"—"Why, you stupid rascal, what have you been doing?"—"Och, I just tied him up to the stable with a halter, then out wid a hickory stick, and bate him till me arm was used out!"

Sweden and Norway.

The Norsemen were once the monarchs of the plain, and held in bondage many a fair land. With their magical standards and wild songs they struck terror into the hearts of their enemies, and carried everything before them with a strong hand. But Sweden and Norway are known for something better now than their plundering predilections. The hardy, case of treasure finding recently occurred at the Royal Library of Brussels. One of the librarians, on examining an old black letter volume, was startled by a parcel falling into his hands, and still more surprised at finding it contained two gold pieces. The money was carried at once to the conservator, and on strictly scrutinizing the volume, the following coins were discovered secreted in the false back

world by something better than hard blows. They are prosperous, not because they are mighty in battle only, but because they are intelligent and virtuous, and because they know how to make the most and the best of their copper and iron, their timber, their fisheries, and their commerce. Sweden and Norway—formerly two kingdoms, now but one—occupy an area of about 270,000 square miles, with a population of five millions. The ablest of the Swedish sovereigns, in the old time, was Magnus Ladislaus, crowned in 1270, and who was the first to introduce a regular system for the purpose of increasing his authority. His successors, less wise in the head, less strong in the hand, permitted the seeds of sedition to be sown, and thought not of their danger till the harvest was ripe. Revolution followed revolution—quickly as a wheel can turn—till Margaret Waldemar, by the treaty of Calmar, united Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Other revolutions followed, till Christian II, as a final stroke of policy, ordered the massacre of all the chief nobility at Stockholm. This line of policy, however, produced fatal results to himself; for, from the ruins of the nobility rose up Gustavus Vasa to avenge the slain. And who that thinks at all of Sweden but recalls the famous name of Gustavus Adolphus, that most illustrious of princes; and his fair daughter, the beautiful Christina, so passionately devoted to literature; or that of Charles XII, one of the mightiest men the world ever saw, always in the field, always at war with the grasping tyranny of Russia. The spirit which animated Charles XII is not dead in the heart of the Swedes. Russian tyranny, aggrandisement, the grasping policy that would fain make all the world bow down before the double-headed eagle, has not declined; and the genius of the Swedes directed against these constant encroachments is still the same.

GEORGIAN SHEPHERDS AND THEIR HELPERS.

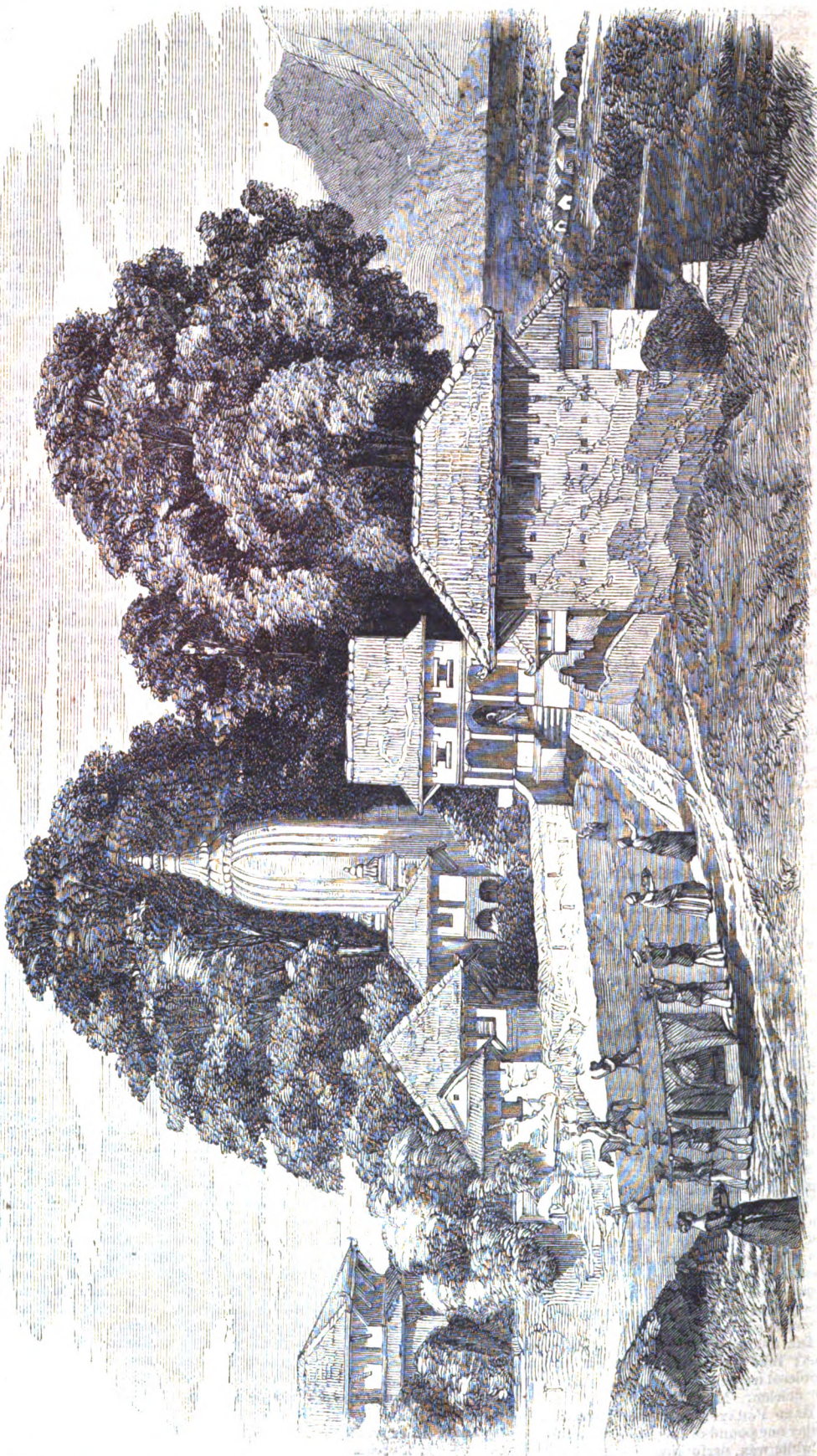
The differences between the European and the Asiatic shepherd have often been remarked by Oriental travellers, but probably in no country are these more striking than as they presented themselves to M. Haxthausen (whose travels were recently published), on his road back to Tiflis. Not only were the shepherds of several flocks he passed armed to the teeth, and on horseback, but even their dogs disdained the office which, in more peaceful countries, belongs to them, of driving the flock. Five or six noble hounds of a mixed breed, between the greyhound and the wolf, accompanied each flock, but only for the purpose of protecting them against wild beasts. The humbler duties which fall to the lot of our sheep dogs are performed by goats. These attend every flock of sheep, and form a ring around it in the fields. Within this they compel the sheep to remain, butting at them whenever they stray, and driving them back to their proper quarters. On their return home a stately buck goat marches proudly at the head of the flock, which follows him, with the other goats on either side. If the leader is detained behind from any cause, the next goat in age and rank instantly takes his place, and becomes the leader.

BLACK LETTER TREASURES.

An extraordinary case of treasure finding recently occurred at the Royal Library of Brussels. One of the librarians, on examining an old black letter volume, was startled by a parcel falling into his hands, and still more surprised at finding it contained two gold pieces. The money was carried at once to the conservator, and on strictly scrutinizing the volume, the following coins were discovered secreted in the false back

of the volume. Two gold sun crowns of Charles VII, King of France; a silver crown of Charles VIII; four sun crowns of Francis I; one Dauphiny ditto; three angels of Henry VIII of England; five rose nobles of Edward VI of England, and two angels of ditto. As to the epoch when the money was secreted, this must remain entirely a mystery.

The receptacle being a publication of the sixteenth century, it is just possible that the money was deposited in its hiding place at the time of the disturbances of the Low Countries, when the depredations of the Spanish soldiery drove the inhabitants to every device for preserving their valuables. However this may be, we have no doubt that black letter volumes will be more consulted hereafter by their



NARRAIN HITHU, AND HINDOO TEMPLE.—(SEE PAGE 239.)

possessors than they have been, and that many a folio will now be visited which might long have been left in repose but for the present discovery.

HEAT OF COMETS.—In reference to the size and heat of comets, Sir Isaac Newton calculated that a globe of red-hot iron, of the dimensions of the earth, would scarcely be cool in 50,000 years.